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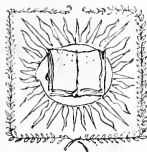


THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIV
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXXII
MAY TO OCTOBER, 1917



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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCIV

NEW SERIES: VOL. LXXII

	PAGE
ADOLESCENCE	221
ALLIES, REFLECTIONS ON THE STRATEGY OF THE.....	117
AMERICA, MY IMPRESSIONS OF.....	417
AMERICA, THE MAN FROM.....	376
Illustrations by Harry Townsend.	
AMERICA, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN.....	34
Photographs.	
AMERICA HELP? HOW CAN.....	209
AURORA THE MAGNIFICENT.....	130
Illustrations by Gerald Leake.	
BALKANS, FIXING UP THE.....	156
BALKANS, THE FATE OF THE.....	177
BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.....	786
CAMERA, ACTING FOR THE.....	641
Illustrations by Clarence Rowe.	
CAMOUFLAGE	1
Illustrations by Arthur William Brown.	
CARTOONS:	
The Avenger	257
The Dream and the Reality.....	257
The Lusitania: Herod's Nightmare.....	258
"The Adoration of the Magi".....	258
Paintings by Louis Raemaekers.	
Four Celebrities of the Theater.....	320
Drawings by Gluyas Williams.	
"Papa!"	640
Drawing by J. R. Shaver.	
CASEMATE 17	16
Illustrations by Wilfred Jones.	
CHOP, THE EXTRA.....	958
CLUB LIFE, MY.....	159
COMMONWEALTH, THE VISION OF A.....	740
"CONSOLATION"	268
Illustrations by Arthur Little.	
CONVOY, THE FIRST.....	790
CORRECTION, A.....	154
COUNTRY, FOR MY.....	797
COUP DE GRÂCE.....	892
Illustrations by Arthur Little.	

	PAGE
DERELICT, THE..... <i>Phyllis Bottome</i>	101, 225
Illustrations by Norman Price.	
DINARZADE'S THREE WEEKS..... <i>Gelett Burgess</i>	621
Illustrations by Wilfred Jones.	
ELAM, THE EMPEROR OF..... <i>H. G. Dwight</i>	430
Illustrations by Wilfred Jones.	
ENGLISH INTELLECTUALS IN WAR-TIME, THE..... <i>S. K. Ratchliffe</i>	826
Photographs.	
EQUATOR, THE CITY OF THE..... <i>Harry A. Franck</i>	283
Photographs.	
EUROPE AND ISLAM..... <i>Herbert Adams Gibbons</i> ..	84
EUROPE'S HERITAGE OF EVIL..... <i>David Jayne Hill</i>	7
EYES IN HIS BACK, THE MAN WITH..... <i>Erle Johnston</i>	762
FARMER, THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN..... <i>Frederic C. Howe</i>	625
Photographs.	
FISKE, MRS., GOES TO THE PLAY..... <i>Alexander Woolcott</i>	71
Photographs.	
FOOD OR FAMINE?..... <i>J. Russell Smith</i>	685
FOOD, NEXT YEAR'S..... <i>J. Russell Smith</i>	633
FRANCE, HOW WE CAN HELP..... <i>Herbert Adams Gibbons</i> ..	527
Photograph.	
FRENCH SCHOOLS, OBSERVATIONS ON..... <i>Dorothy Canfield</i>	657
FREE	518
Illustrations by Jay Hambidge.	
GERMAN PLOT AND DEMOCRACY'S FUTURE, THE..... <i>David Jayne Hill</i>	863
GHETTO, THE PICTURESQUE..... <i>Hutchins Hapgood</i>	469
Illustrations by Jacob Epstein.	
HOLLOW OAK, FASHIONING THE..... <i>Richard Matthews Hallet</i> . 161	
Illustrations by W. J. Aylward.	
HOOVER, HERBERT C..... <i>Hugh Gibson</i>	508
Photograph.	
ICE NAVIGATION..... <i>Robert E. Peary</i>	748
Photographs.	
IMPERIALISM, ECONOMIC..... <i>David Jayne Hill</i>	356
INSIDE-OUT	603
Illustration by George E. Giguère.	
INTERNATIONAL IDEALS..... <i>David Jayne Hill</i>	260
IRISHMAN, THE..... <i>Arthur Gleason</i>	834
Illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn.	
JANE MEETS AN EXTREMELY CIVIL ENGINEER..... <i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> ..	725
Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard.	
JANE SHORE..... <i>Harvey O'Higgins</i>	339
Illustrations by F. R. Gruger.	
"KING LEAR"..... <i>A. T. Van Laer</i>	155
LAMENTATION OF THE LONELY, THE..... <i>John Roland</i>	634
LAMPS FOR OLD, NEW..... <i>Fanny Kemble Johnson</i> ..	393
Illustrations by Arthur William Brown.	
LIBERAL PARTY, A NEW..... <i>Harold Kellock</i>	885
LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO, A..... <i>Grant Showerman</i>	122
Illustrations by George Wright.	
LIVING OFF THE COUNTRY..... <i>Robert E. Peary</i>	907
Photographs.	
LOYALTY OF THE FOREIGN BORN, THE..... <i>M. E. Ravage</i>	201
Introduction by James Harvey Robinson.	

INDEX

v

PAGE

MAGIC CASEMENTS.....	<i>Fanny Kemble Johnson...</i>	871
Illustrations by J. Paul Verrees.		
MERCHANT MARINE, THE HOPE OF OUR:		
I. Our Maritime Resources.....	<i>John Heard, Jr.....</i>	245
II. Reviving Our Merchant Marine.....	<i>Harold Kellock</i>	251
"MOLLY MCGUIRE, FOURTEEN".....	<i>Frederick Stuart Greene..</i>	668
Reproduction of painting by B. West Clinedinst, and decorations by John R. Flanagan.		
MONROE DOCTRINE FOR THE WORLD, THE.....	<i>Herbert Adams Gibbons..</i>	151
MONTPARNASSE, THE SPIRIT OF.....	<i>Marice Rutledge</i>	406
Illustrations from photographs by Harry B. Lachman.		
MUNITION-MAKER, CONFESSIONS OF A.....		590
Reported by Donald Wilhelm.		
NEUTRALS AND THE ALLIED CAUSE, THE.....	<i>Hendrik Willem van Loon</i>	610
Photograph.		
NEWSPAPER, THE VERY HUMAN.....	<i>Deems Taylor</i>	421
NORTHCLIFFE	<i>Eric Fisher Wood.....</i>	920
Photographs.		
"NORTHEASTER"	<i>A. T. Van Lacer.....</i>	314
ONNIE	<i>Thomas Beer</i>	55
Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard.		
PICTURES, MISCELLANEOUS:		
"King Lear, Act I, Scene 1".....	<i>Edwin A. Abbey.....</i>	
From the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.		<i>Facing page</i>
Printed in color.		1
Reproductions of Old Masters.....		95
From the Widener Collection.		
"Northeast"	<i>Winslow Homer.....</i>	
From the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.		<i>Facing page</i>
Printed in color.		161
The Danish West Indies.....	<i>Lester G. Hornby.....</i>	214
Drawings.		
Italy	<i>Aldus C. Higgins.....</i>	306
Photographic studies.		
"The trance that he had often simulated had invaded him."	<i>Howard Giles</i>	
Printed in color.		<i>Facing page</i>
		321
Familiar Boston.....	<i>Sears Gallagher</i>	385
Etchings.		
"Then have the kindness to inform me . . . why Marian has consented to marry me.".....	<i>Norman Price</i>	
Printed in color.		<i>Facing page</i>
		485
The Hammock-buyer of Venezuela.....	<i>Harry A. Franck.....</i>	597
Photographs.		
The Gate of the City.....	<i>William Jean Beasley.....</i>	
From a painting of the Municipal Building, New York.		<i>Facing page</i>
Printed in color.		641
Quaint Provincetown.....	<i>Lester G. Hornby.....</i>	767
Drawings.		
Portrait of an Old Man.....	<i>Hans Mcmling</i>	
From the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.		<i>Facing page</i>
Printed in color.		801
On the Wing.....	<i>Charles Livingston Bull</i>	
Studies of birds.		<i>and Frank W. Benson..</i>
		859
PLATTSBURG AND CITIZENSHIP.....	<i>Leonard Wood</i>	49
Photographs.		
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN.....	<i>A. T. Van Lacer.....</i>	957
PROHIBITION AND POETRY IN THE LAST CENTURY.....	<i>Margaret Armstrong</i>	474

	PAGE
PROSERPINE, THE GARDEN OF.....	554
Illustrations by Arthur Little.	<i>Harry Esty Dounce</i>
RAEMAEEKERS—MAN AND ARTIST.....	256
Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Printed in color.	<i>George Creel</i>
RASPUTIN	301
Illustrations from sketches and facsimile.	<i>Princesse Lucien Murat</i> ...
RED AND WHITE.....	533
Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower.	<i>Roland Pertwee</i>
RUHLEBEN PRISON CAMP, IN.....	364
Illustrations from pictures made by British artists in Ruhleben.	<i>Peter Michelson</i>
RUSSIA, INSIDE.....	461
RUSSIA, LITTLE.....	569
RUSSIA, THE EVOLUTION OF LIBERTY IN.....	716
Portrait of Count Tolstoy, from a photograph.	<i>Count Ilya Tolstoy</i>
SECOND FIDDLE, THE.....	481, 690, 928
Illustrations by Norman Price.	<i>Phyllis Bottome</i> ...
SING SING, THE UNIVERSITY OF.....	846
SKETCHING, ENDICOTT AND I GO.....	315
Sketches by the author.	<i>Frank Marshall White</i>
TARDINESS, TERMINOLOGY OF.....	960
TERAUCHI, MARSHAL COUNT, THE NEW PREMIER OF JAPAN....	545
Photographs.	<i>Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore</i> . .
TERROR, THE COMING OF THE.....	801
Decorations by Wilfred Jones.	<i>Arthur Machen</i>
"THEM OTHERS",	577
Illustrations by J. Paul Verrees.	<i>Stacy Aumonier</i>
"THROUGH"	321
Illustration by Howard Giles.	<i>E. F. Benson</i>
WAR, THE THIRD YEAR OF THE.....	776
WASHINGTON THE INCREDIBLE.....	328
Lithographs by Joseph Pennell; drawings by Jules Guérin.	<i>Rollin Lynde Hartt</i>
YOUNG MAN AXELBROD.....	188
Illustrations by W. M. Berger.	<i>Sinclair Lewis</i>

VERSE

AFTER ALL AND AFTER ALL.....	199
Illustrations by Caroline Horton Blackman.	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>
AMBER, IN.....	48
APRIL IN THE HUASTECA.....	150
AUTUMN	891
BORROWER	116
CONQUERORS	798
COPY!	960
DAY OF RAIN, A.....	956
DIFFERENCE, IT DOES MAKE A, WORDSWORTH, WHAT?.....	160
EATING-SONG, AN.....	637
FRATERNITY	176
GRADUATE, THE.....	338
GREAT BIG MAN AND THE WEE LITTLE GIRL, THE.....	480
GUEST-ROOM, VERSES FOR A.....	6
	<i>John Florance</i>
	<i>F. Gregory Hartswick</i>
	<i>Anne Arrabin</i>

INDEX

vii

PAGE

VERSE:—Continued

HALL OF INFAMY, THE:	<i>W. R. Burlingame</i>	
The Man Who Shouts at the Waiter.....		478
The People Who Ask You Informally.....		479
The Successful Dentist Who Sings.....		638
The Man Who Dresses in the Aisle.....		639
The Man Who is Awfully Cheery Early in the Morning.....		799
The Lady Who Always Appears with a Game of Letters		
Where Two or Three are Gathered Together.....		800
Drawings by W. E. Hill.		
HORSESHOE BEACH, AT.....	<i>Dorothy B. Leonard</i>	544
LETTER, A.....	<i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> ...	843
MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POET		
WHO READ ALL THE.....	<i>Corinne Rockwell Swain</i> ..	640
“MARY, HELPER OF HEARTBREAK”.....	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	15
MORNING AND I.....	<i>James Oppenheim</i>	656
MOVIES IN NEW YORK, THE.....	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	833
MUTATIONS	<i>Margaret Armstrong</i>	635
Pen-and-ink drawings by Gustave Verbeck.		
NAPOLEON IN HADES.....	<i>David Morton</i>	927
NEXT TO PURE READING MATTER.....	<i>E. L. McKinney</i>	59
NIGHT COMETH, THE.....	<i>Clement Wood</i>	919
OLD HOUSES.....	<i>Alice Corbin</i>	665
PHILOSOPHY, THE ORIGIN OF.....	<i>Chester Dennis</i>	637
PROPOSAL, THE	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	602
QUESTIONS	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>	70
RECOLLECTIONS	<i>Algernon C. Swinburne</i> ...	608
REVELATION	<i>Helen Hoyt</i>	526
REVOLUTION	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>	186
SANCTA URSULA	<i>William A. Bradley</i>	405
SHULAMITE, THE.....	<i>Anne Arrabin</i>	259
SPRING RAIN.....	<i>Sara Teasdale</i>	83
SUMMER, 1917.....	<i>B. Preston Clark, Jr.</i> ...	664
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, ON THE WHARVES.....	<i>Deane Whittier Colton</i> ...	327
“THE KISS”.....	<i>Ruth Fitch</i>	715
TO ONE KILLED IN ACTION.....	<i>Alan Sullivan</i>	906
UNFORTUNATE FANNY	<i>Thomas Newell Metcalf</i> ...	318
Drawings by the author.		
VICTORY	<i>Marion Patton Waldron</i> ...	459
WHISTLE FANTASY.....	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	956
WINTER, WILLIAM.....	<i>David Morton</i>	739







"King Lear, Act I, Scene I"

PAINTING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

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Camouflage

By ROLAND PERTWEE

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

FOR the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with what *camouflage* means, it might be truthfully described as a thin veil drawn over great events.

There are endless varieties of *camouflage*, and endless uses to which it may be put. A great white road is concealed from the enemy's lines by a hedge of thinly plaited twigs—*camouflage*. An observation-point hidden in the heart of a haystack—*camouflage*. A mighty gun masked by an awning of fishermen's nets sprinkled with dead leaves—*camouflage*. A corpse brought in from no-man's-land and replaced by a live man, who watches what is toward in the Hun trenches—again *camouflage*. But perhaps the subtlest variety of all *camouflage* is the kind that men and women devise to screen their real emotions from one another and from the world.

HE did n't waste much time when they told him he could have till noon the next day in which to say good-by to his wife before embarkation.

To wait for the train from that outlandish spot would have meant the loss of a good three hours. There was a decent enough service from Wilminster, but Wilminster was fourteen miles away, and

there was not a conveyance of any kind to be had.

He had no notion to whom the motor-bicycle belonged,—it was leaning against one of the officers' hutments,—but the important fact was its presence, with a full tank, and the certain conviction that it had been placed there by a divine hand.

He felt a great sense of gratitude when the engine started with the first kick, a sense which increased to the liveliest admiration as she took the one-in-five up-grade from the camp at a rising twenty-five miles an hour.

On the top of the hill he let her out. Probably the war would provide no narrower escape than the swerve he made to avoid the policeman at the end of the trap. He laughed joyously at the instantaneous vision of the man in blue jumping sideways to save his skin. Thereafter the road was clear, and he settled down to all the speed the engine would provide.

At Wilminster he bought a ticket, and caught the express with barely a second to spare.

Every first-class compartment was full, so he traveled third, thereby laying himself open to a charge of "conduct unbecom-
ing to an officer and a gentleman." It was an honest and friendly express, which



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Told the absurdest soldier stories while she changed into a dream of an evening dress"

accomplished the run on schedule-time and did not spoil its record by lingering unduly outside the terminus.

The taxi, however, was disappointing, and more than once he had occasion to abuse the driver for overcaution. Certainly with a little more dash they might have slipped by that motor-bus and have avoided being held up in the traffic block by Albemarle Street.

When at last they drew up before the little house every stone of which was dear to him, much dearer than he ever knew before the war came to teach us the value of our possessions, he was up the front steps with a single bound, and hammering at the door as though he would break it down.

Of course she knew the knock, and although she was n't expecting him, she knew at once who it was and why he had come, and she was out of the room and opening the door quicker even than his dash up the steps had been.

What does it matter if the taxi-driver did see their meeting? Nobody thought anything about him. He was forgotten

and unpaid, and being a strictly business man, he kept his engine ticking over for fully an hour before ringing the bell and inquiring at the door if he would be wanted again.

In the little drawing-room a thousand questions and answers were hurled backward and forward. How lucky he was to be going to France, when it might have been Mesopotamia or one of those other unfriendly places! He had known for certain that it was to be France only that morning. They always keep you in the dark as long as possible. Of course there were no submarines in the channel; besides, his sleeping-bag was of a variety which guaranteed to keep a man afloat for eight hours.

How adorable she looked in her new frock! His khaki suited him uncommonly well. Perhaps his Sam Brown belt was a shade new-looking, but that would soon wear off. She was so proud of him, so glad he was doing his bit, so very glad it was France!

Then there was the baby to see—the baby who had grown so amazingly in the

last seven weeks, whose coming was not so distant an affair but the memory of it still awoke the added tenderness these little beings bring into the hearts of their creators.

They mounted the stairs to the nursery with arms about each other's waists, and the baby had the grace to greet his father with an expansive smile and to show further proof of enthusiasm by flinging a rubber duck out of the window into the garden, where it was promptly devoured by the puppy.

Then they rushed off to see one or two friends who were deserving of such an honor, and these friends, too, said how glad they were it was going to be France. France was so getatable, and leave so frequent and so sure. Altogether it was an astonishing piece of luck, enough to make any one happy in any circumstances. Both he and she never tired of expressing their own unmitigated delight.

There followed a dash home, and he sat on the bed and told the absurdest soldier stories while she changed into a dream of an evening dress.

The taxi, having waited so long, had been instructed to wait a bit longer, and eventually took them to the selfsame res-

taurant where they had dined on their wedding-day, six years before. And he ordered all the same dishes, and they drank the same vintage of champagne, and even persuaded the orchestra to play the same tunes. Everything was the same except the waiter, who at that moment was cruising the North Sea in a Zeppelin.

When the last delicious course had vanished, and a glass retort with a blue flame beneath it was preparing coffee, she produced a box of tiny cigarettes that he had given her on that famous night, and which, out of ridiculous sentiment, they dipped into only on the "very specialest" occasions.

There followed a box at the theater, the most expensive procurable. Never once during the entr'acts did he go out for a lonely smoke, but they prattled away more like an engaged couple than married folk with a rising family.

It was a wonderful evening, with not a vestige of a shadow discernible. They might have been setting forth for their honeymoon on the morrow. No one in the world could have guessed they were on the verge of separation, on the crumbling edge of the saddest moment of their two lives. There would be things to say about



“ ‘ Funny, funny little pink thing, good luck to you!’ he said ”

that later, sometime before he went away, but not yet, not now. Now everything was bright and cheery. They could laugh, talk nonsense, behave like children at a picnic. It was a picnic, a night out; their spirits outran the tragedy; masked, disguised, and screened it. *Camouflage!*

Even in the taxi on the way home there was not a vestige of seriousness in the things they said. Perhaps they talked a shade less, perhaps her laughter was a little strained, his jokes a trifle forced; but nevertheless the spirit of the evening survived.

But they were frightened at turning out the light that night. In the dark it is harder to make a show of gaiety. In the dark one can see more easily the white road shining through the twigs of the false hedge, or the glint of the barrel beneath the fisherman's net, with its sprinkling of dead leaves.

They knew this and were afraid, and being afraid, both pretended they were very sleepy and could n't keep awake a second longer. So he knocked up the electric switch, as he had always done, with the golf-club that stood beside the bed, and after a most perfunctory good night they closed their eyes and made belief of being asleep.

Hour after hour they lay there without the courage to say the hundred loving, pitiful things their souls cried out to express. He really believed she was asleep when he got out of the bed and stole over to peep into the baby's crib.

"Funny, funny little pink thing, good luck to you!" he said.

He stood some moments looking down and thinking of the price he had nearly paid for that life among the pillows, and of how he had prayed almost like a madman on that awful, awful night. He did n't know she was watching him with the coverlet pressed tightly over her mouth.

Next morning there were such heaps of things to do and so little time to do them in that breakfast passed in an atmosphere of commonplace hustle. Waterloo Station had to be rung up to find out whether

the obsolete railway time-table spoke the truth in regard to the 10:45 to Wilminster.

It was getting very near now. Already the housemaid had been sent out to make sure of a taxi, always rare when needed. Already she had gone up-stairs to put on her hat. He did n't follow her, but mooned about in the dining-room for five precious minutes, wondering. He heard the nurse come down with the baby, and he stood well back lest he should be seen. From the shelter of the curtains he watched the princely infant placed in its pram and presently trundled away toward Kensington Gardens.

He had made no effort to go out and bid au revoir to the heir of his kingdom; he was afraid, a coward pure and simple. It was the same cowardice which kept him chained where he was instead of up-stairs with her. He looked nervously at the clock, then made a great resolve, squared his shoulders, and went down to the kitchen to say good-by to the cook.

"I am sure, sir, I hope you *will* come back," she said.

The inflection suggesting that she thought it unlikely did him a world of good. So much good, in fact, that he lit a cigarette and, whistling an air from a popular revue, sauntered up-stairs to the bedroom.

Her back was toward him. She was looking into the glass and seemed in trouble with a knot of ribbon on her hat.

"Everything 's ready," he said.

"That 's right," she answered.

"Foggetty 's gone for a cab. Just as well to be in time."

"Yes, they 're awfully difficult to get these days. I was trying for ages the other morning."

"Um. Rotten job!"

He fidgeted over to the mantelpiece and moved the little ornaments about.

"Did you like baby's bonnet?" she asked.

"Don't think I noticed it."

"Thought you might have when you said good-by."

"As a matter of fact, I did n't say



"He had made no effort to go out and bid au revoir to the heir of his kingdom;
he was afraid, a coward pure and simple"

good-by—not really, I mean. Had to ring up Waterloo Station.”

“Oh, yes. I believe he ’ll have his first tooth in a week or so. It seems a shame you won’t be here.”

It was a deliberate effort to make him unmask. He reflected that it was a shame. It is a wonderful thing for a baby to have a first tooth, very wonderful. But all he said was “Yes.”

A pause followed, and he gravitated toward the window, and looked out until the glass was blurred by his breath. She still seemed troubled with the knot of ribbon on her hat. Her back was still toward him.

At last he said:

“I ’m awfully glad you ’ll be all right about money.”

“Oh, I shall be splendid.”

“You ’ll let me know at once if there is anything you want?”

“There won’t be. Are you—shall you be able to write every day?”

“I shall try. Dare say they keep you pretty hard at it over there. So, if I miss sometimes, you must n’t worry.”

“No; I shall understand.”

“That ’s what ’s so jolly about France, getting letters regularly.”

“I should have hated you to go anywhere else.”

“It ’s a great piece of luck, the whole thing.”

“I ’m tremendously pleased about it.”

“So am I.”

He was at the door now, swinging it backward and forward in his hand.

“Splendid; and I ’m awfully, awfully happy, really.”

“Yes.”

From the street came the sound of a whistle, followed by a responding *honk-honk* from a willing taxi.

They both heard it, and suddenly his head pitched against the panel of the door, and he broke out with:

“O my dear—I ’m — so— damned — wretched—so bloody—horribly—miserable!”

The *camouflage* was rent asunder, gone to the four winds of heaven, and there revealed were the naked, sobbing souls of two young people brokenly crying on each other’s shoulders, untidily knit in each other’s arms.



Verses for a Guest-room

By ANNE ARRABIN

I HAVE no pomp to offer thee;
Just my heart’s hospitality—
A little beam, but one to light
The lodging of an anchorite.

A slumber deep, a dreamless rest,
To thee within this room, dear guest!
’T is sweet to me that thou and I
This night beneath one roof shall lie;
For this I deem most dear, my guest,
In all the world, or east or west,
Where’er thy tarrying may be,
Blessed is the roof that shelters thee!



Europe's Heritage of Evil

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

Author of "A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," etc.
Formerly United States Ambassador to Germany

IN the retrospect of future historians the year 1914 may have a place not less important than the year 1453, which has been accepted as marking the dividing line between medieval and modern history. The fall of Constantinople and the establishment of the Ottoman Turks in Europe revealed the insufficiency of the bond that had held Christendom together. In like manner the present European War reveals the inadequacy of purely national conceptions for the complete organization of mankind; for as Christendom failed to unite the whole world by faith, so civilization has failed to maintain itself by force. Whatever the future of the world is to be, it cannot be a mere repetition of the past. There will be a new Europe, which will radically change the order of the old, and mark the beginning of another era in the development of mankind.

The great tragedy of history has been the conflict between the universal humanism that Rome endeavored to establish, first by law and afterward by faith, and the tribalism of the primitive European races. In the fifteenth century tribalism triumphed. In the twentieth, universal humanism may reclaim its own, and reassert the substantial unity of the human races.

In both instances there has been disillusionment. In the fifteenth century Christendom assumed the existence of a unity of belief that had not in reality been attained. Both the empire and the papacy, in which great minds had placed implicit faith, proved unable, in the face of racial conflicts, either to rule the world or to preserve the coherence of Christendom. All that had given grandeur to Rome seemed to have ended in failure when the

Greek Empire, the last bulwark of Roman imperialism, already long and bitterly alienated from the Roman Curia, paid the penalty of separatism, and fell before the Ottoman assault. With it the splendid postulates of the Roman imperial idea—the essential unity of mankind, the supremacy of law based upon reason and divine command, the moral solidarity of all who accepted the formulas of faith, and the effective organization of peace as a condition of human happiness—seemed to have suffered a fatal catastrophe. In place of the *Pax Romana*, *Faustrecht*, the right of the mailed fist, widely prevailed within the confines of Christendom. Slowly dying during a thousand years, the traditions of the ancient world, which the Greek Empire had endeavored to preserve long after they had been undermined by tribalism in the West, were now definitively abandoned. The future was seen to belong to the separate nations, which alone possessed a strong sense of unity. The disparity of races, the spirit of local independence, the conflict between the spiritual and the temporal forms of obedience, combined to render possible the development of powerful national monarchies, and dynastic ambition was eager to make use of them for its own designs.

It was Machiavelli who expounded the new theory of the state and the methods of securing its advancement; and in this he was inventing no system of his own, but merely stating in definite terms the principles which successful monarchs were already putting into practice. "The Prince," declares Villari, "had a more direct action on real life than any other book in the world, and a larger share in

emancipating Europe from the Middle Ages"; but it would be more exact to say that Machiavelli's work, written in 1513 and published in 1532, was the perfect expression of an emancipation from moral restraints already far advanced. The Christian idealism of the Middle Ages had already largely disappeared. The old grounds of obligation had been swept away. Men looked for their safety to the state rather than to the church; and the state, as Machiavelli's gospel proclaimed it, consisted in absolute and irresponsible control exercised by one man who should embody its unity, strength, and authority. Thus began the modern world.

With the dissolution of the feudal organization through the predominance of the national monarchies disappeared the sense of mutual obligation which under the feudal régime had constituted an ethical bond between the different orders of society. What remained was the bare conception of irresponsible "sovereignty" considered as a divinely implanted, absolute, unlimited, and indivisible prerogative of personal rule, the charter right of each dynasty to seek its own aggrandizement, preponderance, and glory regardless of all considerations of race, reason, or religion.

With such a conception of the nature of the state, the whole system of international relations was necessarily based upon military force. Until Grotius appealed to the ethical motive, and the treaties of Westphalia recognized the *de jure* rights of territorial sovereignty, there was among the nations of Europe no semblance of public law which jurisprudence could recognize. But even after the Peace of Westphalia, the so-called "law of nations" was little more than a theoretical acceptance of the equal rights of autonomous sovereigns, each of whom could work his will without interference within his own domains, leaving to each ruler the unquestioned prerogative of dictating the religion of his own subjects, of taxing them, of arming them, and of making war with their united forces for his own advantage. In effect, the Peace of West-

phalia, by rendering even petty princes absolute, permitted more than three hundred independent rulers to carry on the sanguinary game of war for plunder or conquest without restraint; and all, left free to destroy one another, were thus entitled by public law, through war and diplomacy, to seek their fortunes with complete autonomy. Sovereignty, defined as "supreme power," regardless of any principle of right, was conceived to be the very essence of the state. It remained simply to discover by a trial of strength which power was entitled to be esteemed supreme.

When in its moral awakening the Europe of the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century began to think for itself,—or at least to follow the thinking of Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Kant, and others who sought to find the true foundations of the state in the conception of law based upon the nature and necessities of men rather than upon dynastic power,—Europe found itself under the incubus of this sinister inheritance.

Without a convulsion that would shake the whole of Europe to its foundations it was powerless to throw it off. Rousseau had in "*Le contrat social*" merely transferred the idea of sovereignty from the monarch to the people, but he had not essentially altered its character. It was still "supreme power," still the "absolute, indivisible, and perpetual" thing which Bodin, seeking to give royalty a philosophical pedestal to stand upon, had said it was. Inherent in the people, it was still the personification of all the public powers; and the *volonté générale*, the general will, regardless of its moral qualities, was the unlimited, irresponsible source of law, the possessor of all, the dictator of all, and the ultimate authority in all things, which the individual man must respect and obey.

When the French Revolution judged and condemned the king, it was done as a sovereign act, and was, therefore, not permitted to be questioned by the monarchs of Europe. Was not sovereignty

territorial? Then it belonged to France. Was it not indivisible? Then it belonged to the French people. Was it not perpetual? Who, then, could ever take it away or in any way dispute it? And thus the *volonté générale* of one nation, having swept away the monarchy, soon rose to the height of a war on all kings; and in the person of the residuary legatee of the Revolution, Napoleon Bonaparte, made emperor by the assent of the *volonté générale* of France, assumed to act as sovereign over the whole of Europe.

There was no moment during the whole revolutionary period when sovereignty ceased to be conceived as unlimited supreme power. Recent French writers not only recognize, but emphasize, the fact. The distinguished critic and academician Emile Faguet declares:

The French Revolution neither enthroned individualism nor suppressed absolutism. It did precisely the contrary. . . . It put the sovereignty of the people in place of the sovereignty of the king, and it did nothing else. . . . It was the absolute effacement of the individual by the majority of his compatriots . . . *voire Majorité* in place of *voire Majesté*—that is, without qualification, the sum and substance of the French Revolution.

And thus the malign inheritance of Europe, in so far as it was affected by the Revolution, is essentially unchanged. Monarchy and democracy alike, without distinction, have regarded sovereignty merely as "supreme power," "absolute, indivisible, and perpetual." Thus it stands in all the text-books of the law of nations. So many sovereignties, so many absolute autocrats. Being the sole sources of law, how can they be subject to law? And there being no law which they may not set aside, since it is but their creature, sovereign nations are irresponsible, and have no more to do with moral right or wrong than so many untamed animals seeking to satisfy their appetites. The right to make war at will and to be answerable to no one, that was, and is, the accepted doc-

trine of the old Europe, which merely asserted itself anew in 1914.

This does not signify that it has never been contested. More than three hundred years ago a now almost-forgotten German jurist, though recognizing sovereignty as the foundation of the state, defined it as an attribute not of the people as an unorganized mass, but of a "body politic" organized for the promotion of justice, deriving its authority as a moral entity from the rights of its constituent members, whom it is organized to protect against wrong, and therefore from its very nature charged with mutual rights and obligations. The only authority it can claim is authority to defend the rights and interests thus committed to its guardianship. As a moral entity—for this is what Althusius taught that a state founded on rights necessarily is—it should be ready to apply the principles of justice and equity in its dealings with other states.

Were this conception of sovereignty generally accepted, justice and equity would not halt at the frontiers of a nation. The right of war would exist, but it would not be, as the old Europe has generally recognized it to be, a virtually unlimited right. There could be, under this conception, no permanently subject peoples. There could be no world dominion. There could be no legal schemes of conquest. War would mean the punishment of offenders against the law of nations, the suppression of anarchy and brigandage, resistance to the ambitions of the conqueror.

But the old Europe has never been disposed to give to sovereignty that meaning. It could not do so while it was identified with royal legitimacy. That principle triumphed a hundred years ago in the Congress of Vienna, which strove to neutralize the effects of the French Revolution by ending forever the sovereignty of the people. Then followed the effort to establish Europe firmly upon the principles of absolutism by crushing out all constitutional aspirations. To accomplish this the unlimited right of war was necessary, for without armed intervention by the allied sovereigns the task was hopeless.

Legitimacy was to be everywhere sustained by the Holy Alliance. Wherever a state adopted a constitution, the powers bound themselves at the Congress of Troppau, "if need be by arms, to bring back the guilty state into the bosom of the Alliance."

The unlimited right of a sovereign state to make war for any reason it considered sufficient, or for no reason at all, thus seemed to be written into the public law of Europe. That was the unhallowed inheritance which modern democracies have received from absolutism. Being entitled to all the prerogatives of sovereignty as historically understood, they have not repudiated the heritage. And thus they have tacitly accepted the evil principle of the despotisms against whose iniquities they have rebelled, and whose pernicious influence they were struggling to throw off.

In the call for the first Hague Conference "all questions concerning the political relation of states" were expressly excluded from the deliberations of the conference. In that, and in the second conference, rules were laid down regarding the manner of conducting war both on land and sea; but nowhere were any regulations prescribed regarding the causes or conditions of declaring war that were to be considered legal or illegal, just or unjust. As one of the best-accredited authorities on the subject says:

Theoretically, international law ought to determine the causes for which war can be justly undertaken; in other words, it ought to mark out as plainly as municipal law what constitutes a wrong for which a remedy may be sought at law. It might also not unreasonably go on to discourage the commission of wrongs by investing a state seeking redress with special rights, and by subjecting a wrong-doer to special disabilities.

In fact, however, it does nothing of the kind. The reason is not merely that there would be no means except war for enforcing such rules,—for that would apply

equally to the regulations concerning the manner of conducting war that have been explicitly laid down,—but because no sovereign state has thus far been disposed to pledge itself not to engage in war except under conditions that in harmony with its own principles of legislation would be considered just. "Hence both parties in every war are regarded as being in an identical position, and consequently possessed of equal rights." Aggressor and victim alike, triumphant force and helpless innocence, these are held in equal honor by the public law of Europe as it now stands, and this law has been tacitly accepted by the "family of nations"!

It is upon this unlimited right to resort to war, and the consequent general irresponsibility in international relations, that the idea of neutrality reposes; and yet neutrality is historically an immense step forward in the path of progress when compared with the Machiavellian doctrine that no opportunity for gain from the quarrels of others should be allowed to pass unutilized. In every war, Machiavelli declares, one side or the other will win, and the wise course for an intelligent prince to pursue is to join at the proper moment with the probable winner, whoever he may be, in order to be able to share with him the spoils of victory.

The modern doctrine of neutrality, which considers war an unavoidable evil, is no doubt an amelioration of Machiavelli's policy; for, instead of widening the range of hostilities, it aims to narrow the area of conflict. It is inspired, however, chiefly by the consideration that it is a national right to avoid the infection of a pestilence that the neutral power has not caused and for which it is not responsible. So long as the belligerents, who are conceded the privilege of mutual destruction,—but often with very unequal facilities for engaging in the conflict,—do not too deeply offend the neutral states by their activities, powerful nations feel justified in standing silent and inactive while weak states are crushed into subjection and the laws of war, which they themselves have helped to make, are violated.

From a moral point of view this appears to be a strange proceeding for a member of the "family of nations"; but it must be considered that this is a family of a very peculiar kind. In it each member, by tacit consent, is believed to fulfil his whole duty by looking solely after his own interests. Governments, it is held, are in every case responsible to their own constituents for the preservation of the safety and well-being of the nations intrusted to their care, and consequently they cannot act with the freedom of a private person. They may not, therefore, inconspicuously plunge their people into war without reasons that involve the national interests. Until there is a better organization of international relations, this condition must continue; but it is rapidly coming to be perceived that, if civilization is not to suffer shipwreck, a better organization must be sought.

BEFORE attempting to find a basis for a revision of international relations it is necessary to consider how intimately national interests have become associated with war. For a long time all the interests of the state were regarded as personal to the sovereign. All its territory was his territory. All the property of the nation was his property, of which the people enjoyed only the usufruct. Even their persons and their lives were at his disposal, for they were in all respects his subjects.

To-day the identity of the sovereign is changed, but not the conception of sovereignty. The people, standing in the place of the sovereign, claim the right of succession to all the royal prerogatives. The national interests have become their interests. The appeal to their patriotism rests upon this ground. The power, gain, and glory of the state are represented to be theirs. Even where it has not entirely superseded the monarch, the nation believes itself to have entered into partnership with him, and the people consider themselves shareholders in the vast enterprise of expanding dominion. Even the beggar in the street is assured that it is *his* country; and though ragged and

hungry, he takes a pride in his proprietorship.

It is the nation's territory, industry, commerce, and prestige that are now in question. And government, even the government of the people, is no longer merely protective. It enters into every kind of business, owns railways, steamship lines, manufactories, everything involving the life and prosperity of the people. The state has become an economic as well as a political organ of society. The modern national state is, in fact, a stupendous and autonomous business corporation, the most portentous and the most lawless business trust, and views other nations as its business rivals, aiming at the control of foreign markets, and of the sources of raw materials wherever they may exist. And these vast economic entities, with their vision fixed on gain, combine not only the command of armies and navies, but absolute freedom from effective legal restriction with immensely concentrated wealth, such as the kings and emperors of the past never had at their disposal.

Whatever, from an internal and social point of view, the merits or defects of the extension of state functions may be, they are bristling with possibilities of war, and when modern nations engage in it, it is no longer a dynastic adventure, but a people's war. Commanding the strength and resources of a whole people, and acting for its alleged interests, these great economic corporations are fitted for aggression as well as for defense. If they were subject to the usual laws of business that prevail in the regulation of private enterprises within their own borders, in accordance with the principles they apply at home, these mailed and armed knights of trade might not be dangerous to the world's peace; but they are not subject to these or to any such regulations. They recognize no law which they feel themselves obliged to obey. Inheriting by tradition from the past alleged rights of absolute sovereignty, and equipped with military forces on land and sea, they are engaged in a struggle for supremacy which they would not for a

moment permit within their own legal jurisdiction. Were a similar organization formed within their own borders, adopting as its principles of action the privileges usually claimed by sovereign states, it would be promptly and ruthlessly suppressed as a dangerous bandit.

This statement implies no reflection upon any particular nation, for all to some extent share in the responsibility. What is here condemned as essentially unsocial and anarchic is the indifference of these great national economic corporations to one another's rights, and above all the absence in the law of nations, as it is now understood, of any accepted regulations such as the lesser constituent elements of the business world are required by these very states to obey under their authority. If civilization is to endure, and nations are not to become privileged highway robbers on the land and pirates on the sea, this part of the law of nations must be revised not only as respects the rules of war, but the rules of peace. In so far as a nation is a business entity it should be governed by the same principles in its dealings with other nations as civilized states apply to business within their own limits. But international law has not yet reached the stage of formal development where this is recognized. It is still under the influence of the inherited customs of the past, the baneful fiction of an absolute sovereign prerogative. Just as Christendom found that it was not in fact so organized as to restrain the Hun and the Tatar, so we are discovering that civilization is not yet so organized as to restrain their modern counterparts. So long as international business is controlled by an absolute conception of sovereignty, and sustained by military force, there will be no prospect of peace or equity in the world.

Let us not here undertake to speak of remedies. We must first comprehend the nature of the disease. Nor should we here attempt to apportion blame, which would end only in bitter controversy. If the evil is in the system, then it is the system that must be changed; and it will be time enough to inquire how to change it and

to pronounce specific condemnations when we know what change is required and who may refuse to participate in making it.

Undoubtedly, we have all of us been cherishing illusions. Let us, then, endeavor to dissipate them.

We have assumed that in some mystical manner progress is inherent in society; that it is necessarily produced by natural laws; that the mere duration of time carries us forward to perfection; and that the older civilization becomes, the wiser it tends to be. Trusting to these baseless generalities, we have in a spirit of optimism forgotten that we have duties to perform, renunciations to make, and sacrifices to offer if the state, or the so-called society of states, is to prosper. We have formed the habit of looking to the state as a source of personal benefit to ourselves, which calls for only the smallest contributions from us in return. We have made exorbitant demands upon it, as undisciplined children extort gifts from over-indulgent parents. We have wanted better wages, better prices for our commodities, better opportunities of trade, better conditions of life, free schools, free books, playgrounds, public provisions of every kind at the expense of the state. In order to obtain these benefits, we have desired that the state should become omnipotent, seeking to augment its resources by despoiling the rich within its limits, and exploiting or even conquering foreign territory wrested from other peoples, in the belief that this would render it easier to meet all our necessities, and through its increased power become the dispenser of happiness. When for this purpose armies and navies have been required, it has been easy to obtain them; for may not the state, being a sovereign power, do all things necessary for its own interest? Thus our consciences have been put to rest.

This tendency of modern states and the sudden revelation of its meaning have been forcibly expressed by a recent writer. He says:

A few more teasings, a few more pistols held at the head of the state, and a scheme,

we were expecting, would be forthcoming that would render us all happy in spite of ourselves. Then, one fine morning in August, there came a rude awakening. We got a message from the state couched in language we had never heard before. "I require you," said the state, "to place your property and your lives at my service. Now, and for some time to come, I give nothing, but ask for everything. Arm yourselves for my defense. Give me your sons, and be willing that they should die for me. Repay what you owe me. *My turn has come.*"

And thus Europe is called upon to pay the debt its theory of the state and of the state's omnipotence has incurred. We, too, in America may sometime be called upon to pay the debt if we are not wise.

We have trusted blindly to the process of social evolution. Industrialism and commerce, we have assumed, will automatically bring in a new era. Before it militarism, the grim relic of the old régime, will disappear. There will soon be no need for fighting. When all the world turns to industry, as it will, wars will cease. Commerce will cement the nations together and create a perfect solidarity of interests.

But the present war has thrown a new light on the relations of militarism and industry. Forty years ago, Herbert Spencer, with his strong proclivity for brilliant generalization, fancied that the age of militarism was soon to be superseded by an age of universal industrialism. He described their opposite polities, the conditions of the gradual transition, and the final triumph of industry over militancy. But what do we now behold? Has militarism diminished with the growth of industry? Has not militarism simply become more titanic and even more demoniacal by the aid of industry, until war has become the most stupendous problem of modern mechanics? And now we see militarism wholly absorbing industry, claiming all its resources, and even organizing and commanding it.

And why is this? It is because the state as a business corporation is employ-

ing military force as its advance-agent, struggling for the control of markets and resources, and the command of new peoples who are to feed and move the awful engineery of war.

And this condition of the world is the logical outcome of the inherited theory of the state. This fact is now beginning to be recognized, and recently there has been much said regarding imperialism and democracy, often assuming that the mere internal *form* of government is responsible for the international situation in Europe. But it is not the form, it is the spirit, and above all the postulates, of government that are at fault. If democracies may act according to their "good pleasure," if the mere power of majorities is to rule without restraint, if there are no sacred and controlling principles of action, in what respect is a multiple sovereign superior to a single autocrat? If the private greed of a people is sustained by the pretensions of absolutism in international affairs, democracy itself becomes imperial, without accepting the principles of equity which give dignity to the imperial idea. In truth, the most dangerous conceivable enemy to peace and justice would be a group of competitive democracies delirious with unsatisfied desires.

If there is to be a new Europe, it will be far less the result of new forms of organization than of a new spirit of action. Europe must renounce altogether its evil heritage. It must reconstruct its theory of the state as an absolutely autonomous entity. If the state continues to be a business corporation, as it probably in some sense will, then it must abandon the conception of sovereignty as an unlimited right to act in any way it pleases under the cover of national interests and necessity. It must consent to be governed by business rules. It must not demand something for nothing, it must not make its power the measure of its action, it must not put its interests above its obligations. It may plead them, it may argue them, and it may use its business advantages to enforce them; but it may not threaten the life or appropriate the property of its neighbors

or insist upon controlling them on its own terms. It may display its wares, proclaim their excellence, fix its own prices, buy and sell where it finds its advantage; but it must not bring to bear a machine-gun as a means of persuasion upon its rival across the street.

No one can make a thorough and impartial inquiry into the causes of the present European conflict without perceiving that their roots run deep into the soil of trade rivalry. Beneath the apparent political antagonisms are the economic aspirations that have produced them. In the light of history we can no longer accept the doctrine that industrialism and commercialism by a process of natural evolution automatically supersede militarism. On the contrary, we perceive that militarism on the one hand, and industry and commerce on the other, are at present partners rather than antagonists. They are different, but closely associated, activities of modern business policy as conducted by the state. If there were no economic questions involved, the conflict of nationalities could soon be ended. Modern wars are trade wars. Modern armies and navies are not maintained for the purpose of ruthlessly taking human life or of covering rulers with glory. They are, on the one hand, armed guardians of economic advantages already possessed; and, on the other, agents of intended future depredation, gradually organized for purposes alleged to be innocent, and at what is esteemed the auspicious moment despatched upon their mission of aggression. Mere international misunderstandings are readily adjusted where there is the will to adjust them; but against the deliberately formed policies of national business expansion—the reaching out for new territory, increased population, war indemnities, coaling-stations, trade monopolies, control of markets, supplies of raw materials, and advantageous treaty privileges, to be procured under the shadow of the sword—there is no defense except the power to thwart or obstruct them by armed resistance.

We must, then, definitively abandon the

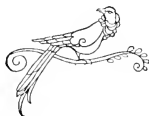
thesis that industrialism is essentially pacific, and will eventually automatically disband armies and navies, and thus put an end to war. On the contrary, modern armies and navies are the result of trade rivalry, and are justified to those who support them on the ground that there are national interests to be defended or advantages to be attained by their existence. So long as even one powerful nation retains its heritage of evil and insists that it may employ its armies or navies aggressively as an agency in its national business; so long, to put the matter directly, as the nations must buy and sell, travel and exchange, negotiate and deliver, with bayonets at their breasts, so long defensive armies and navies will be necessary, and the battle for civilization must go on.

Strange as it may seem, it is not the poorest nations, but the richest, where discontent is deepest and most wide-spread. It is the great powers that are most inclined to war, and are most fully prepared to make it; and the reason is not difficult to discern. The greater the state, the greater its ambitions. It is easily within the grasp of five or six great powers to secure the permanent peace of the world, and, far more important than that, to secure the observance of just laws by all the nations. But, unfortunately, governments, feeling themselves charged with the duty of augmenting the resources of the state, find no limit to their ambitions except in their powers of action, which are great. The whole future of the world has in the past virtually lain in the hands of a small number of men, not all of them monarchs, but the recognized leaders of public thought and action in their respective nations.

This order of things is less likely to continue in the future than at any time in the past. Far less frequently than in former times will individual men shape the destinies of nations. No man, probably, will ever do for Great Britain what was done for it by William Pitt, and no man will ever do for Germany what Bismarck did. And this is an important augury for

the new Europe. Only a few men, and they but temporarily, framed and executed the policies that have, for example, created the British Empire. As the historian Seeley said, "We have conquered half the world in a fit of absence of mind." And in all this process the British people have never been consulted, just as the German people were not consulted in the two critical moments of their existence; for in the past peoples were seldom consulted regarding their national destiny. But that time has passed forever. Henceforth no intelligent people will ever be led into the shambles of modern warfare without being in some sense consulted. That is the first mark of difference that will distinguish the new Europe from the old. And, being consulted, will they not ask with increas-

ing earnestness why nations cannot conduct their business as the state generally requires private business to be conducted, in accordance with reasonable rules of procedure? Many negative answers will, no doubt, be given, for governments are tenacious of their traditions; but, nevertheless, there will be a general revision of the inherited conception of the nature of the state, and a perception that world dominion is not the prerogative of any single nation. States, like individual men, must henceforth admit their responsibilities to one another, accept the obligation to obey just and equal laws, and take their respective places in the society of states in a spirit of loyalty to civilization as a human and not an exclusively national ideal.



"Mary, Helper of Heartbreak—"

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

WELL, and if so it 's over, better it is for me;
The lad was ever a rover, loving and laughing free,
Far too clever a lover not to be having still
A lass in the town and a lass by the road and a lass by the farther hill—
Love in the field and love on the path and love in the little glen.
(*Lad, will I never see you, never your face again?*)

Aye, if the thing is ending, now I 'll be getting rest,
Saying my prayers, and bending down to be stilled and blessed.
Never the saints are sending hope till your heart is sore
For a laugh on the path and a voice by the gate and a step on the shealing floor—
Grief on my ways and grief on my work and grief till the day is dim.
(*Lord, will I never hear it, never the sound of him?*)

Sure if it 's through forever, better for me that 's wise,
Never the hurt, and never tears in my aching eyes;
No more the trouble ever to hide from my watching folk
Beat of my heart at click of the latch and start if his name is spoke.
Never the need to hide the sighs and the flushing thought and the fret,
For after a while my heart will hush and my hungering hands forget—
Peace on my ways and peace in my step, and maybe my heart grown light.
(*Mary, helper of heartbreak, send him to me to-night!*)

Casemate 17

Pages from the Diary of a French Private Imprisoned in Germany

By GASTON RIOU

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

KAPUT!

September 2, 1914.

HERE I am a prisoner. What a journey! I am bitter at soul; it makes me sick to think of it. Across Rhenish Prussia, the Palatinate, the grand duchy of Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria, for three days and three nights, at every station, and even as we pass through the country-side, groups of peasants and gloomy crowds of citizens hurl execrations at us, stamp, and shake their fists, making signs that they would like to cut our throats and tear out our eyes. From the streets of country towns, lost amid the sweltering plains, troops of children assemble, waving flags. They form in line beside the track. When the train comes in, moving slowly like a funeral convoy, the people beg for our kepis; they vociferate in their own language: "Paris kaput!"¹ Death to the French!" The sight of our Red Cross armlets produces paroxysms of fury. "Death," they scream—"death to the Red Cross men! These are they who finish off our wounded!" The shouting be-



comes strident, terrible, mad. Sometimes they try to take the train by storm, and are stopped only by the bayonets of the German soldiers on guard in each compartment, who growl threats.

The women are even more horrible than the men. The murderous glance, the clawed fingers working and tearing as if in the dream of a tigress, the nostrils dilated and twitching, the lips cyanosed, grimacing hatred—never before have I seen such faces of damned souls, such Medusa heads. Who could believe that women could appear so horrible! When the train stops for any time, richly dressed matrons parade beside it, offering our guards mugs of beer, cigars, and cigarettes, bread and butter and jam, steaming sausages. Sick with hunger and fatigue, we look on at this prodigality. "Above all," they say, "give nothing to these French! Let them starve!" We are offered water.

Everywhere, at the stations, from the steeples, the factories, the inns, huge flags are waving. Chime answers chime across the rivers. The big cathedral bells make the hills reëcho. All Germany is holiday-making, drunk with blood, thrilling with

¹ A slang word, generally employed, meaning "smashed" or "ruined." Accent on second syllable.

the prospect of victory. Is this the Germany I knew last year?

I had traveled through the country as if on a pilgrimage. We passed through Heidelberg, my peaceful Heidelberg, so lovable in the shade of its august ruin and of its oak-crowned and vine-clad hill; Marburg, the quiet little town with its professors and its workmen, resting more quietly at the foot of the margrave's castle than even the bones of St. Elisabeth of Hungary beneath the pavement of the church; Dresden, that fine seat of artistic and courtly life; Munich, the Teuton Florence, blooming like a flower; Weimar, more sacred than all the others, where the neighboring houses of Schiller and Goethe mourn discreetly the memories of the golden century, the lyrical and generous youth of Germany! We were charmed with these laughing cities of the spirit. I can still picture them in the limpid air of last spring; I recall their dainty aspect, and the cheerful welcome they accorded us; I see their waters reflecting the blue skies and the bright clouds. When I but think of them in this damp crypt of exile, gusts of liberty, youth, and ecstasy agitate my heart.

THE setting sun cast its rosy light over the Danube and the ancient city of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, when we passed through it as prisoners. Ingolstadt! The "forty propositions," Luther, Father Eck, the celebrated attempt to unite the two churches, the great "disputations" of the sixteenth century! But the sight of the bayonets of the Bavarian guard on the platform dispersed my train of reminiscences.

We passed through the city under a deluge of cries of "Death!" And what a litany of *kaputs* we heard! "Paris *kaput*! Manonviller *kaput*! Verdun *kaput*!" One might have imagined that the whole world was *kaput*. The gentle-minded among the townsfolk flashed electric



torches in our faces, saying modestly, "You know that our armies are only a few leagues from Paris?" The better-educated regaled us with French. "La foilà," they said mockingly, "la grande nation!" People streamed out of the public-houses as we went by. On the threshold the calm and paunchy drinkers waved their mugs and vented their guffaws. The whole city was agog beneath the great royal and imperial standards. It was really ludicrous, all this fuss about fifty field-hospital orderlies.

It was quite clear that the German nation was the martyr of Europe. "As for us," said the sergeant-major, "our conscience is quite at ease." Yes, we, the French, were the aggressors; we were the *apaches* who had come furtively to disturb the dignified repose of these excellent people, full of humanity, thoughtful, and gentle! It was unquestionably the anger of an offended conscience, the holy joy of justice at length avenged, which found expression in this tumult. I looked on and listened with greater interest than at the most exciting of plays. From the casements, graceful beneath their Gothic gables and bright with window-gardens, imprecations rained down on us. And the gestures of the silhouetted figures standing in the front of these lighted interiors sufficed to show those among us who could not understand Swabian the significance of the volleys of Homeric abuse.

I was not in the least humiliated by the hubbub. My condition was one of strange exaltation. I was very sad and yet fascinated—sad at the spectacle of mankind, and yet fascinated at the chance of seeing man as he really is. Tacitus, Machiavelli, Stendhal, Ferrero—from none of these have I gained so strong an impression of human reality. But I will defer my comments. Thoughts conceived under the spur of hunger and in a sort of physical dementia are not likely to be just. Besides, it is difficult to keep one's head cool when the whole world is crumbling around one. I fear lest I may have to laugh some day at the partiality of this simple and matter-of-fact story, which I

have written for some one whom I love, and in which I faithfully desire to use no colors but those of truth.

Of our arrival at Fort Orff I can recall nothing but the memory of a great iron gate which groaned on its hinges when it was opened, of a few lanterns held by sentinels running hither and thither in the darkness, of a gloomy and nauseous staircase where I stumbled and where my nailed boots made a clatter that aroused distant echoes, and of a casemate, this casemate, with cemented floor, bare, without even straw, its arches sweating damp. I threw myself on the floor, my cheek on my knapsack. My head was throbbing with fever. I spent a sleepless night, not thinking, but a prey to delirium.

September 16, 1914.

THE casemate is empty. My comrades have gone up to the nine-o'clock roll-call. I am still "confined to my room by illness." I am happy to be alone. It is cold. Wrapping my rug closely round me, I lie listening to the bitter wind. I am alone; I am free. It seems to me that the current of life has swept me away to the end of the world, depositing me amid dumb deserts of infinite vastness.

The straw upon which I have been lying for a fortnight is reduced to powder. I roll myself in it as if it were a dust bath for chickens. How thin is my rug! My limbs shake with the cold of fever. Yesterday for a quarter of an hour I dragged myself along in the east court, but I was unable to get as far as the first glacis. When I was coming down-stairs on the way back my legs seemed heavier than hand-grenades. I am very cold. Through the upper parts of the two screened windows I catch a glimpse of a strip of sky, gray and heavy, crushing down on the slope, on the portcullis on the top of the slope, on the wild rose-bush which breaks the straight line of the portcullis. On the steep slope I see the long grass bending before the gusts.

I am alone. How delightful! What wealth! What a privilege! Here we are never alone. We sleep, we dress, we eat,

we amuse ourselves, we walk about, we hunt for lice, we dream, we are filled with indignation, we soften, we caress the dear relics hidden in our knapsacks, we retire into ourselves—all this we do in public. How well do I understand the phrase of St. Bernard, the phrase of a monk, "*O beata solitudo, sola beatitudo!*"

Take men who have nothing in common but the flag; throw these soldiers pell-mell into a cellar, where they hunger and are cut off from news; subject them to meddlesome regulations; compel them, in this wretchedness, to live always in close proximity, and far from everything which they have hitherto known as life. Doubtless they will have their good hours; at times, when their minds are filled with thoughts of those they love and of their motherland, their words and their silences will be no less pure and sweet than is a long summer twilight: but at other times—No, I wish to forget. After all, the heroes of the great epic are only men. Why should we expect of them, during months and months, a patience and a self-command of which many men in good society, men esteemed well bred, are incapable when a caller stays too long?

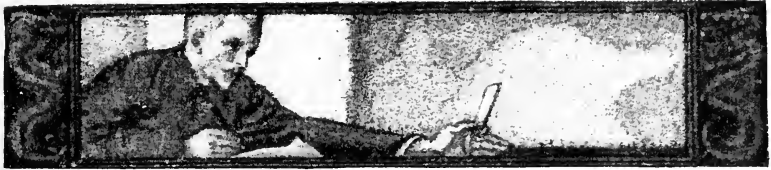
The effort to pull myself together and to become what I was before these days in prison is too much for my poor strength. I am shivering with cold. To throw off this torpor I should need to eat three or four times as much as we are allowed. Alas! the wretched half-loaf of the first few days has been reduced to a third of a loaf, for the German authorities are methodically restricting our rations. Even the dullest of the soldiers, heavy, good-natured fellows, those who never think and consequently waste very little energy, find it difficult to keep going. Poor mothers, could you but catch a glimpse of your sons, your fine lads, whom you used to pet so tenderly! On the slopes and in the dry ditches of the fort you would see them gloomy and slow, with drawn features, with a yellow and dirty skin, almost always crouching on the ground. They look like shades in purgatory. Are these the youths of France?

Sergeant Bertrand is the first to come down. Without saying a word he throws himself on his heap of straw beside me. Then, one behind the other, come dreamily in Sergeant Boude and Guido, my terrible and dear Guido. Soon all the rest of the section enters, a stamping and noisy rout.

Bertrand does not move. Leaning against his knapsack, pipe in mouth, a pipe

another." Then turning to me, and lowering his harsh voice, he says: "Richeris is the happiest of us all. For him there is nothing but God. If God wills it, he is satisfied; if God does not will it, he is equally satisfied."

The club relapses into silence. Bertrand dreams. Guido, his faith in original sin thoroughly reestablished, meditates upon misfortune and upon human malice.



carved by Boude, he looks straight in front of him. He is in a fine fit of the blues. If his fiancée could see him thus, his fiancée of Ciotat!

At the end of the room, beneath the windows, two groups are playing cards for pfennig stakes. Beyond them, leaning against the bars, Sabatier, grave and mute, is plaiting a horsehair watch-chain. Over there, from every mouth, from all the Bavarian pipes hanging over the players' stomachs, mount thick clouds of smoke.

In our corner, spoken of as the "club" by the men of the "*fond*," or window end, every one is silent. Bertrand is in Ciotat. Guido, hunched against the wall, his kepi pulled down over his eyes, seems to be turning over disconsolate thoughts. Boude, the good Boude, with the soul of an artist who has lost his way in every-day life, stands up, looking at our trio.

All of a sudden, Bertrand, with a yawn, murmurs:

"I would sell my life for a penny."

Boude smiles at his alter ego.

"For my part, old chap, I brought with me from Marseilles a certain store of philosophy."

"That also gets used up, Sergeant Boude," says Guido, "just as certainly as the cigar that you are smoking. And once your cigar is finished, in these times of dearth, you may find it difficult to get

THE FIRST LETTER

October 8, 1914.

YESTERDAY the rumor was current, derived, it was said, from the guard, that we were going to be permitted to write to our families.

That evening I was deluged with requests: "Riou, could you lend me your pen and ink?" "Can you spare a sheet or two of paper?" There was a regular procession of them. The mere thought, or, rather, the conviction, that they would be able to write home transfigured them. Home, the fireside, the loved ones, the familiar objects, the birthplace, the motherland!

Even the cooks, more practised in criticism than the other prisoners, had lost all sense of proportion. They handled their utensils with a terrible joy. Then the tumult was stilled. A gentle atmosphere of harmony hovered over the stoves. The cooks were silent and motionless. Like every one else, they were bewitched with thoughts of France. For France they forgot the most serious of their immediate duties. One was allowed an entrance into the secret universe of their thoughts, as if into a public place.

In the evening, when roll-call was finished, the news was confirmed.

To-day every one has spent the morning

in writing *his* letter, the one and only letter to which we are entitled. But what a disappointment! No more than one company is to be allowed to send letters each day. We are five companies. Only one letter every five days! But that melancholy barrier of silence which for a month and a half has separated us from the world has at last been broken down.

It is true that we have been ordered to say nothing about the war and to instruct our correspondents to observe a similar restriction. This morning these forbidden things have disturbed us little. Do you think that any one of the prisoners, when writing his letter, had a fancy for dissertations upon strategy? His wife, his fiancée, his children, his mother, his whole life, were before his eyes. At length people would know that he was alive. His head was singing with voices from his own fireside. He was intoxicated, at once giddy with excitement, softened, bitter, almost mad. The most indifferent, the most torpid, seemed to have been awakened with a start. Permission to write, the act of writing, had shaken them out of their inertia.

For, fortunately, imprisonment dulls our sensibilities. At first it causes poignant suffering, and suffering, of whatever kind, sharpens the faculties. But imprisonment is above all hunger, chronic hunger. Those only who have experienced it can understand the effect which chronic hunger speedily exercises even upon an active brain. At first it induces hallucinations. With terrible realism the sufferer recalls meals eaten before the war, some particular dinner, such and such a picnic. The nerves of taste and smell, exasperated by the scanty regimen, are visited by memories of odors and tastes. The man thinks of nothing but eating. Literally he is nothing but a clamorous stomach. He will lie awake the entire night think-

ing only of this, What can I do to-morrow morning to secure a supplementary loaf?

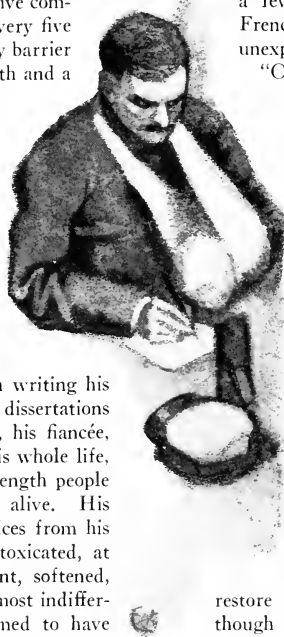
Little Brissot, my friend of the Alpine Infantry, when we were walking a few days ago with our two French medical officers, made this unexpected confession:

"Only one thing can give me pleasure now—to get food. Only one man interests me—the man who is capable of getting me food."

Even in the bravest the soldier spirit dies. Look at these men crouching on their heaps of straw hour after hour, silent and half asleep, or look at them as with hands in pockets and hanging heads they slowly make their way up the slopes of the fort-yard; who can imagine that these are the men who fought like lions at Montcourt and Lagarde?

These sudden visions of home were requisite to restore many of our prisoners, though only for a moment, to life. But for how many of them this has also involved a revival of suffering!

"I don't know how I shall be able to feed my three children next year unless I can get home soon. I can't help thinking about my farm, where the harvests of corn and grapes have been poorly gathered, and where everything is running to waste." The soldier who spoke thus comes from Uriage, in Dauphiné. He stopped me when I was walking with measured steps after the seven-o'clock coffee, taking my anti-rheumatic constitutional on the slopes. He drew me aside into a corner of the fortifications. Taking a letter from his pocket, he modestly asked me in a melancholy tone: "Could you tell me if that is all right, and whether you think it will be allowed to pass? Please be good enough to read it. You have my leave." Poor comrade! It cut me to the



heart to see him. He wanted to look self-possessed, to look like a man; but he had been weeping. He spoke low and quietly in order to keep the tears out of his voice. The paper shook in his hand. I read: "My dear Marguerite,"—there was nothing in the letter,—“don't worry about me . . . All is well with me . . . We are very well cared for . . .” These reassuring phrases were reiterated throughout the four pages, the very words repeated again and again. My master, Jean Monnier, declares that repetition is the rhetorical flower of simple minds. What a tragedy underlay the disjointed prose! This prisoner of war

round his shoulders. He planted himself in front of me. He fixed me with his eyes, the cold, distrustful eyes of the mountain-dweller and of the priest. Then, making up his mind to open his thin lips, he said:

“You are in a gloomy mood. You have been writing to *her*.”

We went out together. I felt his harsh sympathy as he strode by my side. Every one was out of doors, but there were very few groups. Each man walked by himself, rapt in his own visions. Guido remarked:

“It 's extraordinary how little noise they make, eleven hundred warriors.”



whose eyes shone with hunger, this hollow-cheeked man who had spent all his poor pocket-money so that he could no longer buy any smuggled goods,—bread, sugar, or chocolate,—wrote: “All is well with me,” “We are very well cared for.” He said it and resaid it monotonously throughout the entire letter. It was essential that his wife should have no doubt about the matter, his poor wife, who had already much trouble to bear. I should have liked to pet him like a little brother, this man already gray.

I also wrote *my* letter. Having too much to say, I said nothing. What are words when the heart hungers for material presence, for a touch, for a living silence? My letter was not even of the regulation length.

At eleven Guido came in with his rug

THE RUSSIANS

April 20, 1915.

THE Russian prisoners whom we were dreading have arrived. For the last three months the Germans have been threatening us with them as with the plague, adding, “In the camps where the French and the Russians are together they always come to blows.”

One morning the *Oberstabs-arzt* inoculated us against cholera. Every one said, “They are coming!” The sergeant-major did, in fact, go through the casemates, allotting five to one, ten to another, and fifteen to some. At six in the evening, an hour earlier than usual, the electric bell rang for the evacuation of the courts. Immediately afterward the forty-nine heads of rooms were summoned, were

drawn up in line beyond the bridge, and were told to wait.

The gentle April twilight had already enveloped the brow of the slopes, and the lower red-brick front looking into the ditch lay hidden in the gathering darkness as if in ambush. French prisoners were bunched round the windows. With laughing faces they defied the commandant, stiff and dapper, doing sentry-go on the glacis. Under his very nose they began to hum the Russian national anthem. But the Russians did not come. The great black gate, buttressed between the mossy walls of the counterscarp, starred with anemone and colt's-foot, remained obstinately shut. Impatience grew. At length the outer sentry whistled, the *Hauptmann* went forward, and the gate opened.

The distribution of the convoy was effected in the Prussian manner. Each headman went to take delivery of his Russians outside, behind the gate, and conducted the supplementary squad to his casemate. This took half an hour. In Indian file, following their French corporal or sergeant, they went along at a quick step, but noiselessly in their supple jack-boots; they were muffled in huge gray overcoats, and their size was increased by enormous fur caps. Night fell. The dead color of their uniforms melted away in the darkness. The silence was absolute. Pale Scythian faces, flat-nosed Tatar faces, Asiatic types with wide cheek-bones, Samoyed beards, downy and curled—all the Russians were passing. We looked on. When they had crossed the bridge the fort swallowed them.

In the interior, to the scandal of our

masters, French rule prevailed. Notwithstanding the order confining us to our rooms, the "*Frantsuz*" crowded to the thresholds to greet the "little fathers."

"Good day, Russkis!" they cried, regardless of the *Boches*. "*Germania kaput!*" They made roguish gestures indicating freedom.

The Russians got on little faster in the corridors of Fort Orff than in the attack upon Lowicz, where their advance was obstructed by barbed wire. Every door was an ambush, every Frenchman an obstacle. Cigars and cakes rained upon them. And then the hand-shakings and the amicable clappings on the shoulder!

The little fathers had had nothing to eat since the previous day. The quartermaster served them out a morsel of cheese, but no bread.

"*Germania niet hleb*" ("There is no bread in Germany"), said the Russians. "*Ja, nichts Brot,*" rejoined the French in their bad German; "but France *Brot*, plenty *Brot.*" Thus communicating with their friends in nigger talk, they emptied their haversacks before the men.

The Germans laughed on the wrong side of their mouths. They had expected war; what they saw was love.

Until nine o'clock the turmoil was incredible. Every room was treating its new recruits. The poorer rooms offered crusts of white bread baked in Saintonge, or lower Brittany. In the well-to-do quarters the men brewed chocolate and served it with rusks. Since in my room, that of the interpreters, there were no Russians, I went to Casemate 16, the casemate of Corporal Dumoulin, my comrade-at-arms. Dinner was finished. Seated on their paillasses, doubled over, our allies were digesting the good things sent by French mothers. Near the window a hair-dresser was already dealing with the great mops of hair.



"You see," said Dumoulin, "I want to smarten them up. But how pious and ceremonious they are! Of course we divided our food with them. They all kissed my hand. Then they took off their caps, said their prayers, and fed. After that they got up, said their prayers again, and kissed my hand once more. But what have you got there?"

"I have no Russians, so I shall adopt yours. But unfortunately they have already dined."

"Don't bother about that; they will dine ten times over this evening."

It was my turn to be embraced. Gingerbread, Easter eggs, jam, *petit-beurre* biscuits, dates, cigarettes—I was kissed between each course. One of the Russians, a hairy corporal, a thick-set man with dog-like eyes, was not satisfied with my hand, but kissed me on the lips. I suppose it is the custom of the country. Some of them overwhelmed me with profound genuflexions, as if I had been the white elephant.

Throughout the evening there was an intoxication of generosity. Thrifty men at ordinary times, the French now gave all they had. The huge, round loaves kneaded in the family kneading-trough and baked in the village oven, the apples and

nuts of the last harvest, old sausages spiced with garlic and thyme, everything, even the "surprises" secretly prepared by the *maman* for her boy in captivity—everything was handed over. Little Stéphanus of St.-Denis, who has lost his hearing through a wound in the head, and who, being an orphan, would receive nothing from France were it not for you and Mme. Weiss, had only his fifth of a loaf of potato bread. He gave it. The comrades from the invaded regions, who have to live on the provisions of their "adopted brothers," were greatly distressed that they had nothing to share but their poverty.

But if charity was lively, gaiety was insane. The little fathers were stupefied with astonishment. They looked upon us as legendary *bariny* (seigniors), as Cræsusus flowing with milk and honey, as magicians proof against misfortune, able to make the desert, and even the prison pavement, blossom like the rose. What a change for them! They had been the serfs of the *Boche* sergeants in the Lechfeld camp, their backs were still smarting from the canings administered to revenge the loss of Przemyśl, and from this they were suddenly transported to become guests at the feast of the parable! Be-





wildered and mute, ignorant of our language, as we were ignorant of theirs, and having no other means of showing us their gratitude, they kissed us in season and out, and they prostrated themselves before us as before their own icons.

You may have heard of Graby, one of the two famous comic cyclists known in Paris, and indeed throughout Europe, under the name of the Brothers Abbins. In Dumoulin's room I was being melted almost to tears under the Russian kisses, when Graby bursts open the door, and, quite out of breath, exclaimed:

"Riou, old chap, my Slav *poilus* are making ready to dance. I invite you to the party." He dragged me off. His casemate is at the other end of the fort. On the way he explained that he has discovered a sort of interpreter, a Pole who has been in New York, and who knows a few words of English. "You 'll see, now we 're going to have high jinks to-night."

There are indeed high jinks. An assemblage of kepis and fur caps beneath a huge candelabra, improvised by the hosts, and ornamented with *aéroplanes* and flags cut out of paper. A horrible menagerie odor fills the room. The banquet is over. Tea is being handed round in old tins. Graby, looking even more like street Arab than usual, is doing the honors, assisted by big Ménard, erect, smart, as clean shaven as a British guardsman, and with the suspicion of an English accent. Prompted by Abbins, the Pole introduces me as a French writer familiar with Russian authors.

"Friends!"

"Friends!"

"Comrades!"

"Sayousniki!"

"Bravo!"

"Hurrah!"

More tea, more cigarettes. We ask for the Russian national anthem. You know it. It seems to me as heavy as a convict's fetters. To relieve my ears, I demand the "*Marseillaise*." Boude sings the couplets, and we take up the chorus. The swing of it, the decision, the thrill, as of a victorious charge, astonish the Russians. My neighbor the Pole weeps.

"You are crying?" I say to him in English.

"You can't understand," he makes answer. "That air represents liberty. You possess it; you don't know the value of it. We dream of it." His debased English comes interspersed with Polish phrases that ring with a sort of Latin sweetness. "Don't you know that we are slaves?"

"This war will free you."

"You think so? We have fought well enough. My comrades stood firm when they were being mown down before Lowicz. Yes, we have fought fiercely for the czar even while feeling that his victory would serve only to make our chains heavier. Poor Poland! Poor Poland!"

Around us the others are enjoying themselves like brothers reunited. Graby is begging Ménard to sing the American "Row! Row! Row!" I long to take my companion out on to the slopes, and there, amid the silence, to let him talk at length, to listen, and to make him feel that I share his dreams, that France is the friend of every nation that yearns for freedom.

NEXT day the Bavarians of the guard could hardly believe their eyes. In the courts, in the ditches, everywhere, among basins and heaps of underclothing, quite a tribe of naked little fathers were glistening in the sunshine. How thin they were! To what skeletons they had been reduced by two months in Germany! Smiling, making awkward little gestures, each one of them allowed himself to be manipulated by a Frenchman, who soaped him all over, rubbed him down, pummeled him,

dried him, and finally dressed him as a French infantryman. "Now, then, we must wash your duds. Come along." And the French mama led his great little Slav to the well, helped him to pump some water, arranged him a bench. Then both set to work and scrubbed.

In the evening, when the roll was called, the *Hauptmann* exclaimed:

"But where on earth are the Russians?"

"There they are," answered Junot, sergeant-major of Casemate 46.

"But what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"*Mon commandant*, their clothes are drying on the slopes, and you see they could not attend muster in a loin-cloth."

These first days were pleasant. It was good to make friends. To share without thought of the morrow, to live without calculation, to act solely as the heart dictated—it was like paradise. Even the veterans of Manchuria and the Afghanistan campaigns, with all their tinsmith's shop of commemorative medals and their grizzled heads, even the sergeants with three stripes, had become our little brothers.

EVERY evening the French and the Russians walk arm in arm on the slopes. In less than no time a conventional language has sprung into being. It does not lead very far. No matter. When the mimic vocabulary is exhausted, the friends walk side by side in silence. But if a Bavarian sentry passes, the conversation is resumed, the same things being emphatically repeated; they clap one another on the back, they exchange head-gear, kepi for toque, fatigue-cap for its Russian equivalent. After a few days the Russian buttons, stamped with the two-headed eagle, had found their way to our coats, while the French grenade buttons were displayed upon the huge, earth-colored Russian cloaks. Tatar feet were incased in French army shoes, while red trousers were tucked into the supple boots of Ukraine leather. Early Christian communism prevailed. Every one dressed as he fancied, mixing

the uniform of the two armies. For an entire week the height of the fashion in Casemates 44 and 46, aristocratic regions, was to walk out in muzhiks' blouses. Le Second, Poirot's pupil, had worked after his own heart. Little Mitka's blouse, a

brilliant gray-green, embroidered in black at the collar and wristbands, was his great triumph.

Gradually the little fathers came to understand that they must not kiss our hands, and that genuflexions were by no means to our taste. It must be admitted that they found this repugnance somewhat troublesome—the repugnance of men who make a cult of equality. They love direct demonstrations. They are near to the days of the "Iliad," fond of physical endearments, like children and the early Greeks, and a trifle fawning. But so winsomely! Besides, they had to show us their gratitude. If instead of the forbidden gestures they made us an oration, we raised our hands to heaven, saying, "*Nye ponimayu*" ("I don't understand"); what were they to do? Yesterday one of them, in despair, threw himself upon the ground, kissing my footsteps in a transport of delight. Impatiently I seized him, and dragged him to his feet rather roughly. You should have seen him, awkward, speechless. His silence seemed to say: "Why do you forbid me to embrace you, to kiss the dust beneath your feet? Do you not care for my gratitude?"

It was thus that they reasoned within themselves, timid and embarrassed, when we repelled their embraces. Then, struck with a sudden idea, they took the brooms from our hands, they seized the shoes that we were polishing, they ran to fetch water for us. They did all our work for us. Soon it was impossible for the Frenchmen



to find any occupation for their hands. In the dark corridor leading to the great well, where the prisoners have to wait in a long queue for their turn, shouldering pitchers stamped with blue lozenges, one now saw none but Russians; in the kitchens, when the potatoes were being peeled, none but Russians; in the corner of the courts where the laundrymen install buckets and tables, none but Russians. We had to take severe measures, and to insist that France should take a hand in all the hard work.

But amid this fine zeal the Moslem Tatars take their ease on their paillasses, quiet and blissful. Let others perform all the arduous tasks. Christians and Jews can scour the cement floors of the casemates, shake the rugs, fold up the bedding, carry the *Kartoffelbrot*¹ from the tumbrel to the store-room. Impassive, crushing you by the glassy immobility of their introspective gaze, as indolent as mandarins, whom they resemble in their yellow tint, their wide cheek-bones, and their fine, shining mustaches, it seems as if the prophet had furnished them with an opiate against all the accidents of life. Nothing moves them. They ask for nothing. They never share anything. They never pray. Do them a service, give them something from your own narrow resources, they take it all as a matter of course. Some of them have two or three wives. Without a sign of tenderness, they show you the portraits of these wives, fraternizing in a single photograph. Plenty, scarcity, cold, heat, a concourse, solitude, war, exile—everything is alike to them. Life breaks impotently against the bovine torpor of their fatalism.

But when the Christian Russians say their morning prayer, standing bare-headed, multiplying triple signs of the cross, kissing the Testament, and abasing themselves before the little painted icon in a glass case fixed to the wall above their paillasse, it sometimes happens that the inhuman eyes of the Moslems blaze. They utter a raucous cry, "Your Lord Jesus Christ he 's no good." Thereupon

the devotees break off their paternosters, and attack the scoffers with foot or with fist in order to avenge the insult to their deity.

In Casemate 34 there are ten Frenchmen, twelve Russians, and one Jew. Thin, sickly, with a stoop, a sallow complexion, a timid and plaintive expression, this Jew is the most unobtrusive of men. He seems afraid of taking up too much room. When spoken to he is abashed and stammers. He never asks for anything. He is always content. If you merely smile at him, he looks at you humbly, with a dumb, gentle gratitude.

As he knows some German, I have been able to talk to him. He is a good little soul, peaceful and inoffensive, rather dull-witted. He contemplates the knout and the pogroms without indignation, accepting them as a farmer accepts hail. The only pleasure he knows is the negative one of being left unnoticed, but this pleasure he welcomes as a wonderful act of grace. In a word, he is one of the humble of heart to whom the Rabbi rejected of the rabbis has promised the kingdom of heaven.

One day, when I was bringing him an orange, his compatriots leaped upon me from their paillasses, surrounding me and restraining me by force from approaching the Jew, pointing him out with a gesture of disgust, as if to preserve me from a horrible contagion.

"Jew! Jew!" they cried with flashing eyes.

They were all speaking at once, so that I was bewildered by their volubility and their passionate gesticulations. Desiring to clear up the difficulty, I sought an interpreter, and as soon as we returned, the cries were redoubled.

"What are they all saying?" I demanded of Issajoff, the interpreter. "Why are they holding me back like this?"

Issajoff smiled.

"Here is something," he said, "which wins me over to France. You're astonished that these Russians prevent you giving help to a Jew, that they insist on assuring you that he is a Jew. To them it seems self-evident that as soon as you

¹ Potato bread.

know him to be a Jew you will no longer wish to give him anything, but will treat him as a leper, a pariah, a damned soul."

forgetting to avenge their God any longer, they gave themselves up to the delights of tobacco.



The Russians continued to scream, to look murderously at the Jew, to shake their fists at him. As for him, with his customary air of dull indifference, he remained quietly in his own corner behind the door, beside the dust-bin and the spittoon, the dirtiest and dampest corner of the casemate.

Said Issajoff:

"They say to him, 'You have crucified our Lord Jesus Christ.' They also say to him, 'You love the Germans; if you could, you would have shot us.' They also say, 'If you accept the Frenchman's present, we will flay you alive.'"

Issajoff is a revolutionist and a Jew, although he keeps this latter fact to himself. Coldly and deliberately he reported to me his comrades' words; but the vague smile which played over his large features indicated irony and contempt.

"You really find this scene surprising?" he resumed.

I contemplated these disciples of the Christ, all yapping at this poor wretch. For the first time in my life I found my Christianity a heavy burden.

I went up to Kajedan. I pressed him by the hand and gave him the orange. I wanted to give him the contents of my cigarette-case, but he said he did not smoke. "Well, give them to your friends." He did so. The Russians greedily seized the cigarettes. They threw themselves on their paillasses, and,

VASSILI

July 1, 1915.

I AM Vassili's *barin* (seigneur). He polishes my shoes; every morning, in the court, he brings me water for my "*teube*"; he picks up balls for me in our extemporized game of tennis; if I am thirsty, he runs to the well; if the cloth of my worn trousers gives way during an unusually vigorous movement of Swedish gymnastics, he promptly threads a needle and repairs the damage; he watches over me as one watches milk on the boil; no valet has ever served me so well. What constrains him?

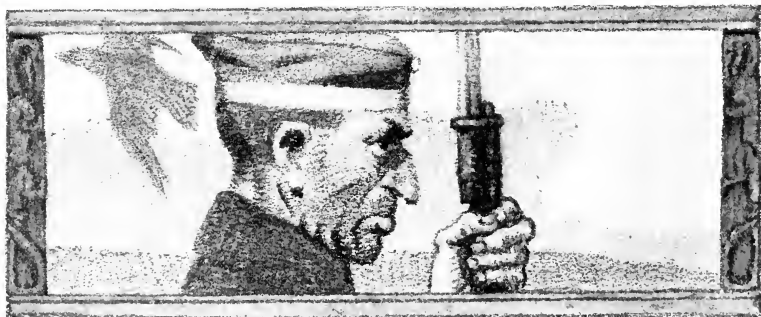
Were I to forbid him to serve me, he would shed bitter tears. Have I ever given him an order? Have I ever been short with him? Is Vassili my valet or my friend? He no longer kisses my hands, he no longer kisses my lips, he no longer kisses the ground where I have trod. He has given up these muzhik ways. He simply shakes hands with me. When I am at work he sits on my ration-chest or stands at the window, smoking cigarettes and looking at the illustrations in my books. When he likes them he exclaims, "*Harosho! harosho!*" ("Good! good!"). But always I feel his faithful Siberian eye upon me. He divines the least of my wishes. Do I need a book? He knows perfectly to whom it has been lent. He jumps up, runs along the corridors, finds the man, maybe in his casemate, maybe

beneath the shade of a poplar, maybe in one of the ditches, explains himself in nigger talk, and, breathless and perspiring, comes back to me with the prize. It can hardly be said that we converse; the difficulties are too great. We look at one another and we smile. He gives me everything he can; I respond in kind. He works; I work. He serves me; I serve him. I know how to read and write, I can influence the sergeant-major, and I can ask my relatives and friends in France to send me things. For his part, he knows how to darn, patch, fetch water, wash up. Thus, side by side, each at his own task, we both work. He imagines that I am a *barin*, in which he is mistaken, and that I love him, in which he is not mistaken. For my part, I regard him as a good fellow from Tomsk, who pines for his cottage and his wife, and I would like to send him back to them in good condition when his imprisonment is over.

or maybe two, when we have conquered the autocracy which tyrannizes over you." They stare at us blankly, utterly disheartened.

These poor fellows are suffering. They have many children, six, seven, or eight. Their savings are exhausted, and the wolf is at the door. When we are marching to work they recount their troubles to Brissot and to me, confidently and deferentially, as they would to an elder brother. They are good by nature, simple-minded, somewhat subservient, weighted by innumerable centuries of silent submission. One perceives clearly that they have not effected their revolution, and that despite parliamentary suffrage and the Reichstag they are still under the dominion of the feudal age.

THROUGH studying them closely, and through talking with them, it seems to me that I am beginning to understand this



THE COMMON PEOPLE OF GERMANY AND THE WAR

July 7, 1915.

It has lasted for eleven months. How much longer will it continue?

Our sentries are even more impatient than we are ourselves. They grumble and find fault.

"It is too bad," they exclaim. "Do you think it will be over in a month?" they ask us.

"Pooh!" we answer; "in a year perhaps,

huge and mysterious Germany. I knew something of the élite of the country, but was quite ignorant of the common people, workmen, peasants, and lower middle class. But these are the backbone of Germany.

How different is their world from ours! In France we read the paper; we have political ideas; we influence the appointment of ministers; we take sides passionately, for or against Pelletan, for or against Clemenceau, for or against Poincaré; every one of our village orators has

good advice to give to our admirals, our generals, and our diplomats. How unlike Germany! Nothing can equal the ignorance of these folk in public matters. Think of a French agriculturist of the days of Louis XIV, hard-working and kindly, engrossed in domestic cares, knowing that it is hard to gain a livelihood, and occupied in this pursuit by day and by night; accepting princes, seigneurs, taxes, *corvées*, and wars as one accepts sunshine, rain, hail, and frost, without venturing to pass any judgment upon them; saying that these things have been, are, and will be, that he himself is but a poor man, that every one has his own trade, that it is the king's to govern, and his to provide a living for his family; there you have the political essence of the German peasant and the German workman. Monarchy, republic, foreign relations, double alliance or triple alliance—don't waste your time talking to him about these. Should you do so, he will listen, he will express a civil assent, and will then fall asleep over his beer.

A Frenchman cannot understand how utterly indifferent are the common people in Germany to political ideas and to questions of state. A Frenchman, whether he knows it or not, and even if he believes himself to be a monarchist, reasons like a leader. He speaks as if he were himself a part of the king and a considerable part. He eagerly discusses the affairs of the country. Militarist or anti-militarist, he is patriotic to the core—patriotic like the sovereign he is. Should the foreigner insult France, he is personally insulted; this is his own business; the offense is not offered to some distant prince; it touches himself, the individual king; it makes his own skin tingle. This was obvious at the mobilization; it remains obvious. For France, one and indivisible, is truly a free nation, a collection of autonomous persons who have determined to live together, who know themselves to have been intrusted with the most exalted of human missions, and each one of whom makes the fulfillment of that mission a point of personal honor.

How different is Germany! The country possesses an élite of persons well equipped for administration and rule, and this endows her national life with a fine aspect of cohesion. But directly we examine more closely, we see that the cohesion is no more than apparent. There are those who theorize about Germany as a whole, but there is not *one* Germany; between the people and the leaders there is no intimate solidarity, no communion of love, hope, and will. Above, there is an empyrean of men who believe themselves superhuman who utter claims, trace plans, issue orders, who, as if at section drill, thunder out commands to Germany and to the world at large; below, there is a swarm of good and peaceable folk, all of whom are engaged in their insignificant private affairs, and making no attempt to interfere in the loftier mysteries of their government.

It is not the business of the common Germans to be patriots (for this presupposes a degree of liberty and of internal sovereignty to which they have not yet attained), but to be good subjects. To obey unflinchingly and without discussion; to abase themselves devoutly before authority; to be subservient to their leader, whoever he may be; to carry out orders whencesoever derived, be they democratic or be they Caesarian—this it is to be a good German. Active as he is in private affairs, he is passive in religion, with a sort of mystical fervor, and he is passive in his relationships to authority. The Germans hardly realize this, and yet to us it is obvious.

Here is an example. On one occasion I, a prisoner of war, roundly reprimanded a sentry, reproaching him with disobedience to orders. Secretly I was laughing, but the sentry trembled. Standing at attention as if confronted by an officer, he trembled before the majesty of the command, the *Befehl*. I had issued an order, and that is why he stood at attention; there he was, submissive, stupefied with willingness; he forgot that I was a Frenchman, subject to his orders, that the regulations forbade me to speak to him, that he should



have charged bayonet and touched me with the steel, even run me through. No, I had issued an order; the man who issues orders, who commands, who gives a *Befehl*, is sacrosanct for the German. It is a law of his nature.

THE reason is that the German has never emerged from private life. He lives in his house, on his land, in his factory, his tavern, his church; he lives with his family, with a few friends, with his professional associates. He makes his life there as agreeable as possible; he is an able domestic economist, knowing well how to adorn his residence, his table, his savings-bank. The currents of modern life, socialism, liberalism, materialism, the religion of comfort and of hygiene, have developed his practical aptitudes to an unimaginable extent, to a degree unsuspected in France. He wants to get his belly well lined during the week, and to be able on Sundays to go with his *gnädige Frau* and his quiverful of children, all smartly dressed, to drain several dozen tankards of beer, and to spend the entire afternoon, laughing boisterously, in the arbors of neighboring *Wirtschaften*. He likes to think proudly that his father lived in poverty, but that he lives at ease. He likes to imagine that no workman in the world is happier than the German workman. As long as he has a full stomach, he can believe that all is well. The Government can do what it likes, can ally itself to Austria or to France, can be licentious or straight-laced, can obey or disobey the Reichstag. He himself, trusty Michael, is well off. Germany, therefore, is great, the world is perfect.

I have gradually been able to fathom this state of mind through more or less

clandestine conversations with the soldiers who guard us and the peasants who employ us at twenty pfennigs for the day of nine hours. Notwithstanding all the patriotic songs with which the recruits make the roads resound, and notwithstanding all the pratings of the pulpit and the school, I am now confident that the affairs of the fatherland are not Michael's affairs. Whether it be that the degree of economic emancipation he has attained supplements or reinforces his ingrained instinct of submission to authority, in any case, the ancient sentiment, quasi-religious in nature, and the new sentiment, thoroughly utilitarian, lead to the same result: a concern with nothing but private affairs, political indifference, so that one can even say that in the world of politics the common German is a mere cipher. He expects nothing else.

THIS state of mind has its advantages. It is favorable to the maintenance of public order. Since every one rests content in his own sphere, there is no friction, there is no waste of energy, no mutual suspicion between the classes. Authority, certain of its durability, can take long views, it has elbow-room. While those in authority are loved, they can give themselves up to their natural bent, which is to regulate—to regulate the workman at home, the employer abroad, to wrap themselves in purple, to cut a dash, to astonish the universe. But hitherto the crowd has consisted of fat kine. Association with the worthy Michael day after day in these times when every one is rationed, when poverty and death stalk abroad, has led me to think that the political nullity of the people, precious to those in authority, is hardly likely to produce a tenacious and



trustworthy patriotism, and that in the long run it may well eventuate in disaster.

FOR nearly a year I have been studying life in this corner of Germany. I observe, I ask questions, and I listen. They are now quite tamed. No longer do they cry death on us. No longer do they call out *kaput* except as a joke. In the villages, when the working-gang arrives, the children flock to the scene from all directions, barefooted, somewhat timid, at once shy and smiling. They have heard their fathers say that the French are splendid soldiers, "the only ones who can hold their ground against the gray-blues." The description has raised us in these youngsters' esteem. They know, too, that we receive parcels, many parcels. They believe us to be extraordinarily wealthy. The gossips even state with definite assurance that there are six millionaires and one multi-millionaire at Fort Orff; and, for what reason I know not, I am the multi-millionaire. This little world is astonished that persons of such eminence, terrible on the battle-field, should be so friendly with their humble selves. The German bourgeois and the Junkers, we gather, have less agreeable manners. Finally, the villagers have been informed that our prison society is a true republic, that we have suppressed all distinctions of fortune, that the "sans-parcels" gain just as much advantage from the coming of the French mail as the "little-parcels" and the "big-parcels." This communism, natural as it seems to us, touches and vanquishes them.

The fact is that the children and the members of the working-gang fraternize. Some of the poor women secretly offer us an apple or an egg. The old men salute

us humbly. One of us was addressed as "Most honored sir," another as "Highly well-born sir." Even those who have been discharged from service on account of severe wounds, men with empty sleeves and horribly scarred faces, no longer glare at us with the murderous hatred they showed at the outset.

At Ingolstadt, when we are waiting for our parcels in the square in front of the *Kommandantur*, civilians come and go before our group and converse with us. The women are particularly attentive. They recognize Monsieur Pierre, "who had a frightful wound, and who, God be thanked! is now quite well again"; Monsieur Paul, "who—"; Monsieur Jacques, "who—" They smile broadly when we call them to order, quoting to them the phrases in which one of the newspapers the night before has censured them for their friendliness to the prisoners.

Yesterday some of the gang were talking to a hoary-headed postman.

"Well, Daddy, how goes it?" said Bracke, who can speak the Franconian patois.

"Very well, gentlemen; very well." There he stood, not knowing what to say. He had taken off his *Mütze* and was wiping his forehead to keep himself in countenance. Then all at once he said, stammering slightly:

"It grieves me to think that we are at war with you."

"No, no, old chap; we 're not at war with you. Our quarrel is with the big guns of your country. They 're a bad lot; they oppress you, and would like to oppress the whole world. But you 're a *poteau*!"

"*Poteau*, what 's that?"

"A comrade, a chum."

The postman had tears in his eyes.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it does me good to hear you say that. I love the French. You are so awfully nice to every one. You don't despise the common people."

Yes, they have changed greatly since our coming. The dogma of French decadence, with which they had been sedulously indoctrinated, no longer finds credence. They join with us in making fun of it. It is amusing to see these humble folk, who have always been treated with disdain by their superiors, whether civil or military, accept us as intimate friends. They feel flattered when they can talk to us on a footing of democratic equality, for they do not fail to recognize our superiority, and they are greatly touched that we never abuse it. They feel that we are sincere in our hatred of the pride of caste. They applaud our republican speeches. In return, they confide to us their grievances and their despair. The poor devils are absolutely unanimous in detesting the horrible butchery of this great war.

It is unquestionable that the terrible burden of the war, the most terrible burden of death, weariness, and misery that has ever weighed humanity down, presses more heavily upon their shoulders than upon ours. Alternately victors and vanquished, upon the Eastern front there continually occurs some new gigantic action, like that of the Marne. And why? In defense? "Ah," they say to us, "if you only knew how little we care whether we are French or Prussian! Give us peace! Give us peace!"

They no longer believe that the war is a war of defense. They have heard their non-commissioned officers, men of the

middle class, cursing Austria for having led them into this hateful business. The idea has become current in the villages where the troops are quartered. Exasperated by their sufferings, the soldiers are murmuring. Many would like to desert. They understand perfectly that they are the victims of a caste of nobles and manufacturers mad with pride. They still obey, but they grumble. A German grumbler is a new phenomenon. A fat *Unterofficier* spoke as follows:

"I honestly prefer the French to the Prussians. The French are good fellows. They feel compassion; they share their bread with us. But the Prussians! It's kicks we get from them. A pack of swelled heads who imagine they can do anything they like, who want everything for themselves, who bamboozle their own people, and refuse to give them any rights. There is but one thing we want—to live at peace with the world. Instead of that they make us go and kill. Why? Does any one know why? What do we gain by it? The villages are full of widows and disabled men. It is even worse in the towns,

where lots of working-class families are positively starving. You fellows are lucky. France is rich. France can send parcels to her prisoners. All that we can do is to draw our belts tighter. They lead us to the slaughter while they leave our wives and children to suffer. And how it drags! Peace! Let's have done with it! Peace at any price!"

For the last six months I have not heard a single German soldier use any other language than this. Wounded returning to the front, men of the *Landwehr* or the *Landsturm* on their way to the fighting-line, they are unanimous. If only the tenth part of their private grumbings were to be translated into action there would be revolution throughout the country.

I have noticed a thousand times that these Teuton soldiers who, through dread of their leaders, are not yet traitors in fact, are nevertheless traitors in soul.



This no longer surprises me. I understand why they regard us without hatred, why they long for peace at any price, and why, if the war is to continue, they look forward to being made prisoners. They suffer too much, and their suffering has overwhelmed their patriotism.

Those only who love greatly can accept great suffering. The ideal alone is worth more than life.

HOME

July 31, 1915.

OUR convoy crossed Switzerland last night. I should have been sorry to be ill, ill with relief and happiness, for this would have made it impossible to describe our reception. It delighted and, I must say, it surprised me.

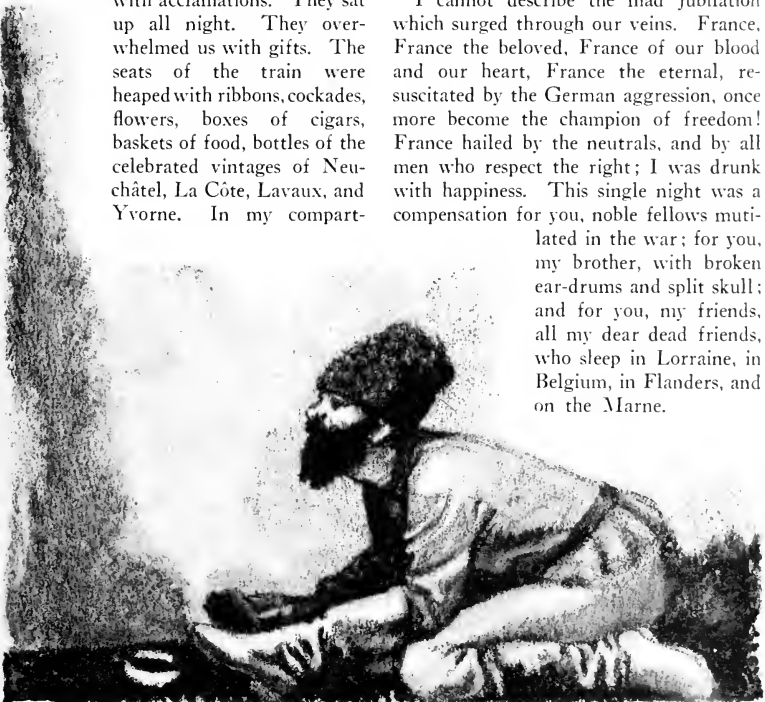
From one end to the other of Switzerland, the Helvetian people, so hostile to demonstrations, hailed us with acclamations. They sat up all night. They overwhelmed us with gifts. The seats of the train were heaped with ribbons, cockades, flowers, boxes of cigars, baskets of food, bottles of the celebrated vintages of Neuchâtel, La Côte, Lavaux, and Yverne. In my compart-

ment alone we filled six haversacks with cigars, which we sent to the front to the 30th of the line, the regiment of poor Robequain, of whose death I learned on reaching Bellegarde.

Do not imagine that this explosion of generosity was inspired by mere pity for the wreckage of war. I am absolutely confident that it was inspired by love for France. Burghers and peasants, children and old men, in German Switzerland just as much as in French, all sang the "Marseillaise." They waved the tricolor. They cried, "Vive la France!" At the stops they talked to us frankly, like brothers. They handed us addresses, which were hymns to "The Nation of Valmy and of the Marne," to "The Champions of the Rights of Man," to "The Citizen Army which has Sworn to Conquer or Die for the Advent of a Free Europe."

I cannot describe the mad jubilation which surged through our veins. France, France the beloved, France of our blood and our heart, France the eternal, resuscitated by the German aggression, once more become the champion of freedom! France hailed by the neutrals, and by all men who respect the right; I was drunk with happiness. This single night was a compensation for you, noble fellows mutilated in the war; for you,

my brother, with broken ear-drums and split skull; and for you, my friends, all my dear dead friends, who sleep in Lorraine, in Belgium, in Flanders, and on the Marne.



Twenty-five Years in America

The first chapter of an unfinished autobiography

By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Author of "American Traits," "The Eternal Values," etc.

IT was at the end of February, 1892, when I was twenty-eight years old,—I was at that time assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Freiburg, in southern Germany,—that a most unexpected letter from America came in my morning mail. I knew the handwriting on the envelop. It was a letter from William James, the famous Harvard psychologist. We had met three years before at the first international psychological congress in Paris, and since that time we had remained in superficial contact. He had sent me his monumental psychological volumes, and as my modest share I had given him the thinner booklets of my first contributions to experimental psychology. We had also exchanged many a written word. I do not want to say letters, as William James's favorites were the postal cards; he was probably America's greatest artist in postal-card literature in the good old times when no pictures were needed to make postal cards picturesque. Yet I had always had a bad conscience in that exchange. I knew that he read my German with the greatest ease, but his scintillating English was too subtle for me. I preferred the standard sentences in the elementary grammar. In my school-days only Greek, Latin, and French were prescribed; there had not been time for English. During my university years in Leipsic and Heidelberg I had taken some private lessons, which gave me a certain groundwork in English, enough to read a very easy text. Surely I saw a hard task before me that winter morning when the long letter from James arrived. I opened it and reached for the dictionary. I expected a dissertation on muscle sensa-

tions, about which we had disputed before; but, lo! it was an invitation to settle in America!

It was a time when experimental psychology had successfully started its march over the globe. The first psychological laboratory was founded in Leipsic by Wundt in 1879, and Wundt's pupils carried the work far and wide. In the middle of the eighties two of the most brilliant disciples of Wundt, G. Stanley Hall and J. McKeen Cattell, had carried the message across the ocean, and in a few years many other young Americans followed. At the beginning of the nineties it seemed a matter of course for every large American university to have a workshop for psychological investigations. And now James wrote:

The situation is this: we are the best university in America, and we must lead in psychology. I at the age of fifty, disliking laboratory work naturally and accustomed to teach philosophy at large, although I could tant bien que mal make the laboratory run, yet am certainly not the kind of stuff to make a first-rate director thereof. We could get younger men here who would be safe enough, but we need something more than a safe man: we need . . .

The surprise of the invitation was complete, as up to that morning America had not entered into my life as a reality. I was brought up in a home which surely was hospitable to an international spirit. I spent my childhood and youth in beautiful Dantzig, "the Venice of the North," where the Vistula flows into the Baltic Sea. My father's business was to buy for-

ests in Russia, and the lumber which came down the Vistula to our Dantzic yards was sent over the sea to France, England, and Spain for railroad- and ship-building. Hence it happened that my father went every year for weeks to eastern Europe

German edition, was my nearest approach to the New World. When I went to the university I became acquainted with a few American students, but they were entirely colorless. They had a little silk flag with the stars and stripes in their



President Eliot

and for weeks to western Europe, and men from everywhere sat down in our house; but in my boyhood days I never had seen an American. It is true I still have my drama, "The Uncle from America," which I wrote in my eleventh year: but then America meant only the land from which unnaturally rich people can suddenly emerge. Otherwise Cooper's "Leatherstocking," in a richly illustrated

room, but were so absorbed in their studies and their new surroundings that I never heard anything from them about their own country except occasional flippant remarks about the status of the higher academic work.

This changed slightly when in 1887 I began my career in Freiburg both as academic teacher and as husband. Some English philosophers had shown generous in-

terest in my first papers, and as a result English and American students began to flock to my Freiburg lecture-room and laboratory, and not a few of them became welcome guests in our new home on the bank of the Dreisam. One of the most brilliant American pilgrims, Edmund Burke Delabarre—he is to-day a well-known professor in Brown University—was even the first student who ever prepared his doctor thesis in my little laboratory. He and I took many a walk together to the lovely mountains of the Black Forest, which frame the old university town. Then I got my first glimpses of American college life. When he had passed his doctor examination I was the guest of honor at a regular *Doktorkneipe* that he gave in German fashion to his friends. But as these friends were mostly Americans with strong temperance ideas, they sang the German student songs to a lemonade that we all were sucking through straws. Of course my reading, too, had left the Cooper level, and I remember well the delight with which, at the border of Lake Geneva, I read several volumes of Emerson in a German translation, and later in Leipsic much of Poe in German for pleasure and Washington Irving in English for grammar.

The one, however, who brought me nearest to America was the historian Holst. When I went to Freiburg as the youngest instructor, Holst was the famous rector of the university. The torrent of his oratory was marvelous. As a scholar he lived a double life. On the platform of the classroom he spoke of European history, but his fame was based on the six volumes of his American history. He had been many years in America before he returned to the German university. In the lecture-room his real life-work was silenced; who would care to study American history? But in the drawing-room he did not talk of anything else: America and America again. As his rhetoric made it impossible for any other guest to open his mouth when he was thundering, we sometimes had to listen to American stories through whole dinner parties. I do re-

member that at my first Freiburg party he reached his climax when he told the fascinated company that he had been in a hotel in New York where his room had a private bath-room in which he could have a hot bath at any hour of the night. The lady next to me relieved the dramatic tension by whispering, "I do not believe it." Well, no one believed much of what he heard concerning America. Whatever the newspapers brought out about it sounded so sensational and exaggerated that it was probably untrue, and when papers published quiet and modest news from across the sea it was believed still less because it sounded so un-American. Of course every German knew what an American duel is—a duel in which lots are drawn, and he who draws the black lot must commit suicide. Moreover, at that time every one liked to have at home an American stove, which was probably just as prevalent in America as the American duel. Besides that, the lower classes knew that it is easy for the emigrant to make money there, and the upper classes knew that it is a land where no other interest but the hunt for the dollar is known and where humbug and corruption flourish.

Was I to settle in this America? This was the question to decide on that dreary February morning. Certainly I should not have given even a moment's thought to this astonishing invitation if it had been a question of my going for a lifetime. William James knew that. What he proposed was that I come at first for a period of three years, and these three years might be covered by a leave of absence from my home university. James, to be sure, wrote, "Of course we hope for permanence." But that was not a possibility to which I gave the slightest thought or which figured in our family discussions. On the other hand, to take a leave of absence for six semesters and to use it for a kind of scientific expedition to the New World, with a chance to build up a model laboratory in a distant land, that sounded interesting and almost romantic. My wife and I were young and wanted to see

the world; my parents had been great travelers, and I had inherited their pleasure in foreign vistas. There was little to lose and much to gain if we tried such a change of cultural climate for a few vacation years.

One thing helped to overcome the skepticism of our friends. In the same week in which I was asked to go to Harvard, Professor von Holst was called to the newly founded University of Chicago, and accepted. If a former rector found it worth while, the youngest instructor might risk it. I went to Karlsruhe, the seat of the Baden Government. As universities are state matters in Germany, it did not concern Berlin at all. I suppose that in the Prussian or in the imperial German Government no one knew at that time of my existence. Hence those who discovered later that it was the kaiser who sent me over the ocean went slightly astray. The Baden minister of education simply smiled, gave me leave of absence for three years, and told me, with a jolly side glance, that he trusted I would have some queer experiences. A few weeks later William James himself came with his family to Europe on a sabbatical year. Freiburg was one of his first stations, and from there he and I together undertook an unforgettable trip into Switzerland. In those wanderings around Lake Lucerne we became truly friends, and for the first time the real America appeared upon my horizon.

In August, 1892, my wife and I left Hamburg for the great adventure. Our household goods, of course, were stored at home. We wanted to be free for our lark. At last I had a week to learn a little English, as everybody on deck felt obliged to draw me into conversation in order to explain to me the superiorities of the New World. But I still see before me the cordial face of an elderly Western lawyer who had silently listened for hours to that smoking-room talk about skyscrapers and ice-cream and Pullman cars and Christian Science and yachts and shoes and what not. When the others had gone he quietly said:

"Of course all that is humbug. Our civilization is still crude and unpolished, and its harshness and its triviality and its dirty streets will hurt you from the first day. There is only one fact which will surprise you and which you will not believe now: you will still be there after twenty-five years."

It was a most beautiful trip, a week of joyful tension and hope, and yet it was clouded by a sad ending. The pilot who came on board some hours before we reached Sandy Hook brought papers with the news that for five days the cholera had devastated Hamburg, where I had left many friends. My life long I have been a slave of mail and newspapers, and have felt nervous whenever I could not be reached for half a day. It shocked me deeply that I had not known for almost a week about the disaster at home, and I made up my mind that ocean travel was, after all, not the thing for me. I did not foresee how soon the daily afternoon paper, with the wireless news of the hour, would be a matter-of-course feature of our voyages. I felt only that I ought not to have separated myself so far from the afflicted fatherland, and ought not to have ventured such a long interruption of my normal life. Never again! And while my mind was longing for home the majestic ship moved in the darkness of the evening past the Statue of Liberty to its berth in Hoboken. It was nearly midnight when the carriage stopped at the old Plaza Hotel, in which rooms had been reserved. Half an hour later I knew all about American ice-water. One hour later I gave up my efforts to open American windows, as they turned neither outward nor inward; and two hours later I stood before another puzzle: in the room for our maid there was no bed, but a big standing box with a mirror, and no one of us was able to discover the secret of an American folding-bed. I felt dimly that I had still much to learn, and it was nearly morning when I found rest for the first time in the New World and for the first time at the dizzy height of a seventh story.

After a few days in New York unrest overcame us; we wanted to reach our real goal. On the last day of August we took the morning train to Boston, and when we arrived, there stood waiting for us on the platform a little man with a queer, large, homely, and yet wonderful head. I felt as if Socrates stood before me. It was Professor Josiah Royce, the deepest thinker in America. To be sure, deep thought in logical research does not guarantee deep insight into the qualities of furnished apartments. The quarters which he had rented for us in Cambridge were impossible, and so Royce and I began visiting all the available furnished houses in the neighborhood of Harvard University. He was preparing himself just at that time for a new course on German idealism and was anxious to talk it over fully with his new German colleague. And so the beginning of my Harvard life was a full week's discussion of parlor furniture and Schopenhauer, furnaces and Fichte, bath-rooms and Hegel, all intimately intertwined. And when it was over, Royce had for all time settled in my heart, and I had settled at least for a year in the old-fashioned house of a true New England minister.

The spirit of this house was new to me. My wife and I were accustomed to surroundings which were esthetically tuned in color and warmth. In our new home the surroundings looked severe and colorless and cool; and yet the old colonial furniture, the religious and historical books and pictures, the somewhat austere, but genial, rooms, blended into a charming harmony which cast on me a new spell. I felt a life element which had not touched me before; I felt the New England Puritanism and its ethical power. I began to read about the American past and to grasp the meaning of the Puritan conscience for the molding and casting of American life. A few days later I sat face to face with the most striking Puritan figure of the time, with Harvard's president, Charles W. Eliot.

Never shall we forget that wholehearted, warm cordiality with which the

leading university families received us into their circle when a few weeks later the college opened and people streamed to town. That period at the beginning of the nineties was perhaps the time at which the wave of American interest in German scholarship had reached its height. Twenty years before there were hardly any graduate schools in America, and hence little need for the characteristic contribution of the German universities. On the other hand, twenty years later the American faculties were filled with young instructors who had received their highest academic training in the new American graduate departments, and who therefore did not feel in any contact with the German work. But between the two periods, just at the time when I came, the conditions were most favorable for the feeling of German influence. The graduate schools had come to their own, but their teachers were mostly men who had received their strongest intellectual impulses in the halls of German universities, and had come back to foster the spirit of belief in German scholarly methods. I was the first in an American university who had actually been a professor in a German university. The welcome from my Harvard colleagues and, far beyond their circle, from the intellectuals of Boston surely made us forget at once all that we had heard on the ship about the social coldness of Boston and Cambridge. The fact of my being far the youngest full professor in the Harvard faculty-room, however, had the curious effect that we were received into a generation much older than ourselves. So it happens that most of those whose hospitality gave us the first true contact with America have long since departed. Goodwin, the Greek scholar, who loved nothing better than to talk of his old German university days; Bowditch, the leader of the physiologists, the favorite pupil of his great teacher Ludwig in Leipsic; Everett, the philosopher, who had translated Fichte; Lane, the Latinist; Paine, the professor of music; Winsor, the librarian; Agassiz, the famous biologist; Wright, the philologist; J. M. Pierce,

the mathematician; the anthropologist Putnam; the jurist Ames—all honored me by a kindness of spirit which made me feel myself among friends, and all of them are gone. No longer can I hear the cordial greeting of my neighbor Professor Shaler, that rugged Kentuckian, with his

Agassiz and Mrs. Palmer. Old Mrs. Agassiz was touched by the thought that I had come to Cambridge in a similar way, and at about the same age, as Louis Agassiz once did, and this gave her an interest in my pilgrimage to which I owed much. Alice Freeman Palmer, the incom-



Professor Hugo Münsterberg

truly universal interests. And Charles Eliot Norton is gone, in whose reminiscent talk the golden literary age of Boston was still alive. James and Royce and Child and Hyatt are no more. And I cannot linger on the memories of those whose spirit blessed my early Cambridge days without thinking of two wonderful women whose places will never be filled, two leaders whose interest centered in collegiate education for women—Mrs.

parable president of Wellesley College, opened to me wide vistas of new educational life problems. But the thought of those who can no longer read my words of gratitude does not make me forget those who are still in the sunshine of work. Above all, the chairman of our little philosophical division, George Herbert Palmer, made a deep impression on me; and great scholars like Pickering the astronomer and Farlow the botanist, theo-

logians like Toy, Peabody, Lyon, and Emerson, and not a few others, contributed much by their welcome to the intellectual vividness of those early years. But however stimulating and inspiring this contact on the level of scholarship was, and however much it kept alive the traditions of scholarly pursuit to which I was accustomed at home, its most significant trait, after all, was not the academic aspect, but the Puritanic one. The chaste spirit of that old New England house in which I spent my days seemed to fill the whole town and to bring to me daily a message of the old, stern New England past.

I remember as if it were yesterday our first Cambridge party. At the threshold of the new academic year Professor Norton and his family had invited some scores of friends to greet the new professors; it had been heralded to us as the chief festival event of the Cambridge season. The quaint, dignified home on the hill was dimly illumined by the mellow light of a few shaded lamps. All talking was in the half-tones of subdued voices; and toned down like the light and the sound was the suggestion of nourishment. There was some coffee and some lemonade, a few tiny brown-bread sandwiches, and, I think, some ice-cream. I had not dined at home that night in the expectation of the glorious feast, with an abundance of courses and wines as at such evening parties in Germany; and yet when we drove home from Shady Hill my wife and I felt a joy and satisfaction such as few parties had ever given us before. We felt as if we had entered a truly spiritual community where the demand for high thinking and plain living was the life instinct. Where was that shallow and gaudy America, that vulgar and trivial America, that corrupt and self-seeking America, that noisy and sensational America, of which all Europe was talking? Had no one ever discovered the true soul of the American people? A few days later we spent one of those wonderful Indian summer days at the Boxford farm of the Palmers. In the biography of his wife, truly a per-

fect gem of artistic biography writing, George Herbert Palmer says about the place that it "possessed in Mrs. Palmer's affections a sacredness no other spot of earth could claim. Into it had soaked the traditions of my family for eight generations, her own early nature worship had been transferred, and here became newly enriched by many hallowed experiences. . . . Our farm in Boxford has never been owned by anybody but ourselves and the Indians."

It was a New England day among trees along the brook, in the carryall, and on the piazza, a day spent in serenity and enjoyment of nature; but all the time we felt those eight generations of New England people filled with the spirit of sturdy righteousness. In those early days I threw off the superficial prejudices with which I, like every educated European, had been stuffed. I began to grasp the deep idealistic undercurrent of American life. It is a psychological commonplace that we mostly perceive only what we expect and disregard those traits of our surrounding for which we are not prepared. Later on I came into many more millionaires' palaces than ministers' homes, into many more new-fashioned sky-scrapers than old-fashioned farm-houses, and it may be that if my American experience had started with months in the show-places of luxury and enterprise, my mind would have been remolded differently and would have become blind and deaf, like that of many a visitor, to the idealistic side of American life. But as I formed my first ideas of the moving powers in the New World in the peace of old Cambridge, my mind became sensitized for those better and finer elements in the life which surrounded me. I recognized the idealistic energies even where they seemed suppressed by the turmoil, I heard the voice of the Pilgrim fathers through the noise of the market, and through the glamour of a selfish time I saw them in their "trembling walk with God." The whole of American history shaped itself in my mind more and more as influenced by the idealistic energies of New Eng-

land. When a year later the greatest German scholar of the century, Helmholtz, was my guest, I tried to show him the scientific institutes, took him to see Harvard's famous glass flowers, and led him from laboratory to laboratory; but when we sat quietly in my study, I poured out my heart. I told him that he must not think that he had seen the true America. I told him that America is not a place to be seen, and that it can be understood only by entering with sympathy into the deeper invisible powers at the bottom of the national soul; I spoke of the America which I had found. He leaned back for a long while, then he looked at me with his marvelous great eyes, and said quietly:

"You have a great task before you if you really want to reach the mind of Europe with that message."

Of course I knew that I had to visit more than Boston and its neighborhood if I was truly to understand the New World. I soon began to travel and to see for myself. Before a year had passed my wife and I had passed over the Niagara ice-bridge in winter-time and strolled through the Adirondacks in summer days, we had stayed in the great cities of the East, and spent a bewildering week at the Chicago World's Fair. There it happened that on a single day I became acquainted with three men who were to exert deep influence on my years to come. I had there my first talk with Carl Schurz, and met through him Baron Holleben, the German minister, later ambassador from Germany; and a few hours afterward, when I came to the scientific exhibits of the Prussian Government in the educational building of the World's Fair, I was led through its treasures by Frederick Schmidt, the young representative of the Berlin ministry of education, to-day the far-sighted director in the *Kultusministerium*. The following winter I undertook my first trip to the Pacific, well equipped with numberless introductions to the leading men in the universities and institutions on the way. I was for some days the guest of the chancellor of Kansas University, saw Nebraska and Colorado,

was shown Leland Stanford in its first days by President Jordan, saw San Francisco and Los Angeles. I traveled north, I traveled south, I plunged into the great life of New York and Philadelphia and Washington. And when the three years of my Freiburg leave of absence approached their end, I felt with a good conscience that I had really seen something of the American land and of the American people, and that I had grasped their inner meaning a little better than those tourists who had supplied the continent with supercilious judgments about the outside of the American house.

Yet all the time the center of my work was my work. I loved it with all my heart. I had a well-equipped laboratory and eager, enthusiastic students. To be sure, I did not risk lecturing in the first year, but with the second winter I was no longer afraid to clothe psychology in the badly fitting garment of my poor English. My students in the laboratory whom I had the first year in actual research did not mind it from the beginning; on the contrary, they soon began unconsciously to imitate some of my Germanisms. But the lecture audiences, too, were patient, and in the third year I lectured on the whole as fluently in English as in German. My students and I published a number of investigations. But my daily writing at home was on a big work, "The Foundations of Psychology," in the German language. After all, I knew that these three beautiful American years were only an excursion. My life-work would lie in the German university, German scholars would be my public, and so I toiled on the book of my hope in order to show to my colleagues when I went home that I had not wasted those years of my journey. In May, 1895, we gave our farewell reception, and a few days later we sailed home.

In the autumn of 1895 we moved again into our old Freiburg residence, with its beautiful vista of the somber mountains. I wandered again with my old friend Heinrich Rickert upon the familiar paths of the Black Forest, and he and I spun

on the threads of our philosophical discussions. I opened my little laboratory again, and again had students from many lands. And yet the old time did not come back; everything had changed because I myself was no longer the same. A new problem had entered into my life—the problem America. It was only natural that now everybody talked with me about America, that inquiries concerning America came from all quarters near and far, and everywhere I found a misunderstanding and misinterpretation of American life which made me restless and forced on me the feeling that I had no right to consider my American experience a closed episode. Moreover, despite all my interest and enthusiasm for the New World, I had not failed to recognize defects and mistakes and illusions. After my return to Germany I became more earnestly aware of the great service which the two peoples could render each other. I had recognized the idealistic undercurrent of American life, but it was an individualistic idealism. I became aware that the greatest failures and deficiencies of American civilization resulted from a lack of that social idealism which gave meaning to German life. If I could carry the message of German ideals to America and of American ideals to Germany, it would be a life-task which would not interfere in any way with my professional calling as scholar and teacher, but which would give to it a deeper and wider significance. This sentiment grew in me from day to day.

Of course this feeling would have quickly burned out if my Harvard place had been taken by a successor. But long before I left the university had urged me to stay, and when I declined, had asked me to postpone the final decision for two years. The professorship of psychology and the directorship of the psychological laboratory were to be kept open for me, I was to remain in the Harvard system in the capacity of distant adviser, and only when two years had gone was I to settle my life problem. Surely, if only my academic work had been concerned I should

have remained in my natural German background. But the new cultural task had stirred me, and for more than a year I hesitated and wavered. This time it meant to burn my bridges behind me; I should have to give up my German professorship, and not a few misgivings burdened my heart. Would my young children, born on Black Forest soil, find a happy childhood in foreign surroundings? Could I be sure that the cordial friendship shown to the German guest would never suffer from political vicissitudes? But the inner voice was stronger than the warning of skeptical friends. In the second summer I promised to return, and in the fall of 1897 we crossed the ocean again, this time with all our furniture and with my whole library, as we could not foresee whether we should stay five years or even ten years in a foreign land.

The old philosopher says, "You never swim twice in the same stream." Cambridge, too, was not the same to me, as my whole life now took a different turn. In those first years I had only tried to observe and to understand my surroundings; my new aim was to influence them. However much I had moved about on my trial trip, I had not dared to make public speeches, and I had never ventured English writing. I knew a little of the American world, but the American world did not know anything about me. It was a happy time when even the reporters had not discovered me. I think I did not neglect my academic work. My psychology classes grew larger and larger, my laboratory was crowded with graduate students who came for psychological research, and in my scientific writing from now on I alternated almost rhythmically between German and English books. Only once, in what I consider my chief philosophical work, "The Eternal Values," did I present the same book to German and English readers. Another book, "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," was in its English garb almost the same as the German volume. But four other German books I did not translate into English, and seven English ones I did not

render into German. My scientific work filled the academic year; in the vacation I turned to that other groove of my writing, my essays and books which aimed toward international amity. I began with a book of little essays called "American

cussed in Europe. A whole flood of essays in reply poured forth, and from that time on I have never ceased to interpret German ideals for America and American ideals for Germany, and to point out how they could be of help to each other.



The great triumvirate in the philosophical department at Harvard: Josiah Royce (with the book), William James, and George Herbert Palmer (standing). From the Rieber portrait. Professors Royce and Palmer sat for this portrait; the striking likeness of Professor James was achieved from a photograph

From a Copley print by Curtis & Cameron, Boston

Traits," marginal notes to the text of American life as I read it. I was frankly critical, but in my mind it was balanced by the sympathy and enthusiasm which I poured into my next larger work, written for German consumption. In two big volumes I tried to draw the picture of "The Americans" in the German language for my friends at home. Probably no book of mine has been so much dis-

But the printed story was only the reflection of my practical moves on the chess-board of international affairs. The first step needed, it seemed to me, was a fuller contact of Germany with the culturally higher layer of the American people. The German nation had no channels of connection with the best elements of Americanism. Germany relied on that superficial contact between the two gov-

ernments. But while it is an essential feature of the organization of the German empire that the political and governmental and intellectual and cultural threads are completely intertwined, it was at the end of the last century no less characteristic of America that politics and government were widely separated from the intellectually and culturally strongest parts of the people. I knew that a change of ideas in Germany could arise most quickly and most helpfully if it was initiated by the Government, and I knew that the American sympathy could be won only if the movement was at first kept as far as possible from mere politics. The leading universities, with their reserve force of alumni, seemed to me the ideal starting-point. In the summer of 1898 I developed my plans to the German ambassador in Washington, Baron von Holleben, who entered into them enthusiastically. From those days to his death three years ago our friendly relations were never interrupted. I have probably never exchanged so many letters in my life with any other man except my brothers. The first step was his coming for a week as my guest to Cambridge. He met in my house the leading university people, and was then officially received through a week of festivities by the president of the university, by the governor, and by many student bodies.

The effect in Germany was the expected one; the illustrated papers brought out pictures of American universities, and the newspapers suddenly discovered American intellectual life. Even the academic circles had up to that time not the slightest idea of it. I remember in the week when Professor von Holst and I were called to Chicago and to Harvard I was asked ever so often which of the two universities was the older one, at a time when Harvard was two and a half centuries and Chicago two and a half months old. As soon as the Holleben episode at Cambridge was closed I went to Chicago and convinced President Harper, the most active of all university heads, that after Germany's official contact with the leading university of the East the leading univer-

sity of the West ought to follow. Chicago carried out the suggestion in the most brilliant style. A holiday was arranged for all departments of the university; in the academic theater the president and leading professors made speeches on the cultural community of Germany and the United States, and the German ambassador answered with an oration which was printed and widely distributed. Other academic institutions followed in line. Soon Harvard gave an honorary degree to the ambassador, and now the ice was broken, and a period of cordial relations between the leading circles of Germany and America began. The thanks of the emperor for the honors conferred on his representative were a splendid gift of casts of German sculpture and architecture for the Germanic Museum in Harvard. The emperor's brother was to bring the message. In the meantime a Harvard man had become president and united the highest culture with the highest office. He entered whole-heartedly into the new movement. On the sixth of March, in 1902, under my roof Prince Henry of Prussia officially gave the documents and the pictures of the imperial gift to the president of Harvard University. It was a fascinating gathering which had assembled in my library, in which I am writing. The official Americans were led by David J. Hill, the later ambassador to Germany; towering over the German group stood one of the mildest-looking men, Admiral von Tirpitz, and next to him his American colleague, Admiral "Bob" Evans; and many other Americans and Germans widely known in the world listened to the exchange of speeches, culminating in Prince Henry's spontaneous last appeal that the friendship between America and Germany never be interrupted.

Now it was no longer difficult to build new bridges, the more as thereafter I found at all times support and welcome both at the White House in Washington and at the imperial palace in Potsdam. In the following year I went over to Germany in the name of the St. Louis World's Fair to invite the leading schol-

ars personally to the great Congress of Arts and Sciences. Nothing could demonstrate the new order of things more clearly than that two thirds of those mighty men

My own daily life had long since taken another character. There was seldom a week without some banquet speech in Boston or New York or elsewhere, and the

public addresses became my pastime. Above all, Europeans of all types and of all lands sat down in my study and talked about the future of the world. Twenty years ago, when I moved into my house, that part of Cambridge was one large garden. Since that time slowly man and moth have destroyed the beautiful elms, and the apartment-houses have encroached upon us. Yet I feel as if I could not leave my Ware Street home: too many men of genius, world-famous message-bearers, have stepped over its threshold and hallowed it.

Only once was I at the point of leaving the American field of work.



Professor Münsterberg in his study at the Ware Street house in Cambridge

to whom I brought invitations accepted, and appeared in the following summer at the shores of the Mississippi. Numberless ties were formed, and the much disputed professorial exchange was more or less directly the outcome of this expedition.

At the beginning of the century the University of Königsberg called me. It was near to my beloved Dantzic home, and it was the chair of the great Immanuel Kant; that fascinated me, and I cabled that I should probably accept. But then Josiah

Royce sat with me a long Sunday morning and insisted that it was my higher duty to stand by my Harvard post. Others might fill that German chair, he said, but here I was needed for more than the mere professional work. The philosopher must not be a patriot only, but at the same time a citizen of the spiritual world in all lands, and I should be among true friends here my life long. That night I sent a second cable declining the call. In future I hardly hesitated when universities in Germany and without approached me. In 1908 the Prussian Government, aware that I looked on the interpretation of America as a part of my life-work, asked whether I would accept a full professorship for American civilization to be created for me at the University of Berlin. But I declined again; my American work was not completed. With the greatest satisfaction, on the other hand, I did agree to the Harvard proposal that I go to the University of Berlin as Harvard exchange professor. This function had always been a half-year task, but in my case the German Government asked that I be sent for a full year. Harvard consented, and I remained from June, 1910, to August, 1911, with my family in Berlin. From the day when I gave my opening address on the ties between Germany and America in the wonderful new aula, in the presence of the emperor and all official Berlin, to the day when I delivered my farewell address in the classical and truly sacred old aula of the great alma mater, it was the crowning year of my life.

One feature of the exchange year gave me special delight. For a long time it had been a pet idea of mine that the cultural relations of the peoples ought not to be left to chaotic chance influences, but ought to be furthered by planful organization. International clearing-houses ought to be established for science and scholarship, for technic and exploration, for literature and art, for education and social reform, and all the other elements of national activities outside of politics and commerce. I dreamed of such cultural centers of organization in every capital until their net-

work should span the globe. An institute in Berlin, with the task of organizing and aiding the to-and-fro movements between the United States and Germany, seemed to me the most desirable beginning. Hence in 1907 I had submitted to the Berlin authorities the plan for an Amerika-Institut, which might be slowly enlarged toward a general foreign institute. The exchange year at last brought the chance for realizing this dream. German and German-American bankers had provided ample funds, the Government offered a suite of seven rooms in the new palace of the Royal Library, and in September, 1910, I began with a staff of ten persons my fascinating work as official first director of the Amerika-Institut. It was not an easy parting when I returned a year later to my routine existence in Boston.

The American daily work, too, had in the meantime expanded in new directions. In my early Harvard years my experimental psychological labors had been devoted to strictly theoretical interests. But with the beginning of the century the time seemed ripe for applying the new science to the practical affairs of life. Efforts of that kind began everywhere, and I felt that this was the next great task for our laboratories. I began to give increasing attention to the application of psychology to education, to medicine, to law, to vocational guidance, to commerce, to industry. This, too, brought me into much livelier contact with the wide world than the earlier studies. I had to visit court-rooms and factories, schools and hospitals, and I was sometimes four and six and eight nights in the sleeper in order to study a significant case. But this group of activities demands the coöperation of the community. The teachers and lawyers, the physicians and manufacturers, yes, the thinking public at large, must begin to psychologize if such work is to advance. Hence I tried to do my share in popularizing psychology by lectures, essays, and books which were widely read. All this brought me from year to year more into touch with all layers of the nation. I moved among teachers and scholars, among



A street in Dantzig, "the Venice of the North," where Professor Münsterberg spent his childhood and youth

psychologists and philosophers, among statesmen and pseudo-statesmen, among men of affairs and women with still more affairs. The memory of them and the account of their life problems may fill the pages to come in these reminiscences of a quarter of a century.

So the years passed in rapid flight. Human life is human life. Illness and sorrow have sometimes clouded my summer day, and our staying far from home demanded many a sacrifice; and yet we could not have hoped for a more beautiful pilgrimage. Happy were the years of my children in school and college, happy our home, happy our social life, happy our work; and when in the spring of 1914 a German guest asked me whether I did

not often regret my long stay in a foreign land, I told him that, on the contrary, I blessed the hour of my decision in early years, as America had given me an abundance of inner values, of problems and tasks, of joy and friendship, which would last forever. At that time I planned to go to Europe again with my family in June, 1914. It had been our habit to spend four months of every second summer in the fatherland. Sometimes I undertook shorter trips besides. Once I went over for a family gathering at Christmas-time, once even for a three days' scientific congress. I got the program of the congress one afternoon, and saw a paper announced in it which interested me; one hour later President Lowell had given me

leave of absence for two weeks, and the next morning I sailed from New York. I left the boat at Plymouth, rushed through England, reached Berlin the next afternoon at four, heard the paper at half-past four, and at five I took part in the discussion. The last time we were at home was in the summer of 1912. In the old Alsatian garden in which we had been married my wife and I celebrated our silver wedding, and then we all enjoyed once more a superb trip through southern Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. We left for New York from Naples. In Lugano my eldest and my younger brother joined us: one went as delegate to the Boston Congress of Chambers of Commerce, the other went to study the Chinese art collections in American museums. On the steamer near the Azores my daughters introduced my younger brother to a young Vassar girl whom they had just met. He talked with her a few minutes; then she left, and my brother said to me, "That is the girl for whom I have waited my life long." A short time after they married, and he took her from Buffalo to Berlin, a new American-German tie in our family.

In June, 1914, we hoped to visit the young American sister-in-law and her baby, but before that we wanted to stop for a while in London as guests of my niece; the only daughter of my second brother had married a well-known English author and government official. This summer visit with the new American and English relatives in London and Berlin seemed to me almost a symbol of my life desire to work toward lasting harmony and friendship among the three great Teutonic nations, America, England, and Germany. I felt that much had been improved, and yet that too much was still to be done if ever real cordiality was to unite them and to secure the peace of the world. I had planned various moves both on British and German soil to further that international work; the steamer tickets were in my pocket. But my younger daughter became ill with scarlet fever, and when she recovered the physician suggested that we should not at once undertake a voyage. So we did not sail; and then at Serajevo a shot was fired, the war broke out. When shall I see my fatherland again?



In Amber

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE day that nothing can undo,
Those beads of amber that you wore
In their transparent gold held fast
Frail tiny creatures of the past,
With gauzy wings inert and dead
Fixed as in flight forevermore.
While I have lived my bleak years through,
Like amber from a wounded tree
Out of my heart my songs have bled;
And fixed in them who looks may see
What was once your love for me
And what was once my faith in you.

Plattsburg and Citizenship

By LEONARD WOOD

Major-General, U. S. A.

THE Plattsburg idea is national service. It is founded upon an appreciation of individual obligation for service to the nation in war as well as in

is to continue to be open to all the world and at the same time be a melting-pot, something more effective must be done than has been done in the past. The



Major-General Leonard Wood

peace, upon a realization of the necessity of building up a better spirit of national solidarity.

We hear frequently in these days the expressions, "America for all the world," "America the melting-pot." If America

new-comers in America must drop the antipathies and racial prejudices growing out of the struggles and traditions of the past, and accept and live up to American ideals, and we must find some way of bringing them into close and immediate touch with



© Underwood & Underwood Business men getting their equipment at Plattsburg

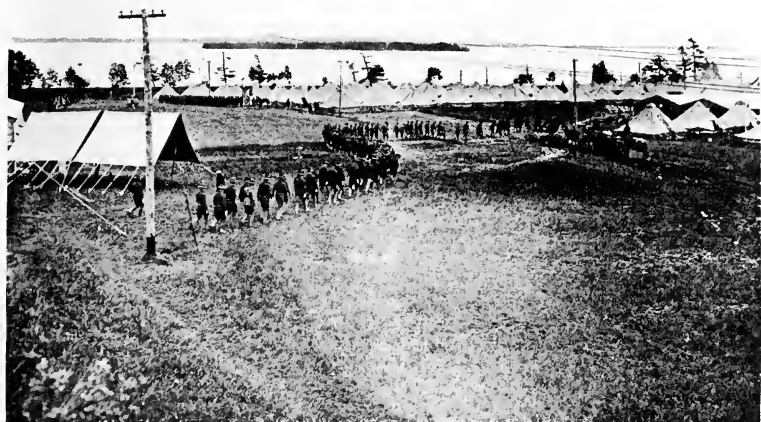
our people, and impressing upon them an appreciation of the obligations of the new citizenship. All the world is indeed coming, and America is not the melting-pot to anything like the extent she must be if we are to build up a homogeneous people.

All the world is coming to-day and may come in greater numbers to-morrow. The question we should ask ourselves is, Do they find conditions here which tend to make them good Americans and to realize that they are people of a new nation? Our immigrants often come in racial groups, and too frequently dwell in racial areas, and, what is most unfortunate of all, are fed too long by a dialect press—a press which gives them too much of that which tends to keep alive racial feelings and antipathies, and too little of the spirit of the great republic in which they are about to claim citizenship, and the ideals and policies of which they must accept if they are to form a source of real strength to the nation.

All who look beneath the surface know that under present conditions America is not assimilating the new elements to anything like the extent we should like to

have her. Nor is she a melting-pot in the sense that she must be if the republic is to meet, as a people homogeneous in sentiment, the strain of our next great struggle.

Our new-comers too often look upon America as a land where obligation for national service does not exist. They mistake license for liberty, and, copying the views of many of our own people, assume that they have the right to volunteer to let others do their service and war duty for them. When the idea of obligation is suggested, it is resented as placing a limitation on the new freedom, a restriction on their new-found liberty to do what they wish, and nothing else. This sentiment, unfortunately, is shared by many of our native-born people, who, while demanding equality of privilege and opportunity, deny that there is any equality of obligation. Here is where the great work must begin. We must educate not only the new-comer, but many of our native-born people, and build up among them a proper appreciation of the principle that the privileges and the obligations of citizenship in a democracy are inseparable.



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Company G on a hike at Plattsburg

We must make clear to them that having given them without stint all the privileges of citizenship, withholding nothing of opportunity, they must accept their full share of citizenship responsibility in stormy as in fair weather, in war as in peace. If we had withheld anything either of opportunity or privilege, they could with a show of reason refuse to accept their full share of responsibility for service in time of peril. But we have given freely, and they must on their part assume the obligation of men of a democracy. There can be no secure national life, no real national sodality, where men demand and receive a full share of privilege and elect to volunteer to let their fellows bear the obligations of service in time of danger.

As a people we have drifted far afield under the emasculating teaching and words of many present-day leaders. At heart the spirit of our people is sound; but it is sleeping. We must arouse it to throw off the false teaching which has claimed that progress and life can be independent of struggle and sacrifice. Not only must we arouse our own people, but we must bring these new-comers in touch with the real, though slumbering, spirit of America—the spirit which loves peace, but not to the extent of gain-

ing it through failure to support the right or to meet the demands of duty, cost what it may.

We do very little to bring these new-comers into contact with those who have been here for a long time, with the native born, with those who have in their blood the tradition of generations of citizenship and struggle. Something is accomplished through the public-school system, but it lacks concreteness. Instruction is rather diffuse. There is a sad lack of intelligent, honest teaching of our national history. There is too often little or nothing said about the individual responsibility of each and every citizen of a democracy. There is too little said of responsibility for national service. There is a great deal more than necessary said about the results in the way of employment and salary that will follow the acquirement of a certain amount of education.

The Plattsburg movement is the first movement of the kind—at least the first one of any importance—that has been undertaken in this country, the main purpose of which is the building up of the idea of national service—service not only in peace, but in war; service to the limit of our mental and physical capacity. And when I say “our” I mean both men and

women, the youth of both sexes as well as those of more mature years, all who are physically and mentally fit.

This is the real spirit which animates the Plattsburg movement. Plattsburg is simply a term, a generic term, which applies to all camps where the Plattsburg spirit and the Plattsburg method of training prevail. The military training aims to prepare the man to discharge his citizenship duty better in war, and to impress upon him the fact that he is one of the responsible units of the nation.

The Plattsburg camps were established in 1913. The second series of camps were drawing to a close in August, 1914, when the present great war began. The establishment of these training camps was in no way connected with the war, although their growth has been stimulated by it, as the war has enabled many of our people to visualize the possibilities of the future, and has brought home to them a realizing sense of the need of a peace insurance in the form of national preparedness.

But preparedness for military service was only one of the things aimed at at Plattsburg. A governing motive behind it was national service, citizenship responsibility, an appreciation of the basic principle of democracy that hand in hand with equality of privilege and opportunity goes equality of obligation. The Plattsburg training is not intended merely as a preparation for war of the men who attend camp, but has in view the building up of an adequate appreciation on the part of all who undertake the training of how much there is to learn: that men cannot become trained soldiers by donning a uniform and seizing arms; that the soldier's art, like any other, can be mastered only by earnest effort; that time and devotion are required. The man who serves at these camps becomes an active agency for the dissemination of the truth concerning training, and an earnest advocate of that well-thought-out, done-in-time-of-peace preparedness which will be an insurance against war. He has learned the folly of sending untrained men to meet men

trained and disciplined, and he urges training in order that we may be prepared, knowing that if we are prepared, the chance of attack will be greatly diminished, and, if war is forced upon us, the training will enable us better to meet the stress and strain, and more effectively to discharge our plain obligation, and to do this with a minimum loss in life and treasure.

There has been a feeling that those attending Plattsburg represent a certain class of the population, that all who go there expect to be officers, that the mass of the people are not represented. This assumption is not correct. Every effort has been made to bring into the camps all elements of our population, rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, upper and lower social class, the native born, the son of the alien and the foreign born, representatives of labor and of capital, in fact, men of all classes. The only requirements insisted upon have been a reasonably sound physique and sufficient education to make it possible for the man to follow intelligently and profitably the prescribed course. A man wholly without education could not take the Plattsburg course with advantage to himself or without great disadvantage to those associated with him. Where evidence is lacking of graduation from a suitable school or college, other evidence of ability to absorb readily the principles has been accepted, such as the man's standing in his community, his attainments in civil life. If he has reached a point that indicates that he must possess initiative and a certain amount of ability, he is accepted, and little is asked concerning his education except to ascertain if he has the most elementary educational qualifications and is of good character. In other words, he must know how to read and write and he must have learned something of elementary mathematics. The door has been opened just as wide as possible. We want men with the hearts and purposes of men. All we ask in the way of education is enough to enable them to follow the course intelligently.

On arriving in camp every effort is



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Major Halstead Dorey, in command of the Plattsburg camp, addressing the "rookies"

made to break up school, college, social, and business groups. The men are assigned to organizations in small detachments, and, on arriving at the organizations, again distributed, so that the squad (eight men) as eventually made up represents very frequently pretty much every element of our social order. The camp-life is an absolutely straight democracy. All men have equal privileges, and are given an equal opportunity, and every one is charged with an equal responsibility for prompt and thorough performance of duty. The man's past disappears, his present social or business status neither advances nor retards him. He rises or falls entirely on his own merits. He is simply Private X of Company D, with the same opportunity as every other man in the company and no more. He is dressed exactly like his neighbor, who may have been his employer in some great bank, or may be the man who drove his machine last year; the professor and the student are shoulder to shoulder. All stand on exactly the same footing. All have before them the same opportunity. They are clothed alike, fed alike, and follow the same plan of training. They soon come to judge one another very soundly. A man's habits, his

language, his performance of duty, come under critical observation. If a man measures up as honest, hard-working, and competent, he stands upon as high a level as any man in the camp. There is absolutely nothing of class grouping or class distinctions. In other words, we have here a grouping of very many elements of the American population under conditions of absolute equality. As a matter of fact, the well-known man is rather at a disadvantage. There is a fine spirit of loyalty on the part of the men to their officers. Most of these men are for the first time in their lives receiving first-hand impressions of typical army officers, and the contact is helpful to the army and enlightening to the civilian.

Plattsburg, in a word, represents a condition which would be general if we should ever adopt universal training. In a limited way (limited only because its membership is limited) it illustrates what could be done in the way of making America a real melting-pot, through universal training in citizenship obligation, under conditions where all men are brought together upon terms of absolute equality, and where they stand or fall solely on their own merit or through their

own shortcomings. They live amid surroundings that teach obligation for national service in peace and war, respect for the flag, the uniform, and the constituted authorities. They learn to do things promptly as told and when told. They learn to obey, and consequently to command. The rigid discipline of the camp applied to all alike is especially beneficial to American youth. The instruction and lectures are intended to impress upon the men under training a deep sense of individual obligation for service, to bring home to them (and to most of them for the first time) a true knowledge of their country's history, especially from the military point of view, and an appreciation of the needs of organization to meet the conditions of organized preparedness which exist throughout the world to-day among all peoples who appreciate citizenship obligation.

The camp-life as well as the instruction and training tend to implant habits of promptness and thoroughness in the discharge of duty, respect for authority, and scrupulous regard for the rights of others. The training tends to improve the physical condition of those who attend, and almost without exception they leave camp feeling that they have had the most valuable and useful experience of their lives—an experience which impresses upon them what a great good could be accomplished if the system were of general application. The new-comers, the sons of the foreign born, often for the first time in their lives, come in close contact with the native born. They are for the first time in their lives shoulder to shoulder, engaged in the discharge of a common obligation. The association is beneficial and helpful to both, for each learns to appreciate the good qualities of the other, and they find many. They find that they have more in common than they had ever realized, that many distinctions are largely artificial, and the real measure of a man is the way he does the day's work. The new-comer has brought home to him the fact that he has an obligation in this country just as binding, just as far-reaching, as were the obli-

gations of citizenship in the nation from which he came. He has impressed upon him also the necessity of receiving such training as will enable him to discharge his obligation effectively and efficiently.

In the Plattsburg idea you will have much of the fuel for the fire which will make America a real melting-pot, and such a melting-pot she must be if she is ever to go through the strain of any great national upheaval, involving a struggle with one of the great and highly organized powers of to-day. The Plattsburg idea and the Plattsburg spirit encourage arbitration, cultivate a desire for peace with honor, a belief that it is desirable to keep the peace if it can be kept *without breaking the faith*. The Plattsburg training tends to sweep away much of the fog of conceit and misinformation which has obscured our view, and to shatter many of the beliefs which a shallow teaching of history has built up in American youth. The spirit is conservative; it is strong in faith that the nation can be prepared and yet tolerant, armed and yet free from the spirit of aggression. It teaches that the real sinews of war are not gold and numbers, but the bodies and souls of men trained and disciplined and backed by a sense of individual obligation and a spirit of sacrifice, and that without the latter a people are but sheep ready for the slaughter, a mass without a soul.

It welcomes the poor and the representatives of the working-class with even more cordiality than it does the well-to-do, for it recognizes that the heavy burden of citizenship obligation falls upon the great mass of the people in peace and war, and that this mass is made up of those who work that they may live.

As I see it, it is a movement full of promise, and means much for the future of the nation. It is the forerunner of universal obligatory training and service under conditions where all who are physically and mentally fit must play their part, share and share alike. In a word, it breathes the purest spirit of democracy. Its effect will be preparedness without militarism, strength without aggression.

Onnie

By THOMAS BEER

Author of "The Brothers"

Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard

MRS. RAWLING ordered Sanford to take a bath, and with the clear vision of seven years Sanford noted that no distinct place for this process had been recommended. So he retired to a sun-warmed tub of rain-water behind the stables, and sat comfortably armpit deep therein, whirring a rattle lately worn by a snake, and presented to him by one of



"Stood with a red hand on each hip, a grin rippling the length of her mouth"

the Varian tribe, sons of his father's foreman. Soaking happily, Sanford admired his mother's garden, spread up along the slope toward the thick cedar forest, and thought of the mountain strawberries ripening in this hot Pennsylvania June. His infant brother Peter yelled viciously in the big gray-stone house, and the great sawmill snarled half a mile away, while he waited patiently for the soapless water to remove all plantain stains from his brown legs, the cause of this immersion.

A shadow came between him and the sun, and Sanford abandoned the rattles to behold a monstrous female, unknown, white-skinned, moving on majestic feet to his seclusion. He sat deeper in the tub, but she seemed unabashed, and stood with a red hand on each hip, a grin rippling the length of her mouth.

"Herself says you 'll be comin' to herself now, if it 's you that 's Master San," she said.

Sanford speculated. He knew that all

things have an office in this world, and tried to locate this preposterous, lofty creature while she beamed upon him.

"I 'm San. Are you the new cook?" he asked.

"I am the same," she admitted.

"Are you a *good* cook?" he continued. "Aggie was n't. She drank."

"God be above us all! And whatever did herself do with a cook that drank in this place?"

"I don't know. Aggie got married. Cooks *do*," said Sanford, much entertained by this person. Her deep voice was soft, emerging from the largest, reddest mouth he had ever seen. The size of her feet made him dubious as to her humanity. "Anyhow," he went on, "tell mother I 'm not clean yet. What 's your name?"

"Onnie," said the new cook. "An' would this be the garden?"

"Silly, what did you think?"

"I 'm a stranger in this place, Master San, an' I know not which is why nor forever after."

Sanford's brain refused this statement entirely, and he blinked.

"I guess you 're Irish," he meditated.

"I am. Do you be gettin' out of your tub now, an' Onnie 'll dry you," she offered.

"I can't," he said firmly; "you 're a lady."

"A lady? Blessed Mary save us from sin! A lady? Myself? I 'm no such thing in this world at all; I 'm just Onnie Killelia."

She appeared quite horrified, and Sanford was astonished. She seemed to be a woman, for all her height and the extent of her hands.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"As I am a Christian woman," said Onnie. "I never was a lady, nor could I ever be such a thing."

"Well," said Sanford, "I don't know, but I suppose you can dry me."

He climbed out of his tub, and this novel being paid kind attention to his directions. He began to like her, especially as her hair was of a singular, silky blackness, suggesting dark mulberries, delightful

to the touch. He allowed her to kiss him and to carry him, clothed, back to the house on her shoulders, which were as hard as a cedar trunk, but covered with green cloth sprinkled with purple dots.

"And herself's in the libr'y 'drinkin' tea," said his vehicle, depositing him on the veranda. "An' what might that be you 'd be holdin'?"

"Just a rattle off a snake."

She examined the six-tiered, smoky rattle with a positive light in her dull, black eyes and crossed herself.

"A queer country, where they do be bellin' the snakes! I heard the like in the gover'ment school before I did come over the west water, but I misbelieved the same. God's ways is strange, as the priests will be sayin'."

"You can have it," said Sanford, and ran off to inquire of his mother the difference between women and ladies.

Rawling, riding slowly, came up the driveway from the single lane of his village, and found the gigantic girl sitting on the steps so absorbed in this sinister toy that she jumped with a little yelp when he dismounted.

"What have you there?" he asked, using his most engaging smile.

"'T is a snake's bell, your Honor, which Master San did be givin' me. 'T is welcome indeed, as I lost off my holy medal, bein' sick, forever on the steamship crossin' the west water."

"But—can you use a rattle for a holy medal?" said Rawling.

"The gifts of children are the blessin's of Mary's self," Onnie maintained. She squatted on the gravel and hunted for one of the big hair-pins her jump had loosened, then used it to pierce the topmost shell. Rawling leaned against his saddle, watching the huge hands, and Pat Sheehan, the old coachman, chuckled, coming up for the tired horse.

"You 'll be from the West," he said, "where they string sea-shells."

"I am, an' you 'll be from Dublin, by the sound of your speakin'. So was my father, who is now drowned forever, and with his wooden leg," she added mourn-

fully, finding a cord in some recess of her pocket, entangled there with a rosary and a cluster of small fish-hooks. She patted the odd scapular into the cleft of her bosom and smiled at Rawling. "Them in the kitchen are tellin' me you 'll be ownin' this whole country an' sixty miles of it,

ried an employee before a month could pass. The valley women regarded Rawling as their patron, heir of his father, and as temporary aid gave feudal service on demand; but for the six months of his family's residence each year house servants must be kept at any price. He talked of



"Their wives called him everything from 'heart's love' to 'little cabbage'."

all the trees an' hills. You 'll be no less than a President's son, then, your Honor."

Pat led the horse off hastily, and Rawling explained that his lineage was not so interesting. The girl had arrived the night before, sent on by an Oil City agency, and Mrs. Rawling had accepted the Amazon as manna-fall. The lumber valley was ten miles above a tiny railroad station, and servants had to be tempted with triple wages, were transient, or mar-

ried an employee before a month could pass. The valley women regarded Rawling as their patron, heir of his father, and as temporary aid gave feudal service on demand; but for the six months of his family's residence each year house servants must be kept at any price. He talked of

"When my father came here," he said, "there was n't any railroad, and there were still Indians in the woods."

"Red Indians? Would they all be dead now? My brother Hyacinth is fair departed his mind readin' of red Indians. Him is my twin."

"How many of you are there?"

"Twelve, your Honor," said Onnie, "an' me the first to go off, bein' that I 'm not so pretty a man would be marryin' me that day or this. An' if herself is content, I am pleased entirely."

"You 're a good cook," said Rawling, honestly. "How old are you?"

He had been puzzling about this; she was so wonderfully ugly that age was difficult to conjecture. But she startled him.

"I 'll be sixteen next Easter-time, your Honor."

"That 's very young to leave home," he sympathized.

"Who 'd be doin' the like of me any hurt? I 'd trample the face off his head," she laughed.

"I think you could. And now what do you think of my big son?"

The amazing Onnie gurgled like a child, clasping her hands.

"Sure, Mary herself bore the like among the Jew men, an' no one since that day, or will forever. An' I must go to my cookin', or Master San will have no dinner fit for him."

Rawling looked after her pink flannel petticoat, greatly touched and pleased by this eulogy. Mrs. Rawling strolled out of the hall and laughed at the narrative.

"She 's appalling to look at, and she frightens the other girls, but she 's clean and teachable. If she likes San, she may not marry one of the men—for a while."

"He 'd be a bold man. She 's as big as Jim Varian. If we run short of hands, I 'll send her up to a cutting. Where 's San?"

"In the kitchen. He likes her. Heavens! if she 'll only stay, Bob!"

ONNIE stayed, and Mrs. Rawling was gratified by humble obedience and excellent cookery. Sanford was gratified by her address, strange to him. He was the property of his father's lumbermen, and their wives called him everything from "heart's love" to "little cabbage," as their origin might dictate; but no one had ever called him "Master San." He was San to the whole valley, the first-born of the

owner who gave their children schools and stereopticon lectures in the union chapel, as his father had before him. He went where he pleased, safe except from blind nature and the unfriendly edges of whirling saws. Men fished him out of the dammed river, where logs floated, waiting conversion into merchantable planking, and the Varian boys, big, tawny youngsters, were his body-guard. These perplexed Onnie Killelia in her first days at Rawling's Hope.

"The agent's lads are whistlin' for Master San," she reported to Mrs. Rawling. "Shall I be findin' him?"

"The agent's lads? Do you mean the Varian boys?"

"Them 's them. Would n't Jim Varian be his honor's agent? Don't he be payin' the tenantry an' sayin' where is the trees to be felled? I forbid them to come in, as Miss Margot—which is a queer name!—is asleep sound, an' Master Pete."

"Jim Varian came here with his honor's father, and taught his honor to shoot and swim, also his honor's brother Peter, in New York, where we live in winter. Yes, I suppose you 'd call Jim Varian his honor's agent. The boys take care of Master San almost as well as you do."

Onnie sniffed, balancing from heel to heel.

"Fine care! An' Bill Varian lettin' him go romping by the poison-ivy, which God lets grow in this place like weeds in a widow's garden. An' his honor, they do be sayin', sends Bill to a fine school, and will the others after him, and to a college like Dublin has after. An' they callin' himself San like he was their brother!"

As a volunteer nurse-maid Onnie was quite miraculous to her mistress. Apparently she could follow Sanford by scent, for his bare soles left no traces in the wild grass, and he moved rapidly, appearing at home exactly when his stomach suggested. He was forbidden only the slate ledges beyond the log basin, where rattlesnakes took the sun, and the trackless farther reaches of the valley, bewildering to a small boy, with intricate brooks and fallen cedar or the profitable yellow

pine. Onnie, crying out on her saints, retrieved him from the turn-table-pit of the narrow-gage logging-road, and pursued his fair head up the blue-stone crags behind the house, her vast feet causing avalanches among the garden beds. She withdrew him with railings from the enchanting society of louse-infested Polish children, and danced hysterically on the shore of the valley-wide, log-stippled pool when the Varians took him to swim. She bore him off to bed, lowering at the actual nurse. She filled his bath, she cut his toenails. She sang him to sleep with "Drol-ien" and the heart-shattering lament for Gerald. She prayed all night outside his door when he had a brief fever. When trouble was coming, she said the "snake's bells" told her, talking loudly; and petty incidents confirmed her so far that, after she found the child's room ablaze from one of Rawling's cigarettes, they did not argue, and grew to share half-way her superstition.

Women were scarce in the valley, and the well-fed, well-paid men needed wives; and, as time went on, Honora Killelia was sought in marriage by tall Scots and Swedes, who sat dumbly passionate on the back veranda, where she mended Sanford's clothes. Even hawk-nosed Jim Varian, nearing sixty, made cautious proposals, using Bill as messenger, when Sanford was nine.

"God spare us from purgatory!" she shouted. "Me to sew for the eight of you? Even in the fine house his honor did be givin' the agent I could not stand the noise of it. An' who 'd be mendin' Master San's clothes?"

Bill Varian!"

Rawling, suffocated with laughter, reeled out of the pantry and fled to his pretty wife.

"She thinks San's her own kid!" he gasped.

"She's perfectly priceless. I wish she 'd be as careful of Margot and Pete. I wish we could lure her to New York. She's worth twenty city servants."

"Her theory is that if she stays here there's some one to see that Pat Sheehan does n't neglect—what does she call San's pony?" Rawling asked.

"The little horse. Yes, she told me she'd trample the face off Pat if Shely came to harm. She keeps the house like silver, too; and it's heavenly to find the curtains put up when we get here. Heavens! listen!"

They were in Rawling's bedroom,

and Onnie came up the curved stairs. Even in list house-slippers she moved like an elephant, and Sanford had called her, so the speed of her approach shook the square upper hall, and the door jarred a little way open with the impact of her feet.

"Onnie, I'm not sleepy. Sing Gerald," he commanded.

"I will do that same if you 'll be lyin'



"She bore him off to bed . . . she sang him to sleep"

down still, Master San. Now, this is what Conia sang when she found her son all dead forever in the sands of the west water."

By the sound Onnie sat near the bed crooning steadily, her soft contralto filling both stories of the happy house. Rawling went across the hall to see, and stood in the boy's door. He loved Sanford as imaginative men can who are still young, and the ugly girl's idolatry seemed natural. Yet this was very charming, the simple room, the drowsy, slender child, curled in his sheets, surrounded with song.

"Thank you, Onnie," said Sanford. "I suppose she loved him a lot. It's a nice song. Goo' night."

As Onnie passed her master, he saw the stupid eyes full of tears.

"Now, why 'll he be thankin' me," she muttered—"me that 'u'd die an' stay in hell forever for him? Now I must go mend up the fish-bag your Honor's brother's wife was for sendin' him an' which no decent fish would be dyin' in."

"Are n't you going to take Jim Varian?" asked Rawling.

"I would n't be marryin' with Roosylvet himself, that 's President, an' has his house built all of gold! Who 'd be seein' he gets his meals, an' no servants in the sufferin' land worth the curse of a heretic? Not the agent, nor fifty of him," Onnie proclaimed, and marched away.

SANFORD never came to scorn his slave or treat her as a servant. He was proud of Onnie. She did not embarrass him by her all-embracing attentions, although he weaned her of some of them as he grew into a wood-ranging, silent boy, studious, and somewhat shy outside the feudal valley. The Varian boys were sent, as each reached thirteen, to Lawrenceville, and testified their gratitude to the patron by diligent careers. They were Sanford's summer companions, with occasional visits from his cousin Denis, whose mother disapproved of the valley and Onnie.

"I really don't see how Sanford can let the poor creature fondle him," she said. "Denny tells me she simply wails outside

San's door if he comes home wet or has a bruise. It's rather ludicrous, now that San's fourteen. She writes to him at Saint Andrew's."

"I told her Saint Andrew's was n't far from Boston, and she offered to get her cousin Dermott—he's a bell-hop at the Touraine—to valet him. Imagine San with a valet at Saint Andrew's!" Rawling laughed.

"But San is n't spoiled," Peter observed, "and he's the idol of the valley, Bob, even more than you are. Varian, McComas, Jansen—the whole gang and their cubs. They'd slaughter any one who touched San."

"I don't see how you stand the place," said Mrs. Peter. "Even if the men are respectful, they're so familiar. And anything could happen there. Denny tells me you have Poles and Russians—all sorts of dreadful people."

Her horror tinkled prettily in the Chinese drawing-room, but Rawling sighed.

"We can't get the old sort—Scotch, Swedes, the *good* Irish. We get any old thing. Varian swears like a trooper, but he has to fire them right and left all summer through. We've a couple of hundred who are there to stay, some of them born there; but God help San when he takes it over!"

Sanford learned to row at Saint Andrew's, and came home in June with new, flat bands of muscle in his chest, and Onnie worshiped with loud Celtic exclamations, and bade small Pete grow up like Master San. And Sanford grew two inches before he came home for the next summer, reverting to bare feet, corduroys, and woolen shirts as usual. Onnie eyed him dazedly when he strode into her kitchen for sandwiches against an afternoon's fishing.

"O Master San, you're all grown up sudden!"

"Just five foot eight, Onnie. Ling Varian's five foot nine; so's Cousin Den."

"But don't you be goin' round the cuttin' camps up valley, neither. You're too



"The simple room, the drowsy, slender child, curled in his sheets, surrounded with song"

young to be hearin' the awful way these new hands do talk. It 's a sin to hear how they curse an' swear."

"The wumman 's right," said Ian Cameron, the smith, who was courting her while he mended the kitchen range. "They 're foul as an Edinburgh fishwife—the new men. Go no place wi'out a Varian, two Varians, or one of my lads."

"Good Lord! I 'm not a kid, Ian!"

"Ye 're no' a mon, neither. An' ye 're the owner's first," said Cameron, grimly.

Rawling nodded when Sanford told him this.

"Jim carries an automatic in his belt, and we 've had stabbings. Keep your temper if they get fresh. We 're in hot water constantly, San. Look about the trails for whisky-caches. These rotten stevedores who come floating in bother the girls and bully the kids. You 're fifteen, and I count on you to help keep the property decent. The boys will tell

you things they hear. Use the Varians; Ling and Reuben are clever. I pay high enough wages for this riffraff. I 'll pay anything for good hands; and we get dirt!"

Sanford enjoyed being a detective, and kept the Varians busy. Bill, acting as assistant doctor of the five hundred, gave him advice on the subject of cocaine symptoms and alcoholic eyes. Onnie raved when he trotted in one night with Ling and Reuben at heel, their clothes rank with the evil whisky they had poured from kegs hidden in a cavern near the valley-mouth.

"You 'll be killed forever with some Polack beast! O Master San, it 's not you that 's the polis. 'T is not fit for him, your Honor. Some Irish pig will be shootin' him, or a sufferin' Bohemyun."

"But it 's the property, Onnie," the boy faltered. "Here 's his honor worked to death, and Uncle Jim. I 've got to do

something. They sell good whisky at the store, and just smell me."

But Onnie wept, and Rawling, for sheer pity, sent her out of the dining-room.

"She—she scares me!" Sanford said. "It 's not natural, Dad, d' you think?"

He was sitting on his bed, newly bathed and pensive, reviewing the day.

"Why not? She 's alone here, and you 're the only thing she 's fond of. Stop telling her about things or she 'll get sick with worry."

"She 's fond of Margot and Pete, but she 's just idiotic about me. She did scare me!"

Rawling looked at his son and wondered if the boy knew how attractive were his dark, blue eyes and his plain, grave face. The younger children were beautiful; but Sanford, reared more in the forest, had the forest depth in his gaze and an animal liteness in his hard young body.

"She 's like a dog," Sanford reflected. "Only she 's a woman. It 's sort of—"

"Pathetic?"

"I suppose that 's the word. But I *do* love the poor old thing. Her letters are rich. She tells me about all the new babies and who 's courting who and how the horses are. It *is* pathetic."

HE thought of Onnie often the next winter, and especially when she wrote a lyric of thanksgiving after the family had come to Rawling's Hope in April, saying that all would be well and trouble would cease. But his father wrote differently:

"You know there is a strike in the West Virginia mines, and it has sent a mass of ruffians out looking for work. We need all the people we can get, but they are a pestiferous outfit. I am opening up a camp in Bear Run, and our orders are enormous already, but I hate littering the valley with these swine. They are as insolent and dirty as Turks. Pete says the village smells, and has taken to the woods. Onnie says the new Irish are black scum of Limerick, and Jim Varian's language is n't printable. The old men are complaining, and altogether I feel like Louis XVI in 1789. About every day I have to

send for the sheriff and have some thug arrested. A blackguard from Oil City has opened a dive just outside the property, on the road to the station, and Cameron tells me all sorts of dope is for sale in the boarding-houses. We have cocaine-inhalers, opium-smokers, and all the other vices."

After this outburst Sanford was not surprised when he heard from Onnie that his father now wore a revolver, and that the overseers of the sawmill did the same.

On the first of June Rawling posted signs at the edge of his valley and at the railroad stations nearest, saying that he needed no more labor. The tide of applicants ceased, but Mrs. Rawling was nervous. Pete declared his intention of running away, and riding home in the late afternoon, Margot was stopped by a drunken, babbling man, who seized her pony's bridle, with unknown words. She galloped free, but next day Rawling sent his wife and children to the seaside and sat waiting Sanford's coming to cheer his desolate house, the new revolver cold on his groin.

Sanford came home a day earlier than he had planned, and drove in a borrowed cart from the station, furious when an old cottage blazed in the rainy night, just below the white posts marking his heritage, and shrill women screamed invitation at the horse's hoof-beats. He felt the valley smirched, and his father's worn face angered him when they met.

"I almost wish you 'd not come, Sonny. We 're in rotten shape for a hard summer. Go to bed, dear, and get warm."

"Got a six-shooter for me?"

"You? Who 'd touch you? Some one would kill him. I let Bill have a gun, and some other steady heads. You must keep your temper. You always have. Ling Varian got into a splendid row with some hog who called Uncle Jim—the usual name. Ling did him up. Ah, here 's Onnie. Onnie, here 's—"

The cook rushed down the stairs, a fearful and notable bed-gown covering her night-dress, and the rattles chattering loudly.

"God 's kind to us. See the chest of him! Master San! Master San!"

"Good Lord, Onnie! I was n't dead, you know! Don't *kill* a fellow!"

For the first time her embrace was an embarrassment; her mouth on his cheek made him flush. She loved him so desperately, this poor stupid woman, and he could only be fond of her, give her a sort of tolerant affection. Honesty reddened his face.

"Come on and find me a hard-boiled egg, there 's a—"

"A hard-boiled egg? Listen to that, your Honor! An' it 's near the middle of the night! No, I 'll not be findin' hard-boiled eggs for you—oh, he 's laughin' at me! Now you come into the dinin'-room, an' I 'll be hottin' some milk for you, for you 're wet as any drowned little cat. An' the mare 's fine, an' I 've the fishin'-sticks all dusted, an' your new bathin'-tub 's to your bath-room, though ill fate follow that English pig Percival that put it in, for he dug holes with his heels! An' would you be wantin' a roast-beef sandwidge?"

"She 's nearly wild," said Rawling as the pantry door slammed. "You must be careful, San, and not get into any rows. She 'd have a fit. What is it?"

"What do you do when you can't—care about a person as much as they care about you?"

"Put up with it patiently." Rawling shrugged. "What else *can* you do?"

"I 'm sixteen. She keeps on as if I were six. S-suppose she fell in love with me? She 's not old—very old."

"It 's another sort of thing, Sonny. Don't worry," said Rawling, gravely, and broke off the subject lest the boy should fret.

Late next afternoon Sanford rode down a trail from deep forest, lounging in the saddle, and flicking brush aside with a long dog-whip. There was a rain-storm gathering, and the hot air swayed no leaf. A rabbit, sluggish and impertinent, hopped across his path and wandered up the side trail toward Varian's cottage. Sanford halted the mare and whistled. His father

needed cheering, and Ling Varian, if obtainable, would make a third at dinner. His intimate hurtled down the tunnel of mountain ash directly and assented.

"Wait till I go back and tell Reuben, though. I 'm cooking this week. Wish Onnie 'd marry dad. Make her, can't you? Hi, Reu! I 'm eating at the house. The beef 's on, and dad wants fried onions. Why won't she have dad? *You 're* grown up."

He trotted beside the mare noiselessly, chewing a birch spray, a hand on his friend's knee.

"She says she won't get married. I expect she 'll stay here as long as she lives."

"I suppose so, but I wish she 'd marry dad," said Ling. "All this trouble 's wearin' him out, and he won't have a hired girl if we could catch one. There 's a pile of trouble, San. He has rows every day. Had a hell of a row with Percival yesterday."

"Who 's this Percival? Onnie was cursing him out last night," Sanford recollected.

"He 's an awful' big hog who 's pulling logs at the runway. Used to be a plumber in Australia. Swears like a sailor. He 's a—what d' you call 'em? You know, a London mucker?"

"Cockney?"

"Yes, that 's it. He put in your new bath-tub, and Onnie jumped him for going round the house looking at things. Dad 's getting ready to fire him. He 's the worst hand in the place. I 'll point him out to you."

The sawmill whistle blew as the trail joined open road, and they passed men, their shirts sweat-stained, nodding or waving to the boys as they spread off to their houses and the swimming-place at the river bridge.

A group gathered daily behind the engine-yard to play horseshoe quoits, and Sanford pulled the mare to a walk on the fringes of this half-circle as old friends hailed him and shy lads with hair already sun-bleached wriggled out of the crowd to shake hands, Camerons, Jansens, Nat-tiers, Keenans, sons of the faithful. Bill

Varian strolled up, his medical case under an arm.

"I'm eating with you. The boss asked me. He feels better already. Come in and speak to dad. He's hurt because *he's* not seen you, and you stopped to see Ian at the forge. Hi, Dad!" he called over the felt hats of the ring. "here's San."

"Fetch him in, then," cried the foreman.

Bill and Ling led the nervous mare through the group of pipe-smoking, friendly lumbermen, and Varian hugged his fosterling's son.

"Stop an' watch," he whispered. "They'll like seein' you, San. Onnie's been tellin' the women you've growed a yard."

Sanford settled to the monotony of the endless sport, saluting known brown faces and answering yelps of pleasure from the small boys who squatted against the high fence behind the stake.

"That's Percival," said Ling as a man swaggered out to the pitching-mark.

"Six foot three," Bill said, "and strong as an ox. Drinks all the time. Think he dopes, too."

Sanford looked at the fellow with a swift dislike for his vacant, heavy face and his greasy, saffron hair. His bare arms were tattooed boldly and in many colors, distorted with ropes of muscle. He seemed a little drunk, and the green clouds cast a copper shade into his lashless eyes.

"Can't pitch for beans," said Ling as the first shoe went wide. When the second fell beside it, the crowd laughed.

"Now," said Ian Cameron, "he'll be mad wi' vainglory. He's a camstearlie ring' it an' a claverin' fu'."

"Ho! larf ahead!" snapped the giant. "'Ow's a man to 'eave a bloody thing at a bloody stike?"

The experts chuckled, and he ruffled about the ring, truculent, sneering, paus-

ing before Varian, with a glance at Sanford.

"Give me something with some balance. Hi can show yer. Look!"



"Master San"

"I'm looking," said the foreman; "an' I ain't deaf, neither."

"'Ere's wot you blighters can't 'eave. Learned it in Auckland, where there's *real* men." He fumbled in his shirt, and the mare snorted as the eight-inch blade flashed out of its handle under her nose. "See? That's the lidy! Now watch! There's a knot'-ole up the palings there."

The crowd fixed a stare on the green, solid barrier, and the knife soared a full twenty yards, but missed the knot-hole and rattled down. There was flat derision in the following laughter, and Percival dug his heel in the sod.

"Larf ahead! Hany one else try 'er?"

"Oh, shut up!" said some one across the ring. "We're pitchin' shoes."

Percival slouched off after his knife, and the frieze of small boys scattered except a lint-haired Cameron who was nursing a stray cat busily, cross-legged against the green boarding.

"Yon's Robert Sanford Cameron," said the smith. "He can say half his catchism."

"Good kid," said Sanford. "I never could get any—"

Percival had wandered back and stood a yard off, glaring at Bill as the largest object near.

"Think I can't, wot?"

"I'm not interested, and you're spoiling the game," said Bill, who feared nothing alive except germs, and could afford to disregard most of these. Sanford's fingers tightened on his whip.

"Ho!" coughed the cockney. "See! You—there!"

Robert Cameron looked up at the shout. The blade shot between the child's head

and the kitten and hummed gently, quivering in the wood.

"Hi could 'a' cut 'is throat," said Percival so complacently that Sanford boiled.

"You scared him stiff," he choked.

"You hog! Don't—"

"'Ello, 'oo 's the young dook?"

"Look out," said a voice. "That 's San, the—"

"Ho! 'Im with the Hirish gal to 'elp 'im tike 'is bloody barth nights? 'Oo 's he? She 's a—"

A second later Sanford knew that he had struck the man over the face with his whip, cutting the phrase. The mare plunged and the whole crowd congested about the bellowing cockney as Bill held Cameron back, and huge Jansen planted a hand on Rawling's chest, arrived suddenly with the first raindrops.

"No worry," he said genially. "Yim an' us, Boss, our job."

Varian had wedged his hawk face close to the cockney's, now purple blotched with wrath, and Rawling waited.

"Come to the office an' get your pay. You hear? Then you clear out. If you

ain't off the property in a hour you 'll be dead. You hear?"

"He ought to," muttered Ling, leading the mare away. "Dad has n't yelled that loud since that Dutchman dropped the kid in the—hello, it 's raining!"

"Come on home, Sonny," said Rawling, "and tell us all about it. I did n't see the start."

But Sanford was still boiling, and the owner had recourse to his godson. Ling told the story, unabridged, as they mounted toward the house.

"Onnie 'll hear of it," sighed Rawling. "Look, there she is by the kitchen, and that 's Jennie Cameron loping 'cross lots. Never mind, San. You did the best you could; don't bother. Swine are swine."

The rain was cooling Sanford's head, and he laughed awkwardly.

"Sorry I lost my temper."

"I 'm not. Jennie 's telling Onnie. Hear?"

The smith's long-legged daughter was gesticulating at the kitchen trellis, and Onnie's feet began a sort of war-dance in the wet grass as Rawling approached.



"They passed men . . . nodding or waving to the boys"

"Where is this sufferin' pig, could your honor be tellin' me? God be above us all! With my name in his black, ugly mouth! I *knew* there 'd be trouble; the snake's bells did be sayin' so since the storm was comin'. An' him three times the bigness of Master San! Where 'd he be now?"

"Jim gave him an hour to be off the property, Onnie."

"God's mercy he had no knife in his hand, then, even with the men by an' Master San on his horse. Blessed Mary! I will go wait an' have speech with this Englishman on the road."

"You 'll go get dinner, Onnie Killelia," said Rawling. "Master San is tired, Bill and Ling are coming—and look there!"

The faithful were marching Percival down the road to the valley-mouth in the green dusk. He walked between Jansen and Bill, a dozen men behind, and a flying scud of boys before.

"An' Robbie 's not hurt," said Miss Cameron, "an' San ain't, neither; so don't you worry, Onnie. It 's all right."

Onnie laughed.

"I 'd like well to have seen the whip fly, your Honor. The arm of him! Will he be wantin' waffles to his dinner? Heyah! more trouble yet!" The rattles had whirled, and she shook her head. "A forest fire likely now? Or a child bein' born dead?"

"Father says she 's fey," Jennie observed as the big woman lumbered off.

"You mean she has second sight? Perhaps. Here 's a dollar for Robbie, and tell Ian he 's lucky."

BILL raced up as the rain began to fall heavily in the windless gray of six o'clock. He reported the cockney gone and the men loud in admiration of Sanford; so dinner was cheerful enough, although Sanford felt limp after his first attack of killing rage. Onnie's name on this animal's tongue had maddened him, the reaction made him drowsy; but Ling's winter at Lawrenceville and Bill's in New York needed hearing. Rawling left the three at the hall fireplace while he read a new novel in the library. The rain in-

creased, and the fall became a continuous throbbing so steady that he hardly heard the telephone ring close to his chair; but old Varian's voice came clear along the wire.

"Is that you, Bob? Now, listen. One of them girls at that place down the station road was just talkin' to me. She 's scared. She rung me up an' Cameron. That dam' Englishman 's gone out o' there bile drunk, swearin' he 'll cut San's heart out, the pup! He 's gone off wavin' his knife. Now, he knows the house, an' he ain't afraid o' nothin'—when he 's drunk. He might get that far an' try breakin' in. You lock up—"

"Lock up? What with?" asked Rawling. "There 's not a lock in the place. Father never had them put in, and I have n't."

"Well, don't worry none. Ian 's got out a dozen men or so with lights an' guns, an' Bill 's got his. You keep Bill an' Ling to sleep down-stairs. Ian 's got the men round the house by this. The hog 'll make noise enough to wake the dead."

"Nice, is n't it, Uncle Jim, having this whelp out gunning for San! I 'll keep the boys. Good night," he said hastily as a shadow on the rug engulfed his feet. The rattles spoke behind him.

"There 's a big trouble sittin' on my soul," said Onnie. "Your Honor knows there 's nothing makes mortal flesh so wild mad as a whipping, an' this dog does know the way of the house. Do you keep the agent's lads to-night in this place with guns to hand. The snake's bells keep ringin'."

"My God! Onnie, you 're making me believe in your rattles! Listen. Percival 's gone out of that den down the road, swearin' he 'll kill San. He 's drunk, and Cameron 's got men out."

"That 'u'd be the why of the lanterns I was seein' down by the forge. But it 's black as the bowels of purgatory, your Honor, an' him a strong, wicked devil, cruel an' angry. God destroy him! If he 'd tread on a poison snake! No night could be so black as his heart."

"Steady, Onnie!"

"I 'm speakin' soft. Himself 's not able to hear," she said, her eyes half shut. She rocked slowly on the amazing feet. "Give me a pistol, your Honor. I 'll be for sleepin' outside his door this night."

"You 'll go to bed and keep your door open. If you hear a sound, yell like perdition. Send Bill in here. Say I want him. That 's all. There 's no danger, Onnie; but I 'm taking no chances."

"We 'll take no chances, your Honor."

She turned away quietly, and Rawling shivered at this cool fury. The rattles made his spine itch, and suddenly his valley seemed like a place of demons. The lanterns circling on the lawn seemed like frail glow-worms, incredibly useless, and he leaned on the window-pane listening with fever to the rain.

"All right," said Bill when he had heard. "Phone the sheriff. The man 's dangerous, sir. I doctored a cut he had the other day, and he tells me he can see at night. That 's a lie, of course, but he 's light on his feet, and he 's a devil. I 've seen some rotten curs in the hospitals, but he 's worse."

"Really, Billy, you sound as fierce as Onnie. She wanted a gun."

The handsome young man bit a lip, and his great body shook.

"This is San," he said, "and the men would kill any one who touched you, and they 'd burn any one who touched San. Sorry if I 'm rude."

"We must n't lose our heads." Rawling talked against his fear. "The man 's drunk. He 'll never get near here, and he 's got four miles to come in a cold rain. But—"

"May I sleep in San's room?"

"Then he 'll know. I don't want him to, or Ling, either; they 're imaginative kids. This is a vile mess, Billy."

"Hush! Then I 'll sleep outside his door. I *will*, sir!"

"All right, old man. Thanks. Ling can sleep in Pete's room. Now I 'll 'phone Mackintosh."

But the sheriff did not answer, and his deputy was ill. Rawling shrugged, but

when Varian telephoned that there were thirty men searching, he felt more comfortable.

"You 're using the wires a lot, Dad," said Sanford, roaming in. "Anything wrong? Where 's Ling to sleep?"

"In Pete's room. Good night, Godson. No, nothing wrong."

But Sanford was back presently, his eyes wide.

"I say, Onnie 's asleep front of my door and I can't get over her. What 's got into the girl?"

"She 's worried. Her snake's bells are going, and she thinks the house 'll burn down. Let her be. Sleep with me, and keep my feet warm, Sonny."

"Sure," yawned Sanford. "'Night, Billy."

"Well," said Bill, "that settles that, sir. She 'd hear anything, or I will, and you 're a light sleeper. Suppose we lock up as much as we can and play some checkers?"

They locked the doors, and toward midnight Cameron rapped at the library window, his rubber coat glistening.

"Not a print of the wastrel loon, sir; but the lads will bide out the night. They 've whusky an' biscuits an' keep moving."

"I 'll come out myself," Rawling began, but the smith grunted.

"Ye 're no stirrin' oot yer hoos, Robert Rawling! Ye 're daft! Sin you met this ganglin' assassinator, wha' 'd be for maister? San 's no to lack a father. Gae to yer bit bed!"

"Gosh!" said Bill, shutting the window, "*he* 's in earnest. He forgot to try to talk English even. I feel better. The hog 's fallen into a hole and gone to sleep. Let 's go up."

"I suppose if I tell Onnie San 's with me, she 'll just change to my door," Rawling considered; "but I 'll try. Poor girl, she 's faithful as a dog!"

They mounted softly and beheld her, huddled in a blanket, mountainous, curled outside Sanford's closed door, just opposite the head of the stairs. Rawling stooped over the heap and spoke to the tangle of blue-shadowed hair.



"The cockney's wet bulk hurling itself toward the great woman where she stood, her arms flung cruciform, guarding the empty room"

"Onnie Killelia, go to bed."

"Leave me be, your Honor. I 'm—"

Sleep cut the protest. The rattles sounded feebly, and Rawling stood up.

"Just like a dog," whispered Bill, stealing off to a guest-room. "I 'll leave my door open." He patted the revolver in his jacket and grinned affectionately. "Good night, Boss."

Rawling touched the switch inside his own door, and the big globe set in the hall ceiling blinked out. They had decided that, supposing the cockney got so far, a lightless house would perplex his feet, and he would be the noisier. Rawling could reach this button from his bed, and silently undressed in the blackness, laying the automatic on the bedside table, reassured by all these circling folk, Onnie, stalwart Bill, and the loyal men out in the rain. Here slept Sanford, breathing happily, so lost that he only sighed when his father crept in beside him, and did not rouse when Rawling thrust an arm under his warm weight to bring him closer, safe in the perilous night.

The guest-room bed creaked beneath Bill's two hundred pounds of muscle, and Ling snored in Peter's room. Rawling's nerves eased on the mattress, and hypnotic rain began to deaden him, against his will. He saw Percival sodden in some ditch, his knife forgotten in brandy's slumbers. No shout came from the hillside. His mind edged toward vacancy, bore back when the boy murmured once, then he gained a mid-state where sensation was not, a mist.

HE sat up, tearing the blankets back, because some one moved in the house, and the rain could be heard more loudly, as if a new window were open. He swung his legs free. Some one breathed heavily in the hall. Rawling clutched his revolver, and the cold of it stung. This might be Onnie, any one; but he put his finger on the switch.

"Straight hover—hover the way it was," said a thick, puzzled voice. "There, that one! 'Is bloody barth!'"

The rattles whirled as if their first owner lived. Rawling pressed the switch.

"Your Honor!" Onnie screamed. "Your Honor! Master San! Be lockin' the door inside, Master San! Out of this, you! You!"

Rawling's foot caught in the doorway of the bright hall, and he stumbled, the light dazzling on the cockney's wet bulk hurling itself toward the great woman where she stood, her arms flung cruciform, guarding the empty room. The bodies met with a fearful jar as Rawling staggered up, and there came a crisp explosion before he could raise his hand. Bill's naked shoulder cannoned into him, charging, and Bill's revolver clinked against his own. Rawling reeled to the stair-head, aiming as Bill caught at the man's shirt; but the cockney fell backward, crumpling down, his face purple, his teeth displayed.

"In the head!" said Bill and bent to look, pushing the plastered curls from a temple. The beast whimpered and died; the knife rattled on the planks.

"Dad," cried Sanford, "what on—"

"Stay where you are!" Rawling gasped, sick of this ugliness, dizzy with the stench of powder and brandy. Death had never seemed so vile. He looked away to the guardian where she knelt at her post, her hands clasped on the breast of her coarse white robe as if she prayed, the hair hiding her face.

"I 'll get a blanket," Bill said, rising. "There come the men! That you, Ian?"

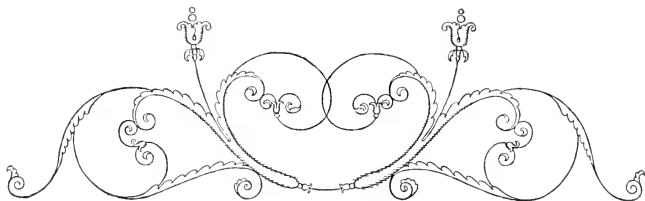
The smith and a crowd of pale faces crashed up the stairs.

"God forgie us! We let him by—the garden, sir. Alec thought he—"

"Gosh, Onnie!" said Bill, "excuse *me!* I 'll get some clothes on. Here, Ian—"

"Onnie," said Sanford, in the doorway—"Onnie, what 's the matter?"

As if to show him this, her hands, unclasping, fell from the dead bosom, and a streak of heart's blood widened from the knife-wound like the ribbon of some very noble order.



Questions

By CALE YOUNG RICE

WHAT shall I do when blows blind me?
How fare on when counsels cross?
Where shall I turn when life behind me
Seems like a course run at a loss?
Through what throes shall I beat to windward,
Uncontent with a lesser port?
Whom shall I trust when Heaven of me,
Heaven itself, seems making sport?

How shall I answer a knave's rating,
Done in a liar's arithmetic?
What shall I say to a fool's prating,
In destructiveness as quick?
How shall I meet a friend's treason
When it has scuttled the good ship Faith?
Whose are the stars, if wide disaster
At its will can do me scathe?

Answer there is, a brief order:
"Bear all blows, and yet be free;
Let no bitterness set a border
To your will, no treachery.
Speak, if you are the bigger for it;
Keep the silence, if you are less;
And if the stars indeed *be* godless,
Steer still by their godliness."



Mrs. Fiske Goes to the Play

An afternoon remembered by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

MRS. FISKE allowed me to escort her to the play. It was one afternoon in New York when she herself was not playing, and she was fired with a desire to watch with her own eyes a fairly celebrated actor who was filling one of our theaters at the time. If he were all they said of him, she had a tremendous program of plays planned, all unbeknown to him, for his immediate future. So we talked of him as we settled back in the shadow of an upper box to wait for that expectant hush when, as Mr. Leacock says, the orchestra "boils over in a cadence and stops," when the house grows suddenly dark, the foot-lights spring to life, and at last the curtains part. Which was naïve of us, for this was in New York, and there is no hush; only the clatter of unblushing late arrivals mingling pleasantly with the chatter of an audience which had brought its manners from the movies.

Mrs. Fiske was comfortable in what she fondly believed was the incognito afforded by a sheltering hat and an impenetrable veil; but had you been peering down from the last row in the gallery, I do not see how you could have failed to recognize her. One glimpse of those alert and extraordinarily characteristic shoulders, the sight, perhaps, of a familiar hand uplifted eloquently to score a point, and you would have known as well as I that *Becky Sharp* had come to see the play. But she was unaware of your scrutiny from the gallery; in fact, I doubt if there was any gallery. Her all-consuming interest at the moment was the star of the afternoon.

"Does he know his business?" she wanted to know. "He does? Has he vitality? Sometimes I wonder which is the more important. So many of these younger actors seem half asleep. Has he dignity? Most important of all, has he

distinction? What a priceless asset for the actor or actress, distinction of manner and personality! Three of the most gifted of our younger actresses are without it. It is too bad. It is heart-breaking. Each possesses strong dramatic instinct, great intelligence, charm, humor, emotional understanding; but each is utterly without the 'grand manner.' No matter how earnestly they aspire and work, they can never become commanding figures in the theater. That is," she added doubtfully, "unless distinction can be acquired. I wonder if it can be. Once a very clever, experienced, and splendidly trained young actress played a certain ingénue part with us. She had acting to her finger-tips, but she lacked the wonderful something her rather amateur successor possessed in a high degree. When the successor took the place, it was as if a rose had suddenly blossomed into the play. Distinction—that was it. Has our friend of this afternoon distinction?"

I refused to commit myself. I rather thought he did have dignity, considerable of it.

"He is terribly in earnest," I confided, "and I have a sneaking suspicion it grieves him inexpressibly that his art is only for the hour, and cannot live to tell the tale when he is gone."

Her eyes began to twinkle mutinously at that.

"You cannot mean it," she protested. "Do actors really fret about that any more? Did they ever? I suppose they did. At least they said a good deal about it. I remember a delightfully melancholy bit on the subject in *Cibber*."

And out of her inexhaustible memory she gave me in tones of mock solemnity these stately words, set down long ago by that famous actor, critic, dramatist, and annalist of the stage, Colley Cibber:

Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record! That the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or, at best, can but imperfectly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators!

"But you do not have to go as far back as Cibber," I put in. "I am sure Mr. Jefferson was feeling a little afflicted when he said there was nothing so useless as a dead actor, and I know Lawrence Barrett used to lament lugubriously that it was his fate every night of his life to carve a statue in snow."

Whereat Mrs. Fiske indulged herself in the most irreverent smile I have ever seen.

"Did Mr. Barrett really say that? Dear! dear! how seriously we take ourselves! And how absurd when we are paid in our own lifetime so much more in money and applause and fame than we often deserve, than any mortal could deserve! But, above all, how unthinkable that any one who looks at all beyond the hour of his death could be concerned with anything less personal and momentous than the fate of his own soul, could be anything but utterly engrossed by the intense wonder and curiosity as to what his life hereafter would be! *There* is something interesting. The great adventure.

"Yet, mind you," she went on, "I am not so sure there is no immortality for the actor. Of course the prodigious Mrs. Siddons—she must have been *prodigious*—lives in the enthusiasm, the recorded enthusiasm, of the men and women who saw her at Drury Lane. But who shall say her work does not survive in still another way? The best dramatic school I know is just the privilege of watching the great performances, and I like to think that the players Sarah Siddons inspired have handed on the inspiration from generation to generation. Thus would genius be eternally rekindled, and every once in a great while, quite without warn-

ing, we seem to be witnessing the renewal of the theater. I know I felt something of that when I saw the glow of Gareth Hughes's performance in 'Moloch.' But as for carving a statue in snow—"

And here Mrs. Fiske laughed so gaily that it was impossible to be serious any more. Indeed, when she can be persuaded to talk about the theater at all, it is usually with incorrigible lightness. And as she brought her inquisitive lognette to bear upon the program, I felt a sudden understanding and compassion for any one who had ever tried to interview her. I knew they had tried again and again, and if the results have been meager, I realized it was not because they were rebuffed, but because they were baffled. I was sure none of the tried and trusted baits would serve. I doubted if she would rise even to that old stand-by, "Mummer Worship," the contemptuous essay in which George Moore speaks of acting as "the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all," and one which "makes slender demands on the intelligence of the individual exercising it," the scornful paper in which he describes the modern mummer as one whose vanity has grown as weed never grew before till it "overtops all things human." Let the interviewer ask almost any actor what he thinks of "Mummer Worship," and he will get five columns of material without the need of another question. I wondered. I investigated. What *did* Mrs. Fiske think of "Mummer Worship"?

She gazed at me with mild surprise.

"What do I think of it?" she asked. "Dear child, I wrote it."

I might have known.

"Of course," she added, "there is no end of offensive nonsense in it; but in the matter of acting's place among the arts, I am not sure that even our dear Mr. Lewes realized why he had been led to think so often that the actor was the less exalted and less creative artist. I suspect it was because he had seen most of them in Shakspeare, an immeasurably greater artist than any actor we know of. None could be compared with him; yet, in the estimate



Mrs. Fiske in her present part in "Erstwhile Susan"

of the actor's place in the arts, they all *have* been compared with Shakspere, I think. But there are times when the actor as an artist is far greater and more creative than his material, when he does something more than 'repeat a portion of a story invented by another,' as Mr. Moore has it. Yet quite as distinguished a writer has said the least gifted author of a play, the least gifted creator of a drama, is a man of higher intellectual importance than his best interpreter. Now, distin-

guished though he be, this writer betrays himself as one untrained in the psychology of the theater. We actors are time and again compelled to *read* values into plays—values unprovided by our authors. Think of Duse in 'Magda.' Out of her knowledge of life, out of her vision, by virtue of her incomparable art, she created depths in that character which Sudermann not only never put there, but never could have put there."

"I remember," I said, "that somewhere

Arthur Symons sighed over Duse, and wept that the poets of the day left empty that perfect 'chalice for the wine of imagination.' "

"Fie upon the poets!" Mrs. Fiske agreed; "and yet it always seemed to me that the rich wine of her own imagination kept that chalice full almost to the brim. But mind you," she whispered while we drew our chairs forward as the lights went down for the play, "as for the first part of 'Mummer Worship,' it was a little thing of my own."

WHEN a blaze of anger from one of the women in the play brought down the curtain at the end of the first act, Mrs. Fiske devoted herself to a few moments of approving applause.

"Admirable!" she exclaimed. "That, my friend, was the essence of acting."

And I pounced on the phrase, for here was a little problem in dramatic criticism that interested me enormously, because it seemed to hold the key to half the wild confusion of thought in contemporary comment on the art of acting. "The essence of acting!" I fished from my pocket a frowzy envelop on which some time before I had scribbled sentences from two essays of the day. One of them had said, "A good actor is one who is successful in completely immersing his own personality in the rôle he is playing." And the other had said, "The very essence of acting lies in the capacity of assumption and impersonation of a conceived character and personality different from that of the player."

I showed them to Mrs. Fiske not merely because, to me, they seemed wild, but because they seemed typically wild, not merely because these men had said them, but because many had implied them and reared thereon shaky structures of dramatic criticism. She read them with the smile with which one greets an old friend.

"Speaking as a dramatic critic," Mrs. Fiske began in a profoundly judicial manner. Then she paused, and smiled a little as though some mischievous thought were trying to dispel her judicial calm.

"But what," I persisted, "is the answer?"

"Answer? There are seven answers which occur to me offhand."

"Tell me one."

"Duse," she replied triumphantly. "And the other six are Irving, Terry, Mansfield, Jefferson, Réjane, and Sarah Bernhardt. I am sure if we went back over all the reams and reams that were written about this splendid seven, we should find a good deal about their 'just playing themselves.' Yet when the writers on the stage brandish that phrase, when they talk of 'immersing the personality,' I suspect they are engrossed for the moment with personal appearance, mannerisms, matters of mimicry, and disguise. They are engrossed with *externals*. Yet can they possibly think these factors, incalculably important though they be, are involved in the *essence* of acting? So much of the confusion of thought can be traced, I think, to the very use of the words 'mannerisms' and 'personality' when they mean a larger thing. They mean *style*. What they see recurrent in each impersonation of a great artist is just this style. It is a part of the art of *all* artists, but only the *actor* is scolded for it. Wagner is intensely Wagnerian even in the most humorous passages of 'Die Meistersinger.' Whistler is always Whistler, and Sargent always Sargent. Dickens was always Dickens. The one time he lapsed from his own style was when he wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities,' and only those who do not love Dickens at all like that book the best. Only Charles Reade was at his best when he was not himself. Chesterton is always extravagantly himself even when he writes for the theater. Imagine a Barrie book that was not Barriesque, or a Barrie play that was not at all Barrie. In that sense Duse was always Duse and Irving was always Irving."

"Suppose," I ventured, "that an actor in your company were called upon to play an old Scotch gardener in a towering rage. What would be the essential thing?"

"The rage," she answered instantly,

and then added in a moment of caution, "though if he did not suggest gardening and age and Scotland, the director should plot his undoing. He should want him out of the company. But the rage would be the heart of the matter, the real test of him, the essence of his acting."

is truth?" And she held up her hand as if to draw it in through the tips of her fingers. "It is everywhere, in the skies, in the mountains, in the air around us, in life. The essence of acting is the conveyance of truth through the medium of the actor's mind and person. The sci-



"'When I remember Duse . . . I think only of the essential thing, the style, the quality, that was Duse'"

"Then the essential thing is the emotion—"

"I am afraid of the word. It has been depreciated by 'emotionalism,' whatever that may mean. If it does not mean acting, it does not mean anything. No," she went on reflectively, "I have never tried before to put it into words, but it seems to me that the essence of acting is the conveyance of certain states of mind and heart, certain spiritual things, certain abstract qualities. It is the conveyance of truth by the actor as a medium. What

ence of acting deals with the perfecting of that medium. The great actors are the luminous ones. They are the great conductors of the stage."

She laughed a little.

"Are we getting too mystical?" she asked.

"Somewhat."

"It will do us good. But be sure of this, the essence of acting is the expression of the abstract thing, courage, fear, despair, anguish, anger, pity, piety. The great rôles are, in that sense, abstractions.

So *Juliet* is youthful love, and *Lady Macbeth* is will power or ruthless ambition, as you will. Think of Duse in 'La Locandiera.' As for her mannerisms, as to the extent of her disguise, as for the difference between her rôle and her own personality, I do not remember. In many matters of externals she was careless. You know she was almost theatrical in her untheatricalism. Her make-up for *Mirandolina* and *Santuzza* was virtually the same. *Mirandolina* in that delightful comedy is the coquettish hostess of the inn. I do not remember how exactly she represented or suggested a hostess of an inn. What I do remember is that she was more than a coquettish hostess. She was more than a coquette. She achieved a sublimation. *She was coquetry*. I think of her in the book scene from 'Paolo and Francesca.' There she played the guilty lover, but she was more than a guilty lover: she was guilty love. And so," said Mrs. Fiske, "I think there must be something amiss with those definitions on the back of your envelop, for when we look on the great actors of our time, the questions those definitions raise may vanish utterly—vanish into thin air. Indeed, the greatest actors have, in a sense, always played themselves. When I remember Duse, I cannot think of her degree of success in this or that impersonation. I cannot think of her variations. I think only of the essential thing, the style, the quality, that was Duse. Just as we think of a certain style and quality at the very mention of Whistler's name. When I remember Irving and Terry, I am inclined to think that Miss Terry was the greater actor, the more luminous medium, just because, while I can think of Irving in widely varied characterizations, I can think of her only as the quality that was Ellen Terry, the indescribable iridescence of her, the brilliance that was like sunlight shimmering on the waters of a fountain. When I think of Ellen Terry in her prime, were it *Portia* or *Olivia* or *Beatrice*, I think of light, light, radiance, radiance, always moving, moving, moving, always motion."

I wish that Ellen Terry, and all the rest of the world, for that matter, could have seen and heard Mrs. Fiske as she spoke these words for remembrance.

"But," she added, smiling, "it is n't Ellen Terry this afternoon, and here is our second act."

WHEN the curtain fell again, and the house began to buzz even more vigorously than while the scene was in progress, we caught at the loose ends of our first entr'acte.

"We made our little definition on the spur of the moment," said Mrs. Fiske, "but I think I could prove it by the great actors I have seen."

"Who was the greatest actor you ever saw?" I demanded, who have a passion for such things. "What was the greatest single performance?"

Mrs. Fiske gazed distractedly about her. "I could not possibly tell."

"Of course not. We never can. What was the greatest short story? Shall we say 'A Lodging for the Night' to save the trouble of thinking it out? Ask any novelist to name the greatest novel, and he will say 'Tom Jones.'"

"But," said the heretic, "it might embarrass him dreadfully, poor man, if you were to ask him to name any of the characters in 'Tom Jones.'"

"Of course it's an impossible question, I know; but I should like to know what names come to your mind when you try to answer it. Suppose," I persisted—"suppose you were asked at the point of a loaded gun to name the greatest performance you ever saw, what would you say?"

Mrs. Fiske had an answer for that:

"Shoot!" So I threw away the gun and surrendered.

"But, you see," she explained, "I have had such mere snatches as a playgoer. I have been very little to the theater. Often the great actors have played here in the city when I was here, and yet, evening for evening and matinée for matinée, I, too, was playing and could not see them. We of the stage who are critical, but responsive, playgoers, and who go more than

half-way to meet every play, have few opportunities at your side of the foot-lights. So I saw Edwin Booth only when he was too old and Mansfield only when he was too young. I never saw him in his mature years. If I were to speak slightly of him, you might wring from me the admission that I had seen him in none of his great rôles. Then I know, if you do not, how players vary in a single rôle, how unfair a chance glimpse of them on an off night may be. The worst performances I ever gave as *Becky Sharp* were both in New York. One was at the première of the play; the other was on the first night of its revival. I should not care to be judged on those. It would be absurd. They were shocking performances, both of them. Indeed, the annalist of the stage who allows himself to write positively on the work of a really great stage artist at one sitting is on unsafe ground. A really great master in any art must be studied. We may not understand him at all at first. Particularly is the critic of great acting in danger. Great actors are not so steady as great painters, composers, sculptors, or writers. They are not so dependable. I have seen Miss Terry, Duse, and others of high degree give shockingly bad performances. Personally, I am cautious as a critic. I am careful not to give an opinion on the work of an actor of great reputation until I have studied

him carefully many times. I am fearful of making a blunder. No artist is so likely to be over-keyed as the really great actor, and if he is over-keyed, he gives a hopeless performance.

"There is one minor actress, however, of whom I have always been a merciless critic. That is myself. I acted 'Salvation Nell' steadily for two years, and in all that time I gave only one performance that I approved, only one that was really *good*. That solitary performance was given, by the way, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Did you happen to be there?" she asked, with mock concern. "I was afraid not. But you see why I hesitate to play critic out of my meager experiences as a playgoer.

"Then, too, I know that some of the finest things lie unchronicled far off the beaten track. I often wonder how

many of them I have not only missed, but never even heard of. I know one of the most stirring performances I ever witnessed was in a little German theater out West, and one of the most stimulating playhouses I know is the Neighborhood Playhouse far down in Grand Street. It wins one's admiration and respect at once. It is a rest and delight to enter its lobby. Rare good taste prevails everywhere, in the auditorium, in every department behind the scenes—good taste, good sense. The Neighborhood Playhouse has made no pretensions; its policy is dignified and



Mrs. Fiske as *Tess*

practical. The higher and more 'advanced' dramatic literature is given careful, sympathetic, and intelligent interpretation. More than that, one is as apt as not to experience the thrill of a moment of genuine beauty here and there. And surprises are in store. The whole spirit of the thing is so fine that one cannot help hoping it will grow eventually into something bigger and of greater service.

"We must be careful, though, not to take the tone of patronizing discoverers when we tell of the out-of-the-way theaters. I remember an American professor writing home from Italy years ago of a performance he had stumbled on in an obscure and dingy theater in Venice. He was really quite impressed, and added graciously that some of our fairly good American actors might do worse than contemplate such sound and unpretentious endeavor. It was not until long afterward that he found out whom he had seen that afternoon," she said, with a delighted laugh at the recollection. "As he had not bought a program that day in Venice, it was not until she came in triumph to America that he knew he had stumbled on that out-of-the-way actress, Eleanora Duse."

"But the great names that come to mind?" I prompted at the sound of one of them.

"Well," she said, "I have played with a good many. I played with Barry Sullivan, Laura Keane, E. L. Davenport, John McCullough, Junius Brutus Booth, Mary Anderson. But you cannot expect me to remember what I probably did not even notice at the time. And having started at three, I was such a tiny child when I played with most of those. I could not have been five when I was in Miss Keane's company. Of all those with whom I played when I was a mere baby, my most vivid memory is of J. K. Emmet, and I have never known since then a more overwhelming charm than that graceless comedian had. I played with him in New York in a piece called 'Carl and Lena,' a momentous occasion, for it was then that Mr. Fiske first beheld me, and it was then that Emmet sang for

the first time—to me sitting there on his knee—his famous lullaby. He had charm in the sense that Lotta had it, and still has it.

"So I saw a good many of the great folk in those days, but I doubt if I ever appreciated a performance as great until I saw Adelaide Neilson as *I'ola*. I was thirteen then, and to this day I remember the beauty and the very technic of that performance. I remember perfectly bits of 'business.' Certainly Miss Neilson comes to my mind, and moments of the great Janauschek. Then Duse as *Mirandolina*, as *Francesca*, and in 'La femme de Claude'; Irving and Terry in 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Merchant of Venice'; Jefferson as *Bob Acres* and *Rip*; and Calvé as *Carmen* and *Santuzza*. You may think of Calvé only as a great singer. I think of her as a great actress.

"But that was long ago. I do not know when in later years I have been more impressed than by the work of Frances Starr and Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh in 'Marie Odile,' and certainly I must not forget the fine playing I have witnessed not from the auditorium, but from my own corner of the stage. Let me pay my respects to George Arliss in 'The New York Idea' and 'Leah Kleschna,' John Mason and Marian Lea in 'The New York Idea,' Tyrone Power in 'Mary of Magdala,' Holbrook Blinn and Gilda Varesi in 'Salvation Nell,' William B. Mack in 'Kleschna' and 'Hedda Gabler,' and Carlotta Nillson in 'Hedda.' How many of these come to mind! There was Fuller Mellish and Albert Bruning in 'Rosmersholm,' Arthur Byron in 'The High Road,' and Florine Arnold as *Ma* in 'Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.' How can I hope to tell you all I have admired! As for the best of all, I suppose it was something of Duse's. Or Terry's, perhaps. But there I go again. I do not know."

And there went the curtain again. The third and last act was on, and the few moments of reminiscence were over.

THESE were fleeting, haphazard reminiscences of Mrs. Fiske as a playgoer. Her reminiscences as an actress may not be

set down here, for her thoughts are too much of to-day and to-morrow for the past to find much place even in her most idle conversation. We all know that the story of her life on the stage, an adven-

noon and helped her into it, I thought, as I walked away, how amazingly long and varied that story would be. Most of the present generation of playgoers would expect to find little beyond the chapters



“When I think of Ellen Terry in her prime . . . I think of light, light, radiance, radiance, always moving, moving, moving; always motion”

turous, multitudinous career covering nearly half a century of the American theater, would be engrossing reading, but it is hard for me to imagine her ever becoming sufficiently interested in that story to set it down on paper.

After I had lured a cab out of the jam of traffic in Forty-second Street that after-

dealing with that most significant and most productive period of her career, the years of the Manhattan Company, from her appearance as *Tess* to the presentation here and in Chicago of Hauptmann's wonderful “Hannele.” But there would be so many other chapters.

The story would have to account for a

very small actress trotting obliviously through the children's rôles back in the late sixties and early seventies in the cavernous playhouses along the lower reaches of the Mississippi. It would then have to account for the spirited and capricious Minnie Maddern journeying all over America in the hoidenish comedies of a day gone by; for the new actress named Mrs. Fiske who came back to the stage in the nineties to play some of the most somber tragedies of our time, and to lead with Mr. Fiske the independents in the mighty battle against the syndicate; then for the glittering comedienne who is even now revisiting old theaters and old friends the country over as the woman elocutionist in "Erstwhile Susan." And even then the story would not be finished.

If I had anything to say about it, which seems wildly improbable, I am sure the first chapter would tell of her appearance in "Macbeth." Every once in so often some critic, newly impressed by her capacity to represent will power incarnate, has been inspired to at least a column of which the gist is that he would like to see her play "Macbeth," ignoring the fact that she did play it once with sensational effect, although it must be admitted she was not suffered to be the bloody lady of Inverness, but was compelled to hide her light as the crowned child who rises from the caldron in the black cavern to make the prophecy about Great Birnam Wood. By way of preface, this child must exclaim:

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are!

But, unorthodox even then, she besought him to be indifferent to "perspirers." She tried this new reading at the first performance with devastating effect, particularly on the *Macbeth* of the evening, no less a person, as it happened, than Barry Sullivan. He left the stage a shattered being, but when the culprit was brought before him, he could only roar with laughter at the sight of so preposterously diminutive an actress and promise forthwith to buy

her a lollipop. And he did buy it. It was probably that new and fascinating word which fastened that adventure in her memory and so brought it in time to us.

The account of her appearance in "Pinafore" would have to come later, for the juvenile companies which are described in the first chapter of so many stage biographies found Minnie Maddern already a veteran. There would



Mrs. Fiske at the age of sixteen or seventeen, about the time when she first won the admiration of Frohman and Belasco

have to be a chapter devoted to the time when she sang that imperishable opera for a hundred performances, if for no other reason than the rather startling one that she was not the *Josephine* or even the *Hebe*, but that lowly suitor, *Ralph Rackstraw*.

One chapter would cover the painful transition period of her early teens when, at twelve or thirteen, she would step boldly forth as *Louise* in "The Two Orphans," perhaps, or as *Lucy* in "The Streets of New York," and then struggle during the next week to conceal and nullify her ambitious legs beneath the short frocks of *Little Eva*.

In that story old friends of all of us would enter for a time and disappear. Ethelbert Nevin, Eva Booth, Madame Réjane—who knows whom we might not

meet? Out in Denver, for instance, we would be sure to meet Eugene Field, the Eugene Field of the needy "Tribune" days when red-haired Minnie Maddern toured the far West and tried to be just as much like Lotta as possible. Then was the Tabor Grand in its glory, that celebrated op'ry-house where Field saw "Modjesky ez Cameel" and even tried to

disrupt her performance. Mrs. Fiske tells me, by a sepulchral cough of which he was inordinately proud. He would practise it long and patiently in the open country, and then produce it at the theater in all its beauty until the ushers dragged him to the street. On little Miss Maddern, however, he would expend such flattering attention and such horny-handed appreciation that at last she was betrayed into coming happily before the curtain and blushing over a bunch of violets that hurtled down at her feet from the Field box.

She bent to pick them up, and then the happiness was his, for back they were yanked across the footlights. He had tied a string to them. Not that she learned enough from that bitter experience, for after the engagement, at the farewell dinner they gave her, she was genuinely touched when Field made a glowing speech, and in behalf of the "gentlemen of the Denver press" placed in her hands a handsome jewel-case. She made a tremulous little speech of acceptance, and then opened the case. Within were ear-rings, two of them, each made of glass and each the size of a seckel pear. The fury at herself for letting them take her in still burns.

"I might have known," she groaned when I brought the story to her for verification. "I suppose all the 'gentlemen of the Denver press' in those days could not have raised ten dollars among them."

Eugene Field, wag and chivalrous comrade, passes out of the story in time, but then enters Professor Copeland, the beloved "Copey" of Harvard, who has only

to intimate that he might read a bit of Kipling at the Harvard Club to pack to the doors that New York gathering-place of his old boys. A formal and forbidding biography of Mrs. Fiske might tell of the lecture on her art she once delivered—in a moment of abstraction, I suspect—from the stage of Sanders Theater in Cambridge, but the story we are after will tell rather of the time she journeyed out there to have tea at Hollis with Professor Copeland. The old "Advocate"



Mrs. Fiske at four, a year after her début on the stage

boys still tell how they waylaid her at the station, bore her in triumph to the "Advocate" office, and so lavished their attentions on her that the afternoon was half spent before a stern messenger-boy appeared with a note for her. One glance at it, and with overwhelming gestures of despair, contrition, and farewell, she vanished from their sight. The message had fluttered unheeded to the floor. It was simply this, brief, but imperious, "Minnie, come over to Copey's."

We should meet Copeland, then, and Lotta and Janauschek. Not the Lotta of the sixties and seventies, but the Miss Crabtree who lives in sedate retirement, and whom Mrs. Fiske visits whenever she

is in Boston, to come away each time filled with wonder at a charm and comic spirit that have never flagged. Not the Janau-schek of the thunderous and bosom-beating times, but the kindly *Hausfrau* who used to search her memories of the palmy days as she rocked comfortably in the evenings on the veranda of Mrs. Fiske's home in New York.

And if it were left for me to write that story, I would certainly want some reference to "Fogg's Ferry," the wild Western melodrama with which in the early eighties Miss Maddern herself came out of the West. Only the other day the man who wrote it passed on. It was her first appearance in our part of the country as a star, and she could not have been more than sixteen at the time. Not from her, but as a friend of a friend of Frohman's, I learned how profound was the impression she made then on two young adventurers of the theater who crossed her trail in Boston and aspired to place her under contract forever and ever. One was named Charles Frohman, the other was named David Belasco. One evening they met in the lobby of the old Boston Museum and poured forth to each other their faith in the new star that had shot across the theatrical firmament. Soon Frohman became so worked up that he borrowed two dollars and hurried away. It is not puzzling that he should have had to borrow that staggering sum in those lean days, but it is a little mysterious that Belasco should have had it to lend. With it Froh-

man made his way to a florist's and demanded as fine a bouquet as his funds would buy. Then, with his arms full of flowers and his head full of dreams, he made for the theater where "Fogg's Ferry" was the bill. As he approached the alley leading to the stage-door his heart sank at a strange apparition. There,

entering the same alley, with the same token under his arm, was the young Belasco. It was too much. The two met at the stage-door, each grimly determined that his flowers and his offer should go in first. A scuffle followed, and soon the stagehands were rushing to the heroine of the story with accounts of the pitched battle between her admirers. She could not have guessed that the fight for her favor was between two who would achieve in-



Sarah Bernhardt, as *Pauline Blanchard*

ternational reputation in the theater of twenty years after. She was merely gratified, exhilarated, and delighted beyond measure by the flowers and the fight. I have never been able to learn whose bouquet did pass the door first, but I suspect it was Frohman's, for thirty years later when he hobbled back-stage at the Hudson Theater when she was playing there in "The High Road," his first greeting was, "Did you keep the flowers?" Whereat she beamed upon him and held out both her hands.

"O my dear Mr. Frohman," she said, "would that I could have!"

But, then, that is just a scrap from a story I hope will be written one of these fine days by somebody else.



Spring Rain

By SARA TEASDALE



I THOUGHT I had forgotten,
But it all came back again
To-night with the first spring thunder
In a rush of rain.



I remembered a darkened doorway
Where we stood while the storm swept by,
Thunder gripping the earth
And lightning scrawled on the sky.



The passing motor-busses swayed,
For the street was a river of rain,
Lashed into little golden waves
In the lamplight's stain.



With the wild spring rain and thunder
My heart was wild and gay;
Your eyes said more to me that night
Than your lips would ever say.



I thought I had forgotten,
But it all came back again
To-night with the first spring thunder
In a rush of rain.



Europe and Islam

The Problems of the Califate and of the Devolution of Mohammedan Lands

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," "The New Map of Africa," etc.

I
DURING the thousand years between the Battle of Tours and the Battle of Vienna, which marked the extreme advance of Islam in western and eastern Europe, Mohammedan states and Mohammedan races were a constant menace to the security and prosperity of Europe because of their military strength, their control of the Mediterranean, and the temptation alliance with them afforded to European states to strike at one another to the detriment of Christianity and civilization. In the decadence of Islam, Mohammedan states have remained a menace to the development of European civilization and to international harmony and understanding. Their flags no longer float on the Mediterranean, their military power is broken; but their very impotence makes them more dangerous than ever before. They are more susceptible to diplomatic intrigues. Their defenselessness has kept whetted the territorial appetite of the European powers. Some choice morsels have already been devoured: Russia was eating steadily until she reached Armenia across the Caucasus in 1878; France and England did not stop for half a century until Tunis was consumed in 1881 and Egypt in 1882; Austria revived the European traditions of the generation before in Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908; Italy and France in Tripoli and Morocco in 1911.

And after the present war, what more? Russia already has her hands on the rest of Armenia, and has publicly stated that

her allies have "awarded" to her Constantinople in the future treaty; French public opinion claims Syria; Great Britain, ensconced in Mesopotamia, is making desperate efforts to reach Bagdad; Persia is the scene of bitter struggles between the belligerents, none of whom has paid the slightest attention to Persian protests against the violation of her neutrality; Italy makes no secret of her intentions in regard to Albania and Asia Minor; Austria-Hungary holds most of Albania, and is credited with ambitions in Macedonia to the detriment of Bulgaria and Greece; and Germany, with one foot on Belgium and the other on Serbia, declares her own territorial disinterestedness, and claims to be the protector of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the sole friend left to Islam.

When one is writing on a special phase of a complex problem there is danger of over-emphasis, of exaggerating the importance of the particular phase under consideration. Perhaps it would be as naïve and as oblivious to a multitude of issues to say that the present war arose in the near East as to say that Great Britain came into the war to defend the principle of Belgium's neutrality. And yet the history of international relations during the last hundred years shows in almost every decade the decisive influence of the question of the devolution of Mohammedan lands in the foreign policy of the great powers. Who can deny that the Eastern Question, created by the decadence of Islam and kept in the foreground of diplomatic preoccupations by the fear of each power that every other

power was trying to "get in on the ground floor" in Mohammedan countries, has been the principal factor in European alliances and European conflicts since the Congress of Vienna?

Napoleon's lack of success in holding Alexander after the Tilsit interview; the impairment of the Holy Alliance over the questions raised by the War of Greek Independence; the policy of England toward France in regard to Mohammed Ali; the Crimean War and the Treaty of Paris; French intervention in Syria; Bismarck's bribe to Russia in 1870; the attitude of England and Austria toward Russia in the Turkish war of 1877 and the Congress of Berlin; Italy's entrance into the Triple Alliance after France took Tunis; the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, with Egypt and Morocco as the principal "compensations"; the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, for which Persia paid the piper; Russia's use of her opportunity in Serbia after Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina; the effect of maritime considerations upon Italy's international relations when she found herself in Tripoli and Rhodes; the change in the attitude of the Balkan States toward one another when the powers imposed the Albanian embargo—had all these events no part in preparing and precipitating the Great War? Are they not exercising a potent influence upon the course of the war? Shall we not have to go back to them, and take them into account, in the reconstruction of Europe? To put Prussian militarism in the place of devolution of Mohammedan territories as the *summum malum* from which Europe is suffering does not augur well for the world's hope of a durable peace.

The bearing of the Islamic problem upon the Eastern Question has an importance all its own. Here we have the aspirations of Mohammedan races, independent and under European control, and the sufferings and hopes of Christian races still in subjection to Mohammedans. The difficulties that will arise in connection with acting justly and

wisely toward these races of the near East when their claims come before the peace conference, and the adoption of a pan-European policy toward the problem of the califate, are questions of vital importance in the reconstruction of Europe.

II

WE do not know how many Moslems there are in the world. It is impossible to arrive at even approximate figures. Missionaries and travelers speak "in round numbers," sparing or generous with millions to such an extent that the student, astounded and bewildered by the discrepancies in estimates, becomes skeptical of statistics. In many parts of Asia and Africa the absence of data upon which to compute population, much less the religions professed by the people, puts estimates of Mohammedan totals into the field of speculation. But where the population of states or regions has been compiled by government officials who have facts to go upon, and where that population is preponderantly Moslem, fairly reliable estimates are possible. Such is the case along the Mediterranean littoral of Africa, in a few African protectorates, in Russia and portions of Asiatic Russia, in India, and in the Dutch East Indies.

A conservative estimate of Moslems under European rule or effective European protection is as follows:

Great Britain	85,000,000
Holland	30,000,000
Russia	17,000,000
France	15,000,000

There are also Moslems in colonies owing allegiance to Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the United States, and to Austria-Hungary and the Balkan States directly as citizens. But their number is not large enough to call for a definite Mohammedan colonial policy.

From an international point of view the Mohammedan question is not a complicated one for Holland. Her Moslems are on islands, and their relations with Mohammedans of independent states and the colonies and protectorates of other

European powers can easily be controlled. Great Britain, Russia, and France, on the other hand, cannot divorce the problem of Islam from their general colonial and foreign policy. Their unique position in the Mohammedan world was one of the compelling forces that gave birth to the Triple Entente. The necessity, perhaps unconsciously divined, of standing together to protect their Mohammedan interests led them to compound colonial rivalries. Thus "the next European war" showed a grouping of powers very different from that which the observer of European affairs might reasonably have prophesied at the beginning of the twentieth century. In 1900, Great Britain was not yet ready to abandon to Germany the title of defender of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and British statesmen were in a frame of mind to look upon France and Russia rather than upon Germany and Austria as the disturbers of world's peace who had to be fought and cured of unhealthy ambitions. The new orientation of British foreign policy began in 1902, and was determined by the French Agreement of 1904 and the Russian Agreement of 1907.

Most Russian Moslems are Russian subjects. They form compact masses in southern and southeastern Russia, the Caucasus, the trans-Caspian district, central Asia (with Turkestan), and the protectorates of Khiva and Bokhara. Although Russian Moslems are in contact with their *coreligionnaires* in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, they have no pronounced separatist tendencies, and have not been a source of anxiety to Russia except in the Caucasus and on the Persian frontier. On the other hand, Russia has used her Moslems to make trouble for Great Britain and Turkey. During the first decade of the twentieth century Turkey conducted an agitation against France from Tripoli and Egypt. But the Italian and Senussi wars have shut off French Moslems from Cairo and Constantinople for the last five years. Only upon Great Britain is the necessity imposed, as it has been since the begin-

ning of her imperial policy, of watching Islam in every place where Islam is indigenous. Great Britain cannot afford to be ignorant of any question, of any movement, that affects Islam. Eastern Africa and Zanzibar and Somaliland come into contact with Arabia, western Africa with the Sudan and Tripoli, Tripoli and the Sudan with Egypt. Egypt is adjacent to Arabia and Turkey. The Malay states and Ceylon are in communication with Java and Sumatra and India. India comes into contact with central Asia and by way of Afghanistan with Persia. Aden, the Persian Gulf states, and Baluchistan are invariably affected by events in Turkey and Arabia and Mesopotamia. Moslem penetration into central Africa has become a subject of study and reports on the part of Nyasaland and Rhodesian officials. It is not beyond the province of British prudence to watch Islam in Siam and to wonder how many Moslems there are in China.

The establishment of the French protectorate over Morocco in 1912 left very little of the Moslem world outside of European control or "protection." The five remaining Mohammedan countries, all of them except Afghanistan struggling at the present moment to prevent being subjugated by Europe, have an approximate Mohammedan population as follows:

Ottoman Empire	
(including Arabia)	14,000,000
Persia	9,000,000
Afghanistan	5,000,000
Tripoli (with	
Senussi hinterland)	700,000
Albania	500,000

Albania is occupied militarily by Austro-Hungarian, Italian, and Bulgarian armies. The Italians have a foothold at several places on the coast of Tripoli, and had secured European acknowledgment of "annexation" before the Great War broke out. Russians, British, and Turks are fighting in Persia, where the two former have not been able to maintain the

cynically established "spheres of influence" of 1907. Turkey is a belligerent, allied to the Central powers and Bulgaria.

European states have come into conflict with Islam and with one another through commercial and political expansion into Mohammedan countries. The history of international diplomacy in the Islamic world is an unbroken record of bullying and blundering on the part of *all* the powers. In governmental policies one searches in vain for more than an occasional ray of chivalry, uprightness, altruism, for a consistent line of action in attempting to solve the problems that were leading Europe from one war to another, for constructive statesmanship. European cabinets used the aspirations of Christian subject races to promote their own ends against one another and to threaten Turkey. Then, for fear of sacrificing what they thought they had gained, foreign offices and ambassadors allowed the wretched Christians to be massacred for having dared to respond to European overtures and to put faith in promises of protection. European diplomacy inspired Abdul-Hamid to make Panislamism a political propaganda, thus denaturing one of the most promising and beautiful religious revivals of Islam. When the diplomats saw their mistake, they tried to wrest away the weapon they had put in the sultan's hands and to use it against one another. In their eagerness to thwart one another and to win concessions and colonies for their own countries, there was alternate bullying and fawning *ad nauseam*. The idea of the "universal califate" is wholly foreign to Mohammedan genius and traditions. It emanated from the brains of European statesmen whose knowledge of Mohammedan laws and history was, to say the least, vague.

The indictment of European diplomacy in the near East is terrible; one might even say that it seems incredible. But there are a dozen thoroughly documented treatises on the Eastern Question available in all large libraries to which the reader of independent judgment who

wishes corroboration of my assertions may go. And do not the facts as set forth in compact text-books of nineteenth-century European history speak for themselves? From Vienna, 1815, to Bukharest, 1913, has the concert of European powers, or any one power, maintained a consistent, or shown an altruistic, policy in dealing with the emancipation and devolution of Mohammedan territories? Has there been a traditional grouping of the powers, some as champions, others as oppressors, of small nationalities? What power has not played the game of encouraging Christians under the Mohammedan yoke, and then abandoned them to their fate in order not to offend Mohammedan sentiment? The evolution of Serbia, of Rumania, of Bulgaria, of Greece, of Crete; the sufferings of Armenia and Syria; the anarchy of Arabia; the vacillating policy in Egypt and northern Africa; the intrigues at Constantinople; the handling of Persia and Afghanistan—all these give us the formula of European diplomacy. It is this: selfish national interest endeavoring to thwart other selfish national interests. Frequently events have proved that the distrust which led to wars and to threats of wars was unfounded. In France and Great Britain public opinion, when enlightened, has sometimes called for a policy dictated by justice and inspired by humanity; but such a policy has not been adopted.

One might remonstrate that it is ungracious and profitless to recall the regrettable past now that we are in the midst of a war of glorious idealism, when the sins of the ancestors are being dearly paid for in human blood, and when the world is moving irresistibly toward a peace that will rectify the injustices of nineteenth-century diplomacy. But this is precisely why we need to set forth clearly the issues that are at stake, and to study the means of avoiding the old pitfalls and of securing the triumph of the principles for which millions are giving their lives. Since we hope that this war will bring about a general liquidation of the political ills from which mankind is suffering,

the fate of Mohammedan races and of Christian races calling for emancipation from Mohammedan rule must perforce interest us as much as the fate of Belgium and Serbia. In response to President Wilson's note, both groups of belligerents, while declaring that there is no necessity for American mediation, make an official bid for American sympathy and support in establishing a post-bellum world status upon principles of justice and liberty for all nations, especially for small and weak nations. If we want to get a *world* vision, then, of a *world* peace, it is incumbent upon us to acquaint ourselves with extra-European as well as with European problems. The relations of Europe with Islam, the future of the califate, the devolution of Mohammedan territories, the status of emancipated Christian races—we want to know what the belligerents have in mind as a solution of these questions. For these questions affect vitally the bases of a durable world peace.

Limits of space prevent a magazine article from being more than suggestive. The writer can deal with subjects only in outline, trusting that the reader will be moved to seek the catalogue of his library or, better still, to consult his librarian. In America the library catalogue is a treasure-house that needs no key, and the librarian is the able and indispensable ally of the school-master and the publicist. Since this is so, I do not hesitate to attempt to trace in a few paragraphs several factors in the reconstruction of Europe that are unfortunately too little in the public mind.

III

A RECENT manifesto of American educationalists and clergymen that was quoted widely in the French and British press condemned the action of Kaiser Wilhelm in trying to arouse Islam against his enemies. The condemnation is just, for Kaiser Wilhelm, as a Christian monarch, is faithless in this action as in many others to the true interests of Christianity and European civilization. But, unfortunately, he has only followed the traditional policy

of Christian monarchs from Francis the First of France to his own grandmother, Queen Victoria. Ever since the Turks set foot in Europe the Ottoman sultans have been solicited to give their aid to Christians against Christians, and have been brothers-in-arms of French against Spanish and Germans, French against English, English against French, French and English against Russians, French against Austrians, Austrians against French, Italians against one another, and of each Balkan race in internecine strife. In Asiatic and African expansion, during the last half-century, Germany has been the latest comer in the dangerous and treacherous game of European powers trying to use Mohammedan fanaticism to menace one another. The most striking examples are Russian intrigue against Great Britain in Afghanistan and French intrigue against Great Britain in Egypt. Who does not remember, only a decade ago, the agitation of the British press over Russia's policy in regard to India and the Persian Gulf, and the powerful support the Young Egyptian agitation received in France?

The movement for a Mohammedan renaissance took form during the period between the Crimean and Russo-Turkish wars. Its leaders, Al Afghani, Al Kawakebi, Sheik Mohammed Abdu, and Ahmed Khan, were inspired by religious, and not by political, ideals. They saw that the decadence of Islam could be checked only by a spiritual awakening that followed and was nourished by an intellectual awakening. They wanted to revive the old glory of Mohammedan learning, and to create a spirit of solidarity among Moslems such as they believed existed among Christians. Ahmed Khan, in India, laid emphasis upon education, spread not only by schools, but by books and reviews; Sheik Mohammed Abdu, in Egypt, worked for the casting aside of uncanonical doctrines and traditions and customs with which Islam had become incrustated, and which, he declared, would prevent the regeneration of Islam; Al Afghani traveled far and wide, preaching Mohammedan

unity and solidarity, and founding societies and newspapers to promulgate his ideas; and Al Kawakebi gave his life to denouncing the evils from which Islam was suffering and to pointing out the remedies.

It would be idle to speculate upon the influence Panislamism would have had, and the development it would have taken, had it come fifty years earlier. But arising when it did, the movement was a cause of uneasiness and alarm to the European powers who had been and were still seizing Mohammedan countries, and also to Sultan Abdul-Hamid, the beginning of whose reign was marked by the humiliating defeat at the hands of Russia and the imposition of the Treaty of Berlin. European diplomacy looked upon Panislamism as a menace to the success of the plans of extension of sovereignty over Moslem countries. Hamidian diplomacy feared that Panislamism, taken up by the Arabs and centered in Mecca, might be used by the European powers to foment a separatist movement in the distant parts of the Ottoman Empire. There was, then, a common opposition on the part of the Turkish calif as well as of Christian statesmen to the spread of the Panislamic movement. But the fear of guilty European consciences gave Abdul-Hamid an idea. He put himself, *as calif*, at the head of the Panislamic movement, and saw in it the means of carrying on a political propaganda throughout the whole Mohammedan world. Panislamism was to bring about the revival of the Ottoman Empire in all its ancient glory and power. Abdul-Hamid's agents penetrated everywhere. The sultan began work on a railway from Damascus to the holy cities of Islam which would transport pilgrims to and from Mecca through Turkey.

Abdul-Hamid would not have succeeded in gaining power and prestige from his Panislamic propaganda had the policy and intentions of European powers toward Mohammedan states and Mohammedan races been honorable and just. For then they need have feared no dissatisfaction where their control was already estab-

lished, and need have had no anxiety about the regeneration of Islam in independent states. They would have welcomed any movement working for reform and for democracy. They would have seen in Panislamism, if generously aided by them to keep its original spirit, a force that might rehabilitate Islam, and enable Mohammedan races to follow in the path of European races to self-government, independence, and vigorous national life. But that is precisely what the men who guided the foreign and colonial policy of European states did not want, precisely what they have always been willing to precipitate wars to prevent. To prepare Mohammedan colonies and protectorates for self-government, to strengthen and help to rehabilitate weak Asiatic and African states, would be sheer madness. Not only would commercial and political advantages be lost, but if the hold already acquired on Mohammedan countries was lessened or released, and if opportunities of getting a hold on the remaining independent Mohammedan countries were allowed to pass, some other power would not be so squeamish. No power, not one, was squeamish. The result is that virtually every Mohammedan country in the world has been treated by European nations as Belgium and Serbia and Poland have been treated. Their wrongs cry out to Heaven to be redressed, their aspirations cry out to the sense of fairness and justice of all mankind to be heard. In a similar position are the Christian races still waiting to be emancipated from the Ottoman yoke. If the wrongs are not known, it is because the world is ignorant of and indifferent to things that happen "far away"; if we are less familiar with the aspirations of Asiatic and African Mohammedan and Christian nations than we are with the aspirations of certain subject races in Europe, it is because selfish political interest, and not humanitarianism, is to-day the motive power behind championship of small nationalities in every single belligerent country of Europe.

Panislamism was neither fanatical nor political in its inception. It need not have

become so in its development. It did not have in it the danger the European statesmen feared, and as a powerful influence throughout the Mohammedan world, which could be wielded as he chose by the Turkish sultan, Panislamism was a chimera, an absurd unreality. The disillusionment of Germany in the present war has proved that European statesmen have long been slaves of a mythical Frankenstein, the creation of their own intrigues and imaginations. Aside from the radical divisions of Sunnites and Shiah, there are numerous other sects in Islam. The followers of Mohammed are no more united in religious belief and ecclesiastical affiliation than are the followers of Christ. In fact, the bonds in Islam are so loose, the ideals so democratic, the foundations so lacking in hierarchical tradition and possibilities, that Islam does not enjoy the spirit of unity, does not possess the elements of solidarity.

It is undoubtedly true, on the other hand, that we must guard against interpreting the failure of Islam to march with Turkey in a holy war as a proof of love and loyalty of Moslems to their European masters, and also against denying the existence of a Panislamic sentiment in regard to Europeans. In densely ignorant and remote and savage countries that have no national history the sectators of Mohammed bear no grudge against the foreigners who rule them. The loyalty and evident good-will of the Sudanese to the British, of which I have written recently in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, is striking proof of this. Senegalese loyalty to France is another proof. But in Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, Persia, and Albania, *Frangi* (the Arabic word includes *all* Europeans) are anathema. The dislike and distrust of Europeans is general, and no distinction is made by the mass of the people between Europeans of this or that particular power. They are all *Frangi*. The dislike and distrust has come to include native Christians, who lived for centuries in comparative peace under Mohammedan rule. The reason of the xenophobia is the belief that European political and commercial

activity, manifested by the presence of foreigners in Mohammedan countries, is actuated solely by the desire to exploit the natives; and the reason of fanaticism toward indigenous Christian elements is the belief that their fellow-Christians are conspiring with European governments to dispossess them. I am not holding a brief for the reasonableness of the Mohammedan attitude. I am stating the fact.

It does no good to utter disclaimers and to argue that the Mohammedans are laboring under a misapprehension. If this war is to solve the question of the Orient, the peace conference must prove to the Mohammedan world by acts, and not by high-sounding phrases, the intention of Europe to put local Mohammedan interests ahead of European interests in Mohammedan countries by: (1) abstaining from partitioning or bringing under direct European sovereignty those countries of the Moslem world which have so far succeeded in escaping the territorial greed of the great powers; and (2) taking upon themselves the mutual solemn obligation to prepare for self-government and eventual separate national existence Mohammedan countries now held as colonies or protectorates. For is not the only justification of "eminent European domain" the happiness and well-being of extra-European peoples in subjection? If so, the complete control, especially in internal affairs, of the European benefactors must be exercised in such a way that the people may be prepared for self-government as rapidly as possible; and the people need to be convinced by acts—words no longer count for anything—that the officials imposed upon them place the interests of the occupied country and its inhabitants before the interests of the occupying country. Let no reader exclaim that I am a dreamer, setting forth an absurd and unrealizable and impractical policy. It was the American policy in Cuba. It is the American policy in the Philippine Islands.

IV

THE relations of Europe with Africa and Asia have been allowed during the last

thirty years to be troubled and upset by a curious and wholly unfounded supposition upon the part of European statesmen that Islam had to have a universal califate. As different powers aspired to be predominant in Constantinople and Arabia, it was believed by each of these powers that the califate could be captured and used for the greater glory of the successful power and the confusion of the rival powers. Hence we read constantly in the newspapers and magazines of Europe and America the statement that the Sultan of Turkey is calif of the entire Islamic world, a sort of pope whose religious authority is everywhere acknowledged, and articles are frequently written about "the revival of the Arabian califate."

The erroneous conception of the universal califate was born of European intrigues and rivalries. Abdul-Hamid was quick to seize upon it, however, and to use it as the means of making himself the center of Panislamism. In their eagerness to thwart one another's schemes of expansion and upset one another's already acquired hold in Mohammedan countries, the statesmen of the powers acknowledged Abdul-Hamid's possession of an office that had disappeared with the immediate successors of Mohammed—an office which the ancestors of Abdul-Hamid, in the heyday of their prestige three centuries before, had been unable to revive to their profit. Austria-Hungary and Italy were so anxious to get away with their loot that in the treaties of 1908 and 1912 with Turkey the sultan was recognized as the spiritual suzerain of subjects lost to the Ottoman Empire by the Bosnia-Herzegovina and Tripoli grabs. The same blunder was planned for Albania. The action was as foolish as it was meaningless; it created a dangerous precedent. Since Islam is organically theocratic, a Mohammedan ruler cannot be calif of people who are not under his political jurisdiction. It is possible to conceive of a universal califate only if all Mohammedan countries are united in a single Mohammedan empire. That is what Selim I had in mind when, after the conquest of Egypt,

he assumed the title of calif and turned against Persia.

German scholars know all this, but their kaiser evidently did not. Else he would have been prepared for the failure of a repercussion in the Mohammedan world when his Ottoman ally unfurled the green flag and solemnly declared a *djihad* (holy war) of "the faithful" against the enemies of Germany.

The idea of reviving the Arabian califate as a means of hastening the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire has long been gravely discussed. From the British point of view there have been pros and cons; also from the French point of view. The British have opposed the idea when they felt friendly to Turkey and when they feared that an Arabian califate might lead to a free Arabia, which would endanger their position in Egypt; they have encouraged the idea when they wanted to threaten Turkey and when they hoped that Mesopotamia and the holy places might fall under their political control. France has viewed the Arabian califate in the light of its advantages and disadvantages in furthering her ambitions to acquire Syria and to consolidate her Mohammedan northern African empire. Before the Agreement of 1904 many Frenchmen interested in the near East looked favorably upon the Arabian califate as a means of ousting the British from Egypt.

During the present war the agitation for an Arabian califate has come to the front again as a war measure against Turkey. The Sherif of Mecca, encouraged by Great Britain and France, and now actively aided by contributions of munitions and the sending of native regiments from Mohammedan colonies of the Entente powers, is in rebellion against the Turks. He calls himself "King of Arabia," and is formally recognized by France and Great Britain as "King of the Hedjaz." But the poor sherif has not made good his right to the limited title the French and British authorities are willing to let him bear. To the south of Mecca, Said Idris and Inam Yahia, both of whom are "strictly neutral" in this

war, are much more powerful Arab rulers than the Sherif of Mecca; and on the north, the new "king" (*melek* is not a Mohammedan title, by the way) is meeting with serious difficulty in conquering the second sacred city of his "kingdom." At this writing Medina is still held by the Turks. As cabinet ministers the former sherif has appointed three of his sons, and his army is led by the implacable foe of Italy in Tripoli, Aziz Ali Pasha. Before the assumption of sovereignty by the sherif, France sent to Mecca a delegation of distinguished African Moslems, a tentative step toward recognition of the sherif as "calif of the Mohammedan world." This mission, which cost the French budget over a million dollars, indicates that French statesmen are persisting in the old error of believing in the universal califate—a belief as contrary to the interests of France as it is contrary to reality.

There ought to be no question of the califate for Europe. It took centuries for Europe to learn the folly of trying to use the Christian religion as a cloak for territorial ambitions and aggression against enemies and rivals, of working to control the head of the church for political ends, of setting up ecclesiastical establishments for reasons of diplomacy. Can we not apply to Asia and Africa the lesson learned? Califs and the Mohammedan religion ought to have no connection with European chancelleries. If European chancelleries believe that the connection should exist, it is because they have in mind schemes of conquest and exploitation of Mohammedan countries.

V

IN discussing the devolution of Mohammedan countries, it is difficult to go back of the *status quo*—not only difficult, but unprofitable. Once started, there is no end to the labyrinth. One wanders in circles, and finds himself in culs-de-sac. In regard to Mohammedan territories already in possession of European powers, one can hope only for the strict application of twentieth-century principles of treatment of subject races—that the holder prepare

the people for self-government and refrain from exploiting them.

But we have Egypt, whose status has not yet been determined by international agreement; the independent countries, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan; the country Italy is trying to conquer, Tripoli; the country Austria, Italy, and the Balkan States are eager to possess, Albania; and the quasi-independent Arabian sultanates and tribes.

From the material point of view Great Britain has governed Egypt justly, and there can be no question of the material benefit the Egyptians have gained from the British occupation. The sovereign of the country is content to be under British protection, and from my personal knowledge I feel sure that the Egyptians do not want to return to Turkey or to exchange their British masters for any other actual or formal European protection. From the point of view of the population, then, if the officials of the British Government, following out a policy definitely established by London, rule in such a way as to prepare the Egyptians for internal autonomy, Great Britain is welcome to remain in Egypt. From the European and world point of view, however, British control of Egypt is dependent upon the solution of the question of the world's waterways. Other nations control passages from ocean to ocean: the United States the Panama Canal, Germany the Kiel Canal, Turkey the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. It would be incumbent upon the British to give up the guardianship of the Suez Canal only if the Americans and Germans and Turks are willing, or are made, to accept the internationalization of the world's waterways. Unless arguments based on principle are applied to all parties alike, can we hope for the "durable peace"? And how else will right prime force than by the prevalence of arguments based on principle?

The peace conference, seeking an equitable and durable peace based upon the freedom of small nations, will guarantee the neutrality of Afghanistan and Persia. Such a measure is an act demanded not

only by a sense of justice, but also by a sense of political wisdom. The independence and integrity of these two Mohammedan states, an independence and integrity assured by international sanction and not by alliance with or protection of one power or group of powers, are as essential for the equilibrium of western Asia as are the independence and integrity of Belgium, similarly assured, for the equilibrium of western Europe. We cannot presuppose a permanent alliance and a permanent common policy between Great Britain and Russia.

I shall treat of the Albanian question in my article next month on Italy and the Balkan balance of power. There remains the rock upon which peace conferences have always split—the Ottoman Empire. Here, as in Austria-Hungary and Russia, we have the problem of a dominant race ruling conquered races which have a historic past and which have preserved their separate language, customs and national consciousness. The problem is more complicated and aggravated in the Ottoman Empire, however, for several of the subject races are of a radically different religion, and all of them have been horribly treated, especially in recent years, by the dominant race. It is impossible to conceive of a peace that will leave to the Turks the power to finish the most atrocious crime of modern history, the systematic extermination of the Armenian nation by massacre, starvation, and forcible conversion. There are the Syrian Christians and the Jews of Palestine, also, to consider.

A partition of the Ottoman Empire among the European conquerors is advocated by writers of repute in serious journals of France, Great Britain, Russia, and Italy. One is shocked at the lack of moral sense revealed in their arguments. One is amazed at the inconsistency of men who ask for sympathy and support of neutrals on the ground that they are fighting the battle of human freedom, specifically defined as "the defense and emancipation of small nationalities," and in the same breath declare their intention of

keeping for themselves what they have rescued from the actual or potential grasp of "the empires of prey and their Balkan and Turkish accomplices." Where does the rightful owner come in? Have only a few favored nations and races, and not all nations and races, the right to dispose freely of themselves? Is there any difference between the right of the Belgian and the Serbian and the right of the Greek and Armenian and Syrian and Arab and Egyptian and Persian?

The Armenians are a nation, with a history of fifteen centuries, a language, a literature, and a church, who have resisted every effort of non-Christian barbarians to uproot them or assimilate them. We want to see them freed, not put under the yoke of Russia to suffer as the Finns, Poles, and Ruthenians are suffering. The Syrians of the Lebanon Mountains are Christians whose separate national existence is guaranteed by an international treaty, signed by the European powers. France cannot make Syria a colony without regarding this treaty as a *chiffon de papier*. And who dares to advocate with honest conscience that the Entente powers, whose program is the freedom of small nationalities, consent to putting the Greeks of the Ægean islands and the Asia Minor coast-line in political subjection to their traditional and worst enemies, the Italians?

The problem is a thorny one, and, I am told by my diplomatic friends, "exceedingly difficult." But that is only because European statesmen and politicians have made it so. Let every power in Europe proclaim its own disinterestedness, and state that it does not regard this war as a war of conquest, but as a war of emancipation, and, lo! the problem disappears. A Syrian state in Syria, an Armenian state in Armenia or Cilicia, under the collective guaranty of all Europe, and the union of the Greek islands and the middle portion of the Asia Minor Ægean littoral to Greece—this is the only program that will satisfy the aspirations of the subject Christian nationalities and assure a durable peace in the near East. As the Turks

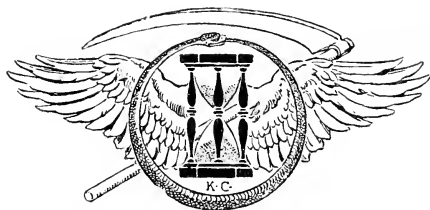
—including all Mohammedans who regard themselves as Turks—number nearly ten millions and are a virile nation, it is foolish to talk of dispossessing them and subjecting them. Desires do not make realities. The Greek and Armenian and Syrian frontiers will have to be drawn moderately.

Beyond Cilicia and Syria there are no Turks, and we can assume from the lessons of history and from indications manifested everywhere in Syria and Mesopotamia and Arabia to-day that the Arabic-speaking Mohammedans will make no effort to conserve the tie that has bound them for centuries against their will to the Ottoman Empire. The political future of the Arabic-speaking Mohammedans, the relations of the rival emirs with one another, with the Syrian Christians, and with the Palestine Jews, is too complex a question to be broached here. I can only assert that the difficulties, however, are no more formidable if the principle of "eminent European domain" is waived than if it is maintained. Here, again, there is need of a declaration of territorial disinterestedness all around the table at the peace conference. The Sherif of Mecca,

after the proclamation of the Kingdom of Arabia, stated this in no uncertain terms. "Al Kibla," the new king's official journal, reports him as saying, when he announced to the Arabic-speaking world that France and Great Britain were collaborating with him to establish Arabian independence:

If we have expelled the Turks from our territory, it is because we have considered them as foreigners, and they have no part in our historical and religious traditions. How, then, could we be willing to accept the supremacy of other foreigners? We have prepared our own rebellion against the Turks. No person not of our own race has taken part in it. We have begged the powers of the Entente not to mix up in our affairs. We have made them well understand that we are determined to preserve Mohammedan independence against all attacks. . . . The Entente powers are allies whom we respect and friends whom we love. But, I repeat, our alliance with them is based upon the most complete independence.

All the Mohammedans in the world are of the opinion of the King of Arabia. Islam wants friends, not masters.



REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD MASTERS

From the Widener Collection



"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY SPINELLO

"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY SPINELLO

"NELLIE O'BRIEN," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

A PORTRAIT, BY AGNOLO BRONZINO

"WOMAN AND CHILD," BY AGNOLO BRONZINO

"COUNTESS AND CHILD," BY SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE

"WOMAN WEIGHING JEWELS," BY JOHANNES VERMEER



"NELLIE O'BRIEN," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



A PORTRAIT, BY AGNOLO BRONZINO



"WOMAN AND CHILD," BY AGNOLO BRONZINO



"COUNTESS AND CHILD," BY SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE



"WOMAN WEIGHING JEWELS," BY JOHANNES VERMEER

The Derelict

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-III.—Geoffrey Amberley had irritated his family by becoming a painter; even becoming a successful painter had left them indifferent: but his engagement to Emily Dering delighted them. Emily was beautiful, lovable, and wealthy; but she also had a mission to make people—fallen people—stand on their own feet, and it was in the pursuit of this aim that she called in the unwilling Geoffrey to assist her in making Fanny stand on her own feet. Fanny was beautiful, too, but, as Emily vaguely explained, "had been cut to pieces by life."

Part II. Chapter II'

IF Geoffrey had been a true Amberley, he would have known precisely what he meant to do about painting Fanny. If it had been fun to paint Fanny, he would have painted her; if not, he would have planted his refusal firmly upon all fours.

Bill would have said: "Hang it all! my dear Emily, I 'd do anything to please you, but a fellow can't go round painting stray women. 'Pon my word, you 'd better not ask it. Don't you get mixed up with queer starts. If she 's-down on her luck, give her a check for a fiver and let her rip." Tom would have contented himself with even less expression of sentiment. He would have said, "Not my line," and even Emily would have rested upon that finality. Dislike with an Amberley was backbone; but it did nothing to relieve Geoffrey from the woblblings of a jellyfish.

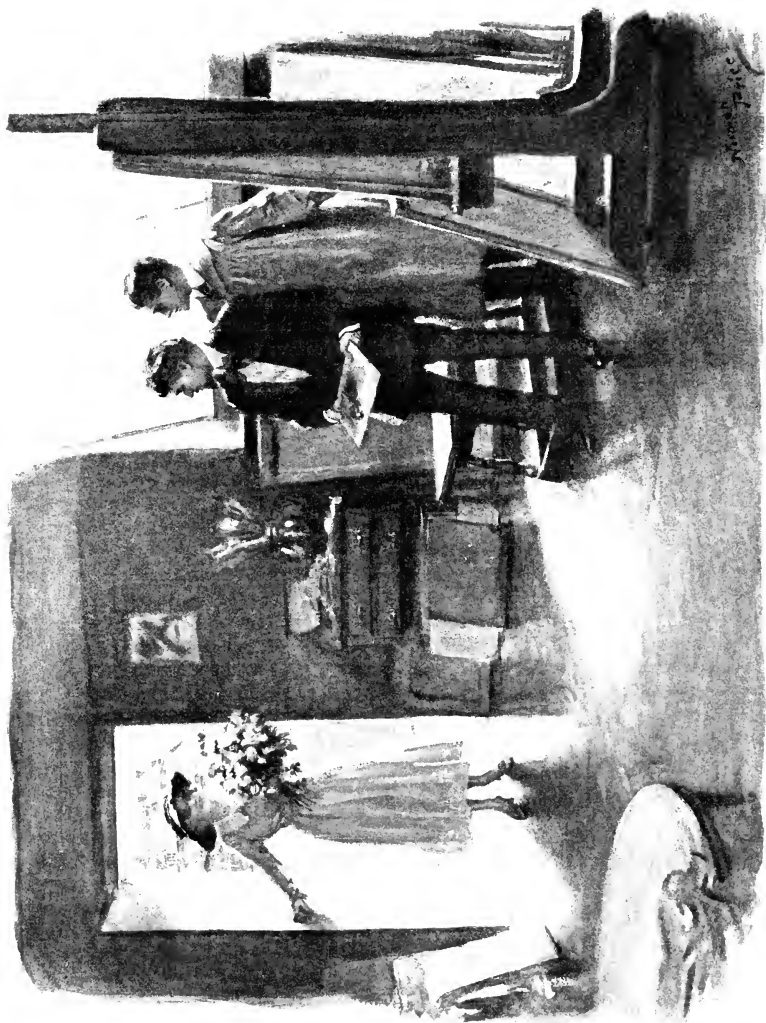
There were times when he was n't even sure that he would dislike to paint Fanny. But something in him was less undecided than his mind; his vision of Fanny was perfectly clear. He made a water-color sketch of her from memory, and hid it behind a row of the portraits of Emily's friends. He was n't sure that he meant to do anything with it; but he knew that he could never have painted from memory any of Emily's friends.

Upon his inconclusiveness burst the in-

cisive splendor of Marcel Dupin. Marcel was Geoffrey's greatest friend; he was also an extremely able young French sculptor. He prided himself upon two things: seeing all that there was to see, and the dexterity with which he transferred vision into practice. His dexterity was as sharp as a razor, and his vision as keen as a hawk's. Half of his feeling for Geoffrey was pity, the other half was the respect of a fellow-artist. He believed in Geoffrey's talent, but he was uneasy as to the use he would make of it.

"I have come," he announced, "to see how you are getting on. Your letter announcing your engagement excited me; it is true that for six months I have not answered it, but during that time the excitement mounted. Do you mean to tell me you are still engaged? What a wonderful people the English are, so precisely described by their beautiful proverb, 'We turn forever down a long lane!' *Non!* If I had been in your place, for instance, I should have been prepared for you to produce a christening-mug!"

"I dare say I shall be prepared for that by and by," said Geoffrey, without annoyance, "but over here we don't arrange things so much beforehand. As a matter of fact, I did n't arrange my marriage at all; it was as inevitable and as unmanageable as a summer day."



"I beg your pardon," said a laughing voice from the door, "but here's Geoffrey lost his soul."

"The two men sprang to their feet; both looked equally guilty. Emily stood in the open doorway, her arms full of early spring roses."

"You should not have summer days that are unmanageable," said Marcel. "I admit that many of them appear to have that defect; but I am on fire to meet the English fiancée, and meanwhile you must show me your work. That is to say, if you have any work; for all I know an English engagement may be in itself a profession. It has one of the qualities of a profession,—duration,—but I am not quite so certain that it pays."

"You can look round you," said Geoffrey, a little nervously; "but don't expect much. I've been, on the whole, more industrious than satisfactory. Emily has been wonderfully clever at getting hold of people for me to paint, and I've been, as you see, hard at it; but I confess that people of one class, with five meals a day and the same ideas, look incredibly alike. I'm not sure one would n't get as much variety out of sheep—or Chinamen."

"Ah, my dear fellow," Marcel murmured, "do me one really good Chinaman!" He flitted to and fro about the studio, dragging out canvases and turning them to the light, spinning them aside with the hasty judgment of a man who knows what he is looking for and where he is certain not to find it. Meanwhile Geoffrey watched him with increasing discomfort.

"You're thinking," he said, "that I've been wasting my time running about on the surface? They wanted representations,—people do, you know,—and I've represented them. I suppose you think I ought n't to have given 'em what they wanted? Well, I promise you I won't once I'm married. I'll have a line of my own then and stick to it."

Marcel looked gloomily across the studio at him.

"But where is it," he demanded, "this line of your own? What you have here, my poor friend, is n't a line at all; it's an abyss. You should have sent made-moiselle's amiable friends to the photographer. There are such good ones now, too. They should be allowed to take a little something off our shoulders."

Then Marcel unearthed Fanny. He

gave a long, low whistle as he drew the sketch out into the light. It was Fanny, just as she had sat in the old cloak and the battered, scarlet straw hat, digging her toes into the carpet.

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured Marcel. "This time you have not been making money. *Vous y êtes!* Work this up. For the rest,—forgive me if I say,—love has disagreed with you. Perhaps by the time you painted this you had got over it?"

Geoffrey frowned.

"You can't get over the kind of feeling I have for Emily," he explained. "I dare say it has made my work go to pieces temporarily, but what you fellows don't understand is that to love one woman tremendously and all the time is worth what you have to pay for it."

"My dear, to whom do you say it?" laughed Marcel, perching himself on the window-sill and flicking an imaginary speck of dust from his blue silk socks. "If the love of one woman is like that, figure to yourself the love of dozens! Did I not tell you in Paris that the hearts of women are the school of men? But you have no imagination; your eyebrows rise at the word dozens. I should recommend to your notice the progress of the spring. Is the violet out of place because of the daffodil, and have you no room for the tulip when it rises simultaneously with your little milk-faced primrose? And I assure you, if you judge of the value of love by the price, it is far more expensive to pay for dozens than for one."

"No; there you're wrong," said Geoffrey. "It is less expensive, for you don't pay with yourself."

"But never, never, never," cried Marcel, vehemently. "That is the last and the most clumsy of human errors. I implore you, and a little in vain I am afraid, having looked at your pictures, to keep yourself out of it! The secret of passion is self-preservation. You have not preserved yourself. If you had, you would not have perpetrated these types. They are so many pieces of your lost soul."

"I beg your pardon," said a laughing

voice from the door, "but how has Geoffrey lost his soul?"

The two men sprang to their feet; both looked equally guilty. Emily stood in the open doorway, her arms full of early spring roses.

"I knocked, and you never heard," she said to Geoffrey; "but I sha'n't apologize. I've been shopping, and I thought of tea; but Monsieur—Faust, is it?—has n't yet answered me."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said Marcel, "I forget what happened to the soul of Endymion; but I know that he loved the moon. That was always some excuse. I recognize now the excuse of Geoffrey."

"I am not sure," said Emily, holding out her hand to him, "that that is not the most invidious compliment I ever received; but I forgive you in advance, for I have guessed you are Geoffrey's friend Marcel Dupin, and I am Emily."

She could n't perhaps have done it better, except that Marcel thought her graciousness a trifle too matronly. Marcel had very distinct ideas about women. He respected mothers, but he did not wish to meet the maternal aspect in any woman under forty.

Geoffrey left them to go out to buy cakes for tea. He thought that they were the two most wonderful people in the world, and he rejoiced in the certainty of how they would get on together. They got on together as well as the two most wonderful people in the world would be likely to get on together.

"I'm so glad to see you for a few minutes alone," Emily said, with her ready eagerness, "for now you can tell me what I want most to know about Geoffrey's work. He has made me feel as if you were an oracle. Has n't he made a great advance?"

Emily was quite sure that Geoffrey's work had improved; she liked his pictures better herself. A certain queerness in them had evaporated lately, something which made them unlike the pictures of anybody else; and, besides, he had had the great incentive of her love. She smiled reassuringly upon Marcel Dupin. It is a

mistake to imagine that Frenchmen flatter upon a question of fact; it is only in the region of fancy that they allow themselves to evade the rigor of perfect accuracy.

Marcel's light eyes fixed themselves with a certain hardness upon Emily's vague, gray ones.

"No, Mademoiselle," he said firmly, "I regret to say he has not. It was of this subject that we spoke as you entered. You have been engaged for six months, have you not? Well, forgive me, but to be in love with a very beautiful woman like yourself, who may at any moment appear, in your perfect English freedom, at his studio door, is very bad for a man's art."

Emily stared a little.

"Oh," she said, "but, you see, I never come near him in the mornings."

"I can understand how that must make him dislike that time of day," said Marcel, remorselessly; "but the lure remains the same."

"The what?" exclaimed Emily, coloring to her forehead. She was n't only astonished; she was annoyed. She wondered if Marcel meant something French.

"It is a little difficult to explain, Mademoiselle," said Marcel, hesitating. "If you were his wife—well—then he would have arrived, would he not? And if there were some other arrangement, in that also there would be a point of decision; but an engagement that is very free and continuous and does not arrive, one wonders a little if the imagination is capable of leaving it enough to do good work. Personally I should say, looking about me at Geoffrey's attempts, no. He is wool-gathering, the poor child. These ladies and gentlemen,—pardon me,—but do you not think they have a resemblance to wool?"

"I don't think I quite know what you mean," said Emily, a little awefully. Emily always knew exactly what people meant unless she was seriously annoyed with them. "Must n't an artist paint the types he has orders from?"

Marcel shrugged his shoulders.

"I would rather model a suet-pudding than starve," he agreed, "but short of a



“‘I’ve thought of something wonderful,’ she explained”

constriction around the stomach I should avoid modeling too many suet-puddings. Geoffrey has been doing what does not inspire him. That is always possible, it is sometimes a necessity; but to make a rule of it is bad. None of these canvases bear the look of people; they are casts. Oh, but I make a mistake,”—he drew Fanny out with a certain flourish,—“this one is alive. For her Geoffrey has had an idea. He has not said to himself: ‘I am a young man who wants very much to be married. Therefore I will earn twenty-five pounds.’”

Emily’s benevolent eyes turned suddenly hostile. She disliked Marcel Dupin thoroughly. He spoke of marriage and

twenty-five pounds as if they were the same thing.

When Geoffrey returned he felt as if a cold wind had got into the room.

“I did not know,” said Emily, pouring out tea, “that you had begun to paint Fanny.”

“Oh, that,” said Geoffrey, hastily, “is just a sketch from memory, you know; it came into my head. I did n’t bother you with it because I rather thought that if I did seriously study her I’d work it up.”

“But, of course,” said Marcel, flying forward for his tea, “you must seriously study her. You have an idea, an idea like that, and you talk of playing with it! The English are surely the lightest race

under the sun! As light as gnats! If this puritan conscience of yours, *mon cher*, we are told so much about worked where there is a convenience for conscience, mademoiselle and I would share the felicity of your arrival somewhere. But if you do not seriously study your ideas, allow me to assure you—you will arrive nowhere."

"Conscience," said Emily, "is an inner spirit, Monsieur Dupin; it deals with everything either in art or in life. I have no fear that Geoffrey will not listen to it."

"*Comment?*" demanded Marcel, nibbling without appreciation an English rock cake. "*A bonne à tout faire?* What a rôle you provide her with, Mademoiselle! Are you not afraid the poor little one will become unwholesomely fatigued?"

Geoffrey intervened hastily; he was watching Emily's foot on the floor. It tapped, and he had never seen her tap her foot before.

"Don't you worry, Marcel, old boy," he said, putting the sketch of Fanny back against the wall. "I'll work up as hard as I can at any tail-end of an inspiration that comes my way; I dare say my conscience can stand it."

"But this Fanny, where is she?" demanded Marcel, giving up the rock cake in despair. "I am very *intrigué*; may I not share her with Geoffrey? I think I could do a little with her here in London. One sees she has good bones."

"I am afraid not," said Emily, decisively, drawing on her gloves. "Fanny is not an ordinary model."

"No, no; of course not," said Marcel, with cordiality. "One sees what she is,—how shall I put it?—one of the more unconventional ladies? But for all that, Mademoiselle, she is a model in a million; and if you allow the good Geoffrey to benefit by her, you must not mind exposing me. As far as that goes, I may frankly say that exposure is one of my habits."

"There are serious reasons against it," said Emily, moving toward the door.

"Reasons," Marcel murmured as he

held the door open for her, "have such a way in this country of being serious! They seem also to be oftenest upon the side that says 'No.' Repudiate it, Mademoiselle, this side that says 'No.' It is like a lady that has lived too long without a husband."

Emily ignored this appeal, but she turned to him with a certain grave sweetness before she left the studio.

"I shall remember," she said, "what you have told me about Geoffrey's work, Monsieur Dupin."

Geoffrey followed Emily down-stairs. Marcel returned to the picture of Fanny. He eyed it with a certain sympathy.

"Women," he said to himself, "should never be treated well. The result is so unsatisfactory."

CHAPTER V

EMILY could do what she disliked better than most people can. For one thing, she very seldom did it, because she was almost always sure that what she disliked was wrong. On the rare occasions when she accepted a challenge to her will she did it with a force which overrode not only her own dislike, but the dislike of everybody else who was involved in it.

It was in one of these infrequent moments that she accepted Marcel Dupin's criticism. It broke against her most cherished faith that her love was helping Geoffrey to paint. She could hardly bear to believe it possible that she hindered him. How could love, the redemptive, assuaging passion, be a thing to stab your artistic toe against? It did not make her think less of Geoffrey, she was too fond of him for that, but it made her think rather less of men. She said to Mrs. Dering, in a flash of impatience:

"I can't understand men. There is a certain coarseness—" She left her sentence vague.

"There ought to be," said Mrs. Dering, mysteriously.

Emily left this cryptic remark alone; she did not wish to have to think her mother coarse.

Emily, like everybody else, knew that what she wanted was truth; it had n't occurred to her that what she did n't want was truth as well. She made a new plan, and sent for Geoffrey. He came with an eagerness which set her heart at rest.

They sat hand in hand on the sofa in Emily's studio. Emily wore a cloudy blue dress embroidered with silver lilies.

"I've thought of something wonderful," she explained—"something I want you to do for me. Will you, Geoffrey?"

"Blind?" asked Geoffrey. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

He knew that he would probably do it blind even if she gave him explanations.

Emily was unaware that she loaded her dice before she played them; she never meant to be unfair.

"Of course I'll tell you first," she said, returning his embrace. "Only you must be good and listen. After you left us yesterday Marcel Dupin told me something which I'm horribly afraid was true. He said you were n't painting as well as you did, and that it was my fault."

Emily paused. She rather hoped, after all, that Geoff would laugh at the idea, and that it would n't be her duty to do what she did n't like; but he sat with his eyes lowered and said nothing.

"He said all kinds of strange things," Emily went on a little hurriedly,—she

was trying not to be disappointed in Geoffrey,—“and I thought them all over afterward, Geoffrey darling. For a little while I want you to go away from me.”

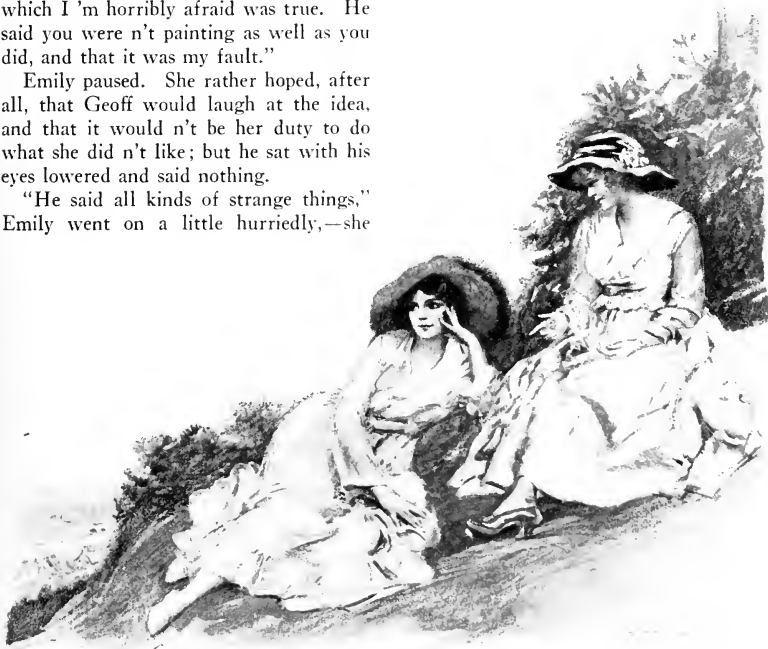
Geoffrey said:

“Where?” Any other Amberley would have said “Damn!” and “Damn!” would have been better than “Where?”

“I think it had better be St. Ives,” Emily said firmly, “because mother would like us to take a cottage there this summer, and you could find one for us in your spare time. And it's full of the most wonderful bits to paint.”

Geoffrey cleared his throat. He had never been able to make Emily understand how totally useless other people's wonders are in the field of art.

“It's too far away for week-ends,” Emily went on, “so that it would be a *real* separation. And you must take Fanny there and paint her.”



"She had opened her heart to Fanny"

"I must do what!" cried Geoffrey. "Good God, Emily, you 're mad! Why, in Heaven's name, saddle me with that girl!"

Emily had expected a little resistance, but she was startled at the vehemence of Geoffrey's exclamation. It seemed almost a pity to have to make him do what he resented. Still, she knew she would have to make him do it.

"It must be Fanny," she explained patiently. "Of course you can do St. Ives, too. But I saw what Marcel Dupin meant. You really are a portrait-painter, and you must have, at any rate, to start with a subject that perfectly appeals to you. Fanny does appeal to you. I saw how good she was for your work from the sketch you did of her."

"Well, let me wait till I come back," Geoffrey urged. "Fanny 'll keep. I don't want that girl on my hands; she might fall into all sorts of mischief. And how the deuce am I to manage her? I can't do it; honestly, I can't, Emily!"

Emily smiled gently.

"You don't know how wonderful you are, dearest," she said inexorably. "Fanny came back from the country this morning; she is n't really strong yet. The whole thing will fit in perfectly; besides, I don't want Marcel Dupin to see her. He is just the kind of man who might be bad for Fanny. I want her taken out of his way. You will help her far more than you know. The quiet companionship of a man who respects women will be like another life to her. You realize, dearest, how utterly I trust you?"

Geoffrey groaned; he realized it.

"Look here," he said, "I 'll agree to any plan you like, Timbuctoo, the Scilly Isles, Clapham Junction, but, for Heaven's sake, Emily, come with me! Marry me! Don't send me away alone, not now."

Emily was tenderness itself, but she was quite inflexible. She was secretly a little relieved to see how much Geoffrey disliked her plan. What they both disliked so much must be very good for them. She bound the sacrifice with chains to the horns of the altar. It is very diffi-

cult to see that no one has the least right to this form of sacrifice unless the only victim is oneself.

Emily did not see it; she knew she was going to miss Geoffrey, and she cried a little, pleasantly, against his shoulder. Geoffrey did n't cry; he urged and implored her to change her mind. And Emily kissed him through her tears, and said how glad they would always be that they had n't been impatient and studied personal happiness at the expense of saving a soul alive. Together they would see Fanny through. Geoffrey's pictures would convince the world and the Amberleys of his genius, and then they would have plenty of time to get the house properly furnished and the wedding arranged.

A hurried wedding sullied an ideal.

"Because we know the highest, truest type of human love," she explained, "we have a great responsibility to show it to the world, with all its dignity and loveliness fresh upon it; and then even more I feel we have deep responsibility to Fanny."

A responsibility to the downtrodden Fanny was far plainer than a responsibility to the upright Geoffrey. It was plainer even to Geoffrey. He gave up argument and fell back upon simple invective.

"I won't be good to her," he asserted. "I hate her. I always did hate that kind of woman and I 'm not likely to like her any better for having her palmed off on me to paint when I want to be with you."

Emily explained how bad hatred was for such a woman. She said several wise and generous things about her unfortunate sisters, but she had come up against something quite immutable in Geoffrey. He disliked the whole subject and said so. He 'd go to St. Ives and paint Fanny if he must, but he 'd be hanged if he 'd help her.

Emily had to be contented with this. She wondered that men's hearts could be so hard, and had no idea that her safety depended upon Geoffrey's ability to keep his heart hard enough. She kindled the intensity of his love for her, and then sent him away.



"Fanny stood at the window"

On the steps outside he met Fanny coming in, and scowled at her. Afterward he thought of that look as the wickedest act he had ever committed. Fanny gave him in return a bold, unwavering stare; but she had flushed before she stared.

Emily had spent a most satisfactory week-end with Fanny. They had taken walks in the woods, and she had opened her heart to Fanny. Fanny had followed her almost like a dog, and listened as if she were drinking in Emily's words. She had cried suddenly and noiselessly when Emily went away. She had n't, it is true, made any answering confidences to Emily; but Emily thought that on the whole it was better for Fanny not to look back upon the past, but forward into the future.

Fanny quite agreed with that. She said she never had been one to brood.

Physically she was much better. Her eyes had more light in them, and her cheeks the faintest natural color. She

wore some of Emily's old clothes. They had to be taken in for her; but she looked very lovely in them, and taller than Emily. She took a large arm-chair opposite Emily and asked if she might smoke.

"If we're to talk," she explained, "I'd be better with something between my teeth. I never was much of a talker."

"Dear Fanny, do just as you like," Emily murmured. "I want you always to feel perfectly comfortable with me."

"Well, you can hardly expect me to be comfortable, can you, when you've been so good to me?" Fanny remarked unexpectedly. "It's no use pretending I can talk to you as if you were a man, is it?"

Emily was not quite sure how Fanny talked to men, so she let the subject drop.

"You really do feel better?" she asked tenderly.

"I feel all right," Fanny said; "I could do all sorts of things now."

"Well, then," said Emily, gaily, "I feel sure you can do what I particularly want. I don't think you are fit for London just

yet, but my great friend Mr. Amberley is going to St. Ives, and I should like you to go there, too, so that you can act as a model for him. I have found a nice, comfortable room for you at Carbis Bay, and you can walk over to St. Ives and sit for him whenever he wants you. I know you would like to feel you are earning money and helping me at the same time."

"Will you be at Carbis Bay," Fanny asked, "or at St. Ives?" She did not seem to see any other alternative.

"I shall stay here," said Emily; "but you 'll be all right at Carbis Bay. The landlady is an old friend of mine and has children."

"Look here," said Fanny, suddenly leaning forward and touching Emily's knee with her hand, "don't you do that! You're making a big mistake. You don't want to send Mr. Amberley away like that! You're going to marry him, are n't you?"

Emily's arched eyebrows rose a trifle ominously.

"Yes, my dear," she said. "Certainly I am going to marry him; next spring or summer, probably."

"Well, why not now?" asked Fanny, looking about her. "It can't be money."

"It is n't altogether money," Emily explained, "though Mr. Amberley would like, I think, to be earning more. It is one of my theories, dear Fanny, not to marry too prematurely, but to grow into each other's ways and ideas. I think that perfect community of tastes before marriage makes for much greater happiness afterward."

"Still, what's a theory," asked Fanny, "compared to flesh and blood?"

Emily frowned. She did n't like talking about flesh and blood.

"I don't suppose, Fanny," she said, "that you know what the love of a good man is. It is far higher and finer and more disinterested than you can imagine. Mr. Amberley loves me in an ideal way. He only wants what is best for us both; he knows that in the deepest sense of all I am his forever."

"Of course a man 'll do what you

want," Fanny agreed, "while he's keen about you; that's where you get them. Still, what I say is, live and let live. No matter how funny his ideas are, a man's a man, is n't he? You can't get away from that. Besides, I should think you'd want him yourself."

Emily colored with annoyance; then she reminded herself of how little opportunity poor Fanny had had to understand any ideal relationship. No wonder her imagination had been tainted by the dingy falsities of her experience.

"My dear," Emily said patiently, "one day perhaps you will realize as you cannot do now how true men and women love. I don't blame you in the least, but will you do what I ask you meanwhile, and go down to St. Ives for a month and let Mr. Amberley paint you?"

"Oh, I 'll do what you ask me right enough," said Fanny. "Just look at the money you've spent on me!"

That was not what Emily wanted Fanny to look at, but it was what sent Fanny to St. Ives.

CHAPTER VI

THEY traveled to St. Ives separately. Geoffrey spent the journey in smoking interminable cigarettes and thinking of Emily. Fanny spent it in not thinking at all. She wondered idly from time to time what would happen if she made eyes at a young man in the opposite corner. Ultimately they went into the dining-car together, and he said grace before his lunch. Still, Fanny was not sure how much that would have helped him. She had known piety crumble more easily than *savoir-faire*. *Savoir-faire* was more elastic. However, she was n't going to try, of course.

Geoffrey took a studio the day before Fanny arrived. It was not exactly what he wanted. No studio has ever been exactly what any artist wanted, but he saw that he could work in it. It seemed to grow upward out of a gray rock.

The lower part of St. Ives has a strange affinity to rocks, and the houses hang and



"I can't make you out,
Fanny!"

hidden by sandy alps and hideously spotted by bungalows and residences. On the left of St. Ives a small green flap of land runs out into the sea.

It is known as the Island, and beyond it the coast spreads, bleak and wild, free of bungalows and railway lines, a land of elfin enchantment, meager and rock-strewn, the haunt of old secrets, a dumb, close-lipped companion of the sea.

Geoffrey had chosen his studio in one of the narrow, cliff-like streets overlooking the Island. He told Fanny by a post-card when he expected her, and when she came he painted her. He was the type of man who, in being agreeable to one woman, is likely to be disagreeable to all the rest. He did not set out to be disagreeable; he simply did not notice them.

He painted Fanny with an absorption which was not so much hostile as unhuman; he hardly spoke to her, except to order her poses, for three days.

Fanny sat there listlessly, with her hands in her lap. She had a formidable

cling together, up the short, uneven streets, like a heap of shells.

Above it are reared the stately biscuit-boxes, designed for lodgings, readily found in all English watering-places; and around the village, in a wide half-circle, stretches the murmurous blue bay.

Carbis Bay is to the right of St. Ives,

capacity for sitting still; through the studio window she could watch the emerald-green Island and the fishermen spreading their delicate nets on the grass.

Sometimes the Island would blaze up with all the colors under the sun: light-red table-cloths, sky-blue overalls, pink garments of singular shapes and sizes, blew and unfurled themselves before her watching eyes. This was on washing-day, and only if the sun was lenient.

"I 'm having a good rest, anyhow," Fanny thought to herself.

Then Geoffrey woke up. Perhaps you cannot paint any human being for long with understanding, and remain permanently unsympathetic toward her, and Fanny's face had been responsive to life. It was not a brilliant mask, or the face of a lovely china doll, all surface and no depth. It had the quality of incandescence; a light shone through her from her inner self, a curious, fitful light. On the third day Geoffrey said to her in a friendly voice the only words he had yet addressed to her which were not perfunctory or practical.

"You 're the best model," he said, throwing down his brush and giving a sigh of satisfaction, "I ever had, bar none."

"Well, that 's something, is n't it?" said Fanny.

She took him where she found him. There was no resentment in her voice, and no irony; only a certain inconsequent friendliness.

It occurred to Geoffrey that he had n't been very pleasant to Fanny. He had never asked her if she was comfortable in her lodgings or how she was or whether she liked St. Ives. He had determined from the first only to use her as a model, but he might have been more civil. The way of transgressors is hard, but the virtuous sometimes make their pathways harder still.

"I dare say you 're tired," he said kindly. "You can rest now; there 's a spirit-lamp somewhere about if you care to make yourself a cup of tea."

"You would n't think just sitting still

would tire you, would you?" Fanny asked, obediently rising to her full height and lifting her arms above her head with a splendid long movement of relief. "It 's having to, I suppose. Funny what a lot of starch that puts into things, is n't it?"

Geoffrey did not answer; he saw no reason why he should discuss the disabilities of the moral law with Fanny.

After they had had tea, he asked her how she liked St. Ives. Fanny stood at the window looking out over the bay.

"Oh, I like it all right," she said at last. "I 've always liked the sea: it keeps going all the time. Funny these roofs are; they look for all the world like the sea-gulls' wings."

Geoffrey joined her. A catch had just come in; the bay was filled with the swooping, swirling lightning of the sea-gulls' wings, and the little fisher houses, crowding down to the brim of the bay, their roofs aslant, and silvery with rain-washed slate, seemed on the verge of joining in the flight.

"Curious I had n't noticed it before," Geoffrey murmured. "They do shape like wings; I must paint them. I 'll take a gray day; it 'll bring it out more. Thank you for the idea, Miss Fanny."

Then he asked her if she was comfortable where she was and feeling stronger.

Fanny stared at him, but it was not the bold, unwavering stare she had given him in London. It had a different quality, a little startled and pathetic, as if she was surprised that any one should care to know how she was or whether she was comfortable or not.

"Thanks," she said a little uncertainly; "I 'm all right." Then she added, with a sudden spark of pleasure in her eyes, "They gave me lots of cream; I sent some to Miss Emily this morning."

Geoffrey was touched. He had not thought of sending cream to Emily; he had thought of nothing but his work.

Of course he wrote to Emily every day, and Emily wrote to him, beautiful, long letters, full of her demonstrative tenderness. They kept him up.

He wondered a little what kept Fanny

up. He thought he would try to make things pleasanter for Fanny.

He did make things very much pleasanter. After the work of the day was over they explored the coast together.

Fanny, hatless and gloveless, trod the yellow sands with a new, happy freedom. She laughed often, and sang sometimes, little, tuneless melodies that sounded like the rise and fall of the sea. The color filled her cheeks; the haggard lines vanished from her face, and the hollows from under her eyes. Her laughter was good to listen to; it had no ring of silliness or coarseness. It was the easy laughter of a child.

Her speech was very infrequent and plain; she did not want to talk much, but she liked Geoffrey's companionship. She strode along beside him, with her head up and the wind in her hair, as unaware of a boy and as unprovocative as a blade of grass.

She was quite friendly to Geoffrey now, but it was a more impersonal friendliness even than his own. It struck Geoffrey as odd how little Fanny could have known of friendliness. She seemed to have no language for it, and no small exchange of little kindnesses.

He asked her once:

"Have n't you made any friends down here—besides me?"

Fanny shook her head.

"No," she said. "They would n't like it if they knew what I was, and I would n't like it if they did n't; so there you are."

Geoffrey was brought up curiously short by this reply. He had quite forgotten what Fanny was. He had believed that his only safeguard was a cold imperviousness to her presence.

Now he discovered that her presence itself was the most impervious substance he had ever come across.

Thrown with her day by day for many hours, there were a hundred opportunities for the obtrusion of little intimacies. He could n't, however cold he was, have prevented their arising; but they did n't arise.

When he became more friendly and

more communicative, Fanny dealt with his friendliness exactly as she had dealt with his coldness, as something in the atmosphere which could n't be helped and must be accepted. If it was cold, you put on wraps and shivered; if the sun came out, you sat in it and enjoyed yourself.

It was as if her whole attitude toward life was without condemnation or personal recognition. She had learned that her place in the universe was small.

Geoffrey became first less guarded and then frankly incredulous. He could have sworn she was innocent—innocent not, perhaps, of experience, but of all contamination from experience. He was not right: she was contaminated; but for the moment he was right, for she had forgotten her contamination.

It was he himself who brought it back to her.

"I 'm damned if I can see," he exclaimed suddenly, "how it ever happened. Hang it all! you don't look the kind of person,—after all, I 've seen lots of them,—who goes under or stays under. I can't make you out, Fanny."

They were sitting on the gray rocks, between the violent bushes of flowering gorse. The sea lay far below them, a long, blue line. Geoffrey had been painting Fanny in a circle of gray rocks. She wore a blue linen frock of Emily's, the shade of a gentian. The light had altered too much for Geoffrey to go on painting. He stopped, and moved abruptly so that he could face her.

"I can't understand it," he repeated savagely. "It must have been a beastly shame. You are n't like that! I could swear it was n't any fault of yours."

The color went out of Fanny's face; her mouth grew sullen.

"You don't know what I 'm like," she said in a low voice. "What 's the use of talking about it, anyway?"

"Are n't we friends?" demanded Geoffrey. "I 'm not so cold-blooded as all that. I 'd like to know your story. I would n't have at first; rather not. But then I did n't know what a good sort you were. Why, you 're no end of a chap!"

We've had three weeks together now, and we've got on like anything; so I think you might trust me."

"That's where trouble begins," said Fanny, coldly, "trusting people. No. I don't mean my troubles this time; anybody's troubles. You want to steer clear of confidence tricks if you mean to keep on the right side of things. It's true we've had a good time, but the less said about it the better. Have you finished what you've been doing?"

"Oh, all right, all right," said Geoffrey, stiffly. "Yes, I've finished for to-day, thanks. Perhaps you'd like to go home?"

Fanny's heavy lids lifted slowly. She looked at Geoffrey.

It was a look that drove the blood to his face. Her lips parted in a curious, ironic smile.

"Good Lord!" she said, "what fools men are! If I were Miss Dering, I would n't let you out of my sight for a goldmine. And you think it's *you* I'm not trusting! You cut along home; I'm all right—by myself."

And Geoffrey left her. He wanted to believe he left her out of sheer temper, she had been exasperatingly rude and off the point, or out of chivalry at the appeal of her defenselessness; but he knew that he had left her from fear.

He felt his weakness. He thought he had been guarding against it, he thought Emily's beautiful letters were preventives; in a flash he had seen he had no protection whatever except the singular absence of all attack from Fanny.

Her look had been an attack, and the only way he had been able to stand out against it was by precipitate flight. He ran down the hill as if he were pursued by

the Furies. There were no Furies pursuing him. They remained behind with Fanny, and Fanny never looked at him like that again. She settled with the Furies.

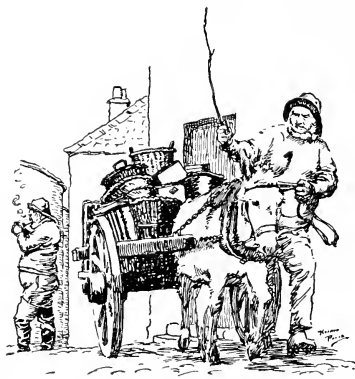
She appeared in the studio toward supper-time with a basket packed with mushrooms, a lettuce, and a cream cheese. She stewed the mushrooms in milk, mixed the salad, and laid the table, while Geoffrey, pretending not to notice her, wrote to Emily. For once Emily did not notice something wrong, and yet there was something wrong in Geoffrey's letter. It was the defensive letter of a good man in a bad temper.

Then Fanny walked over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Come along now," she said gently, "and eat the mushrooms while they're hot." Her tone was that of an indulgent mother to a wayward child; but it was a safe tone, and Geoffrey ate his mushrooms comfortably.

After supper, when Fanny had washed up and cleared away, she sat in the open doorway, at the top of the high, narrow street.

"You can come here, Mr. Amberley," she said. "I thought it over up there—what you said, you know. I'd forgotten about it at the time, and it made me cross to have to think of it again. But I don't mind you knowing—all there is to know. Fetch the kitchen chair up, so I don't have to shout. I don't want to astonish the natives. Have you your cigarettes? Well, give me one, then, and you won't tell Miss Dering, will you? It's no use ladies knowing the way things are. It only upsets them. What they like to think is we're just weak or wicked. 'Unfortunate sisters,' Miss Emily calls us; love and



"Urging a donkey and cart up the narrow street"

the world well lost, that 's their idea. It 's lost all right, and I dare say it 's love sometimes; but with nine out of ten of us it is n't love. It 's what it was with me, I expect, being too much pinched to stand it. I had an offer of twelve pounds a year, all found, as a nursery governess when I was seventeen. There were eight of us in the family. My father was a clergyman, a bit too fond of cider; my mother was a farmer's daughter. He met her at the farm he 'd first started drinking in, and as soon as I could get out I had to get out. He had a hundred and twenty pounds a year, so you can figure what that meant, can't you?"

Geoffrey sat there figuring what it meant. He had n't the slightest inclination to tell Fanny's story to Emily, but, strangely enough, it was not to spare Emily. He felt as if he wanted to spare Fanny Emily's knowledge of it. Emily would go down to the root of things, and the roots of things are unpleasant places to be taken down to.

Fanny spoke without the slightest effort or self-pity. She simply stated facts; that made it easier for Geoffrey to listen. He smoked hard, looking over the top of Fanny's head out to sea.

Fanny did n't see the sea; while she talked she watched two very stout fisher-

men urging a donkey and cart up the narrow street. It was a difficult operation, and it interested her very much.

"There were lots of things we needed at home," she continued. "I had a brother next to me. I wanted him to go to a good school; he was a clever little chap. Then there was my sister with a bad back; she ought to have been taken up to London for proper treatment. And boots—we all of us were always wanting boots. I never had a decent dress in my life, and we were n't supposed to play with the village children, and any other children would n't play with us.

"There was the squire's family, and young Henry—he was the squire's son—stared his silly eyes out at me in church. I thought a lot about that. Once or twice when I went to do the marketing he met me coming back through the fields. He was n't much to look at, but he had a lot of money. Henry promised me a good lot of money for Jimmy's school and Hetty's back and the boots, and he gave it to me, too, directly we got to London, and father sent the money back to me, with, written on a paper round the check, 'The wages of sin is death.' That was all right, of course; but I did n't have eight children, and spend on cider what ought to have kept them, did I?"



"He ran down the hill as if he were pursued by the Furies"

"When you come to think of it, it must be a lot easier to slop out a text than keep it. You can't blame religious people that they prefer slopping out; only it's apt to put you off religion.

"Henry promised to settle some money on me, and I dare say he would have done it, only he got killed in the South African war before he'd arranged it.

"I dare say you wonder why I came to pieces so suddenly at my age. I'm twenty-two, you know, two years younger than Miss Emily. But I got ill; that did me in. I had to sell some of my jewelry to get back to England; I was in Paris at the time. I hung about in London selling things, and living on what I got for them for a while before I got really bad.

"I had friends, you know, but I was

too seedy to look them up; besides, they were n't people you could go to if you were seedy. Finally, I had to take to lodgings. The hotels I was used to were too expensive, and then I got quite laid up with pain, and light-headed, and finally the doctor that the landlady called in got me taken off in an ambulance to the hospital. So that's all there is to it."

"You did n't like that kind of life," said Geoffrey, in a low, moved voice; "you did n't like it, Fanny?"

Fanny got up. She always went back to Carbis Bay before nine, and she heard the church clock striking.

"Well," she said consideringly, "I don't suppose most people *like* their lives, do they? I did what we all have to do: I lumped it."

(To be concluded)



Borrower

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I SING of sorrow.
I sing of weeping.
I have no sorrow.

I only borrow
From some to-morrow,
Where it lies sleeping,
Enough of sorrow
To sing of weeping.



Reflections on the Strategy of the Allies¹

By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

Formerly First Lord of the British Admiralty

ALL through the war the Germans have had an enormous advantage over the Allies in one respect. They seized the initiative at the outset, and with only occasional interludes they have retained it until now. Their war direction throughout has been pursuing three conceived plans, while the Allies at almost every stage have been compelled to adapt their action to that of the enemy. The German centralized control was, even at the very outset of the war, intimately operative upon Austria; it has since become absolute not only upon Austria, but upon Bulgaria and Turkey. All the resources of these states, themselves combined in each case in the hands of one or two men, are now gripped effectively by "main headquarters," and "main headquarters" has gradually focused itself into Hindenburg and the kaiser.

The Allies, on the other hand, have made much slower progress toward unity of war direction, and in this respect even now stand at an incomparably lower level than their opponents. Indeed, there have been positive retrogressions; in England, especially since the advent of the coalition, and in France many people have had to be consulted. In Russia a variety of strong forces are always at work about the center of power. Physical and geographical difficulties have long necessarily obstructed a close and constant personal consultation of the Allied chiefs. Great efforts have been made to overcome these difficulties, and considerable advances have been made during the last year. The constitutional changes which have recently taken place in Great Britain, France, and Italy should render possible a much greater advance. The mere gathering together at occasional conferences round the common table of

military and political delegations from all the Allied states will never provide an instrument of war direction comparable with that which is being used against them by their enemies. Trust in one another, faith in their cause, loyal and unselfish effort, operating by telegraph, can at the best produce only imperfect results. In peace wisdom may be found in a multitude of counselors; in war the reverse is true.

If the Allies could get the leading *man* of each of the four great Allied powers, whether sovereign, general, or statesman, to sit in constant conclave at some central point, and each supported by the unswerving obedience of his nation, that fact in itself would be worth more than a million soldiers a year to the Allied cause, and would probably conduce to a speedy victory. The enemy has had this, or something very like it, for many months; we are still far from it. But we are making progress toward it, and we shall some day attain it unless the war comes sooner to an end.

NOTHING would conduce so easily and speedily to a united war direction among the Allies as the discovery and development of a successful form of initiative by any one of them. If, for instance, in the spring or summer of 1915 Allied fleets and armies, mainly British, had been able to open the Dardanelles and dominate Constantinople, the elimination of Turkey as a military factor would probably have followed, and it might then have been possible to assemble at Constantinople a united and permanent war council for all the Allies, great and small, and from this central situation, always one of the vital nerve-centers of the world, to lay broad,

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deep, and far-reaching plans which would have regulated and coördinated the naval, military, economic, and diplomatic measures of the year 1916. Success would have bred success, and out of victory would have come the means of further and final victory. But the Allies have never been able to get their heads sufficiently above water for anything like this, and though good-will, fidelity, and generous emulation have sustained them and kept them all together, no single power or common policy has ever yet secured that paramount position which would swiftly bring success.

It is a frequent mistake to confound the initiative with the offensive. The one by no means implies the other. The initiative may seize swiftly and suddenly certain vital and neglected positions or strategic theaters and compel the enemy to adopt the offensive to regain them. The positions which the Germans captured in France at the outset of the war have left them, broadly speaking, in continuous possession of the strategic initiative in the West. The strategic initiative as distinct from the tactical will not be recovered merely by assumptions of the offensive, but by the discovery of a method by which three men can certainly beat two continuously. The initiative which was seized by the British navy at the very beginning of the war has never been lost, although the Germans have from time to time shown much enterprise in the adoption of minor offensives. In order to obtain the initiative in war it may be necessary to wait, constantly making preparations, for a very long time. Premature action of an offensive character may delay and possibly prevent altogether the transference of the initiative.

We can see now plainly that there never was any chance of the great offensives at Champagne and Loos in 1915 succeeding. Judging by the limited results obtained lately on the Somme, with the enormously increased resources in men and the incomparably increased resources in artillery and munitions, it is surely obvious that the Anglo-French armies never

had any real prospect of breaking the line in the preceding year. But if the war energies consumed forever in Artois and Champagne had been saved until the spring of 1916, and had been launched then with some novel method at some moment when the Germans were fully extended in their attack on Verdun, the chances of a decisive victory would certainly have been enormously enhanced. Similarly, perhaps, if the great effort made on the Somme in 1916 could have been limited to the minimum necessary to relieve the pressure at Verdun, and all the rest carried forward, the prospects for 1917 would certainly have been far more favorable.

THE method and consequences of Rumania's entry into the war will remain one of the tragic surprises of history. Here was a martial state possessing an army three or four times as big as the British army before the war. She was united to the Allied cause by strong ties of interest and sentiment. Throughout the war her neutrality was benevolent to the Allies; but being a small state in a partly isolated position, she was forced to delay her entry into so supreme a quarrel until the general war situation offered a hope that her intervention would be decisive.

The wonderful victories of Brussiloff and the failure of the Austrian offensive against Italy, combined with the beginning of the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme, led the Rumanian chiefs to believe that the moment for action had arrived. One would have expected that a neutral state with many German connections would have had accurate means of informing itself as to the interior condition and resources of the Central empires; that their competent military leaders would have been able, after waiting so long, to choose the right moment for action; that their detached and impartial study of the course of the war would have enabled them to learn its lessons and appreciate more accurately even than the actual belligerents their true position; and

that two and a half years of ceaseless preparation would have furnished their armies with the most modern armament and equipment.

One might also have hoped that after this long period of war the coördination of action between the great Allies and their accumulation of military experience would have enabled them to offer sure and far-seeing guidance to their new ally; that they would not allow her to come in until they were certain that her intervention, while being effective, would not expose her to undue hazard, and that the plan of campaign of all the Allied armies operating in this theater would have been closely concerted and would have been directed according to the highest military conceptions. The exact contrary occurred. The Central powers, in the grip of Prussia, were found capable of an unexpected effort of military strength. Brussiloff was brought to a standstill; the great Austrian army which he had destroyed was replaced by a new and still larger army, and enormous additional forces were provided for the attack on their new Rumanian antagonist. The initiative which Germany had lost by her failure at Verdun and the defeats in Volhynia was immediately recovered, and is still fully operative. The Rumanian armies, although exhibiting splendid bravery, were found to be woefully deficient in many of the vital necessities for modern war.

From the outset the Rumanian plan of campaign revealed obvious military faults. Instead of there being a great Russian and Rumanian army ready on the declaration of war to strike south toward the Constantinople railway, and to join hands with an adequate Allied army from Saloniki, the Rumanian forces were disposed in disconnected detachments along the Danube, or plunged in fan-shaped movements along an enormous front into the defiles of Transylvania. Russian aid arrived only in time to save Moldavia, and the Saloniki army was unable to make any effective diversion. Thus the arrival of an ally, instead of proving a help, has proved up to the present an apparent in-

jury, and has added another to the already long list of miscalculations and misfortunes which have dogged the Allied policy in the Balkans.

Again, the attitude of the Allies toward Greece from the very beginning of the war down to the present moment illustrates with bitter point the famous observation that "the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be a writer of comedy also." There have been at least four occasions when Greece could have been prosperously and honorably brought into the war on the side of the Allies. First, at the very beginning, before Turkey had declared herself for the Germans, and while she was still threatening Greece with a local war; secondly, after the fall of the outer forts at the Dardanelles; thirdly, in the present year, when M. Venizelos, having secured a majority at the election and been acclaimed with all the prescription of a newly chosen parliament, was arbitrarily and unconstitutionally dismissed from power by the Greek court; and, fourthly, at the moment of Brussiloff's victories and Rumania's entry into the war. It is difficult to understand why, after all other opportunities had been missed, this last should not have been chosen as the moment when the Allies should have summoned Greece to fulfil her treaty obligations toward Serbia. It is indeed ungrateful and ungenerous to cast the blame of this on Great Britain or Sir Edward Grey or, indeed, upon any single power. The cause of the evil is to be found in that hiatus whence many of our misfortunes have sprung, namely, the difficulties of truly concerted action among great and separate Allies, and the lack of any primacy of leadership or control.

To appreciate what was accomplished in the great Battle of the Somme it is well to look at the past. All the previous great offensives in the West since the flank reached the sea and trench warfare supervened failed to secure decisive strategic results. First was the German thrust for Calais in October and November, 1914.

Here the enemy had enormous superiority of numbers. The line in front of them was pitifully thin. Supports and reserves, cavalry, odd battalions, camp-followers—all had to be used to fill in the fighting front. Trench warfare was in its infancy. The shelter-pits and trenches of the lines that were defended were dug under the full severity of the enemy attack; the artillery and ammunition of the defense were scarce; their machine-guns few and far between; barbed-wire was almost non-existent: and yet the whole might and fury of the German attack was broken, and the flower of fresh armies cut down.

Secondly, in May and June came the persevering French offensive near Arras, with corresponding British coöperation. This was considered necessary in view of the Russian situation. These attacks continued for many weeks and involved a great slaughter without producing any strategic result or appreciable gain of ground. The German losses were also heavy, but their methods of defense underwent considerable improvement and refinement.

Thirdly, came the September attack by the French in Champagne and the British at Loos. On these the highest hopes were based. All the Allied enterprises against Turkey were sacrificed to them. A further enormous slaughter ensued; the desperate heroism of the troops was quenched by nothing but death. The skill of the commanders was exhibited by a variety of ingenious expedients. But although it caused a number of German divisions to be transferred from the East to the West, and thus aided the Russians in their extreme need, the German front in France remained unbroken and its alinement virtually unaltered.

Then, fourthly, with the New-year German unwisdom came to the relief of the Allies' disappointments. While all the great opportunities for the Germans to gain against Russia were neglected, we witnessed the launching of an attack on Verdun, with a preparation, intensity, and perseverance unprecedented by all that had gone before. This German attack

was characterized by many new features. It was what might be described as an "anvil attack." A salient sector of the French front, which it was rightly believed they would endeavor to hold at all costs, was made the target for an immense artillery bombardment unequaled up to that time; and this prodigious blasting process was combined with an increasing succession of infantry assaults prolonged over five or six months. Despite all the novel features and profound knowledge which launched this onslaught, it constituted in the upshot the greatest rebuff and disaster which German military annals contain.

Preceded by these heralds, the Battle of the Somme began in July last. This battle, in its scale, its ruthlessness, its carnage, exceeded all former armed conflicts of mankind. The finest armies that have ever existed, supplied with weapons and munitions never before wielded by human hands, and instructed by all the experience of former battles, met in prolonged and merciless grapple. At the most moderate computation a million British, French, and German soldiers shed their blood, and according to official figures of the German losses, this number must be greatly increased. Verdun was saved. The losses inflicted on Germany were most serious. Seventy thousand prisoners were taken. But the German line, though dented, remained unpierced. Nor were they prevented from carrying out, though perhaps only to a modified extent, other important operations of the highest consequence in other theaters.

Let us examine the anatomy of these vast modern battles as exemplified by Verdun and Somme. You select a battle-field. Around this battle-field you build a wall, double, triple, quadruple, of enormous cannon. Behind these you construct railways to feed them and pile up mountains of shells. All this is the work of months. Before long the enemy learns what you are doing, and he in his turn makes his gigantic concentration of artillery. Thus the battle-field is completely encircled by thousands of guns of all sizes, and a wide oval space is prepared.

Through this awful arena all the divisions of each army are made to pass in succession, as if they were the teeth of interlocking cog-wheels grinding one another, and battered ceaselessly by the enveloping artillery. In the end nearly every division in the West, British, French, and German, is "put through the mill," and is in the process cut down by half or more of its fighting men. Some are put through two or three times as the cog-wheels revolve. Every object in the arena is pulverized. The surface of the earth is changed. The very soil is blown away.

For month after month the ceaseless cannonade continues at its utmost intensity, and month after month the gallant divisions of heroic human beings are torn to pieces in this terrible rotation. Then comes the winter, pouring down rain from the sky to clog the feet of men, and drawing veils of mist before the hawk eyes of their artillery. The arena, as used to happen in the Colosseum in those miniature Roman days, is flooded with water. A vast sea of ensanguined mud, churned by thousands of vehicles, by hundreds of thousands of men and millions of shells, replaces the blasted dust. Still the struggle continues. Still the remorseless wheels revolve. Still the artillery roars. At last the legs of men can no longer move; they wallow and flounder helplessly in the slime. Their food and their ammunition lag behind them along the smashed and choked roadways. The offensive is suspended till the spring.

The most remarkable tactical feature about this almost superhuman clash of nations is undoubtedly the much greater approximation to equal terms of the offensive and the defensive. The superiority of the Allied artillery, and the complete mastery they have won in the air, in combination enormously facilitated the attack. The prolonged and intense bombardments in many cases obliterated the trenches, and over the whole battle-field barbed wire was largely destroyed. The battle, therefore, in many of its episodes, has been a great field action between the armies in a wilderness of craters and shell-holes. In

these circumstances the superior personal qualities of our troops, and the devoted leading of their officers, found a scope long hitherto denied them. It is a tremendous fact that the new armies of Great Britain, the civilians of yesterday, showed themselves capable of mastering in the closest conflict the best soldiers of the Prussian military régime.

The consequence is that of all the great offensives which have been undertaken by both sides in the West since the beginning of the war the Somme is undoubtedly the one which has yielded the most important results. The effects produced upon the German armies and upon the German nation are profound and lasting. During the whole of last summer and autumn the Germans were continually oppressed by the sensation of their armies being exposed to the relentless and successful attack of enemies their equal in discipline, their superior in numbers and munitions. During the whole of that time they were subjected to continued humiliation in the field. Our own men steadily gained the consciousness of personal military ascendancy over their foes.

The results of this process may be far-reaching. That the morale of the German army has been affected is evidenced by the readiness with which large bodies of men have offered themselves as prisoners in recent actions. Moreover, the operations conducted by the French have been specially profitable, and the methods of attack in both armies have been continually improved. Numerous instances can be cited where important British and French attacks have not only been successful, but profitable, and even highly profitable, so far as relative losses are concerned. The extraordinary results achieved at Verdun by General Nivelle are evidences of a development of an organization and a machinery which, if applied with sufficient frequency and on a sufficient scale, might well prove decisive. It is surely to method and machinery rather than to numbers and to heroism that the Allies must look in the long succession of red months that are before us.

"Now let me put your collar on and slick your hair."



A Little Boy of Long Ago

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Author of "A Country Chronicle"

Illustrations by George Wright

LETTIE

MY mother says: "Now, you must be home by nine. You know that 's always your bedtime, and I don't s'pose Lettie's mother lets *her* stay up later than that."

I say: "All right. I will."

My mother says: "Come here. Now let me put your collar on and slick your hair."

I say: "Oh, I do' want to put a collar on. I s'pose you 'll want me to put my boots on next."

My mother says: "No, you can go bare-foot if you want to, but you can't go up to play with a nice little girl like Lettie without your collar and coat on. And, then, her ma would n't like it. 'T ain't too warm. Come!"

My mother gets out one of my paper collars and puts it on me and then puts on my necktie. It fastens with a loop of elastic, and is always hard to get on. I don't like to wear a collar. I always feel as if I could n't move my head.

Lettie lives up near Tip's and the school-house. They moved here last sum-

mer. She has n't any father, only her mother and her Uncle Harry.

Lettie's Uncle Harry is always laughing and joking. When he meets me on the road going to school, he almost always stops and says: "Good morning, young man. Does your mother know you 're out?" Then he takes hold of me and throws me up, or whirls me around till I almost fall down. Tip and I both like him.

Lettie's real name is Aletta. She takes her slate and books to school in a kind of bag. It has A. C. on it in red and black yarn. She writes crooked, and reading and spelling are harder for her than for Gertie and the rest. But I like her better than any one else, and I like to go and play with her. Tip likes her, too. Teacher scolded her so hard once about missing words that she cried. I felt sorry for her. Teacher did, too, afterward.

I look at Tip's house when I go by. I know he had to go down to Newbecker's after pie-plant, so I don't yell. Anyway, I like to play with Lettie by ourselves.

I go around to the woodshed door and go in. It is so dark I can hardly see to find the kitchen door. Lettie's mother hears me, and comes and opens it. It has a latch that clicks instead of a knob like their other doors.

I say, "Is Lettie home?"

Lettie's mother says: "Oh, how do you do? Come in, come in. Yes, she's here. Let-ti-i-ie!" She is always good to me that way.

Lettie comes running in from the other room. Her apron flies up and down, and her hair, too. She says: "Hello! Have you come up to play? How long can you stay?"

I say, "Ma says I got to be home by nine."

Lettie's mother says for us to go into the parlor. We sit and look at picture-

books until we get tired, and then try to play games with cards. Then we make tents and houses of the cards.

Their house is n't anywhere near as big as ours. The organ and the chairs and the stand take up so much room that you can hardly sit down. The bedroom next to the sitting-room is so little that the door hits the bed when you open it. They have n't any up-stairs at all.

Lettie has a white apron on. It buttons behind. Where it goes over her shoulders it has a crinkly border that sticks up. There is a little green in it. It always makes her look fresh and cool even when it is a hot day. It comes up almost to her chin, and then goes around her neck. I like to have her look at me. I like it when she sits close to me or leans on the table with me to look at things.



"Good morning, young man. Does your mother know you're out?"



"We sit and look at picture-books until we get tired"

Lettie says: "Now see! I've got my palace all built, and I'm going to play there 's a big wind comes and blows it down. Now look!" She makes sure I am looking. She says: "Now!" She puffs her cheeks out and gets all ready. Her

cheeks are round and smooth. Her eyes and mouth don't look so pretty that way. She blows, and the cards all tumble down.

I hear their clock make a little clicking sort of noise.

Lettie says: "There goes that naughty



" Lettie's mother comes in with two little basins full "

old clock! It always makes me think of our hen clucking to her little chickens."

In a few minutes it will be half-past eight. Their clock always strikes once at half-past.

I say: "I must n't forget. When it 's ten minutes to nine I got to go."

Lettie says, "Oh, do you have to go then?"

I say: "M-m-m. I always have to be in bed by nine."

Lettie jumps up. She says, "I 'm going to ask mama if she 'll pop some corn." She always says "mama." Tip says that 's all right for girls, but he likes "ma" and "pa" better.

Lettie runs out into the other room. She comes back and says: "Why, mama 's got it all ready to pop now. The frying-pan all hot, and everything." We always say "spider" at our house.

After a while we hear the corn popping, and then begin to smell it. Lettie's mother comes in with two little basins full. She says: "I s'pose I ought to have begun sooner, but you 'll have ten min-

utes, and then you can get home soon enough. You 'll have plenty of time." She goes and gets another little basin for herself. She says, "I wish your Uncle Harry was here to have some."

We eat and talk. The pop-corn tastes so good that we have it all eaten up by the time I have to go.

When I get to the door that opens into the woodshed, Lettie's mother brings the lamp and holds it. She says: "It 's terribly dark out there. Let me hold the light for you till you get outdoors."

I turn around and say good night to Lettie. She stands away over by the other door, looking at me. She says, "Good-by." Her voice sounds nice and clear.

Lettie's mother says, "Are n't you going to shake hands with him, or anything?"

Lettie looks at me. She starts and runs across the floor to where I am. Her apron and her hair fly up and down. She stretches out her arms while she is coming, and when she gets to me she puts them around my neck and gives me a kiss on the cheek. I can smell her apron. It always smells sprinkled and ironed. Then



"She stretches out her arms while she is coming, and when she gets to me she puts them around my neck and gives me a kiss on the cheek "

she runs back to where she was. She turns around and says, "Come again, won't you?"

Lettie's mother laughs. She says to me, "I'm sure you ought to be satisfied with *that* invitation."

My face feels warm. I liked it when Lettie ran up and kissed me, but I don't know what to do. I say: "M-m-m! I'll come. Good night." I go out through the woodshed and the yard to the road.

When I get to the bottom of the hill

there is a long piece before I get home. The big maple-tree is just half-way, and there is a bush. I always imagine the bush is a bear. I hope I am not going to meet anybody. If I do, I'll have to cross over to the other side.

I run as fast as I can. My feet make slapping noises on the path, because the ground is flat and smooth and damp. Just as I come jumping on to the veranda the clock begins to strike. I come in all out of breath. My mother says, "Just in time."

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

TEACHER says: "You may have twice as long for recess to-day if you want to, seeing it's the last day." She says, "Dismissed!" We all get up and go out.

Some of us are in our Sunday suits. I have my paper collar and necktie on, and it makes me feel awfully stiff. The girls have their best dresses on, and nice, clean aprons. Lettie's apron is crinklier than ever around the edge, and she has a new blue ribbon around her hair.

We stand on the steps awhile, and then go out under the maple-trees. We don't feel like playing the way we do when we have our regular clothes on.

Georgie says: "I don't like to be dressed up. Do you?"

I say: "No. I never feel as if I could move when I have to wear a collar. If I had my way, I'd *never* dress up."

Lije says, "What do you do it for, then?"

I say, "'Cause ma makes me."

The girls all stand together under the big basswood-tree. Gertie is saying something to them. Pretty soon she comes run-

ning over to where we are. She says: "Say, let's all run over to the woods and get teacher some more flowers. We've got time enough. Shall we?"

We all start and run up the road. The little Dutch boys can't keep up with us.

Lettie and I run along together. Her hair and apron flutter up and down. She says: "I wisht teacher 'd 'a' had speaking for the last day. Don't you?"

I say: "Na-aw. I don't like to speak."

Lettie then says, "Why?"

I say, "'Cause I don't like to get up in front of 'em."

Lettie says, "Oh, that's nothing to be 'fraid of." We get all out of breath.

When we get into the woods Gertie

says: "Now we must pick as fast as we can and go right back. You know 't ain't like noon, when there's a whole hour."

The lilies and violets are about all gone, but there are some other kinds. We don't know what their names are. They are pink or white or purple, and shaped like a round cup, and have lots of leaves. Our bouquets are greener than the ones we got for teacher before.



"Her hair and apron flutter up and down"

The Dutch boys and girls have hardly got started with theirs before we start back. They are afraid they will be late, so they stop picking, and run along behind us with what they have.

We run into the school-house and put our flowers on the desk. They make such a big pile we can hardly see teacher when she sits down. We don't go out again, but stand around and talk. Some of us sit down in our seats.

Teacher has her best dress on. When she goes down the aisle to ring the bell she makes a loud, rustling noise. There are only a few outside. When she comes back, we are all in our seats, and it is still all over the room.

We feel sure there are n't going to be any lessons. Our slates and books and everything are packed up on our desks. We did that before recess. We did n't really need to, but we did n't feel satisfied until we had them all ready the way we wanted to carry them home.

Teacher goes up to her desk and stands there. The blackboard behind her is all clean and ever so much blacker than it was. That makes her look more dressed up than ever. She waits a minute until she is sure we won't make any more noises, and says: "We 'll not have any recitations. I thought I 'd let you go home a little earlier the last day."

We knew that was how it would be. Now we wonder what kind of cards we are going to get.

Teacher reaches down under her desk and gets a package. There is n't room on the desk, on account of the flowers, so she lays the register on top of the bouquets and puts the package on top of it. She undoes the string. We can see the pile of nice, clean cards. They have gilt edges, and when she lifts one up we can see pretty colors. She takes them in her hand and comes down and begins to give them to us. She has them all arranged according to where we sit.

The cards have our names written on them, and under that it says, "From his Teacher." Then there is teacher's name. The pictures are different. My card has two little boys with red and yellow clothes



"Teacher says: 'You may have twice as long for recess to-day'"

on. One of them is playing a drum, and the other a fife. On top it says in gold letters, "Reward of Merit." My father can play a fife. He can play "The Girl I Left behind me," and another tune without a name. He says the fifers used to play them in the army.

and run to the shelves for our dinner-pails. Some of the boys yell: "School 's out! School 's out!" Two or three say, "Good-by, Teacher!" We all start for outdoors.

I get almost to the road. Then all of a sudden I remember what my mother said



"Some of the boys yell: 'School 's out! School 's out!' Two or three say, 'Good-by, Teacher!' We all start for outdoors"

When the cards are all passed around, teacher goes up and stands by the desk. She says, "Well, I guess that is all." She waits a minute. She says: "I hope you 'll have a real good time this vacation. And I hope you 'll be happy all your lives." She smiles at us. She says: "All right. Now you may go."

We all jump up and grab our books

this morning just before I started to school. She said: "Now, you must n't forget to go up to your teacher the last thing and say good-by real nice. Don't go and run off the way most of 'em do, and not say a word."

I run back. I meet some of the girls coming out. Lettie is crying. It makes me feel sorry. Jennie says: "What 's the

matter? Forget something?" I go in without answering.

Teacher is sitting there behind the desk, thinking. I go up the aisle and around to where she is. She stops thinking, and looks at me. I say, "Good-by, Teacher!"

Teacher says, "Oh, is *that* it?" She

Lettie and Gertie. We look at each other's cards. We talk about the new school-house they say we are going to have next winter. We wonder who will be teacher.

Lettie goes in. She says, "Will you come up and play with me some time?"



"Teacher has her head down on her hands on top of the desk"

puts her arms around me and says, "Good-by, little boy!" I turn around and start down the aisle. When I get to the door I look around a little. Teacher has her head down on her hands on top of the desk. I am afraid she is tired or has the headache or something.

I run as fast as I can and catch up with

I say: "M-m-m. I will."

Tip is sitting on their steps with his books on his legs. He yells: "Yah-'oo! You know! Come on up to-morrow. Don't forget the Fourth o' July picnic next Monday."

Gertie says: "I 'm goin' to catch up with the girls. Come on! Run!"



"Come, let us reason together, Aurora."

Aurora the Magnificent

By GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "The Truth about Camilla," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

Chapter XX

AURORA of the excellent three-times-a-day appetite, Aurora of the good sound slumbers, picked at her food and slept brokenly for part of a week at that period, such was her impatience at the dragging length of time, the emptiness of time, undiversified and unenhanced by the presence in her house of any man devoted to her. No odor of tobacco smoke in the air, no cane in the corner; Tom on his way to America, Gerald hurt or cross or both. But, the ladies agreed, when Aurora had told Estelle the latest about Gerald, her refusal could not possibly occasion a cessation of relations, since his offer, chivalrous and unpremeditated, had been at most a cute and endearing exhibition of character. His sensitiveness could not be long recovering, and everything would be as before.

Aurora was one of those healthy sleepers who have no care to guard themselves against the morning light. Her windows stood open, her bed was protected from winged intruders by a veil of white netting gathered at the top into the great overshadowing coronet.

She was in the fine midst of those sweetest slumbers that come after a pearly wash of dawn has cleaned sky and hill-tops from the first smoke-stain of the night when a sense of some one else in the room startled her awake. There stood near the door of her dressing-room an unknown female, wearing intricate gold ear-pendants and a dingy cotton dress without any collar.

"*Chi è voi?*," inquired Aurora, lifting her head.

"I am the Ildegonda," answered the

woman, whose smile and everything about her apologized, and deprecated displeasure. She must be the kitchen-maid, fancied Aurora, engaged by Clotilde, and not supposed to show her nose above the subterranean province of the kitchen.

"There is the *signorino* down in the garden," Ildegonda acquitted herself of the charge laid upon her by the donor of the silver franc still rejoicing her folded fingers, "who says if you will have the amiability to place yourself one moment at the window he would desire to say a word to you."

"All right." Aurora nodded to the Ildegonda, inviting her by a motion of the hand to go away again.

Aurora rose, and softly closed the door which, when open, made an avenue for sound from her room to Estelle's. She slipped her arms into a sky-blue dressing-gown, and with a heart spilling over with playful joy, eyes spilling over with childish laughter, went to look out of the window, the one, naturally, farthest from Estelle's side of the house.

"Good morning! Good morning!" came on the instant from the waiting, up-turned face below. "Forgive me for rousing you so early," was said in a voice subdued so as to reach, if possible, no other ears, "but you promised you would go with me one day to Vallombrosa, and one has to start early, for it is far. Will you come?"

"Will I come? Will I come? Wait and see! Got your horses and carriage?"

"Standing at the gate. How long will it take you to get ready?"

"Oh, I 'll hurry like anything.

"Wash, dress, be brief in praying.
Few beads are best when once we go
a Maying."

"I won't pray, I won't put on beads. But, see here, what about what they call in this country my collation? You know I'm in a gump on an empty stomach."

"We'll have our coffee on the road, at a little inn-table out of doors in the sunrise."

"Fine! By-by. See you again in about twenty minutes."

Every fiber composing Aurora twittered with a distinct and separate glee while she hurried through her toilet, a little breathless, a little distracted, and mortally afraid Estelle would hear and come to ask questions. From her wardrobe she drew the things best suited to the day and her humor: a white India silk all softly spotted with apple-blossoms, of which she had said when she considered acquiring it that it was too light-minded for her age and size, but yet, vaulting over those objections, had bought and had made up according to its own merits and not hers; a white straw hat with truncated steeple crown, the fashion of that year, small brim faced with moss-green velvet, bunch of green ostrich-tips, right at the front, held in place by band and buckle.

She passed out through the dressing-room, she crept down the stairs, laughing at her own remark that it was awfully like an elopement.

At the door she greeted Gerald with all the joy of meeting again a playmate. He had on the right playmate's face. She gave him both hands, and he clasped them to the elbow, shaking them with satisfactory fire, while their eyes laughed a common recognition of the adventure as a lark.

At the gate waited the open carriage, a city-square cabriolet, but clean and in repair, drawn by two strong, little, brown horses, with rosettes and feathers in their jingling bridles, ribbons in their whisking, braided tails, and driven by a brown young man of twenty, with a feather, too, in his hat, which he wore aslant and

crushed down over his right ear. To make the excursion pleasanter to himself, he was by permission taking along a companion of his own age, who occupied the low seat beside his elevated one.

It seemed to Aurora that never had there been such a day, so fresh and unstained and perfect, a day inspiring such gladness in being. The sense of that priceless boon, the freedom of a whole long day together, elated her with a joy that knew only one shadow, and that unremarked for the first half of it—the shortness of the longest earthly day.

Now the horses slowed in their pace; the ascent had begun among the shady chestnut-trees. The driver's friend scrambled down, and plodded alongside the horses; the driver himself descended and walked, cheering on his beasts with noises that nearly killed Aurora, she declared.

As it took them between four and five hours to reach their destination, and as Aurora chattered all the time, with little intervals of talk by Gerald, to report their conversation is unfeasible. Aurora, wanting in all that varied knowledge which those who are fond of reading get from books, had yet a lot to say that some unprejudiced ears found worth while.

As Gerald leaned back in the carriage at her side, bathed in the wavering green-and-gold light of the chestnut-trees among which the road wended, his face, beneath the brim of his pliable white straw, bent down over the eyes and turned up at the back, Italian style, did not look sickly. On the contrary, it looked better and stronger since his illness; he even had a little color. He was not perceptibly sad-eyed, either, that she could see, though his eyes must always be the thoughtful kind. As for spindle-shanked, he filled his loose woolen clothes better than before.

It grew very warm; the way, though pleasant, was beginning to seem long when they arrived. The old monastery, now a school of forestry, the Cross of Savoy, where pilgrims rest and dine, gleamed white in the cloudless noon, amid the century-old trees that long ago, before Dante's time even, earned for the spot its

beautiful name Vallombrosa, Umbrageous Vale.

In a state of physical and mental well-being such as can be bought only by an early rising, an inconsiderable breakfast, a long ride in the warmth of Tuscan mid-May, an abundant and repairing repast, taken, amid sweet conventual coolness, in company which leaves nothing to wish for beyond it, they went forth to spend the time that must be granted the horses for rest before the return to Florence.

Aurora sought to enliven the hour for Gerald. He never omitted to laugh, without being able to enter enough into her fun to join her in the same species. An incapacity; still, there was no disguising the basking enjoyment possessing him, his love of her gaiety, if not at all moments of the form it took.

Finding it entrancing up there, they decided not to start for home till the last minute possible. A limit was set to the time they might linger by the necessity for some degree of daylight in making the descent. From the edge of the curving road the mountain dropped away without the protection of any parapet.

When they had found the ideal place in which to sit on the warm earth in the shade and look off over valleys and mountains into azure space, Aurora at last consented to be still. She became dreamy, appeared sweetly fatigued, and was for a long time mute.

It looked from where they sat as if the land had at some time been fluid, and been tossing, green and purple, in a majestic storm, when some great word of command had fixed it in the midst of motion, and the waves became Apennines; then in an hour of peculiar affection for that plot of the earth a faultless artist from the skies had been set to oversee nature and man at their work there, and prevent the intrusion of one note not in harmony with his most distinguished dream.

In the quiet that descended upon Gerald and Aurora the native piety in each groped for some acknowledgment to make of their consciousness at the moment of unusual blessing. In him it took the form of

a renewal, more devoted perhaps than ever, of the determination to maintain an uncompromising purity of aim in his work. The incomparable scene stimulated within him a sense of power to produce things rivaling what lay under his eyes; he, atom, rivaling his Maker in the creation of beauty. In her it was a determination of greater loyalty toward the Provider of undeservedly happy days to man, whose heart is wicked from his birth, as her mother had been wont to tell her.

Hearing her hum very softly to herself, he asked what she sang. She said, her mother's favorite hymn, and gave it aloud, with the words:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And make me live to Thee."

Like one with an impeccable ear, but with small esteem for his gifts as a singer, Gerald murmured the melody after her, just audibly, to show he cared to have his share in her memories. But mainly the two of them thought of each other.

So they sat, two little dots, two trembling threads, against the screen of the universe and eternity, and their two selves, under the spell of a world-old enchantment, loomed so large to each that the universal and the eternal were to them two little dots, two threads.

Gerald saw how the afternoon was mellowing toward sunset, and the important things of the day had not been touched upon. He had traversed great spaces in the region of sentiment during the preceding two days. The first of them had been spent far from Aurora, even as she supposed, for the sake of letting the impression of having been laughed at wear off a little. Already for some time before that forced climax Gerald had been haunted by the feeling that he ought to

offer himself to Aurora, as it were to regularize his status in her house. After hanging around as he had been doing, one might almost say that good manners demanded it. Her fashion, on that evening in the garden, of treating the idea that he could be enamoured of her assured him that she would refuse. He would have done his duty, and they would continue to drift, he shutting his eyes to the penalty awaiting his self-indulgence, the taxes of pain rolling up for the hour when her necessary departure would involve the uprooting of every last little flower in that wretched garden of his heart. With such a mental pattern of the future he had gone to bed at the end of the first day.

On the next morning something had effected a change. A heart-throb, a stroke of magic, had so lifted him up that over the top of the wall edging the road of life for him he had seen a thrilling garden outstretched, smiling in the sun, a sight that so enkindled him with the witchery of its promises that he felt he should seek for a way into that garden till he found it; should, if necessary, demolish the wall.

That day he went walking on the hills beyond Settignano, and the new light, the intoxication, persisted—the vision of himself as Aurora's lover. Why not? An escape from the past, a different adventure from all prefigured in his dull expectations before! In his theory of living Gerald had always admitted the gallant advisability of burning ships. There was room in his theory of living for just such a divergence from design as he now meditated. When the call comes, summon it to never so improbable places, the poet and artist obey. He had gone to bed on the second night with these thoughts and a plan for the morrow.

Now he cleared his throat, took a reasonable air, a tone almost of banter, to say what, influenced by the long precedent of their converse together, he could say only in that manner, covering up as best he could the fact that his heart trembled and burned.

"Shall we resume our conversation of

last Friday?" he asked, with a fine imitation of the comradely ease which had marked all their intercourse that day.

He was looking over the valley, as if still preoccupied with its beauty rather than with her.

Thus misled, she did not guess right. She said:

"About Charlie, you mean? Just fancy, I have n't thought of him once all day! Little varmint! Don't I wish I had the spanking of him! But I guess it would lame my arm."

"Not about Charlie. I asked would you marry me, and you said you would not. Will you to-day?"

"Not for a farm!" she answered, with emphasis equal to her precipitation.

"Why not?" he asked, undismayed.

"Because."

"Come, let us reason together, Aurora." He changed position, arranging himself on his elbow so as to be able to look at her. His eyes were steady. "For a man to ask a woman to marry him is of course the greatest piece of impertinence of which he could be guilty. I have rather less to offer than any man in the world, but I am bold because you, dear, are just the one to be blind."

"Oh, it's not *that*, of course," said Aurora, hurriedly.

"Don't suppose for a moment that I am troubled by the size of your fortune or the size of my own. You have n't any money, dear. Others have your money. I have almost to laugh at the splendid speed with which that open granary of yours will be eaten clean by all the birds coming to pick one seed at a time."

"You need n't laugh, then. Some of it is going to be pinned to me solid, so that nothing can get it away from me, not even I myself."

"I am sorry to hear it. The other was so complete. Well, if you had nothing, I should still have just enough to keep us from hunger, though perhaps not from cold in these dear old stone houses of Italy. And you—I know you well enough to be sure of it—you are exactly the one to learn how much there can be in life

besides its luxuries. Since my illness, too, Aurora, let me confide to you, there have been in me reawakenings, I have felt the beginnings—I am speaking with reference to my work,—I have felt intimations — No, it is too difficult to express without seeming to boast, which is horribly unlucky. In short, I have felt that I might do the turn still of forcing a careless generation to pay attention."

"O Gerald, how nice it is to have you say that!" she warmly rejoiced. "I 'm so glad to hear it!"

"Now tell me why it is you won't marry me. Stop, dear. Don't say because you are not in love with me. I have difficulty in seeing how any one in her right senses could be in love with me. It would be enough, dear, that you should be to me as you were during those happy, happy days when I was so beastly ill. You are so generous, it would be merely fulfilling your nature. And I, upon my word, dear, would try to deserve it. I would give you reason to be kind. I am not without scraps of honor—wholly; I would do my best to make you happy."

"No,"—she shook her head decidedly,—"no, Gerry," she added, to take the sharp edge off her refusal, "no, Gerry; 'Rory won't."

"You have only to lose by it, that is obvious, and I to gain, and nothing could equal the indecency of insistence on my part; but I feel that I am going to persist to the point of persecution. You are fond of me, you know. I only dare to say you are fond of me because you have said it yourself more than once. And you are always sincere, and I would n't be likely to forget. Now, if you are fond of me,—very, very fond, you have said repeatedly,—why do you refuse? I would n't be a bore of a husband, I promise. I would leave you a great deal of liberty."

"No, Geraldino; no."

"You need n't tell me there 's somebody else. I don't believe it. Though you feel only fondness for me, I know that you are not in love with anybody else. When one is in love, there is no room in life for such warm and dear friendship as you

have frankly shown me. It 's that, after all, which has given me courage."

"No, no; there 's nobody else."

"Well, then, why can't you? Why won't you?"

"I—" She hesitated, as if to think. There was a silence. Then she asked slowly, like one who finds some difficulty in laying her tongue on the right words: "Do you remember all those things you said that evening in the garden the night you came in to meet Tom for the first time? How you would n't for anything in the whole world let yourself get tangled up again with caring for a person?"

"Perfectly. I could only picture it as meaning more of trouble and unrest. But things change, dear. We change. There has taken place in me since that, no matter for what reason, an increase of self-confidence and confidence in fate such as turns men into nuisances or makes them successful. In the last twenty-four hours particularly. Now, as I look at the inconvenience of getting tangled up again with caring for a person, I find I don't mean at all to suffer. I mean to bother you until you say yes, and then to be happy. You could never wilfully torment me, I know; you are incapable of it. Then, when you have graciously consented to marry me, I feel as if I might build up my life on new lines."

"I can't, Geraldino; I can't."

"You can't. So you have said. And I have asked you to tell me your reasons, that I may combat them one by one."

"It 's no use. We 're too different."

"That we are different, thank God! is a reason for and not against."

"No, no; not when it 's such a huge difference. We 're like—a bird and a fish."

"Don't call me a fish. I object."

"We don't think the same about hardly anything."

"But we feel alike on everything of importance."

"There 's hardly a thing I do that 's quite right as you see it. No, don't take the trouble to contradict me; let me do the talking for a minute. You 're so

critical and so conventional and so correct! No matter how much you say you are n't, you *are*. And while we 're like this, I don't have to care. I rather enjoy shocking you. And while I 'm none of your business, you don't have to care what I do or what I 'm like. We can have our fun and be awfully fond of each other, and it 's all serene and right. But if I were Mrs. Gerald Fane, all my faults and shortcomings, my not knowing the things that everybody in your society knows, my not having any elegant accomplishments, would show up so glaring that I should know you must be mortified. You could n't help it."

"Stop, dear! You enrage me. You put me beside myself. You are so superficial. And dense. And you hold me up to myself in the features of a beastly cad! I won't have it. For one thing, let me tell you that if I were the Lord Ronald Macdonald of that song we 've heard Miss Felixson sing, and you were that canny lass Leezie Lindsay, I should know jolly well that after I 'd carried you off to the Hielands my bride and my darling to be, it would be a very short time before Lady Ronald Macdonald had all the airs and tricks of speech of my sisters and cousins. That, however, is neither here nor there. Who wants you to be different? Aurora, if you only knew yourself! Ceres, or Summer, or Peace sitting among the wheat-sheaves, what would it matter that she had not been educated at a fashionable boarding-school? Let her just breathe and be, beautiful, benign, and any man not utterly a fool will prefer to lie at her knees, keeping still while her silence appeases and reconciles him, to hearing the most brilliant conversation of a lady novelist."

"You can talk beautifully, Gerald, that 's one sure thing; but talk me over you can't. Seems to me I should have to be crazy to forget all in a moment what I 've said over and over to myself and drilled myself not to lose sight of. After you asked me the other day, though I knew it was just on the spur of the moment, I thought it all out in the night as

much as if it had been serious, and I saw what would be the one safe course for little me. I must n't; that 's all there is to it. Everything is wrong for it to turn out happy in the end. I 'm terribly fond of you, but I should be scared to death of you, simply scared to death, as a husband. We 're not the same kind. If I could forget it on my own account, I have only to remember how it would strike Estelle. And Estelle 's got no end of horse-sense. It 's according to horse-sense we must act when it comes to settling the real things of life. I expect—" she had the effect of turning a page or a corner; she dropped from heights of argument to low plains—"I expect I shall be big as a mountain by and by. I don't see any help for it. I starve myself, I drink hot water, I take exercise,—nearly walk my legs off,—and the next time I get weighed I 've gained three pounds! What 's the use? Then, I 'm older than you."

"Not at all. I 'm older than the everlasting hills; you are the youngest thing that lives."

"That 's all right, but you were twenty-eight your last birthday, and I 'm thirty. I 'm afraid my character 's already pretty well fixed in its present form. When it comes over me, for instance, to play the clown, I 've got to do it or burst. And you 're naturally a tyrant, you know; you are."

"I am. I am critical, carping, conventional, and a tyrant, everything you say; but just because I *am* those things, you ought to be able to see, dear Aurora—because I am those things and know it, they are the things least to be feared in me. Do you suppose Marcus Aurelius was really calm and philosophical? Because he, on the contrary, was anxious and passionate, he wrote those maxims to try to live by. When you *would* go and be a negress, did I make a scene? I gnashed my teeth and gnawed my knuckles, but when I saw you afterward, was n't I decently decent?"

"Yes, but you took to your bed. If I were Mrs. Gerald, and the pope of Rome sent for me to do Lew Dockstader for him

and his cardinals, you know you would n't let me go."

"You are wrong. I should make a point of it. I should only ask to be permitted to retire into solitude until all the vulgar people had stopped talking about it."

"Oh, you 're a dear, funny boy; but put it out of your mind, Geraldino, do, dear, when we 're so happy as it is. Let 's go on just as we 've been going; you know yourself that it 's the wisest, and what really you would prefer. If you 've asked me to-day,—mind, I don't say you *have*; but *if* you have,—to save my vanity and back up the proposal you did n't really mean the other day,—because you 're always such a gentleman; you 'd rather die than not behave like a gentleman,—let it go at that. But if you should feel now that you 've got to back up your declaration that you 're going to persist and follow this up, just ask me over again every few days to show there 's no unkind feeling, and I promise it will be safe: I 'll refuse you every time. It 'll be our little standing joke. For don't you go dreaming that I 'm going to let go of you! You can call me pudgy if I let you get away. I love you too dearly. Was n't everything all right and lovely until the other day when you came out with that stilted speech, "doing you the honor"? We 'll take up again just where we left off, and bimeby make fun of all this. You who 've read all the books ever written, don't you know of cases where two like us went on being just friends, and taking comfort in each other on and on to the end of the tale?"

"There have been examples, yes, a very few, and not on the whole encouraging."

"You know we never thought of anything else until three days ago, and were perfectly contented. Let 's call all this in between a mistake, like taking the wrong road and having to turn back to be where we were before. Let 's go back."

"Yes, let 's go back. I won't bore you any more."

He had all in an instant changed to

cool dryness. They would get no further along with talk on this occasion, that was clear. "I meant, you know, let 's go back to Florence. I 'm afraid it 's high time. We ought to have daylight at least until we get to the foot of the mountain."

"Cross, Geraldino?"

"Not at all."

"Good friends as ever?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh, I 've had such a beautiful day!" she sighed, getting up by help of his two hands, and brushing down her dress. "I certainly do love to be with you!"

With the inconsequence of a woman she wanted, in order to console him for rejecting him, to make him sure she loved him deeply, nevertheless; and so she said, turning upon him eyes of sweetest, sincerest affection, "I certainly do love to be with you!"

IN the carriage they were silent, like people tired out by the long day, talked out, and certain of each other's consent to be still.

The two young fellows on the box were quiet, too. The horses now needed no encouragement to go; the scraping of the brake gave evidence rather of the need to hold them back. The driver's friend, named appropriately Pilade, sat hunched with chilly sleepiness; but Angelo, the driver, was kept busily alert by the responsibility of making a safe descent in the fast-failing light. Owing to the dilatoriness of the *signori* they had been later in starting than was prudent.

When they emerged at last from the shadow of the chestnut-trees and the brake blessedly was released, it was accomplished evening. The dome of the firmament spread above them so wonderful for darkly luminous serenity that the *signori* behind in the carriage arranged themselves to contemplate it comfortably, with their feet on the forward bench, their heads propped on the back of the seat.

Thus they passed through glimmering hamlets, between high walls of orchards, past iron gates opening into cypress avenues, with dim villas at the other end, ter-

races with olive-trees garlanded with vines, all of a dark silvery blue, and did not vouchsafe a look at anything but the inverted cup of the nocturnal sky.

Even this they did not see more than in a secondary way, for the interposing thoughts and images.

Aurora, uplifted on a great wonder and pride and illogical happiness, was thinking of the days to come, the immediate to-morrows, rich in a tenderness profounder still than that which had linked her before to the companion staring at the stars beside her; she thought of how she should through a wise firmness and God's help steer their course into ways of a safer and longer happiness than that which he had tendered.

"It would seem rather unnecessary," came from him through the transparent darkness in what was to the young driver's ears a monotonous bar of insignificant sound, "it would seem to me almost imbecile, to say to you that I love you, when for months I have been hovering around you, as must have been evident to the dullest, like the care-burthened honey-fly, possessed with the fixed desire to hide his murmurs in the rose. When for months I have been, in fact, like a dog with his nose on your footprints, asking nothing but to lie down at your feet with his muzzle on your shoe."

She impulsively felt for his hand, and pushed her own into it. "Don't say another word, Gerald. I daresent do what you wish, I just darsent. I 'm plain scared to! And I 'm such a fool that I 'm nearer to it this minute than I like to be by a long sight. I 'm fond enough of you for almost anything, and you know it, but I must keep my level head. It can't be done—a greyhound tied down to a mud-turtle. I know what I 'm like,—no disparagement meant, Mrs. Hawthorne,—and what you 're like, and I won't let myself forget. I 'm looking out first of all for myself, but I 'm looking out for you, too, dear boy. Don't say any more about it to-night, Gerald, please, with the stars shining like that, and the air so sweet that all the fairy-tales you ever

heard seem possible. I want to keep solid earth under my feet."

Gerald was not so devoid of the right masculine spark as not to recognize the moment for one of which advantage should be taken by any creature capable of growing a mustache. The thing to be done was to put his arms around her like a man, and lay his head on her shoulder like a child, and treat as simply not existing the barriers which she described as dividing them.

Often enough in his life Gerald had wished he might have been a masterful man, capable of the like things. But already a vague sickness of soul had succeeded his momentarily dominant mood. Distrust of his own character, his aims, his talent, his health, and his destiny filled him. His dreams had but recently taken the form in which he had that day expressed them; he had not grown into them. Under the depressing effect of failure he was no more sure than she had professed to be that the proposed union would not be a rash mistake. He saw the wisdom of a return to his gray policy of wanting nothing, asking nothing. For the moment heaviness possessed him; he made no motion.

Signs of the nearing city came thicker and thicker; the street lamps became frequent and consecutive. Aurora sat up and composed her appearance.

She continued aloud for Gerald to hear a conversation she had been holding mentally:

"Estelle says we must go away somewhere for the summer, because it 's awfully hot down here in Florence, we 're told. We 're thinking of taking some sort of place at the seashore for the bathing season. You 'll be coming down to visit us, won't you?"

"You can leave me out of your plans for the future. I am going away to forget you."

"Oh, no, you 're not. You 're coming to see me to-morrow. Five o'clock at the very latest—hear?"

"I 'm afraid you will have to excuse me."

"You would n't break my heart like that for anything, Gerald Fane! You would n't let the foolish doings of this day destroy all the months have built up! You 're not so mean. When I tell you it 'll be all right and just as it was before—"

But he stubbornly would not agree, and they quarreled, as so often, half in play, half in real exasperation, each calling the other selfish.

But at her door, when he took her hands to thank her for the day she had given him, he dropped quite naturally. "Until to-morrow, then," and she entered her great white hall with a happy, shining face.

IN the half-light of the solitary hall-lamp the white-and-gold door between the curving halves of the stairway stood open upon the blackness of the unlighted ball-room. At the threshold appeared Estelle, and stood with folded arms until the servant who answered the bell had been heard retreating down the back stairs. Then she came forward with a tired, troubled, pallid, and severe face.

"Well, I 'm glad you 've got back!" she said, as much as to say that she had given up looking for her. And as Aurora unexpectedly cast mischievous, muscular arms around her and tried to squeeze the breath out of her, she gasped amid spasms of resistance: "Stop! Don't try to pacify me! I 'm in no mood for fooling! I 'm as cross with you as I can be!"

"You little slate-pencil! You little lemon-drop, you!" said Aurora, squeezing harder, then suddenly letting go.

"I 'm in no mood to be funny; I 've been worried half to death. Where 've you been so long, 'way into the night, long past eleven o'clock?"

"Did n't you find my note on the pin-cushion? That informed you where I 've been."

"I thought you must have met with an accident, to make you so terribly late, or else made up your mind to go off with that young man for good and all. Tell you the truth, I did n't quite know which

I should prefer, which would be better for you in the end."

"Do you mean to tell me you 've been sitting here all day stewing and fretting about that? Did n't you ever in your life go buggy-riding with a feller, and did it always end with the grand plunge? You know it did n't. You know you could ride from Provincetown to Boston, with the moon shining, too, and not even exchange a chaste salute."

"Nell, there 's one thing I know, and it 's that my scolding and warning and beseeching will do exactly as much good as an old cow mooing, with her neck stretched over a stone wall. You know what I think. I 've had plenty of time for reflection, walking up and down the floor in there in the dark; and long before you finally got home I 'd made up my mind not to be an idiot and make myself a nuisance trying to influence you. It 's your funeral. What you choose to do is none of my business. What I said when you came in just escaped me. Stand off and let me look at you."

While making the request, she herself drew off to get a more comprehensive view of her friend.

Something of the sunshine, the mountain sweetness, the unpolluted breezes and wide perspectives of the heights, the dreams of the starlit homeward ride, the triumph in man's love, was shining forth from Aurora, with her fresh sunburn, her untidied hair, and softly luminous eyes. Estelle felt herself suddenly on the point of tears. But she stiffened.

"Well, you do look as if you 'd had a good time, you crazy thing!" she said dryly. "What made you put your best dress on if you were going to sit round on the ground? You 've got it all grass stains. O Nell," she melted, "while you 've been off gallivanting, I 've just about worried myself sick over a paper Leslie left. I 've been longing for you to get back to see what you make of it."

"A paper? What do you mean?"

"A newspaper. Come on up-stairs. I left it on the desk. Leslie called in the forenoon, but I had gone out. Then she

came again in the afternoon, so I knew it must be something special. But I simply could n't bring myself to see her and let her know you 'd gone off for the whole day with Gerald Fane. So I got the maid to tell her we were both out. Everybody does that over here. Anyhow, I went and stood on the terrace while the maid was delivering my message. So Leslie went off, but she left this Italian paper for the maid to give us. And, my dear,—now don't faint,—there 's a long piece in it about you."

"For goodness' sakes! about me? Why? Where?"

"There. It is n't marked, and I was the longest time trying to discover why Leslie had left the paper. After I 'd gone all over it hunting for a marked passage, I thought it must be a mistake and that she 'd simply left it because she was tired of carrying it round, and the maid had n't understood. But going over it column by column, I at last saw the word Hawthorne and those other names. '*Una Americana*'—'An American'—the article is entitled. It looks to me, Nell, as if your whole life's history might be printed there."

"For the land's sake! Now, who do you suppose can have done that? What on earth would anybody want to—"

"I 've been puzzling over it and puzzling over it till I 'm about played out trying to make sense of it, and my head aches like fury. Oh, never mind my head! Now you 've got back, I don't care."

"Bother!" said Aurora, thoughtfully, with her eyes on the cryptic print. Estelle sat close, examining the sheet over her shoulder. "Elena means Helen, does n't it? I guess it must, as it comes here before Barton. They 've got my old name. And there 's Bewick—Bewick, and here 's Colorado. They 've got the whole thing fast enough. It 's the doing of an enemy; there can be no doubt of that."

"I know who you 're thinking about," said Estelle.

"Charlie Hunt, of course. Scamp!"

For the space of about forty seconds Aurora was unpublishable.

"But how on earth did he get at it?" wondered Estelle.

"After he 'd opened that letter of mine, he wrote to the amiable writer thereof and asked for information."

"Honestly, Nell, I don't think he 's had time."

"I guess he has—just time. Well, I don't care!" Aurora folded the paper tight and flung it from her. "Enemies may do what they please; I 've got friends. If everything comes out as it really happened, I have n't anything to fear, except that it 's mighty unpleasant."

CHAPTER XXI

LESLIE, arriving early the following forenoon, read off the newspaper article, making a free translation of it, as follows:

"When a thing is too successful, it is seldom natural; and so when there appeared in our city a *signora*, blonde of hair, azure of eye, with the complexion of delicate, luminous roses, red and white, whose name was at once Aurora and *Albaspina*,—Hawthorne,—floral counterpart of dawn, we should have had suspicions. That we had none does not prevent our feeling no very great surprise when we learn that the bearer of the poetic and more than appropriate name is called in sober truth Elena Barton. The more beautiful name was adopted by a child acting out its fairy-stories; it was remembered and re-adopted by a woman when she wished to detach her life from a past which neither charity, fidelity, nor devotion to a sacred duty had succeeded in keeping from sorrow and the deadly aspersions of malignity.

"The *gentilissima* person of the irradiating smile, which, however briefly seen, must be long remembered, whom we have grown accustomed this winter to meeting in the salons where assembles all that is most distinguished among foreigners, whose name we have grown accustomed to finding foremost in every work of charity, has a title to our esteem far beyond the ordinary member

of an indolent and favored class. To alleviate suffering has been the chosen work of those hands that Florence also has found ever open and ready with their help. It was in effect the extent of their beneficence which brought about the black imbroglio from which Elena Barton chose to flee and take refuge in the City of Flowers under the *soave* and harmonious name by which we know her.

"Her life had been for several years devoted to the care of an old man afflicted with a most malignant and terrible cancer in the face. She had filled toward him so perfectly the part of a daughter that his gratitude made her upon his death an equal sharer in his fortune with the children of his blood. Thence the law-case Bewick *versus* Barton, which for a period filled the city of Denver in Colorado of the United States as if with poisonous fumes. The literal daughters, two in number, who had shown no filial love for the unfortunate old man, in trying to annul their father's will, left nothing undone or unspoken that could help their *turpe*, or evil, purpose, even attempting to prove that not only had the devoted nurse been their father's *amante* [You can guess what that is, Aurora. They are much simpler here than we at home about calling things by their names, and much more outspoken on all subjects], but had likewise been the *amante* of the son, sole member of the family who supported her claim to the share of the fortune appointed by the father. Justice in the event prevailed, but a tired and broken woman emerged from the conflict. What to do to regain a little of that pleasure in living which blackening calumnies and rodent ill will, even when not victorious, can destroy in the upright and feeling nature? The imagination which had prompted in childhood the acting out of fairy-stories here came into play. Leave behind the scene of sorrows, take ship, and point the prow toward the land of orange and myrtle, of golden marbles and wine-colored sunsets; change name, begin again, do good under a beautiful appellation which the poor should learn to love and speak in their prayers to the last of their days. . . .

"The rest, Aurora dear, is pure flattery, which it becomes me not to speak nor you to hear. I won't read it."

"Well, I never!" breathed Aurora. "Who did it?"

"We did it. My father and your Doctor Bewick and Carlo Guerra and I. We did it to be before anybody else, set the worst that could be brought up against you in a light that explains and justifies. We did our best to fix the public mind and show it what it should think. You know what the mind of the public is. We've hypnotized the beast, I hope; it has taken its bent from us."

"But—"

"This was the way of it, my dear. The day after Brenda's wedding I was at the Fontanas,—she was a Miss Andrews, you know, of Indianapolis,—and there was Charlie, too, and there was likewise Madame Sartorio, who is Colonel Fontana's niece by his first marriage. We were talking in a little group when something, I forget what, was said about you, Aurora. Charlie—for what reason would be hard to think, unless one had a sharp scent for what goes on under one's nose—Charlie interrupted, to introduce as a sort of parenthesis, 'Mrs. Hawthorne, whose real name, by the way, is Helen Barton.' The others were naturally taken aback, except Madame Sartorio, who could not quite disguise a cat-smile. For a moment none of us knew what to say, and Charlie went on, with his air of knowing such a lot more than anybody else:

"Yes. It seems that all winter we have been warming in our bosom, so to speak, the heroine of a *cause célèbre* at a place called Colorado in America."

"That was enough for me. I stopped him.

"Don't say any more, Charlie. All I wish to know about Mrs. Hawthorne is what she cares to tell me herself,' and I insisted that the conversation should return to other things.

"When I got home I told mother, and she repeated to me what you, Aurora, confided to her when we first knew you. We told father, and when Doctor Bewick

came that evening to say good-by we consulted, and here in this newspaper you have the result, put into Italian journalese by Carlo Guerra, whom we called in to aid us. He likes you so much, Aurora; did you know it? He met you at Antonia's. So there you have the whole story. I 'm bitterly ashamed of Charlie, my dear."

"Never mind about him!" Aurora flicked him aside. "I don't care. And you say Tom helped. And he never told me, or wrote me a word about it. I had a letter from him this morning. Well, well, you certainly did make a good-sounding story of it, among you. And the main facts are true, far as they go; I can't say they are n't. But, oh, my dear Leslie, there was a lot more to it than that. I 've got to tell you, so 's not to feel like a fraud. You 're so sharp; you know me pretty well by this time, and I guess you don't suppose in me any of those awfully 'fine feelin's' that could make a blighted flower of me because, while innocent as a babe unborn, I 'd been dragged through the courts by wicked enemies. My enemies were pretty wicked; I stick to that. Cora Bewick, off living abroad, studying some strange religion, while her kind old pa was dying at home, and she never once coming near him till he was underground; Idell Friebeus, never coming into his room except with her nose wrinkled up with disgust at the smell of disinfectants, or disgust at him, it was none too plain which. They made a fine pair of daughters. But when it came to fighting over the will, the lawyers on the Bewick side gave out just what it was that a perfectly noble woman would have done in my place of the old man's nurse. And my lawyers would have it that everything that did n't accord with that ideal simply must be kept dark, or public feeling would go against us. It 's that that made it so nasty—pretending, and avoiding this, and keeping off the other. It amounted to lying, no matter what they said. But they told me if I did n't do as my counsel instructed me, the result would be the worst lie of all.

I should be believed guilty of just that undue influence I was accused of, and lose the money into the bargain. So I had to hedge and shuffle and mislead, and me under oath to tell the truth! You need n't wonder if I 'm sick still at the thought of it, or wonder that I 'd like to forget it. The truth was I *did* know beforehand the judge meant to leave me one fourth of his money, and I was tickled to death. I gloried in it. I loved to imagine the rage it would throw his wicked daughters in, and his mean, little, miserable son-in-law. I was glad, besides, out and out, to think I should have the money. I plain wanted it, I did. I won't say I earned the money; it was too much: but there were some hours of my tending him, poor soul, when it did seem to me a nurse came pretty near earning anything the patient could afford to pay. All the same, I would have done what I did for the old boy if he had n't had a cent, I had so much respect for him, as much as for my own father, and I felt I owed so much to his son. Then about his son, the doctor. If Cora's old nurse-girl, who was kept on in the house as a servant, though she was past her usefulness, lied in court when she said she saw Tom and me kissing at such an hour, in such a place, still, the truth was that I had at different times kissed Tom. You can't tell why it seems all right to you to kiss one man when it would seem a very queer thing to do to kiss another. When Tom had been away for any length of time, I always kissed him when he came back; it seemed natural to both of us. But there in court I had to try to appear as if I never could have descended to committing such an immoral act, as well as to give the impression that if I 'd known the old man had any notion of making me co-heir with his own children I would have strained every nerve to stop it, called them all in to help me curb him if necessary. Pshaw! the humbug of it turns my stomach now. Leslie, my verdict is, you can't come through a law-suit *clean*. I 'd give a good deal to cut that page out of my life."

Aurora's eyes, filled with shadows of

the past, and her face, with the dimples expunged, were to Leslie almost unfamiliar. Aurora, oppressed in her moral nature, gave a glimpse of herself that would change and enlarge the composite of her aspects carried in Leslie's mind.

"There, stop thinking of it!" said Estelle. "You always work yourself up so."

"The point of my coming bright and early like this," Leslie nimbly managed a diversion, "was, as you have guessed, to catch you before you could possibly have gone out. My mother desires you, dear ladies, to accompany me back to lunch—a triumphal lunch, Aurora, to grace which she has collected those special pillars of society whose countenance and support ought to make you scornful of any little weed-like growth of gossip that might sprout up from seed of Charlie's sowing. You know them all more or less, having been associated with every one of them in some form of beneficence."

Aurora, who had been listening with expanded, gathering-in eyes, cheeks flushing deeper and deeper, turned her head sharply away to try to keep from falling or being seen two unaccountable tears half blinding her.

The sight of her, by infection, moistened the eyes of the other women.

Estelle sought a quick way out of the emotional silence.

"Nell," she said, albeit with cracked voice, "if we 're going out to lunch, I guess we ought to be dressing. Go along, child; put on your best bib and tucker."

"Oh, my best bib and tucker!" wailed Aurora. "Sent to the cleaner's this morning, all green stains at the back!"

IF Leslie had not called it a triumphal lunch, it might not have appeared so very different from any other women's lunch at the season of roses. To the heroine of the feast it was an inexpressibly exciting, grand, and memorable occasion. Aurora hardly knew herself, so much the object of attention and graciousness. She was in the mood to give half of her goods to the poor. After the hostess had risen and made a little speech, Aurora, unexpectedly

to herself, and as if under inspiration, responded by a little speech of her own, composed on the spot. It was drowned at the end by hand-clapping all around the table. Aurora seemed to herself to be living in a fairy-story.

As it was after five o'clock when she got home, she was sure she would find Gerald waiting for her. She had the whole day long been looking forward with a sweet agitation to the moment of being with him and telling him all about it.

She was more disappointed than she remembered ever being, even as a child, not to find him or any word from him. She did not allow it to become later by more than half an hour before she scratched a line and sent the coachman to his house with it.

The man came back with nothing but the barren information, received from Giovanna, that the *signorino* was absent, having gone to Leghorn.

"Well, here 's a pretty howdy-do!" thought Aurora, sore with surprise and the smart of injury. "If every time I refuse him he 's going off like this to stay away for days and days, what am I going to do?"

CHAPTER XXII

"If this is the way it is going to be, and I 'd known it before, I 'd have kept better watch over my affections," said Aurora to herself, reflecting upon Gerald in Leghorn, where he was bending his will industriously, no doubt, to the work of forgetting her. At the end of every wearisome day she gave thanks that for still another twenty-four hours she had by grace of strength from on high been able to fight off the temptation to write to Gerald.

This for nine days—the nine days it takes for a wonder to become a commonplace, or a scandal to lose its prominent place in conversation.

Then, in the way once sweetly habitual, there came a rapping at the door, the entrance of a servant, and the announcement, "*C'è il signorino.*"

Aurora for a second either did not really grasp the import of the words or did not trust her senses. She asked:

"What *signorino*?' *Signorino* What?"

"The *signorino* who has come back," said the servant, unable on the instant to recall the foreign name. And if he had felt interest in the complexion of one so far removed from him as his mistress, he might have seen her turn the hue of a classic sunrise.

Gerald stood, very collected, if a trifle pale, holding, like a proper votary, a bouquet,—starry handful of sweet, white hedge-roses,—which he offered as soon as Aurora entered, saying he had picked them for her that morning in the country near Castel di Poggio.

The meeting, in Aurora's jubilant sense of it, went off beautifully. She said in a pleasant, easy tone and her company English:

"So you 've got back. It 's awfully nice to see you again. How well you are looking. I was sure a change would do you good."

And Gerald said yes, he had found the sea air a tonic. He had been staying with the Johns; Vincent's mother lived in Leghorn. He had worked a little, made a few drawings. Digressing, he mentioned a trifling gift he had brought her, and produced a small brass vessel, fitted with two hinged lids, meant to contain grains of incense for the altar. He said he had found it in an antiquarian's shop and thought she might care for it to drop her rings into; he supposed she took them off at night. Its shape, he informed her, seemed to him to possess more than common elegance.

Aurora called it adorable, and his giving it to her sweet. They talked as if they had been making believe, for the benefit of an audience, to be the most ordinary friends.

And while they talked of the weather, as they fell to doing when they had disposed of the subject of the little incense-holder; and, after that, while they talked of Leghorn and the various seaside places which Aurora had to choose from for her

summer sojourn, a vastly deeper conversation was taking place between them, which we think it not amiss to report, because by the nature of things the words they would say aloud on this occasion would be meager and colorless by comparison with the things they would feel and to some extent convey to each other through mere proximity.

"O Aurora," exhaled from Gerald, while, looking not far from his usual self, he said that Ardenza by the sea, a mere three miles from Leghorn, was a very pretty place—"Aurora, you are warmth, you are shelter, you are rest. I have no hearth or home except as you let me in out of the desperate cold of loneliness, and grant me to warm myself at your big heart."

And Aurora, mechanically pulling off her rings and putting them into the brass receptacle, then taking them out of it and putting them back on her fingers, while she chattered on, describing the advantages of a furnished villa at Antiniano, to be preferred because they were some Italian friends of Leslie's who desired to let it, was in her inmost speaking to the inmost of Gerald. The hardly self-conscious meanings within her bosom made as if an extension of her in the air comparable to the halo around the moon on a misty night, and this atomized radiance had language. It said: "Oh, to draw your head down where it desires to be! To warm and comfort you! To be to you everything you need! I lean to you, I cling to you like a vine with every winding tendril. But I am so afraid of you! so afraid! I am of common, you of finest, clay. How can I give into any hand so much power to hurt me?"

While two souls thus trembled and gravitated toward each other, bathing in each other's light, it is almost mortifying to have to show to what degree that which took place at the surface was different and inferior.

"Now, what made you run off like that, I want to know," Aurora asked in the flowing American which she reserved for real friends and sincere moments, "after

you 'd said when you left me at the door, 'Good-by till to-morrow?'"

"My reasons were several, all simple," he replied, with a faun-look up from the corner of his eye, which watched her expression. "First, I wished to flee from that newspaper article—dreadful!—till the danger of any reference to it in my hearing was greatly reduced. Then, aside from a slight natural need to recover myself, I felt I must for manners' sake allow a little time to pass before I approached you again on the subject of marrying me; one scruples to make himself a bore. It therefore would be better not to see you, and in order not to see you, better not to be in town. Lastly, Auroretta, I conceived the infernal ambition to make you suffer from absence the minutest fraction of what I should suffer myself."

"Don't say a word! I've missed you so my bones felt hollowed out!"

"Reflect then, my dearest, upon the sufferings you are preparing for yourself if you have n't a kinder answer for me than the other day to the same question."

"O Gerald, you ought n't to keep on trying! I do wish you would n't! No, don't say any more about it!" she pleaded in weak anguish. "You ought n't to go on battering against the little bit of common sense I've got left."

"Common sense! I advise you to speak of it!" he affected to jeer, remarkably braced by her misery. "Common sense, as represented by a decent concern for your good name, ought to prompt you to enter as quickly as you can into an engagement with me. I met our dear Dottore Batoni in the street yesterday on my way home from the station, and he amiably asked how was my *fidanzata*, or betrothed. It was a difficult moment for me, because he told me that you had told him you were that."

"I told him nothing of the sort. I said I was your friend, in French."

"A friend, in French, may mean a good deal. Save your reputation, dear; I give you the chance."

"What nonsense! I explained to him as well as I could, in French, that I was

there taking care of you because I was your friend."

"You are hopelessly compromised. Look to me to set you right."

"Gerald, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Ah, I see that your prejudices hold firm. I was afraid of it when I came." His mask of flippancy slipped for a moment; deep feeling made his voice uncertain. "I am not that hardy and masterful man, Aurora, who could break them down and clutch you above their ruin. But you will find me very faithful to a hope, which, in fact, to relinquish now would be beyond what I can expect of my courage." He reassumed bluffness. "I told Vincent he might look for my return to-morrow."

"No, sir!" she came out with lively directness. "You're not going back to Leghorn if I can help it! Now, I—I have a plan."

"You have a plan? From your face I am afraid not a good one. You look so dubious."

"Perhaps it is n't a good one, but it's the only way I can see. Listen." She looked down at her hands, and kept him waiting. "One evening last winter at a party a young Italian naval officer got talking to me in a green bower under a pink paper lantern away from the rest. Something in the atmosphere, I guess, made him want to talk to somebody of his heart-affairs, and he chose me, though we scarcely knew each other. He told me he had been very much in love with an American girl, but they had n't the money to marry on or the hope of ever having it—like Brenda and Manlio at first. Yet they could n't keep apart, and so they just became engaged, knowing it could n't end as an engagement is supposed to do. In that way they could see each other all they wanted, and be seen together without anybody making a remark. And then when she was obliged to go home and it had to end, it looked merely like a broken engagement."

"And you propose—"

"We might try it, Gerald. Then if it

did n't work well, if I found I was all the time outraging your sensibilities, and you hurting my feelings, we 'd call it off. In any case we 'd give ourselves plenty of time to realize our foolishness. And you 'd promise that when the time came you 'd go like a lamb, with a pleasant face, not saving up anything against me. Make up your mind now that it 'll have to be a long, *long* engagement, if we don't repent and break it off inside a week. But as it seems so likely we will, let 's don't tell the others right off, Gerald; not, anyhow, for a week or ten days."

"Admired Aurora, it surely is the most immoral proposition that ever came from fair lady so well brought up as you!" cried Gerald. "I accept without hesitation. I promise whatever you ask. From this moment onward we are *fidanzati*, then. And, my blessed Auroretta, you who are such a hand at calling names, have your servant's permission to call him all the names you can think of that signify an ineffable blunderer on the day when you succeed in freeing yourself from him!"

CHAPTER XXIII

THE servant who opened the door for Leslie on this softly brilliant June morning, being well accustomed to admitting her, obligingly anticipated her question, "Are the ladies at home?"

"The *signorina* is in the *salottino*," he said. From which Leslie understood that the person whom she chiefly had come to see was out. It did not really matter, for she had time to wait. Aurora was likely to come back for lunch.

She released the man from attendance by a little wave of her hand, and directed her footsteps toward the tall white-and-gold door standing partly open.

On her way to it she picked up off the floor a small lawn handkerchief.

A sharp bark preceded the tumbling out through the *salottino* archway of a little white mop on feet. Upon recognizing Leslie, this performed evolutions expressive of great joy.

She had stopped to pat the excited little

swirl of silk when Estelle came forward to see who was there.

With delighted good mornings the women exchanged the foreign salute, which Leslie had adopted and Estelle submitted to, a mere touching of cheeks while the lips kiss the air.

They sat down on the rococo settee to talk, Leslie, quick of eye, wondering what had happened to give Estelle that unusual air, an air of—no, it was indefinable. Excitement had a share in it, and possibly chagrin, and, it almost seemed, exaltation. The chief thing about it, however, was that she was trying to conceal it; doing her best, but it was a poor best, to appear natural. Leslie graciously allowed her to suppose she was succeeding, and entered at once upon the reason for her early call.

"I really think, Estelle, that the villa at Antiniano would suit Aurora. As for you, I am positive, my dear, that you would adore it. It is a little out of the thick of things, but has a very fine view of the sea, also a very pretty garden."

Estelle began to laugh. Leslie, warned by a note in Estelle's laugh, watched her with suspicion while it developed into a nervous cackle. She saw her cover her eyes with one hand, and with the other vainly feel for her pocket. She was crying. Leslie tendered the little handkerchief found on the floor, and knew then that it had dried tears before on that same day. She waited, tactfully silent, merely placing a condoling hand over that of her friend.

"I might as well tell you," Estelle got out, when her crying fit permitted her to speak, "that Aurora is n't going to take any villa at Antiniano this summer. She 's gone away."

"Gone away? What do you mean?" asked Leslie, surprised into a very complete blankness of expression.

"What I say." And in her incalculable frame of mind Estelle again was laughing. "Oh, I don't know which to do, whether to laugh or cry!" she explained, with eyes bright at once from laughter and from tears. "One moment I laugh, next moment I cry."



“Then she sat down on the bed. . . . ‘I’m going to marry Gerabl,’ she said.”

"You say that Aurora has gone away. Where?"

"Where Gerald pleases, I guess. She's gone with him."

"With Gerald? Now, my dear friend, please explain."

"I mean they have eloped, or as good as."

"No, no; people don't elope when there is no possible reason they should n't marry each other."

"I wonder what you would call it, then. As late as twelve o'clock last night I did n't know a thing about it, and this morning early they left together in a carriage, with her trunk strapped on the back."

"So it was in earnest!" Leslie said aloud, yet as if speaking to herself. "Mother has won her bet, and I have lost. Well,"—she tossed her head and faced Estelle,—"I am glad of it. I don't see, my dear Estelle, what you can find to cry about."

"Is that the way it strikes you?"

"My dear, I could n't say which I thought the luckier, Gerald to get Aurora, or Aurora to get Gerald."

"You surprise me. To me it seems just about the riskiest combination that could be imagined. I have felt it all along. Those two have no more in common, I have said, than a bird and a fish."

"Nonsense, my dear girl! Nonsense!"

"I have heard him get so impatient with her because simply she did n't pronounce a word right. I've seen him so annoyed he nearly trembled trying to choke it down."

"But did she mind? I mean, his impatience?"

"I can't say she did; but—"

"There you have it. They are marvelously suited. Have n't you noticed that complex natures are rather given to uniting with simple ones, and finding happiness with them? An artist marries his model, a philosopher marries a peasant."

"Go on!" sighed Estelle. "Go on! I love you for making me feel better!" Her eyes moistened again in an almost luxurious melancholy.

"One of the reasons for mother and me wishing for this consummation was the broadening of life it would afford Gerald. Gerald does n't think about money. Aurora's money, all the same, will do a lot for him in making possible his getting away from here, where the truth is he stagnates. Then, too, she will cure him of his morbidness. He sees red if one so much as breathes the suggestion that his art is morbid. But of course it is."

"Aurora said they might go to live in Paris, because she thought it would be good for his art."

"Now that's what I want to hear about. Go on and tell me what Aurora said and what happened between midnight and their extraordinary elopement, as you call it. But, first of all, why, in the name of common sense, did they elope? From what did they elope?"

"From me, I guess. I don't see what else. Oh, yes, I do. From the talk there would be. But principally, I suspect, he hurried her into it to make sure of her, for she, too, had her moments of doubting the wisdom of what she was doing. That much I know. They had only been engaged two weeks, and all that time I did n't even know they were engaged. I had n't been nice about Gerald, I feel bound to confess, so she thought best not to tell me. She went around the house with a look of cheerfulness apart from me that made her seem like a stranger. I was pretty sore, I can tell you, but I would n't speak of it. I went to bed last night thinking to myself, 'Well, Nell Goodwin, if you think I'm going to stand much more of this, you're mistaken.' I fell asleep. First thing I knew I was awake, looking to see who'd come into my room. And there was Nell in her night-dress, holding her hand round the candle so it would n't shine in my eyes. I simply can't tell you what it was like; the candle lighting nothing but her made her seem like a vision in the middle of a glory. She put down the candle and, instead of going into explanations, bent over and gave me a good hug. And I said, hugging back: 'You better had, you horrid thing! You better

had!' Then she sat down on the bed. 'Hat,' she said, 'I was going to do a mean thing, but I 'm not going to do it. I was going to slip away without a word, but I 'm going to tell you the whole story. I 'm going to marry Gerald,' she said.

"Then she went on to tell me, and what do you think, I did n't say one word in objection, not one! Because I could see she was dead in love, and what was the use except to spoil her happiness, and I did n't want to. She told me how they 'd decided it would be just as well not to wait, but take a short cut. So they 'd made up their minds to go off to Leghorn without a word to anybody, and be married just as soon as it could be done. She 'll be staying with Mrs. Johns till the ceremony. She said she should write your mother from there. Then she showed me Gerald's ring that she 'd been wearing on a chain round her neck where I would n't see it, and she talked about Gerald's wonderfulness. She 's perfectly wrapped up in him. All I hope is he appreciates it."

"His inducing her to elope with him would seem to indicate some warmth of feeling on his part. The suggestion can hardly have come from her."

"You 're right. I guess it 's as bad with him as with her.—What 's wrong with me is that I 'm selfish, I guess," said Estelle, looking contrite, "and don't like having to give her up to him, after all the beautiful things we 'd planned together. What I ought to feel is nothing but thankfulness for her having such a chance of happiness, and then thankfulness for all she did, trying to make up for her desertion."

Without transition, Estelle went back to the story of the past night. "You can imagine there was n't any more sleep for that spell. I got up, and we went to her room, where she had all the lights lighted and was in the middle of packing her trunk. While she was at work packing she planned for my summer—that I 'm to invite Mademoiselle Durand to go traveling with me, so I can improve my French at the same time as give that poor hard-

working creature a real vacation and treat. Then when they go to Venice, she wants me to join them, and the three of us to have a regular jamboree. Then next winter, after I 've got home, she wants me to go to Colorado to visit the Grand Cañon and see the great sights of my native country before settling down again in East Boston. She made me a present of Ami."

"Ami?"

"I 've changed his name from Busteretto. Don't you like it better? Little Tweetums! He 's the only darling I 've got left!" She pressed a kiss on the warm top of his head. "She made me a present of all the clothes and things she was n't taking with her. She made me a present of everything in this house that we did n't find in it when we took it—turned it all over to me to do what I please with. And I 'm sure I don't know what I shall do with it all unless I set up a store. Anything you see and think you 'd like to have, please say so."

"She gave you all these things? Do you mean it?" asked Leslie, surprised despite what she had already known of Aurora.

"Yes, and along with the things, of course, the responsibility of settling up everything, dismissing the servants, sending Livvy back to New York. Such a job! Luckily, there 's no hurry; the lease does n't expire until October. When you came I 'd been sort of looking round. After what I 'd just been through, saying good-by to them, the sight of all the things, with their associations, did n't do much to raise my spirits, as you can imagine."

"Good-by to *them*, did you say? Then you saw Gerald, too, before they left?"

"Yes. I could have done without, but she 'd have been hurt. So I shook hands, and managed to wish him joy. He was nice; but, then, Gerald always is that. I 've never for a moment said anything different. He said he wanted me to feel that I had n't lost a sister, but acquired a brother. Just as they were driving off I remembered something, and called after Nell, 'What about your portrait?' for I

could n't think she meant to give me that along with the rest. Gerald said before she could speak, "Take it away!" And Nell said right off: "Oh, yes. Keep it, Hattie; keep it!" That lovely portrait he painted of her! I don't see how she could bear to part with it. But of course, now she has him, she can have as many portraits as she wants. Come and tell me what you think, whether it would be safe to pack it, frame and all, or better to unframe it, or, better still, to take the canvas off the stretcher and roll it."

They stood beneath the portrait, and with the image present to their minds of painter and sitter hasting on their way to

be wed, saw this equivocal masterpiece with a difference. Not Aurora alone looked forth from the canvas. Gerald, self-depicted in every subtle brush-stroke, looked, too.

Estelle gazed upward at the painting with a wistful, well-nigh solemn look. Not being able, hampered by a dog in her arms, to clasp her hands, she expressed the same impulse by clasping the dog close to her breast in token that her wishes for her dearest friend's good were more than wishes, were a prayer.

She felt a hand laid on her forearm.

"You need n't be afraid," said Leslie; "they 'll be happy."

THE END

April in the Huasteca

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

DARK on the gold west,
 Mexico hung inscrutable, like a curtain of heavy velvet
 Before a lighted shrine.
 Black on the west,
 All Mexico stood up from the gulf, colossal, perpendicular, superb;
 Mexico secretly veined with metals,
 Mexico preoccupied with volcanoes, palm forests,
 Deserts, cities, jungles,
 Plantations of coffee and maguey,
 Unknown valleys, hills of iron,
 Orchids.
 I heard the river flash down the cañon between the rosewoods,
 And the scream of parrots going to roost above the water.
 Through the tracery of bamboo-plumes against the afterglow
 I saw mystery flicker along the sky-line
 And vanish over Yucatan.
 Exotic the thought of Northern trees,
 Oaks, maples, beeches,
 Elms still unfledged in the early April;
 For April here was wild white lilac,
 Jargon of mocking-birds,
 Air that glittered with the voice of a river,
 Heaped shell-pink of rosewood blooms,
 Bamboo-feathers etched on the sunset,
 And below the sunset, hanging hills like a weighted curtain of velvet
 Before the shrine of an indifferent god.

The Monroe Doctrine for the World

"No peace can last or ought to last which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand peoples about from potentate to potentate as if they were property. . . . Henceforth inviolable security of life, of worship, and of industrial and social development should be guaranteed to all peoples who have lived hitherto under the power of governments devoted to a faith and purpose hostile to their own. . . . I am proposing that the nations should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world: that no nation should seek to extend polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful. . . . I am proposing government by the consent of the governed. . . . These are American principles, American policies. We could stand for no others. . . . They are the principles of mankind, and must prevail."—President Wilson to the American Senate, January 22, 1917.

EXCEPT in socialist and extreme liberal and radical circles, whose official newspapers reflect the opinion of minority parties, the message of President Wilson to the American Senate was received with coldness and reserve in all the belligerent countries. There was little difference in the editorial comment of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Petrograd, and Constantinople. Unfortunately, the diplomacy of the European powers has refused during the present war to cut loose from the traditional foreign policy of the nineteenth century. It is impossible for any of the belligerent powers to agree offhand to follow the path of peace and justice unequivocally set forth by the President of the United States. Adherence to the principles that President Wilson quite rightly calls American policies would mean the end of European imperialism and the abandonment of the doctrine of European "eminent domain."

Europe has made no effort to combat the logic of President Wilson's conditions of a durable peace. I have searched in vain for an editorial or an article or a speech taking up in detail the points of the Presidential message to the Senate, contesting the facts or the line of argu-

ment, and endeavoring to show where and how Mr. Wilson is wrong. The criticisms of the message have either evaded the issues altogether and discussed irrelevant matters, or have been born of blind passion and sentimental hysteria. Nowhere in Europe does one find a disposition to consider any other peace than that imposed by force for the benefit of the victorious group of belligerents. In every belligerent country, including even Turkey, I know personally men of the highest standing and authority who think exactly as President Wilson thinks; but with the single exception of Signor Giolitti, former premier of Italy, not a statesman who played a part in the diplomacy of the decade preceding the present war has the moral courage to approve President Wilson's conditions for a durable peace.

The American President and the American people have not had a good press in Europe since August, 1914. American neutrality has been persistently misunderstood and bitterly resented. There has been a tendency to consider the people of the United States oblivious to moral issues, bent on money-making, and divided into unassimilated groups according to their European origin. Much of the misunderstanding of America can be traced to

Americans resident abroad, who have not hesitated to speak *ex cathedra* about matters of American social and political life, of which they had limited and imperfect, if any, knowledge. During the last two years I have talked with Americans in London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Paris who told me that they were ashamed of their native country for exactly opposite reasons. According to the place in which they lived, these Americans thought that President Wilson had dishonored the American flag and denied the traditions of American history by not declaring war against Great Britain or Germany. Few of them knew anything about either the underlying causes of the European War or the history and social and political development of the American commonwealth.

President Wilson's message of January 22, 1917, is the embodiment of American idealism. This idealism is not to be sneered at and ridiculed. When President Wilson sets forth the fundamental conditions of a durable peace, declaring that "these are American principles, American policies," and warns the world that the United States "could stand for no others," his meaning is perfectly plain. The weight and influence of America in the peace conference will be thrown into the balance on every question that is brought up to secure "government by the consent of the governed." The entry of the United States into the war should not mean that American principles and American policies are in any way modified. Long before deliberate provocation made necessary a break with Germany Americans had passed judgment upon Germany's methods of submarine warfare. Belligerency cannot destroy the persistent idealism of the American vision of world peace. It enhances, on the other hand, the significance of that idealism by testing its sincerity. Active participation in the war should not entail the blindness of Old-World traditional prejudices and Old-World racial passions. We are not entangled in the meshes of Old-World diplomacy. We are not bound by secret

agreements, entered into without the knowledge of the nation. We have no world empire to retain and increase.

The United States is European civilization transplanted and developed by Europeans. The process has been different from that of any other American state. Canada remained in the political system of a European power. Immigrants to Canada either retained their Old-World allegiance or were compelled to transfer their allegiance from one Old-World government to another.¹ In Central and South America the stock for three hundred years was mingled with native blood or remained so distinctively Latin that the later European immigration has not been assimilated. The United States is the only country in the world in which all the European races have succeeded in fusing into a new nation.

When one considers how the American nation has been formed, and is still being formed, he realizes the absurdity of criticisms in connection with our attitude toward the European War, hastily made by publicists who know nothing of American history and American life, and taken up and glibly repeated by the unthinking. The outstanding criticisms are: the United States is not a nation, but a collection of unassimilated European groups; Americans cannot understand the issues at stake in Europe.

Alarmists talk of unassimilated immigrant groups in the United States who are not "genuine Americans" and who cannot feel like "genuine Americans." They believe that large immigration to America other than Anglo-Saxon is a phenomenon of the last generation or two. But this is not borne out by the facts. In proportion to the total number of inhabitants of

¹ Canadians are not allowed to forget the British North American Act. After writing the above lines, I read that the Supreme Court had just declared unconstitutional the direct legislation law passed by the Manitoba Legislature. The five judges were unanimous in holding that direct legislation was unconstitutional, since it was contrary to the British North American Act. One of the judges remarked in his written opinion: "The public are not sovereign in this country. In the United States the people are sovereign, but we get our sovereign power from England."

the United States, the immigration from continental Europe has always been large. It was large even in colonial days. At no time in our national history has this continental immigration proved difficult or slow of assimilation. Nor has it ever succeeded in forming colonies with political attachment to a European motherland. I have not ceased since the beginning of the war to protest against the unfounded and cruelly unjust German-American scare. From the Revolutionary War down to the present time the United States has never had any reason to question the loyalty of the German-American element. Americans of German stock are just as good Americans as those of any other stock. We may not be able to make Americans of the first generation of our immigrants unless they come to us in childhood, but we never fail to cast the second generation in the American mold. Our schools and early environment are irresistible influences of assimilation. Even in some of our large cities, where first generation immigrants have tried to transplant the Old World, the second generation proves refractory to what it instinctively feels are exotic institutions.

By the last American census, thirteen million Americans were of foreign birth, and nineteen other millions were born of foreign parents. An additional five millions have gone from Europe to America since the census of 1910, and the foreign born already in the United States have been more prolific than the native born. Is it to be presumed that this large portion of our population has not brought to America a keen, intimate, personal knowledge of the ills from which Europe is suffering? Do not our American Poles, Irish, Germans, Bohemians, and Jews know what political and religious persecution means? Do not our immigrants hold in detestation racial antagonisms and the crushing taxation due to the maintenance and increase of armies and navies? Is it forgotten that the foreign elements of the American electorate, inspired by their own bitter experience in Europe, were solidly opposed to the wave of im-

perialism that threatened to carry the United States into the maelstrom of international colonial rivalry after the war with Spain? The marvelous growth of America during the last two generations is largely due to the desire of Europeans to get away from compulsory military service, and from the financial, economic, and political handicaps of a continent continually disturbed by international rivalries.¹ Our immigrants were not driven to America because of inability to hold their own in Europe, and because they felt that transplantation would bring a change of luck. Since 1848, just as in the two preceding centuries, the Europeans who emigrated to America have been the enterprising elements, clear-headed and full of spirit, who dared to cut loose from the past and venture everything in order to win religious and political freedom and better economic conditions.

The nineteenth-century immigrants met their colonial predecessors, then, on common ground. They came to have a share in the "government by the consent of the governed" that the older stock had established. If they had not appreciated to the full the advantages of the New-World democracy, they would not have come. They were ripe for assimilation from the moment they landed on our shores. The American immigration of each succeeding generation, far from threatening to destroy our institutions, has strengthened them. Through the immigrants, indeed, Americans of older stock have been constantly reminded of their blessings under the New-World dispensation.

¹ The criticism that the American attitude is because of ignorance through distance has as sponsor Premier Lloyd-George, who in a recent Abraham Lincoln's birthday-message to "The New York Times" said: "It has been difficult for a nation separated from Europe by an ocean and without political relations with the European peoples to grasp the true significance of this war," etc. Mr. Lloyd-George is one of the most insular of Englishmen, who knows as little about the United States as he knows about the nations of continental Europe. Not more than ten per cent. of the population of the British Isles has any connection with Europe, and the connection of that ten per cent. is extremely slight. Forty per cent. of the people in the United States have an intimate connection with Europe from the Ural Mountains to the North Sea,

The Monroe Doctrine was established, and has been constantly upheld, by the American people. They were unwilling to have the baneful handicaps because of which they had left the Old World follow them to the New World. Nearly a century of history has proved the wisdom and the success of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States has been able to keep out of entangling alliances, and to protect every other American republic from the inevitably disastrous results of the inheritance of European racial rivalry through the extension of European imperialism.

To-day Europe is looking to her children in America for aid in establishing a world peace. We are willing, we are eager, to give that aid; but how can we offer to Europe any other solution than that which we have tested and proved

good in the foundation and development of our own national life, and which we are making the basic principle of our own foreign policy? We cannot be convinced by the polemicists and partisans of either group of belligerents that the panacea for the world's woes is the destruction of Great Britain's naval supremacy or of Germany's military supremacy. Nor, despite our horror and detestation of what Jews and Poles and Armenians and Belgians and Serbians are being made to suffer, do we think that the punishment of and a change in the political status of Russia, Turkey, Germany, and Austria-Hungary would prevent the renewal in the very near future of wrongs inflicted upon small and weak nations. With President Wilson we propose "government by the consent of the governed" as the formula for the readjustment of the world.

Paris, February 20, 1917.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.

A Correction

MR. HAROLD KELLOCK, in his article, "Fair Play for the Railroads," in the February issue, made the following statement:

Thereafter Senator Shepard of Texas introduced a bill in the Senate to abolish the doctrine of the Shreveport case. In a hearing on this bill it developed that while Louisiana was protesting against rate discrimination on the part of Texas, the city of Natchez, in Mississippi, was making a similar protest against the action of Louisiana in fixing rates which excluded the business men of Natchez from the Louisiana markets. Moreover, one of those who appeared in favor of the bill was Judge Prentis, chairman of the Virginia railroad commission, which was at that time complaining that the state rate-fixers in North Carolina had discriminated against Virginia cities.

We are informed that this statement is not exactly correct, but that, in fact, Judge Prentis, when he appeared before the Senate committee which had the Shep-

ard bill under consideration, at the request of the executive committee of the National Association of Railroad Commissioners, of which he was then president, presented the fact that the National Association of Railroad Commissioners had indorsed the principle of the Shepard bill. Although at the instance of certain Virginia shippers the Virginia commission had filed a petition with the Interstate Commerce Commission complaining of certain *interstate* rates which had been prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, neither the Virginia commission nor Judge Prentis while a member of that commission had ever made any complaint before the Interstate Commerce Commission of *intra-state* rates in North Carolina which had been prescribed by the North Carolina commission; and Judge Prentis's appearance and action before the Senate committee was in no way inconsistent with any action of his while he was a member of the Virginia commission.—THE EDITOR.



“King Lear”

By EDWIN A. ABBEY



YEARS ago, when Edwin A. Abbey was known the world over as America's best illustrator in pen and ink, he had already become a student of the tragedies and comedies of Shakspeare. He turned to them instinctively as offering fitting themes for his peculiar genius. At that time, too, he made exhaustive studies of the costumes of the periods and countries of Shakspeare's plays. It was therefore in no way a surprise when in 1898 he exhibited for the first time, at the Royal Academy, his large and important canvas, the “King Lear.” He chose the lines in Act I, Scene I, in which *Cordelia* makes her farewell address to her two elder sisters, *Regan* and *Goneril*, after the king renounces her, his youngest daughter, for her seeming lack of filial love.

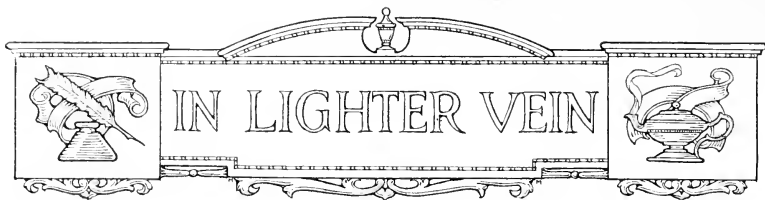
Cordelia, in a flowing gown of creamy white, occupies the center of the canvas. From underneath a purple hood falls a long braid of twisted auburn hair. She turns her face, sad but beautiful, toward her sisters and bids them farewell. *Regan*, holding the heavy folds of her deep-red draperies in her outstretched hands, receives *Cordelia's* message with a cynical smile, while the more austere and haughty *Goneril*, robed in a gown of black that falls in folds from her shoulders, stands unmoved. The young *King of France*, all sympathy for the unfortunate youngest daughter, stands just back of her, and is in the act of stooping to kiss her hand. His costume of greenish blue forms a pleasing transition note from the lighter garment of *Cordelia* to the rich tapestry just beyond. Leaning heavily on the shoulders of two young attendants, the aged king takes his departure.

Not only did the dramatic situation in this incident appeal to Abbey, but he had the true painter's eye for the beauty and color of the costumes, and with a master's skill has woven them into every inch of his composition. Moreover, Abbey has here shown his love of varying textures, for the costumes are painted with a free, sweeping movement, while the faces and hands are wrought with greater technical care. Forming a background across the canvas is a rug, sumptuous and elegant, which falls well to the mosaic floor of the great hall.

The “King Lear” was a success from the first, and though later exhibited in many places, was always the sensation of the occasion. It is fifty-four inches high and one hundred and twenty-seven inches wide. It was presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by Mr. George A. Hearn.

A. T. VAN LAER.

(See frontispiece to this number)



Fixing Up the Balkans

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE other day Travers approached me in the club with a large book under his arm and a conversational expression on his face, and I knew we were in for settling the affairs of the universe.

Travers was always a perfectly normal person till one day he overheard somebody calling him an interesting young fellow. Ever since then he has regarded himself as a thoughtful person with an intelligent eye for national and international problems, and has busied himself broadening his outlook. His outlook is now so broad that he takes a personal interest in the Brazilian elections and loses sleep over a famine in Abyssinia. I drew a long breath as he approached, and waited.

"I've been reading an astonishing book on the Balkan situation," said Travers, seating himself beside me, taking off his eye-glasses, and assuming his most intelligent manner. "You're interested in the Balkans, are n't you?"

"Theoretically, yes," I replied. "I've read lots of stuff about them, but for practical purposes it's no good; I can't keep them straight. As far as I'm concerned, the Balkan problem is to remember which is which."

"Oh, but you must," said Travers, kindly, but firmly. "If people in this country don't keep in touch with the subject, what will become of the Balkans?"

"Is that a conundrum?" I asked. "I hope not; I'm only fair at the Balkans, but I'm rotten at conundrums. I give it up."

Travers seemed a little put out.

"I wish you'd tell me how you keep the thing in your head," I went on. "They all sound so much alike. Now, if you asked me right off what country Bukharest is in, I'd probably guess wrong."

"Come, come, you're exaggerating!" cried Travers, laughing heartily. And then a queer thing happened. The laugh lost its heartiness and died away, his expression suddenly grew vague, and with a gloating heart I realized that he was chasing Bukharest up and down his mind in the frantic hope of locating it. He changed the subject abruptly.

"This book I've been reading," he explained, "brings out a good many points that most of us have not understood in the past. It is virtually a comprehensive attempt to redraw the map of the Balkans on the basis of nationality."

"Indeed," said I. "How fascinating!"

"The situation in Slovenia is particularly striking," pursued Travers. "Ever since the ascendancy of Peter XXVIII and the Ruthenian Alliance, the Croatian element has been fiercely nationalist. This book"—here he laid a persuasive forefinger upon the tome which he carried—"this book tells the full story of the persecutions of '75 which culminated in the massacre of '92. Under the leadership of Fedora Pushpush, the ardent Croats used to meet in a humble garret over a cheese-shop in Nish, and teach each other the folk-songs of their native highlands, and drill the little children in the Croatian alphabet, which has no l, x, or w. At

times they dauntlessly held their spelling-books while the police were gathered in the very room beneath, drinking the native drink of the Magyars, which is a compound of cheeses. Then came the massacre of '92. The spelling-books were all burned, the folk-songs torn bar from bar and thrown into the river. Yet the Croatian spirit remains acutely nationalist, not to say irredentist. And in the face of this," concluded Travers, his voice rising, "the chancelleries of Europe would draw the map of the Balkans without regard for the inalienable rights and insatiable ambitions of this small people!"

"Perhaps there are other elements in the problem," I suggested timidly.

"Yes," admitted Travers, "there are also the Pan-Albanians, whose aspirations include the valuable mineral deposits in the hills north of Nish. And the district is claimed also by the Ukrainians, from whom it was taken in 1836 after the Bulgarian-Slovenian riots forced Peter XXXIV to assume Slavic suzerainty over it. And there is also strong Mohammedan influence at work to gain proportionate representation in the *Vodka*, or county assembly, to say nothing of the Macedonian agents secretly intriguing to open the pepper-mines of the interior to communication by water with the Black Sea."

"The problem looks simpler every minute," I replied gratefully. "I'd go right ahead with it if I were you. And when you've got the answer, come right around and tell me. I want to be in on this."

"Don't be silly," said Travers, rising and putting on his glasses again. "You'd look at the thing differently if you read this book. It's most enlightening; really an exceedingly able presentation." And he wandered away to convert somebody else to the rearrangement of the near East.

But the next day, just as I was settling down for a quiet cigar in the reading-room, Travers spied me again; and before I could slip out the side door he bore down on me with his solutions of the Balkan problem. He had a lot of maps with him. I could see that the near East had gone to his head.

"Some authorities," he began in a ponderous manner, "and, I may add, the bulk of the Pan-Ukrainian irredentist faction, favor the partition of the mountain region on the basis of equal shares in the riches of Bgosh, which, with its celebrated deposits of ores, is destined to be the commercial center. These authorities would make Bgosh a neutral province, under international jurisdiction, and allow all nations equal access to it. The disposition of the Balkans would then be somewhat as follows." He produced a map:



"It looks like a pie," I commented finally.

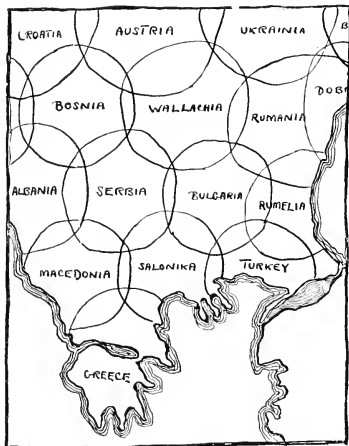
"In a sense it is a pie," replied Travers, much struck with the idea. "A mince-pie of nationalities, let us say." He paused a moment in quiet appreciation of this conceit. "But we are wandering from the subject."

"Other authorities wish to apply a different principle—that of language. Such a redistribution of territory would be directly in line with the aspirations of the Lithuanians, Bessarabians, and other racial groups. And of course there is the precedent of the Treaty of Sophia."

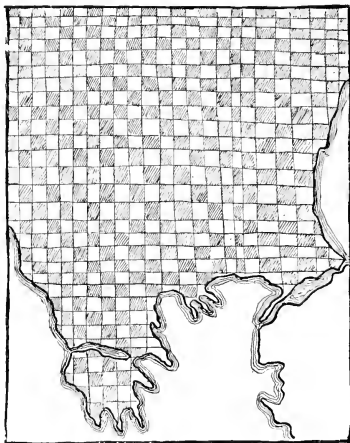
"Of course," said I. "The very treaty I had in mind."

"Such a plan," continued Travers, "would necessitate a revision of the map

on a radically different principle, which would make allowance for the doubtful districts, where two languages struggle for preëminence. The Balkans would emerge, perhaps, in a scheme something like this." He pulled out a second map:



magnifying-glass. I have the map here, and I am confident that it represents the final answer. I have n't put on the names, but that 's only because there is n't room for them. See!" And he produced a third map:



I looked at the map for a moment in astonishment.

"That 's very interesting," I said. "By the way, remind me to tell you the story about the conjurer and the ring-trick."

But Travers swept on; there was no stopping him.

"The bulk of enlightened opinion, however," he announced, "contends that the basis of a permanent settlement must recognize the rights of small nations."

"Bravo, Travers!" I cried. "And don't forget this: the smaller the nations, the more permanent the settlement."

"Precisely," he replied in a tone of triumph. "That is our central principle. According to these authorities, the nations should be made so small as to be almost invisible, at least without the aid of a

"Travers, old man," I said reverently, "you 've solved it."

He smiled a beatific smile.

"I think I have," he replied modestly.

"But would n't you like me to loan you this book? It explains how the Bessarabians, whose hinterlands are given over to the cultivation of the *bgolli*, or creeping onion, the fiber of which is used extensively in the manufacture of Turkish bath-mats, rebelled in 1883 against the royalists under Peter XXXVII, also called Peter the Mongrel, and leaving the onion fields—"

I heard no more, for already I was sneaking out the side door to safety. Poor Travers! For all I know he is still there, instructing my empty chair in the political ambitions of the Balkan Peninsula.



Next to Pure Reading Matter

By E. L. MCKINNEY

YOU of a hundred changing gowns,
Of fashions multifarious,
Child of a thousand different towns,
Monotonously various,
I've seen you dressed for woods
and sea
In half a hundred styles—and stages,
From dishabille to dancing tea,
Maid of the Advertising Pages.

One hand on hip, one held just so,
One knee half bent, pose *dégage*,
Face feelingless; but who may know
What you may think, what you might
say!
Features fated fore'er to be
Youthful and fair throughout the ages,
A haunting, hopeless mystery
Made of the Advertising Pages.

My Club Life

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

FROM the moment that Beardsley put me up at the Cambridge Club dates a nightmare of fourteen days' duration. For two weeks, Beardsley told me, the privileges of the place were mine; I could sit in the comfortable chairs, read the magazines, sign checks for anything, and give tips to no one.

Then he gave me a guest-card.

"If the servants ask any questions," he said, "just show them the card."

No questions were asked the first day or the next, and when a third day passed uneventfully I began to worry. Far from fearing a quizzing, I courted it; I wanted to be held up at the outset and get the ordeal over. I hate having things hanging over me.

I began to haunt the club. A mad desire to be questioned virtually superseded every other ambition. Whenever I had a spare half-hour I would drop in and roam around, purposely getting in the way of as many servants as possible.

"Now, Stiggins, old man," I'd argue, "you must get this thing off your mind before you leave to-day. If necessary, go up to the kindest-looking servant and say: 'For God's sake, old chap, do me a favor. I have a right to be here, and I can prove it, and I want to prove it. Ask

for my guest-card and give me a chance to sleep nights and enjoy my days in peace.'"

Of course I never did.

At the beginning of the second week I instituted a new campaign to force a crisis: I began to sign checks. I hoped that by running up a big bill I would arouse suspicion and put the club manager on my trail.

I would start the day by ordering the most expensive breakfast the club kitchen provided. In the middle of the morning I would return for a light luncheon of three or four expensive items. In the afternoon I would come in for coffee and cakes. At night I surpassed all previous efforts of the day.

I had my shoes polished every time I entered; sometimes I would order the boy to do them twice at one sitting. During the evening I'd sit in the most remote corner of the library and ring insistently for special service.

At the end of four days my account totalled eighty-seven, and I had n't even received a suspicious look.

Then I began to bother the club members; if the servants would persist in ignoring me, I concluded, I'd see what could be done with their masters.

I would enter the reading-room, seize half a dozen new magazines, and sit on five while I read one. Whenever I needed an ash-tray, I took it from a table where two or three men sat smoking. I 'd glower at them as I bore it away. I would elbow them roughly as they waited for their coats in the check-room. I tried every objectionable trick of which I am master, hoping that some one would get mad and ask who the devil I was.

I failed completely.

When the last hours of my two weeks arrived I was a nervous wreck. For thirteen days I had lived in torment. All my life I had longed to be a member of a club and sign checks and give orders to waiters and never give tips. The chance had come and gone, and it had been such an experience as I never wished to duplicate.

Too jumpy to enjoy myself, too tired to try any new scheme, I spent the last evening crouched on a lounge in the reading-room, trying to digest a treatise on automobile engines. It was the night before the big foot-ball game, and I and a servant were alone in the room.

The servant was a big fellow, the biggest and most formidable one I had seen around the house. For a time I watched him straighten up the magazines on the long library table.

And then I saw him heading for me.

"It 's come," I gasped; "it 's come. He knows that if I were a Cambridge man I 'd be in the bar on such a night."

I fumbled in an inside pocket for my guest-card. It was n't there. I fumbled in an outside pocket; it was n't there. I fumbled in all my pockets; it was n't anywhere. I had left it in another suit.

It was too late to run. The fellow was upon me; in fact, he had me cornered. I trembled slightly as he picked up the empty ginger-ale bottle at my elbow. He looked just the sort who would break it over my head first, and ask questions afterward.

"Well—" I gurgled. I intended to protest that I was entitled to one more hour.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said; "but I suppose you 'll be going up to the game with all the other old Cambridge men, sir."

It *Does* Make a Difference, Wordsworth, What?

By CHARLES BAKER GILBERT

<p>THOID Avenue was where she lived, This maid, or, rather, goil; Naught knew she of the springs of Dove; <i>This</i> Lucy's name was Poil.</p>	<p>She was a foist-rate little lass, Quite voituous was she; But when she sounded R, alas! The difference to me!</p>
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“Northeaster”

PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE CENTURY

Vol. 94

JUNE, 1917

No. 2



Fashioning the Hollow Oak

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

Author of "The Lady Aft," "Trial by Fire," etc.

Illustrations by W. J. Aylward

NOT long ago we had stopped building ships in our town. No keels were being laid, the chips were gray in the yards, and the very bed-logs on which the hulls of some of the fleetest and most famous ships in all the world had first been pitched now rotted away. Even the reminiscence of seamanship had grown dim, and of the old builders there remained nothing but their shells, decayed old mansions on the river-front, with woe-ful port-holes staring from under shaggy eaves in the direction of departed ships. Things had come to such a pass that old Judson was heard to say mournfully that never again in this life would he see a raft of Eastern mixed timbers floating down the river.

The pale monster Steam had gobbled all, it seemed. White wings had vanished from the seas like cut cobwebs from old rafters. A great pity and a crying shame, Judson averred. He would not concede himself to be afloat in steam. The hollow oak his mansion was, with Eastern mixed substituted in the place of nobler woods, it must be added. Oak, the king of woods, has come to be scarcer than hen's teeth in our neck of the woods.

Then came delectable evidence that the

Golden Fleece may still serve to reward the quest of wooden argosies. Glittering tales were told of ships in the African mahogany trade paying for themselves out of the profits of a single voyage. And then overnight we shook off the "Giant Lethargy" and began to build ships again. One morning I found old Judson in a dusty mold-loft, "fairly down on his marrow-bones again," as he confessed, and laying down the lines of a new vessel. There was a wonderful tangle of lines on that smooth floor. A great number of vessels long since broken up, or left to rot in Hospital Cove, stared up at him there. They came up one by one to the tender tracing of his thumb, and towered before him, redolent of tar, invincibly hewn and bolted. Or so it had seemed; but for the most part they were only wraith ships now, dismantled, dead, and gone, early loves, old charges, some of which he had built, some of which he had sailed, at least one of which had foundered under him in an open seaway.

"I whittled them out first," he said softly, and hummed a little tune. He had whittled them out. It was even so. Men of this day speak reverently of the powers of that mighty sculptor who had held

great ships, like infants, in the hollow of his hand; projected them entire from a block of wood, and pronounced them seaworthy while they were still no more than trees "up north." He launched them first on invisible ways.

Halcyon days! A good many men might have been found then to whittle out a model of a ship, but they have passed, and old Judson is alone in his proficiency. His knowledge and his cunning are unique. He bears himself a trifle austere in consequence. There are no more like him. Do you see what that may mean in an age when human parts, no less than iron, are now well standardized?

"Here 's the *James K. Whitehead*, now," murmured Judson, as who should say, "Alas! poor Yorick!" "She went down here last winter off Falmouth with a load of paving-stone. I was well out of her, however. I had only a sixty-fourth in her. There 's the floor timbers of the *Sally Hooper*. One of the last vessels I had a hand in. Burned at sea."

He stared sorrowfully, picking them up from memory, proud ships, swift ships, showing the East Indian fleet a clean pair of heels. Strong ships, too, as strong as wit of man and weight of oak could make them; but yet these myriad blurred lines were all that remained of them, and even these indistinguishable to all but Judson.

"They don't much outlive a dog," he told me in sad tones. "Fifteen years' insurance at the most."

And now he was sending men into the north woods to cut the frames for still another, which is to say, the ribs according to the molds, and the molds according to the lines traced on the loft floor. Nature is generous and variable. A grain will be found somewhere among her knotty roots to flow precisely as these molds require. Planking may be steamed, but the ribs of the ship must grow to their destiny unforced, even from the dreaming heart of the acorn.

But long before these frames were floated down the river a keel had been square-hewn, shod, hair-jointed, painted red, and left on the keel-blocks to await

the imposition of the ship itself. The keel comes first; and it must bear and suffer all.

And now the yard was growing yellow and spongy as of old; stinging fragrance of pine mingled with sourness of oak; and chips flourished like wavelets in a wooden ocean. Faces were seen hovering over the keel-blocks strange to the new generation — faces of ancient ship carpenters derelict these many years, outcast, forgotten.

But the art still smoldered in them. In these finger-ends and shoulder-joints cunning still persisted. The knowledge of the workman, as of the master workman, is learned in a hard school, handed down to him by word of mouth or ushered into him by salutation of foot while he is young. I asked old Judson if there was not a book on building wooden ships, and he said he thought there was. It seemed to him that he had heard tell of one. Well, he had built ships enough to know for certain if books had been necessary to the building. Knowledge had seeped into him, rather. Very possibly all his life he had been porous to the fluid solicitations of this science.

A shipyard makes a wonderful loafing-ground. What better place to "bask and dream" on summer mornings, listening to the snarl of the mill, the tramp of great horses on the spongy soil, the multitudinous knocking, tumult of woods, clink of chains, creak and whine of tackle, and the stutter of the riveters? The blue river rushes past, foaming among the bed-logs aft; and there, just out of reach, the fat, yellow bones of the new sea adventurer hang glistening. Beginning aft, they haul them into place, eight ribs a day on each side. To articulate the skeleton of a ship seems as easy as to weave a basket. Indeed, with the frame "hung up," as the expression goes, she looks much like some great yellow market-basket of the gods, ready for wattling.

And now they swing the stem-piece into place, the very nose of her, of oak decidedly, and painted robin's-egg blue. The stem is held at the proper slant by giant shears, taking heavy purchase, until the



CUTTING THE TIMBER

frames can be brought forward to fill the gap. This single stick of wood, rough hewn though it still is, has cost the builder close to three hundred dollars in the labor of axes.

At this stage there is to be noted the terrific provisional character of the ship. In her frames alone she is without strength, a very egg-shell; then day by day, plank by plank, bolt by bolt, seam by seam, she stiffens and catches the support of her spine. Her strength, like the strength of man, perhaps, is only the sum total of blows dealt her from without. The treenail-drivers alone hit her, on a sober calculation, half a million times.

"She has n't a leg to stand on yet," Judson said at a time when she had yet to feel the constraint of planking. With

an inviting gesture he shouldered his way between two of her ribs on the port bow. "But she has the spine of a sperm-whale already."

He pointed to the great keelson atop the keel, and the sister keelsons bedded deep on each side.

"Strong as mortal man can make them," he rumbled, "and still not strong enough. There 's a last straw waiting somewhere out yonder to break the back of this camel, and never you forget it."

Still, acknowledging her weakness, he surveyed her with pride, and found her worthy of a birth-certificate at least.

"Planking will bring out her lines," he assured me. "I want you to watch for the out-plank gang."

He was right. The subtilities of the

ship-builder's craft are perhaps best displayed in the out-planking, for this is the true skin and much-enduring cuticle of the ship, and must be veritably sweated on in such wise that it will stand sea grief.

One balmy morning I saw steam spurt-ing from the rusted corners of the steam-box, and noted a line of coffee-cans warming at the top against the noon-hour. Down in the shadow of the ship the broad-ax-men were hewing mightily to the line and not a hair over, all with that easy and disregardful motion learned in the good old days. The good old days, as Judson might say, when air-driven augers were unheard of, when twenty axmen were in requisition in place of eight, and when men carried beams into the ship on their own shoulders, and shirts not infrequently stuck before nightfall to the over-driven flesh. Efficiency was never heard of then, and yet ships staggered somehow into being, notwithstanding.

"I hate to be cramped the way I am for axmen," said Judson in my ear.

"I have heard talk of using a band-saw on those planks to get the bevel, in place of axmen," I said. "I should think that would be faster business."

Judson tweaked his hairy nose and looked at me with a bleak eye.

"What kind of consideration is that showing to broadax-men?" he inquired.

I answered nothing, and to clench me he threw out this:

"Then, again, if I let those axmen go, who is going to carry the plank to the side of the ship, I wonder?"

Who indeed? Do you suggest a tackle of some sort? A hoist? It is not so that it was done of old. Did not the Egyptians carry plank to the ship on their shoulders? The patriarchs of the yard would view with grave mistrust a ship which had been treated to too liberal a dose of the band-saw. Rats might not go aboard such a ship, and in that case it would be more than the devil and Tom Walker could do together to ship a crew.

As if to verify Judson in his argument, a plank that had been steaming half an hour was drawn out of the steam-box.

A horse dragged it smoking at the end of hook and chain to the port bow, and there a cry of "Hot plank!" went up from the leader of the axmen. Those eight robust reasons why plank should not be sawed, but axed, rather, dropped their axes, girded their loins, took up the plank, walked it to the side of the ship, and clapped it into place.

"This is the first plank of the upper garboard-strake," said Judson. "Watch it curl. Did ever you see the like? Five inches through, and by heaven! it lays down like butter in a tub. I tell you what, ability to make a wagon spoke is no sign that you can build a ship. There is n't a straight line here. The bevel of that plank changes every foot or so. Hah, hear it sing! They 'll have it sprung in in a jiffy."

The broadax-men, seemingly beyond fear of superannuation, sang all together on the plank:

"Ye ho! Come to you a trifle! Now, hold hard!"

The planking boss applied a self-holding screw, like an iron leech, to the forward end of the plank. But could it then be sprung in against the ribs all its length, seeing that here, on a fairway of twenty feet, the surface of the oak must be twisted until it was at right angles with itself? Ring-bolts hung above and below the beleaguered plank, and through these giant rings they thrust battered, sledge-bitten logs; "ringstuffs," they are called. These in place, they drove in oak wedges between the staffs and the outer surface of the plank; and as they sledged, the plank began to sink to its seam, creaking. Creak, creak.

"Every time. Dry welt her home! Oh, spring her in!"

They tortured the plank with an application of pressure every way, top side and bottom side, butt, bevel, and face. The prying genius of oaken wedges forced the plank until it seemed as if the wood itself must disintegrate, so huge its unwillingness to be wrung, so grievous the urgency of the wringing. The self-holding screw forward bit deep into the grain,



MAKING THE MODEL

and the oak bulged and protested. A vessel surely is born with agony to her timbers.

"Look there," said Judson, "she must be sprung in close, she must be snugged in all she will hold once and for all. All the spikes and trunnels in the world won't draw her closer than she can be wedged. They have all they can do to hold what the wedges win."

"Wood to wood," sang the axmen, jocularly.

The grizzled plunker shoved his rule into the seam. The outer edges of it were quite a quarter of an inch apart. Was it, then, wood to wood, inch for inch, on the inner seam?

"Wood to wood is the theory of plank-ing," said Judson; "but there is room enough for theory inside the ship. It

goes better in the cargo than in the seams, eh? Look here, I have had men here daft enough to say that the plank ought to come down until you can't shove so much as the point of a case-knife through that inner seam. Well, consider. Those planks, in the nature of things, are going to soak and swell; and then, sir, if they have n't a trifle of elbow-room at the seam, they will draw their butt-bolts to get it. I don't know anything more wilful than an underwater plank when it don't lay comfortable. A sick boy won't thrash around any more."

What was to be avoided, he said, was a hollow seam; and that was where the planks were farther apart on the inner seam than on the outer.

"A ship with hollow seams will spew her oakum, no matter how you hoss it into her."

He fastened his eye upon the ship's dubber, away up forward. That man was snapping chalked twine, like a spar-maker getting his "eights." He had nailed the ends of it, and now he picked it up like a harpstring, and twanged it against the crude and unfair ribs. A chalk-line resulted, jumping from rib to rib, for the space of eight or ten ribs. The dubber lifted his adz, and began to hew away shavings of the thickness of rice-paper. He was responsible for the true sculpturing of the ship; the planks can no more than bend themselves to his lines.

"In the old days before the fairing process they used to fair them up by the naked eye," said Judson. "Stand at the stem and squint your eye down port and starboard, and decide to take off a leetle mite here and a leetle mite there. And that was why those old ships were sometimes crabs on the port tack, while they would nestle down to starboard like a lady, and contrariwise."

Now came the treenail-gang to fasten the plank. First, men with augers, who bored through the plank, two holes at each rib, the upper one going clear through the skin of the ship; and then the treenail-drivers.

What, then, are treenails, or "trunnels,"

as they are called? What but wooden spikes—*tree nails* in good truth—by means of which chiefly the vessel is pegged together. Wood makes a stronger fastener than iron for a wooden ship. Fiber engages fiber; wood has a better "cling" than metal; and once fairly lodged in the frame, these wooden pegs become incorporated with the ship, as much so as if it had grown one skin. Treenails play with the ship, yield as the planks yield, and return as they do; whereas iron, if it should draw or move with some wrenching of the ship's side, holds its new angle intractably, and never subordinates itself to the personality of the hull.

Treenails above the water-line are made of locust, the fiber of which does not shrink; under water, chiefly of greenheart oak.

The treenail-drivers, ranging themselves along the plank, dipped the treenail ends in grease, and stepped them in the holes appointed. Next they went at them with silver-nosed mauls, and pelted them smartly in. "*Tick, tock; tick, tock.*" The handle of the maul slid loosely in the web of the right thumb. The wielder thereof never closed his right hand tight; indeed, did not appear even to watch the treenail-head, but the maul traveled irresistibly, as if in an air groove appointed to it. The pitch of the treenail music goes ringing higher and higher with each stroke; there is no sound more heartening; it is, in fact, the most musical of all the ship's noises. I should suppose the xylophone might have been invented by a treenail-driver.

The alternated strokes of the treenail-drivers have an automatism like the movement of a clock; and, as with the clock a strong beat is followed by a weak one, so with the treenail strokes where an old man and a young one work together. The treenails speak sweetly, and with a frosty tang in the utterance, while the treenailers sway and sledge, sway and sledge, in a fine-spun reverie, and with a languid, dream-like, yet powerful motion. It seems as if they might be set to driving treenails in their sleep and never get enough of it.

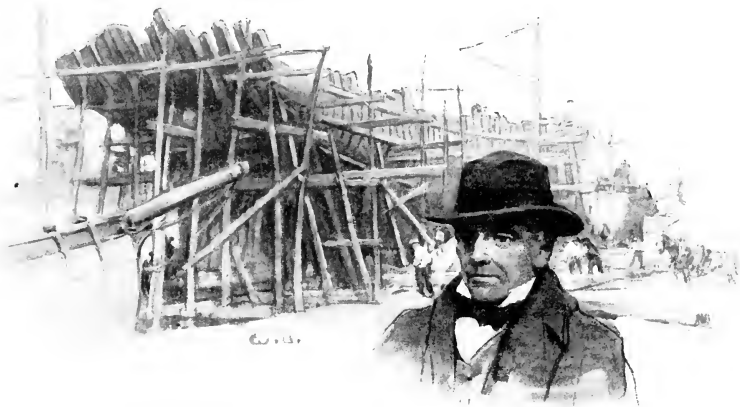
It has, in fact, a medicinal value, it appears. It is in the tradition of one yard that a rich young man cured himself of sleeping lethargy by driving treenails. It is further averred that this same young man became so clever with his tools that

in its length which suggested the merciless convexity of the mast.

"What thickness, Mr. Spar-maker?"

"Thirty inches at the heel."

"Something better than a toothpick, I believe."



THE SHIP IN FRAME

he could set a treenail-end on a kid glove and bring the wood to a point with his ax, and yet not so much as graze the leather. Very little of this wizardry of the craft is left now.

"There, now," said Judson, "that plank is on for keeps."

"You think it will hang on?"

"Like grim death to a rusty nigger," he replied.

WHEN the ship was only partly planked, the spar-maker began to fashion her four lower masts. Day by day he shaped those ninety-foot-octagonal-buttressed sticks into miraculous roundness where they lay in the shadow of the ship. In the late afternoon their satiny surfaces were all one blinding yellow glare from the slanted rays of the sun.

"Smooth as a girl's cheek, I guess," said the spar-maker.

His stooped and ape-like old body swayed fore and aft to accompany his plane. His body had a chronic concavity

"A bean-pole. I've seen 'em go as high as thirty-six."

Resinous shavings writhed upward through the body of his fascinating plane. Great shavings and small shavings and very meticulous shavings and shavings that were no shavings, all to the crisp tune of well-conditioned steel engaging wood. That old fellow was evidently intent on outdoing smoothness itself. Each shaving was a deep and perfumed satisfaction to the heart.

As a boy I used to stand by the hour, slack-witted, tranced, to behold planes and drawing-knives slither over and back, over and back, on that yellow, gleaming round. Smooth, smoother, smoothest. Now, now at last the thing is smooth; and then, when it seems as if the very desideratum of smoothness has been reached, yet another shaving. A haunting mystery is spar-making.

On pleasant evenings critics collected in the shadow of the ship, sitting on the

dewy spars, prowling through her ribs, or, at a later stage, peering thoughtfully down her hatches. They came through the dusk and shook their heads sadly over what they saw. The old order changeth. The ship had no lines, they said, for one thing. There was no sharpness in her bow, and no sweetness in her stern. She was a very moonfish in design, a century old while still lying in her cradle. The deck-houses were too high; they should have been saddled, and not framed. Oh, the bitter workmanship of these degenerate days!

But the vessel, the thing in itself, defied them, shriveled them with her monstrous bulk, and made criticism a thing of naught in the presence of her invincible strength.

Was she, then, so invincible? From her deck the blackened bones of ships in Hospital Cove rose up in serried ranks to confute so proud a claim. What had old Judson sorrowfully said? She would not much outlast a dog.

"She looks as if she would never break up in this world," I said one afternoon to the boss of the deck-planking gang.

"Look you there," he answered, with a gesture into the gigantic oak-and-pine abysm at our feet. Mysterious bellowings and rumblings proceeded out of it, as if Victor Hugo's mad cannon were let loose down there, or a consignment of wild bulls.

"Come now below."

We swung ourselves down to her floor timbers.

There, running the length of the ship, were the timbers making up keelson and sister keelsons, bedded together, thick-set and enormous, lock-scarfed, strapped with iron, bolted, a huge fagot of timbers, each timber fourteen inches square at the butt, a fagot two hundred feet long and nearly four feet square—the backbone of the ship, no less. It staggered the imagination to peer into the gloomy recesses of that echoing cavern, so full and bold in the jowl. The place seemed to have been hewn and hollowed out of one primeval log, a dugout of incredible proportions.

I took note of the massive hanging-knees which support the deck-beams—knees as thick as knees of elephants. Frail and withered the hand of the builder as it rested on the vertebræ of that tremendous spine. He was a midge engulfed in the bowels of that leviathan, no more to look at than Jonah in the belly of the whale.

Yet he had bodied forth and launched into the services of men many such. Some were living yet, and some were sunk in the mud-flat at Hospital Cove, eaten to the heart with the slow fires which burn the old iron out of them. A sad contrast with these fat, yellow bones, their mottled surfaces newly axed. And yet, as for the new ship, with her nose now pointed so disdainfully heavenward for ease of launching, "let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come."

"Maybe, if she was to batter on a reef, she would break up in course of time, but never in an open seaway," affirmed the deck-planking boss.

"They will crack in a seaway," said a sad voice behind us, the voice of Judson.

"Well, maybe some ships, but not those they used to put what you could call workmanship into. Why, man alive, I have been away from here a good many years, but I remember in the old days one ship where the keelsons were built up to a height of nearly five feet above the floor timbers. Do you suppose that ever that would crack? It ain't in reason."

"It would crack, yes," reaffirmed old Judson. "It would crack if it was plagued."

He was seaman no less than builder. He knew the power of ships, but he knew the power of the sea as well.

"Never that ship," returned the carpenter. "You should have seen the knees of her. The ceiling was nine inches deep over her floor timbers, with a thick streak of twelve inches at the bilge. She was oak all through. White oak, man, even the hanging-knees. Why, I remember going to the old man and saying, 'Hack is better than oak for hanging-knees,' and he drew off and says, 'Jim,'



STEPPING THE MASTS

he says, 'if there is anything grown better than white oak, I don't want to see it coming aboard at my time of life.'

"What was the name of that ship, Jim?"

"The bark *Paragon*."

Judson took out of his pocket a black plug, and bit into it with a slow and wise motion.

"The *Paragon*. By the merciful! old stager, you have been away from the coast these late years, I reckon."

"True enough."

"Now, what would you say if I was to tell you that that selfsame ship, the *Paragon*, was lost like you say she could n't have been lost, in an open seaway?"

"If it was any other living man telling me, I would say he lied," mumbled the carpenter. "Of course, if *you* tell me—"

"Exactly so."

"Ain't you thinking of some other ship, Mister? That *Paragon* was just indestructible, if a ship ever was."

"Was she so?" returned old Judson. "Well for me I 'm indestructible myself, then, for I 'm here to tell the tale, and I was boson of her when she broke in two like a stick of candy."

"Broke in two!" muttered the carpenter. "There was her backbone piled as high as my chin. I could just reach up to it with my dinner-pail when I was dubbing her floor timbers."

"No matter, it went like that," said Judson, snapping a splinter between thumb and finger. "We were coming from New Caledonia loaded with nickel ore, and one minute she was a solid ship, and next she hung out over a wave. Lord God, the devil, and Tom Walker could n't have held her together then. She foundered, and that 's matter of record."

"Where did she go?" inquired the ship's carpenter, more subdued.

"Just for'ard of the beam. The watch below had come on deck to take in top-sails; there was I whooping like mad on

the yard-arm when there come a shudder through her like as if she had stumbled; down went the yard I was on, cockbilled to port, and there she was, opened just for'ard of the beam, as I say."

"You don't say!" said the shipman, sorrowfully. "Opened."

"Stood open like a grave. And next I knew the masts were going past my ears like tall shadows."

"Thirty-two inches at the butt they were," murmured the carpenter, plaintively, twitching out a shaving from his belt. "I can hear them now, as if it was yesterday, entering the step. Just before the mainmast was hard down the old man slipped a five-dollar gold piece under the heel of it for luck."

"Ship's luck is in the wind," retorted Judson. "Those masts were jolted out of her, I tell you, like quills out of a porcupine. Snapped off short, and down they came, and next a ring of foam around the ship where she squatted down, and a roaring over the fo'c'sle-head; and then it was lights out, and no more noise, and plump I went in the water like a kitten into a wash-boiler."

"In the open sea, too!" repeated the carpenter. "She was hung up as solid as a fort, to all appearances."

"Here you are building ships, and you don't know nothing about the power of water," said the seaman, with the age-old contempt of his tribe for the land where he had brought his bones to rest at length. "It staggers a man like all the powers of hell rushing to the south. What's a ship amount to in a wind? Her weight is what brings her to grief."

"That is mortal truth," replied the shipwright. "If only she had the strength there is in the bolted frame, and the weight of an egg-shell along with it, no God's legion of pounding would break her up. She could stand any sickening quantity of grief then. But, sure enough, her weight stands in her way when it comes to rocks and coral-reefs and the like o' that."

"The best of 'em will come to grief," said Judson.

"You're a lucky man to be alive, in my opinion."

"The sea will never cheat the gallows, I reckon."

The old buidler went off to see to the salting of his charge. For just as men are salted in the blood stream, so, too, the ship must be salted. From fifty to three hundred hogsheads of salt are usually shaken down between her ribs before the last few streaks of planking are put on. This invisible cargo of salt, never unloaded, but sometimes renewed by their salacious majesties, forms, with the inevitable leak through the planking, a brine which trickles down and keeps her timbers sound, shiver though they may. At the line between wind and water, which is the line of lightest load, there should be a wooden salt-stop wedged in between the ribs before the planking covers them.

Inside, air streaks are left in her ceiling,—the planking on the inner surfaces of the ribs, that is,—both for the renewing of salt and to let in air upon her bones. A ship is an organism very imperfectly protected at best from the ravages of decay. She is weather-beaten even lying in her cradle. Now, a ship's skin, like man's, must breathe; or, like the gilded boy who headed the pope's procession, she will make a quick end by suffocation. Man, therefore, in constructing this organism, clumsily adopts the perfected devices of nature, and lets in air and brine in goodly measure to play upon her vitals. So it is also that the leakiest boat which will still float is the longest-lived and least subject to dry rot. Old barges hove together like baskets for coal-carriers are sound and sweet after the dear knows how long a service; and a packet that was put together tighter than a miser's dream of heaven begins to stink between the wind and water in six or seven years. Then when the insurance men open her flanks fore and aft, port and starboard, above water and below, the rot can be scooped out with a shovel. The poet truly says:

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

At length the ship was planked, planed over all, the mellow clack of calking hammers resounded, and the time had come to pick up those afore-mentioned bean-poles; in short, to step the masts.

They raised up mighty shear-poles on the deck over the foremast-hole. These were crossed high in air a few feet from their tips, and bound there with a great, yellow shear-head lashing of twenty turns or more of rope. These giant shears were guyed fore and aft; their heels were stepped port and starboard in movable wooden sockets, which could be sledged over a greased deck when it became necessary to walk the shears from one mast-hole to another.

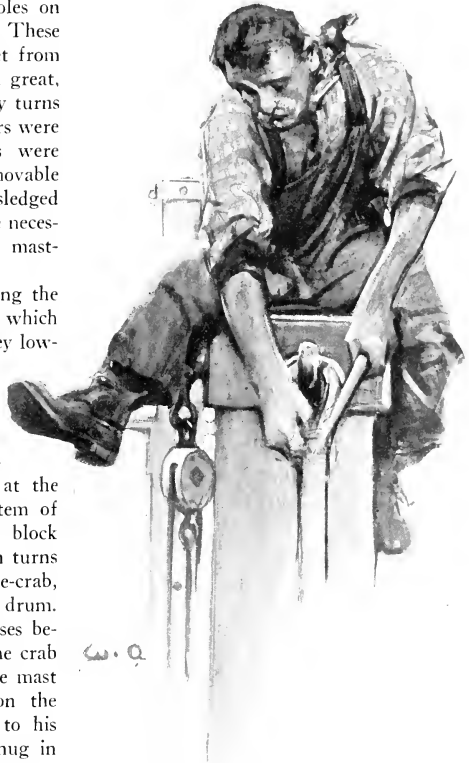
From the head of the shears hung the mast purchase, a block, or pulley, in which was set an iron ring. This ring they lowered overside, and took twenty turns of rope through it, and around the mast, nearer the truck than the heel—that is, nearer the top than the bottom. The rope led from this lashing to a block at the top of the shears, thence to the stem of the vessel, thence to a monstrous block on the ground, and last of all seven turns around the shining barrel of a horse-crab, or windlass with a perpendicular drum. Even as I watched, two heavy horses began to plow a black circle round the crab in the spongy dirt, the truck of the mast upreared, and a man stationed on the lashing itself began to shout out to his subordinates: "Slack the guy! Snug in the heel there! Get that gant-line higher up! There! Hold that!"

He went on from this to a volley of unintelligible, ringing yells, and the horses revolving about the lustrous barrel of the weather-beaten crab arched their necks and seemed proud to exert their strength in so tremendous an employment.

Higher and higher the truck erected itself with a stealthy motion, as if meaning to surprise the ship and slink aboard unobserved. At length the heel itself was swung inboard; the greasy, yellow stick reeled against the sky; the shears quivered.

With a handy-billy they drew the heel

over the destined spot. And now a man took the mast squarely between two huge and leathery palms. An instant he stood so, wrapt, considering, poised like a



THE RIGGER

woman threading a needle with bated breath. The sun flashed from the brass rim of a horn grease-pot at his hip. Unless you raised your eyes to the purchase and the crossed shears, you beheld him holding the mast balanced by his own might. The heel, notched half a foot deep

across its diameter, moved an inch or two over and back.

"Lower away!"

They slacked the fall, and the mast sank like a serpent through the hole.

I ran down into the hold. The yellow butt was sliding through the 'tween-decks with the same suggestion of noiseless stealth—the more noiseless for the boomings on every hand caused by the fall of mauls and calking-hammers on the outer skin of the ship.

Next appeared the boss rigger's chief assistant, seething with objugation.

"Slack away on the fall!" he yelled.

The notched heel of the mast, continuing its miraculous progress into the bowels of the ship, had come to within a few inches of the step appointed to receive it.

"Lower a little inch! Hold!"

This wild shriek was reëchoed from the deck above, borne aloft in muffled accents until it rebounded from the vault of heaven. And now the mast mysteriously twirled, so as to bring the notch in the heel precisely fore and aft; but it was not quite over the step.

"Wedge her forward!"

Heavy blows fell; the heel crept over its socket.

"Hold! Slack away on the fall!"

A faint voice called:

"Fall all gone."

"What 's wrong, then? She 's entered the step. She 's clear all round."

He peered delicately all round that orifice, brushed it with his finger-tips, as if a grain of dust had checked the mast in its descent. Next he began to swear and lash out at a wedge simultaneously. The invisible man above picked up this red refrain like a torch, whirled it round once or twice to fan it into flame, and cast it up out of the pit he was in.

"Ease away the wedges for'ard, then!" cried my ship's carpenter.

He hit the mast once more, and now with an invincible *pung*, that shook the ship all round, as if a battering-ram had found its mark, the mast fell into place. That heavy heel tramped on the keelson

like the foot of an elephant on a match-box.

"Hard down!"

And in that moment the monstrous round of the mast assumed a look of immobility, as if it had not moved since time began, as if not all the machinations of man could ever coax it to give even the fraction of an inch again; hard down, and guaranteed to stand without hitching, wind and weather permitting, for the space of twenty years. And yet a moment back it had twirled like a watch-charm at the end of its chain.

"This is a quiet crew," said the carpenter, mildly. He dusted his palms together. "In the old days they used to pick up these sticks and step them with their mouths, as you might say."

The good old days—days of the clipper-ships, days of the vinegar ships! Marvelous rigs, marvelous men, too. They had a stomach for anything then. In that golden morning tide of life, it seemed, a skipper would think nothing of slipping a five-dollar gold piece under the heel of the mast as it was going into place. He valued his ship; and besides, it was a day of faith. Later the gold dwindled to a bright penny. Men were losing confidence in their ships then, maybe; but it was a fact that the trade-winds had never been the same since. Was it likely that, if there was any demon of sailor's luck prowling the seven seas, he would be fooled by a bright penny?

Truly the old order changeth.

A day came when she was ready for the plunge. Her sticks were in, her paint was on, she was copper painted below water, because that paint continually scales off, and disposes of borers before they can get a foothold. Her stores were slung aboard, a fire kindled in the galley, a cook installed to watch it, and still no movement in all the length and breadth of her.

Now comes her destined hour. A hush has fallen on the yard for once. The sawmill no longer puffs forth its yellow cloud over the rushing river; neither clink of chain nor cluck of broadax falls



THE LAUNCHING OF A SHIP

on the ear; a touch of frost is in the air. The ship lies rotund and gleaming in her cradle, her jib-boom pointing to the skies. So slowly has she come into being here that she now seems part and parcel of the landscape, one with all our hopes and fears; wedged and blocked and bill-shored here as if for all eternity.

And yet even now all hangs by a hair. The ways have been built up to her bilges; the bilges rest on boards, the under faces of which are smeared with beef tallow or the like. These boards in turn rest on the top of the ways, similarly greased.

Nothing remains but to split out the keel-blocks, and let the great new foundling of the seas slide into her element.

A flag-draped platform has been built against her nose; the daughter of the new owner stands there with a bottle of spring water.

Judson, strolling out from a critical inspection of the forward keel-blocks, turns his bleak eyes toward that platform, tweaks his hairy nose again, and mutters:

"There 's two of the handsomest women in town brought face to face and rubbing noses."

And touching one of these same hand-some women, the sincerity of his compliment is not to be questioned for a moment. The grim builder has faith in the lines of his ship.

The giant enterprise is near an end. It remains to be seen if so huge and long calculated a pile will veritably start, move, plunge away, all of a piece as she is, making her final bow to the reedy marshland of her birth; the sea adventurer, coming out of that first dip with a personality all her own, something stately and steadfast, but something rebellious, stubborn, too, it may be, or even antagonistic to her builder. After all this time she is to roll out of her cradle, this baby of a million love-taps, go her own gait, take her destiny out of these pygmy hands forever. There is a strain of *Frankenstein's* monster in the thought. These men have mysteriously endowed the ship with a certain nature, good or ill, stiff or cranky or easy; she will sail better or worse according as the shavings shall decree which old Judson dropped from his model six months back. Were they well and truly taken? A single shaving there, more or less, might make the difference between a swift and a slow ship. By all means these should be well-meditated shavings.

And what of Judson himself while all hangs in the balance? He saunters fore and aft as the sound of the axes biting into the after blocks comes to his ears. Will the ways hold? They are built up of keel timbers, and are calculated to withstand the mightiest lateral thrust, but the ship's bulk transcends mathematics a little in its unrelenting and ponderous reality. Nothing, then, can be certainly predicated of it.

A powerful draft, always moving along the ship's bottom, through openings between the keel-blocks, ruffles the old fellow's gray hair. He picks at a blob of grease on the ways, stretches up an arm to the garboard-strake, touches a joint in the shoe,—hair-joints every one,—and another coat of paint would lick them out of sight. His eye kindled with admiration of a good job.

Men were coming nearer with the axes. Behind the axmen came a boy carrying a pot of paint with which he painted in desperate strokes the uncovered portions of the shoe as the keel-blocks dropped away. The ship, almost released, hung on his very shoulders, and he was in a hurry.

"She will snap out twenty or thirty blocks in all likelihood," said Judson.

The ship hung over us with every hallmark of an immovable body still. Then did it seem as if she had moved a grain, the thousandth part of an inch? I fastened my eye on a knot in the shoe, but could not verify that movement. That the ship should actually move seemed as unlikely as a fable. The axmen, however, came faster and faster. They saw nothing of the fable in it. Besides, they had a certain distaste for work of this description.

"She 's on a shoe-string now," they whispered.

Thirty blocks to go. The last ship from these ways had snapped twenty-five. The youth whose sacred duty it was to paint the bottom of the keel braced himself and lashed out with flying strokes. Surely the time of this leviathan was at hand.

On a shoe-string. The mighty structure now clung to twenty blocks of pine as lightly as a withered oak leaf to its twig. It needed nothing but an inspiration, perhaps, to start it—a shout, a breath of wind, a yielding joint, perhaps a child's finger laid on the immense prow. The song of a bird will shiver a glacier into action.

All this while we stood about, kicking at chips and waiting—waiting for her "to take a fancy to it." But it seemed as if she could not ever break out of bounds as long as that habit of stock-stillness was fastened on her. Perhaps if only the imaginations of men, to say nothing of their axes, would credit her with the possibility of movement she would move. For if the men who put all but the breath of life into her falter at this moment, on whom is she to lean? She has not yet come into her own.



FULL-RIGGED CLIPPER-SHIP OF SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

"The grease may have stuck," said Judson, calmly, standing a little aside.

There had been times, he said, in hot weather when the ship's launching company had had to jump up and down fore and aft to start her. Judson had met his first wife while jumping up and down at a moonlight launching.

Suddenly his eyes gleamed.

"She is gone."

She had moved as imperceptibly as a swan drifting—

A thrill of life along her keel.

The phrase of the poet is worn thin, is ancient coinage; but the moment is the most tremendous to which the labor of man can give rise. Came a cracking, a

splintering; twenty blocks were mashed and rolled end for end, and the youth with the paint-pot jumped like a hare to escape squirting splinters. The ship settled on the ways, and with the magic smoothness of a dream wherein vast solids seem to float like feathers, the hull withdrew into the river.

I was aware of the draft that blew under the ship, of a harsh burr and whisper from the ways as the giant shoe moved overhead; then she was gone, like a gray cloud rolling away. The draft was no more, and I was confronted by a long laneway of sheer space, that the bulwarks of the ship had seemed to fill invincibly a moment back.

The good ship *Little Turk* was in the

river, with three tugs straining to check her from fetching the other bank. A faint cheer was wafted from her bow.

Judson stared at her wonderingly. He picked his way among yellow shards of keel-blocks, going toward the river's-edge; and now I saw that he was tossing up and down in his hand the model of the ship—the little block of wood to which she owed all she had of seaworthiness and all the graces of her being.

"She is a good ship," I said.

"She's a good ship if she will sail," said Judson.

In these words he confessed that she was strange to him. He held the model horizontal between his thumbs and raised his eyes slowly, slowly.

"She went in easy, I'll say that much. Well, she's all ready for the rats to come aboard, and—I reckon we can still build ships."



Fraternity

By J. H. WALLIS

ONE day among the ants I heard
 A leader bitterly complain:
 "Our midget millions, born and slain,
 Are proof that God or Nature erred!
 Why can we not, like men, attain
 Some notable significance,
 Be large, be lords of death and pain?
 But, no; we live and die as ants!"

Once among men a poet's groans,
 Heavy with anguish, smote my ears:
 "We mortal men whose little years
 Run swiftly to a cold unknown
 Are nothing to those giant spheres
 That rule in vast and endless state,
 Who laugh at the prodigious fears
 Of men and men's poor, futile fate."

Once Sirius to Vega hurled
 A wail that strangely startled me,
 Winging the wide, ethereal sea:
 "How puny are we, gripped and whirled
 In cosmos' harsh immensity,
 Whose beams such little systems fill,
 Whose transitory heat will be
 Nothing in Time's eternal chill."



The Fate of the Balkans

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Africa," etc.

ONE can scarcely count upon a durable peace unless three conditions are fulfilled: (1) existing causes of international troubles should be eliminated or reduced as much as possible; (2) the aggressive objects and the unscrupulous methods of the Central powers should be discredited in the eyes of their own peoples; (3) above international law, above all the treaties having as object the prevention or hindrance of hostilities, there should be established an international sanction which would stop the most daring aggressors.—FOREIGN SECRETARY BALFOUR in a cablegram to the British ambassador at Washington, January 15, 1917.

EVERY student of international affairs and the Great War, every thinker who has his mind fixed upon the problem of a durable peace, every lover of humanity, will indorse the three conditions laid down by Mr. Balfour, with one modification. In the second condition, justice as well as common sense leads us to substitute "all the powers" for "the Central powers." Only one who is blinded by passion and prejudice, or who feels that some special interest compels him to keep alive the fiction that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other, still allows himself the privilege of an I-am-holier-than-thou attitude. While the fighting is on there is such a thing as a *sacred cause*. France and Belgium, who took up arms in defense of their soil, have felt and are still feeling the moral force of being in the right. An appeal to fight for a principle brought to the British Government the support of the Anglo-Saxon race in the colonies and in the United States as well as in the mother country. But there never was a quarrel that did not have two sides, and no quarrel was ever mended unless the acknowledgments and concessions were mutual.

We must remember that Mr. Balfour was talking about a *world* peace, and was commenting upon the reply of *ten* states to Mr. Wilson's peace overture. He was not speaking for Great Britain alone, nor was he speaking for Great Britain and

France. Did he expect to make intelligent men believe that the Entente powers have no "aggressive objects" and are guilty of no "unscrupulous methods"? If he could assure us that Japan is prepared to hand over the Shan-tung Peninsula to China, that Russia waives her claims to Constantinople and Armenia, that Italy has no territorial ambitions in the Balkan Peninsula and Aegean Islands and Asia Minor, that Serbia had not been plotting against Austria-Hungary for years before the war, that Rumania joined the Entente with no "aggressive objects," and that no members of the Entente coalition had been guilty of "unscrupulous methods,"—that is, massacre and pillage in invaded countries, barbarous treatment of prisoners, ruthless repression of rebellions at home, cruelty on the battle-field, breaking of international law on the high seas,—he would be justified in saying "Central powers" instead of "all the powers" in setting forth the second condition.

Partizanship is natural. No man with red blood in his veins can keep from taking sides and expressing preferences. If neutrality does not mean ignorance, it at least means indifference. But if partizanship is maintained in examining the ante-bellum period and is carried over to the post-bellum period, it is as harmful to one's friends as it is to one's foes. There must be no pro-Ally or pro-German point of view in writing on the causes of the

war or on the reconstruction of the world after the war. Before we can hope for the reconstruction of Europe on just and durable bases there must be a remorseless pointing out of past errors, a frank acknowledgment of each nation's part in the development of general causes for the European War, a mutual willingness to meet on new ground.

The people of France and Great Britain and the British colonies have a belief in the justice of their cause, and a sincere desire to see a new Europe, a new world, come out of the present cataclysm of suffering. Until President Wilson gave Count Bernstorff his passports they were grieved and angry at the people of the United States, and could not understand American neutrality in the face of the crimes of which Germany had been guilty. They believed that American lust for gold and desire for ease have blinded us to the moral issues at stake. This is because they saw only one side of the shield. They thought only of their enemies and the guilt of their enemies. They see peace attainable only through crushing their enemies. They do not realize that Americans know more about the complexity of interests at stake in the war than they do, because we have continually held before our eyes *both* sides of the shield.¹ We are as keenly alive as any

Frenchman or Englishman or Canadian or Australian or New-Zealander to the moral issues of the war, but we do not share their illusions about liberal Russia and disinterested Italy. On the other hand, we know that British and French statesmen have been making, and are still making, bribes to Russia and Italy that constitute a flagrant denial of the principles for the championship of which they ask our support and sympathy. Has it never occurred to our French and English friends that we are neither stupid nor credulous, and that we are not to be carried off our feet by the proclamation of the principle of defense of small nationalities in a document *which specifies the application of the principle only in cases where the emancipation of subject races would impair the political unity of hostile powers?*

Then if we might read, "The aggressive objects and unscrupulous methods of *all the powers* should be discredited in the eyes of their own peoples," we could say Amen to Mr. Balfour. And let us begin in the Balkans. And let us begin by his statement to the American people:

It may be argued, it is true, that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe is neither a logical nor natural part of this general plan [to establish a durable peace]. The maintenance of the Turkish Empire was for generations considered essential by the world's statesmen for the maintenance of European peace. Why, one may ask, is the cause of peace now associated with the complete overthrow of this political tradition? The reply is that circumstances have entirely changed.

Mr. Balfour does not tell us how or why circumstances have changed. The Turks are no more cruel and hopeless of reform to-day than they were in 1878, when the British Government, after trying to hush up in England the story of the Bulgarian massacres, threatened Russia with war in order to keep Russia from getting Constantinople.

From the Turkish and Balkan point of

¹ Ever since the beginning of the war I have been writing in the American press in defense of the cause of the Entente powers, and have pointed out the wrongs of Belgium, the cruelty of the Germans in invaded regions, and the aspirations of certain subject nationalities. The result has been that I have had communications and a flood of literature from all sorts of "national committees" with headquarters in the United States. There are Irish, Polish, Finnish, Ukrainian (Ruthenian), Lithuanian, Armenian, Arabian, Syrian, Persian, Egyptian, Indian, and Chinese committees, whose charges against Great Britain and Russia and Japan, and whose claims for independence, are in most cases as fully substantiated and as well worth being considered as the claims of nationalities subject to Austria-Hungary. The Iugo-Slavs (whose emancipation the Entente powers' response to President Wilson specified) seem to fear Italy more than their traditional oppressor. Jewish committees and the Ruthenian committee have sent me evidence of cruelties committed by the Russians in Courland and Galicia on a larger scale than those of the Germans in Belgium. American editors and writers will bear me out in the statement that we are constantly confronted with these charges and claims from sources that can in no way be suspected of being subsidized by or sympathetic to Germany.

view circumstances have not changed at all. They have changed only from the point of view of British diplomacy. Here we have the secret of the evil from which the world is suffering. The statesmen of the great powers, without the knowledge of their electorates, make diplomatic combinations that plunge their own countries into wars and sacrifice weak nations and races. There is no hesitation, no compunction. When a policy inconsistent with a former policy is adopted the public is told that "circumstances have entirely changed." The public accepts, and the best blood of the nation goes to death without knowing why. Clever casuist as Mr. Balfour is, he could explain only by telling the truth. For reasons that have nothing whatever to do with Constantinople and the Balkans a few men decided that Russia and Great Britain should be allies. What Great Britain fought one terrible war, and was ready to fight another, to prevent, she is to-day fighting to achieve. The men who fell in the Crimea and on Gallipoli, two generations apart, cannot both have died in a righteous cause.

In the Congress of Berlin, which attempted to decide the destinies of the Balkan nations, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia were not allowed a voice. The great powers showed an utter disregard for the interests and rights of the Balkan nations. From 1878 to 1914 the Balkan diplomacy of the great powers followed faithfully the policy that guided Beaconsfield and his fellow-conspirators at Berlin. For what were conceived, often wrongly, to be the interests of the British Empire and of other empires that were being built up or projected, European statesmen showed invariably a willingness to sacrifice the interests of the Balkan nations, repress their logical national development, and use their national aspirations to pit one against the other. Russia and Austria-Hungary and Italy, having conflicting imperial programs that fore-shadowed political control of the Balkans, were most guilty. But Great Britain, Germany, and France had their share of blame also. To curry favor with Con-

stantinople and to gain commercial concessions, as well as to give proof of loyalty to alliances that were forming and strengthening, the three Occidental powers made a show of defending Turkey while secretly countenancing the aggressive conspiracies of their actual or potential allies. This is no sweeping assertion, nor is it raking up forgotten and abandoned policies. We need to go back no further than the Young Turk Revolution of 1908. We can limit ourselves to citing events in which the responsibility of statesmen who are still in office was engaged. Any one who looks into the diplomacy of the Bosnia-Herzegovina and Tripoli grabs, the bullying of M. Venizelos and Greece over the Cretan question, and the London ambassadorial conference of 1913, cannot fail to be convinced that in so far as the Balkans are concerned the diplomacy of all the European chancelleries is tarred with the same brush.

To show how recent is the conversion of the British Foreign Office to the belief that "circumstances have entirely changed" in the Balkans and necessitate the expulsion of Turkey from Europe in order to assure peace, let me quote the famous note of October 8, 1912, which the great powers delivered to the Balkan States to intimidate them from taking the step Mr. Balfour now believes essential to the peace of Europe. In diplomatic circles it was currently reported at the time that this *chef-d'œuvre* emanated from Downing Street. At any rate, four years ago Great Britain put her signature to a document which said:

The powers condemn energetically every measure capable of leading to a rupture of peace. Supporting themselves on Article 23 of the Treaty of Berlin, they will take in hand, in the interest of the population, the realization of the reforms of the administration of European Turkey, on the understanding that these reforms will not diminish the sovereignty of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. If, in spite of this note, war does break out between the Bal-

kan States and the Ottoman Empire, the powers will not admit, at the end of the conflict, any modification in the territorial *status quo* in European Turkey.

The Balkan States, which had waited in vain during thirty-four years of oppression and suffering for the application of Article 23 of the Treaty of Berlin, knew that no faith could be put in promises of the great powers. They knew, too, that suspicion of bad faith of each power toward each other power made the last statement of the note ridiculous and meaningless. Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, united for the first time in their history, went ahead, and accomplished the work of emancipation in defiance of the will of the great powers. They would probably have divided the territories wrested from Turkey without serious friction had not the ambassadorial conference of London and the underhand intrigues of at least four of the six powers forbidden Serbia the access to the Adriatic that she had won by her arms. Sir Edward Grey afterward said that his part in this disgraceful and disastrous decision was justified by his desire to avoid a European war. By implication at least British writers have since tried to establish the fact that Austria-Hungary was directly responsible for barring Serbia from the sea, and that Germany was the real culprit. Wilhelmstrasse, so we are told, was instigating and backing up Ballplatz. This is true; but it is only half the truth. Italy was equally responsible, and Russia played an ignoble rôle in the affair.

The world has moved too fast during the last three years to waste time and energy in lamenting what might have happened and did n't. But the duty is none the less incumbent upon us to keep in mind the Balkan tragedy of 1913 in order that a repetition of it may be avoided. For none of the participants in the European interference of that year has abandoned the great-power attitude toward the Balkans. One can see in the Balkan events since the outbreak of the present war no desire in any European foreign

office to forsake the deplorable diplomacy that has soaked Europe in blood. Where is the statesman in any belligerent country who dares to come out openly and call a spade a spade?

The facts are painful. At the beginning Serbia was the only Balkan country involved in the European War. It was the desire of the other Balkan States to remain neutral. All of them, with the exception of Rumania, had suffered heavily in the two preceding wars and needed a long period of peace for recuperation. None had the equipment in heavy artillery, ammunition, and aëroplanes to engage in war against a great power.

Serbia resisted with admirable skill and courage the first Austro-Hungarian invasion. Her armies routed the invaders completely. But the victory had been dearly purchased, and precious stores of ammunition expended. Serbia's powerful allies were in honor bound to take steps to protect her against a second invasion. Since Turkey had entered the war, interest also dictated the necessity of re-provisioning in war material, and reinforcing the armies of, the country that stood between the Central powers and their Ottoman ally. But the Entente powers were thinking of themselves and their own territorial ambitions. They hoped to force Turkey into a separate peace very speedily, and when that moment arrived they planned to have in their possession the portions of Turkey they wanted to keep. Until the critical days came, no attention was paid to Serbia and Montenegro. Then the Entente powers, who had some months previously showed their unwillingness to accept Greek advice and aid in the campaign against Turkey or to promise to protect Greece against Bulgarian aggression, suddenly called on Greece to go to the aid of Serbia. At the same time negotiations were carried on with Bulgaria and Rumania. In all the Balkan capitals, including that of their faithful little ally, the ministers of the Entente powers bullied and blundered and bluffed without being able to offer any tangible reward for Balkan aid. The

Balkan States knew well what rewards France and Great Britain had guaranteed to Russia and Italy. What was left for them? Russia balked at giving Rumania even as much as Bukowina, let alone Besarabia and Transylvania. Italy refused to yield one iota of her imperial ambitions, which could be realized only at the expense of Greece and Serbia. Bulgaria could not be promised the return of her Macedonia *irredenta*, because the veto of Italy prevented the Entente powers from promising Serbia compensation on the Adriatic for giving up Macedonia to Bulgaria. Great Britain and France could not assure to Greece effective protection against an invasion of the German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies. It was diplomatic incoherence and military impotence.

The events in the Balkans of the second and third years of the war have saved the Central powers from a humiliating defeat and Turkey from dismemberment. If public opinion in France and Great Britain persists in believing that the debacle of the Entente cause is due to the stubbornness of Serbia, the pro-German sentiment of King Constantine and his general staff, the cowardice of the Greeks, the treason of Bulgaria, and the foolhardiness and lack of military virtues of Rumania, the Central powers will have won definitely the war in the East, no matter what happens on the Western front, and the Berlin-Bagdad dream will be as much of a reality as *Mitteleuropa*. German domination in the Balkans may be a justifiable ambition from the German point of view, but not from the point of view of the Balkan races. No races have ever been happy under German control, and the events of this war have not given the world reason for believing in a change in the selfish and barbarous attitude of Germans toward other nations, especially when those other nations are weaker. We know the German theory of national expansion. It has been set forth over and over again by the ablest German scientists and historians, especially in relation to the *Drang nach Osten*: the weak in the

path of the strong must be exterminated or amalgamated.

Without ignoring or denying the existence of a number of contributory factors, we can get to the very heart of the Balkan problem when we are willing to see and set forth the most important reason of Balkan lukewarmness for the cause of the Entente powers. While recognizing the Teuton menace, because fully aware of Teuton aspirations, Balkan nations attribute the same conception of national expansion to Russia and Italy. The statesmen of Rumania and Serbia and Montenegro, and the leaders of thought in these three Balkan countries allied to the Entente powers, think on this point exactly as do the statesmen and leaders of Bulgaria and Greece. So does M. Venizelos, head of the Greek revolutionary government at Saloniki. Before the conquest of Serbia, M. Pachitch was unable to prevent embarrassing interpellations concerning Italy's intentions in the Nish Skupshtina. In fact, the premier of Serbia has not had a happy moment since Italy joined the Entente. The statesmen of broad vision in Rumania fought bitterly to the very last hour the irresponsible forces at Bukharest that were bent upon the destruction of their country through following blindly the Transylvanian will-o'-the-wisp. When M. Venizelos, humiliated and discredited, feels that it is time to speak out the truth, he will have a sad story of betrayal to tell. On the platform of the station at Lyons, King Nicholas, coming to France for the exile that may have no end, declared, "Francis Joseph struck me on the head, but Victor Emmanuel has struck me in the heart." The King of Montenegro has no illusions about the part his son-in-law's government played by abstention in the crushing of his kingdom.

Russia's pretensions to Constantinople, and the general opposition of the Balkan races to Russian ambitions, have been dealt with in an earlier article. In exposing to President Wilson their aims in the war and their ideas of the bases of a durable peace, the Entente powers evaded a defi-

nite statement on this important question. They spoke only of driving the Turks from Europe. None denies the justice of assuring Russia's passage to the open sea, but it is difficult to reconcile Russian control of Constantinople with the principle of the rights of small nations to self-government. Russia is ruled by a cruel, despotic, and irresponsible bureaucracy. Even the Liberal Nationalists in Russia have proved themselves as intolerant of the rights of subject nationalities as have the Young Turks. From the Balkan point of view, Russia at Constantinople and the straits (which would mean also a large portion of Thrace) would bring into the peninsula a powerful country who is hated because she is feared by all the Balkan nations.

Five years ago much was written by Occidental observers on the subject of Italian imperialism; but when the present war broke out, the criticism of Italy ceased. Berlin hoped to keep Italy neutral. Paris and London wanted to detach Italy from her former allies, and get her to enter the war on the side of the Entente. The result was disastrous for Italy, who began to feel that destiny was calling upon her to play the decisive rôle in European history. The hope of extending her sovereignty over the Trentino and Triest, and the making of the Adriatic an Italian sea, could be realized only by intervening on the side of the Entente. But the price of intervention mounted at Rome each month as the impotency of the Entente increased. Italy wanted her full share in the partition of the Ottoman Empire. After the failure of the Dardanelles and the Saloniki expeditions, the appetite for Italian imperialism was whetted. One does not know how much Italy has been promised in the event of an Entente victory; but one does know that the French and English statesmen who promised anything at all to Italy beyond the Trentino and possibly Triest did so in wilful disregard of the ideals they had set before them, and for the triumph of which they had solemnly proclaimed to the world that the sword of justice and liberty was drawn.

The contemporary school of Italian imperialists have lost their heads entirely. If the statesmen of the Entente powers had studied closely the literature and the programs of the Dante Alighieri Society and the Dalmatian League, and followed the development of the colonial and irredentist propagandas during the last decade, they would have supported with all their power Signor Giolitti and the non-intervention elements in the spring of 1915. Italy's neutrality was a valuable asset to the Entente. Italy's refusal to march with her central European allies, and the assurance to France that there was nothing to fear on the Alpine frontier, helped incalculably the Entente cause, and was for Italy herself the course dictated by national interest. But active participation in the war on the side of the Entente has been beneficial neither to the Entente nor to Italy. The statesmen of France, Great Britain, and Russia have come to realize that Italian irredentists and imperialists are without shame or limit in their ambitions, and are incapable of constructive political vision. They have had to yield to Italian demands, though, in order to keep the coalition intact. The result has been the sacrifice of the Serbians and the loss of Greek aid. Inside the Austro-Hungarian Empire the increased military handicap from taking on a new enemy has been offset by the strengthening of the loyalty of Iugo-Slavs to the Hapsburg crown. Italy, who needed all her resources for internal development and for the completion of the conquest of Tripoli, is spending herself in the pursuit of illegitimate aspirations.

The men who are controlling Italian policy could not subscribe to Mr. Balfour's conditions for a durable peace any more than the men who are controlling the policy of Germany. Italy wants to make the Adriatic an Italian sea, to retain the Greek islands she has occupied since the Treaty of Ouchy and get more Greek islands, and to win a generous slice of Turkey by extending her sovereignty over the whole Mediterranean littoral of Asia Minor from the corner of the *Ægean*

Sea to the Bay of Alexandretta. It is a far cry from the natural and just demand of sober-minded patriots for the Italian Tyrol and the rectification of the disadvantageous Austrian frontier to this program of spoliation. The realization of Italian aspirations in the Adriatic would enslave Slovenes, Croats, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Albanians, and Greeks, and would deprive central Europe of its only outlet to the Mediterranean. The realization of Italian aspirations in the Ægean and Asia Minor would enslave Greeks, Turks, and Armenians. Thus would disappear all that the Serbians have been fighting for and suffering for, and the dreams of Pachitch and Venizelos, loyal friends of France and Great Britain, who have risked everything for the Entente cause.

When one talks about the Balkans, just as when one talks about the Poles and Armenians and Irish, the common answer is, "They are a bad lot, hopeless, don't you know; would always be cutting one another's throats; never could govern themselves even if they were let alone." This wide-spread impression is the result of "giving a dog a bad name." No proof of the assertions and charges is possible, because the experiment of letting these nations work out their own salvation has not been tried. How dare we, then, say that it would fail? Exactly the same attitude was taken by the rest of Europe during the decades of the slow process of Italian and German unification. Everything that is being said so glibly about the unfitness for self-government of subject and divided nationalities was said seventy-five years ago about Italians, to whose unification the chancelleries of the powers were bitterly opposed. Italy was unified, and peace and prosperity reigned in the Italian peninsula only when the Italians were freed from foreign masters, foreign intrigues, foreign internal interference.

Germany is not going to be put *hors de combat* in the duel by the weapon she herself chose. She cannot be forced into submission or repentance by the armies of her enemies. Germany does not admit that

she is in the wrong, and the Government is supported in all sincerity by intelligent public opinion. Germany is gaining ground rapidly in Balkan public opinion, for nothing succeeds like success. The Entente powers must remember that Germany is in possession. They have one chance left to turn the tide in the Balkans, and that chance is not by reinforcing General Sarrail's army at Saloniki. The fortune of arms has failed them in the Balkans, insincere and secret diplomacy has also failed them; but they can still put in specific terms, applied to the Balkans, what they have stated in general terms to be their aims in the war. They can send a joint note to friends and foes, Montenegro, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, the Venizelos government, and the Albanian tribes, declaring that the Entente powers are willing to guarantee the Balkan Peninsula to the Balkan peoples, and promising unequivocally that, if they are successful in expelling Turks and Austro-Hungarians and Germans, they do not intend to introduce any other foreign element. They can promise to work *jointly* for the establishment of a just Balkan balance of power, by waiving their own territorial ambitions to make possible a durable peace and the triumph of the high principles for which they are now valiantly fighting.

We have had a hundred years of "practical" diplomacy in the Balkans. Ever since Greece and Serbia began the struggle to shake off the Ottoman yoke European statesmen have been "practical." They have viewed Balkan conditions not as men with a conscience knew they ought to be, but as men playing a game thought they were. They are doing the same today. If they deny the possibility of an altruistic attitude in dealing with Balkan affairs, are not the Entente statesmen, who are said to have arrived at a secret agreement on the future of the Balkans,—an agreement the terms of which are unknown alike to their own people and to the people of the Balkans,—playing Germany's game? The formula of putting might before right is popularly supposed

to be German; and in the Balkans at least the might is on Germany's side. It is perfectly plain, then, that the Entente powers must put right before might in their Balkan diplomacy, and must say to the Balkan nations, "We are fighting to protect you from Teutonic overlords for your own sakes, and not in order that we may be your overlords." No other argument will convince the Balkan races that it is to their interest to risk now; and in the future also, opposing the *Drang nach Osten* by coöperating with the enemies of Germany. Having revealed in the Balkans their inferiority in military strength to Germany, the alternative to defeat for the Entente powers is renunciation of ambitions and methods similar to those of Germany.

If the natural expansion of each Balkan State along ethnographic and economic lines were allowed to develop freely, causes for antagonism and conflict could be removed, and there would be a possibility of peaceful national development and of federation in treating foreign affairs.

Throughout the period of nearly a hundred years, during which the Osmanlis were gradually losing the Balkan Peninsula, there has never been a time that European diplomacy has not been active in repressing the natural expansion of the emancipated races. Every rebellion against the Ottoman yoke, up to and including, as we have seen above, the 1912 war of liberation, has been viewed with alarm by the European powers. In the guise of aiding and protecting the Balkan nations, the powers have interfered to frustrate every effort to win independence and national unity. One cannot insist too strongly on the point that the antagonisms between the Balkan States are not primarily due to conflicting aspirations inherited from ante-Ottoman days. In reviving fourteenth-century conflicts and historic counter-claims and traditions, Greece and Serbia and Bulgaria and Rumania are victims of thwarted natural expansion. European diplomacy, imposing a veto upon natural expansion, caused history to be denatured

by translating ancient dynastic rivalries into modern national aspirations.

The Balkan States, in their natural development, need not have turned against one another. There was no necessity for the Macedonian question. If Greece had been allowed to expand into Epirus and to follow her maritime bent by forming an island empire out of Greek islands, Greece would hardly have come into conflict with Bulgaria in Macedonia. If Serbia had been allowed to expand to the Adriatic through Bosnia and Herzegovina and Dalmatia, historic Serbian lands inhabited by Serbian-speaking races, she would not have been induced alternately by Austria and Russia to make a propaganda against Greeks and Bulgarians in Macedonia. If the Treaty of Berlin had not given Rumanian Bessarabia to Russia and "compensated" Rumania south of the Danube with Bulgarian Dobrudja, there need not have been an Alsace-Lorraine question between Rumania and Bulgaria. These hypotheses are not fanciful, or to be rejected without careful examination; for they represent the intimate conviction of eminent Balkan patriots, who have devoted their lives to a struggle against the limitations imposed upon them by the rivalry and jealousy of the great powers. Aspirations as noble, as just, as sacred as those of Belgium and France have been disregarded and sacrificed, and are still being disregarded and sacrificed, by European diplomacy in the Balkans. And the blame and shame of European diplomacy is all the greater when we have many indubitable proofs, in studying the negotiations between the powers and the Sublime Porte, that considerations wholly outside of anything affecting the Balkan Peninsula and its inhabitants most often inspired the efforts of the powers to keep the Balkans in slavery to the Turks.

Balkan antagonisms can be healed, conflicting Balkan aspirations can be reconciled, a just and permanent balance of power can be established in the Balkans. What is needed is not a victorious group of powers imposing their will upon the Balkan nations, but the sincere applica-

tion of Mr. Balfour's three conditions for a durable peace. One can suggest the outstanding lines of a settlement that is based upon the interests of the nations concerned and not the ambitions of outside powers.

1. *Rumania*. Whatever inspired and interested "authorities" may write, there can be no doubt that the *terre irredente* of Rumania, Transylvania, and Bukowina, if a plebiscite were taken, would vote to remain with the Austro-Hungarian Empire: so Rumania should renounce solemnly her aspirations in connection with these provinces in return for evacuation of her territory by the Central powers. Russia should restore a portion at least of Bessarabia to Rumania, and Rumania should cede back to Bulgaria the part of the Dobrudja she stole from Bulgaria in 1913. The Danube states, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, and Bulgaria should be guaranteed unobstructed passage on the Danube through Rumanian waters even in time of war.

2. *Serbia*. Evacuation and restoration of independence upon the following basis: the Central powers to agree to reconstitute the kingdom as it existed before the Treaty of Bukharest, with the exception of the Pirot district, which should be retained by Bulgaria; to give Serbia northern Macedonia up to the minimum line established in the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912; to cede to Serbia Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia from the Narenta River to the Bay of Cattaro; not to oppose any future political union between Serbia and Montenegro; not to oppose a possible future division of Albania between Serbia and Greece. Serbia to agree to restore the Pirot district to Bulgaria; to waive all claims to Macedonia south of the line established as the minimum of her pretensions in the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912; to bind herself not to make a propaganda officially, or to permit the Narodna Obrana or any other irredentist organization to make a propaganda among the southern Slavs of Croatia and other portions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; not to fortify the Bay of Cattaro; not to make an offensive and defensive al-

liance with Italy or with Austria-Hungary.

3. *Montenegro*. The Central powers to restore Montenegro to its territories as they were at the outbreak of the present war, and Austria to cede the lower end of Dalmatia from the Bay of Cattaro to the present Montenegrin frontier. In return, Montenegro to assume the same obligations as Serbia concerning the fortification of the Bay of Cattaro and the formation of offensive and defensive alliances with the two great Adriatic powers, and to promise to submit to a plebiscite the question of political fusion with Serbia.

4. *Bulgaria*. Evacuation of Rumania against the cession of the Dobrudja district which Bulgaria lost in the Treaty of Bukharest, and evacuation of Serbia against cession of the Pirot district and all of Macedonia below the minimum Serbian line of the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912. Evacuation of Greek Macedonia against the cession by Greece of Macedonia east of a line drawn from the Mesta River, where it crosses the present Greco-Bulgarian frontier, south between Serres and Drama to the Gulf of Rendina, thus giving Kavala to Bulgaria; the recognition by Greece of Bulgaria's rights to Macedonia west of the Vardar from the present Greek frontier to the minimum Serbian line of the Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of 1912; and the cession by Greece of Thasos and Samothrace to Bulgaria.

5. *Greece*. Extension northwest to include Epirus south of a line drawn from the southern end of Lake Ochrida to Khimara (north of Santi Quaranta) on the Ionian Sea. Cession to Bulgaria of eastern end of Macedonia, as outlined above. All the Greek islands in the Aegean Sea (except Thasos and Samothrace, which are essential for the protection of the Bulgarian coast, and Tenedos and Imbros, which control the Dardanelles) to be handed over to Greece. This means that Italy evacuate the Dodecanese and Great Britain Cyprus. Greece must undertake not to fortify Mudros or any other part of the island of Lemnos.

6. *Albania*. Albania will have to re-

main temporarily as at present constituted, with the exception of the southern Epirote portion, which ought to be allotted immediately to Greece. Albania presents the most perplexing problem of Balkan readjustment, and will have to be kept, under international or pan-Balkan control, as an autonomous region for a period of trial years. If Albanians are able to fuse into a nation, disinterested international control, from which both Austria-Hungary and Italy must be rigorously excluded, will establish the contentions of Albanian nationalists. If the experiment does not succeed, Albania should eventually be divided between Serbia and Greece.

7. *Constantinople and the straits.* The reasons against Russian occupation have already been set forth in an earlier article. If the Turks are driven out of Europe, this region ought to be internationalized, with the Enos-Midia line as the Bulgarian frontier. But as internationalization presents insurmountable difficulties, unless the peace conference establishes a similar

régime for the other great international waterways, the Balkan balance of power, as well as the general world equilibrium, is best secured by leaving Constantinople and the straits to the Ottoman Empire, with the stipulations that all fortifications be destroyed, free passage be assured to merchant vessels of all nations and to war-vessels of the countries bordering on the Black Sea.

I realize fully that these suggestions are open to objection on many points, but in their ensemble they represent the application of the principle that nations have a right to decide their own destinies, no nation being subjected to another nation by force. I submit that they are practical suggestions, too, for those who are opposed to German political expansion in the near East. For if the conscience of the world is not alive to the necessity and the justice of leaving the Balkan Peninsula to the Balkan races, Germany will keep the hegemony in the Balkans that she has already won.

Revolution

Russia risen : Germany bound

By CALE YOUNG RICE

THE spell is broken.
 The evil centuries drop away like sleep.
 Freedom has spoken,
 And by that token
 The gyves of tyranny, that trenched so deep,
 And ate into the flesh and soul of a nation
 Till gangrenous damnation
 Seemed running leprous through it,
 Are rent, are rent away, in a swift hour,
 With wild power,
 By the millions who so long were made to rue it.

The spell is rent
 From the Arctic to the Caspian in twain,
 And from the prison plain
 Of stark Siberia to the Baltic main;
 And now, O Earth, a free host shall be pressed,
 As in the West,

Against autocracy, at last shut lean,
From all wide Europe else, into one land,
Where it shall starve and bleed and starve and die,
Unless along its veins, too, leaps that cry
For self-rule, which alone God will let stand.

And shall that cry not come?
Shall Russia rise,
Russia a serf under her staring skies,
And on her starven steppes,
Yet not *Kultur*-acclaiming kaiserdom?
Shall the untutored peasant seize the dream
Of liberty, once more through the world astream,
While *that* great race,—
Whose reckonings in many a darkest place
Of the dead past
Might well have swept its spirit, *first*, not *last*,
To the democratic day,—
Fails to surge up at the future's trumpet-blast?

No, people of the Rhine,
Who have freed music, brought it from the deeps
Of the heart's prison chambers;
Who have freed thought, that now no more remembers
Its one-time fear to face the universe;
Who have freed God—opened the church door,
That would have held Him shut within a creed,
Until He now may speak to any need,
Through Book or star
Or the star-shivering sea,—
No, no! Rise up in your humanity,
And set yourselves free,
And war no more save for an end to war!
Rise and say to your foes,
"We want no mastery save of the world's woes."
Out of the hurricane tides of war-madness
Lift such a flag
Of arbitrage that all your cruel brag
And frenzied might shall be forgot in praise,
And not endow with sadness
Your sons' sons, and be their bitter drag!
Rise and say: "Join us. All have sinned.
Let us no longer reap the dire whirlwind.
For peace is the price neither of bravery
Nor cowardice, but of the will to see
That the earth is all men's—all,
And so, can *so* be kept
Only when nations from their shrines have swept,
At a world call,
That loud self-worship, nationality!"

Young Man Axelbrod

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Author of "The Job," "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Trail of the Hawk," etc.

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

THE cottonwood is a tree of a slovenly and plebeian habit. Its woolly wisps turn gray the lawns and engender neighborhood hostilities about our town. Yet it is a mighty tree, a refuge and an inspiration; the sun flickers in its towering foliage, whence the tattoo of locusts enlivens our dusty summer afternoons. From the wheat-country out to the sagebrush plains between the buttes and the Yellowstone it is the cottonwood that keeps a little grateful shade for sweating homesteaders.

In Joralemon we call Knute Axelbrod "Old Cottonwood." As a matter of fact, the name was derived not so much from the quality of the man as from the wide grove about his gaunt, white house and red barn. He made a comely row of trees on each side of the country road, so that a humble, daily sort of man, driving beneath them in his lumber-wagon, might fancy himself lord of a private avenue. And at sixty-five Knute was like one of his own cottonwoods, his roots deep in the soil, his trunk weathered by rain and blizzard and baking August noons, his crown spread to the wide horizon of day and the enormous sky of a prairie night.

This immigrant was an American even in speech. Save for a weakness about his

j's and w's, he spoke the twangy Yankee English of the land. He was the more American because in his native Scandinavia he had dreamed of America as a land of light. Always through disillusion and weariness he beheld America as the world's nursery for justice, for broad, fair towns, and eager talk; and always he kept a young soul that dared to desire beauty.

As a lad Knute Axelbrod had wished to be a famous scholar, to learn the ease of foreign tongues, the romance of history, to unfold in the graciousness of wise books. When he first came to America he worked in a sawmill all day and studied all evening. He mastered enough book-learning to teach district school for two terms; then, when he was only eighteen, a great-hearted pity for faded little Lena Westelius moved him to marry her. Gay

enough, doubtless, was their hike by prairie-schooner to new farm-lands, but Knute was promptly caught in a net of poverty and family. From eighteen to fifty-eight he was always snatching children away from death or the farm away from mortgages.

He had to be content—and generously content he was—with the second-hand glory of his children's success and, for himself, with pilfered hours of reading—that



"FOR HOURS AT A TIME HE SAT ON A BACKLESS KITCHEN-CHAIR"

reading of big, thick, dismal volumes of history and economics which the lone, mature learner chooses. Without ever losing his desire for strange cities and the dignity of towers he stuck to his farm. He acquired a half-section, free from debt, fertile, well-stocked, adorned with a cement silo, a chicken-run, a new wind-mill. He became comfortable, secure, and then he was ready, it seemed, to die; for at sixty-three his work was done, and he was unneeded and alone.

His wife was dead. His sons had scattered afar, one a dentist in Fargo, another a farmer in the Golden Valley. He had turned over his farm to his daughter and son-in-law. They had begged him to live with them, but Knute refused.

"No," he said, "you must learn to stand on your own feet. I vill not give you the farm. You pay me four hundred dollars a year rent, and I live on that and vatch you from my hill."

On a rise beside the lone cottonwood which he loved best of all his trees Knute built a tar-paper shack, and here he "bached it"; cooked his meals, made his bed—sometimes, sat in the sun, read many books from the Joralemon library, and began to feel that he was free of the yoke of citizenship which he had borne all his life.

For hours at a time he sat on a backless kitchen-chair before the shack, a wide-shouldered man, white-bearded, motionless; a seer despite his grotesquely baggy trousers, his collarless shirt. He looked across the miles of stubble to the steeple of the Jack-rabbit Forks church and meditated upon the uses of life. At first he could not break the rigidity of habit. He rose at five, found work in cleaning his cabin and cultivating his garden, had dinner exactly at twelve, and went to bed by afterglow. But little by little he discovered that he could be irregular without being arrested. He stayed abed till seven or even eight. He got a large, deliberate, tortoise-shell cat, and played games with it; let it lap milk upon the table, called it the Princess, and confided to it that he had a "sneaking idee" that

men were fools to work so hard. Around this coatless old man, his stained waistcoat flapping about a huge torso, in a shanty of rumpled bed and pine table covered with sheets of food-daubed newspaper, hovered all the passionate aspiration of youth and the dreams of ancient beauty.

He began to take long walks by night. In his necessitous life hight had ever been a period of heavy slumber in close rooms. Now he discovered the mystery of the dark; saw the prairies wide-flung and misty beneath the moon, heard the voices of grass and cottonwoods and drowsy birds. He tramped for miles. His boots were dew-soaked, but he did not heed. He stopped upon hillocks, shyly threw wide his arms, and stood worshiping the naked, slumbering land.

These excursions he tried to keep secret, but they were bruited abroad. Neighbors, good, decent fellows with no nonsense about walking in the dew at night, when they were returning late from town, drunk, lashing their horses, and flinging whisky-bottles from their racing democrat wagons, saw him, and they spread the tidings that Old Cottonwood was "getting nutty since he give up his farm to that son-in-law of his and retired. Seen the old codger wandering around at midnight. Wish I had his chance to sleep. Would n't catch me out in the night air."

Any rural community from Todd Centre to Seringapatam is resentful of any person who varies from its standard, and is morbidly fascinated by any hint of madness. The country-side began to spy on Knute Axelbrod, to ask him questions, and to stare from the road at his shack. He was sensitively aware of it, and inclined to be surly to inquisitive acquaintances. Doubtless that was the beginning of his great pilgrimage.

As a part of the general wild license of his new life,—really, he once roared at that startled cat, the Princess: "By golliess! I ain't going to brush my teeth to-night. All my life I 've brushed 'em, and always wanted to skip a time vunce,"—Knute

took considerable pleasure in degenerating in his taste in scholarship. He willfully declined to finish "The Conquest of Mexico," and began to read light novels borrowed from the Joralemon library. So he rediscovered the lands of dancing and light wines, which all his life he had desired. Some economics and history he did read, but every evening he would stretch out in his buffalo-horn chair, his feet on the cot and the Princess in his lap, and invade Zenda or fall in love with *Trilby*.

Among the novels he chanced upon a highly optimistic story of Yale in which a worthy young man "earned his way through" college, stroked the crew, won Phi Beta Kappa, and had the most entertaining, yet moral, conversations on or adjacent to "the dear old fence."

As a result of this chronicle, at about three o'clock one morning when Knute Axelbrod was sixty-four years of age, he decided that he would go to college! All his life he had wanted to. Why not do it?

When he awoke in the morning he was not so sure about it as when he had gone to sleep. He saw himself as ridiculous, a ponderous, oldish man among clean-limbed youths, like a dusty cottonwood among silver birches. But for months he wrestled and played with that idea of a great pilgrimage to the Mount of Muses; for he really supposed college to be that sort of place. He believed that all college students, except for the wealthy idlers, burned to acquire learning. He pictured Harvard and Yale and Princeton as ancient groves set with marble temples, before which large groups of Grecian youths talked gently about astronomy and good government. In his picture they never cut classes or ate.

With a longing for music and books and graciousness such as the most ambitious boy could never comprehend, this thick-faced prairie farmer dedicated himself to beauty, and defied the unconquerable power of approaching old age. He sent for college catalogues and school-books, and diligently began to prepare himself for college.

He found Latin irregular verbs and the

whimsicalities of algebra fiendish. They had nothing to do with actual life as he had lived it. But he mastered them; he studied twelve hours a day, as once he had plodded through eighteen hours a day in the hay-field. With history and English literature he had comparatively little trouble; already he knew much of them from his recreative reading. From German neighbors he had picked up enough Plattdeutsch to make German easy. The trick of study began to come back to him from his small school-teaching of forty-five years before. He began to believe that he could really put it through. He kept assuring himself that in college, with rare and sympathetic instructors to help him, there would not be this baffling search, this nervous strain.

But the unreality of the things he studied did disillusion him, and he tired of his new game. He kept it up chiefly because all his life he had kept up onerous labor without any taste for it. Toward the autumn of the second year of his eccentric life he no longer believed that he would ever go to college.

Then a busy little grocer stopped him on the street in Joralemon and quizzed him about his studies, to the delight of the informal club which always loafs at the corner of the hotel.

Knute was silent, but dangerously angry. He remembered just in time how he had once laid wrathful hands upon a hired man, and somehow the man's collar-bone had been broken. He turned away and walked home, seven miles, still boiling. He picked up the Princess, and, with her mewing on his shoulder, tramped out again to enjoy the sunset.

He stopped at a reedy slew. He gazed at a hopping plover without seeing it. He plucked at his beard. Suddenly he cried:

"I am going to college. It opens next week. I t'ink that I can pass the examinations."

Two days later he had moved the Princess and his sticks of furniture to his son-in-law's house, had bought a new slouch hat, a celluloid collar, and a solemn suit of black, had wrestled with God in



"LET IT LAP MILK UPON THE TABLE."

prayer through all of a star-clad night, and had taken the train for Minneapolis, on the way to New Haven.

While he stared out of the car-window Knute was warning himself that the millionaires' sons would make fun of him. Perhaps they would haze him. He bade himself avoid all these sons of Belial and cleave to his own people, those who "earned their way through."

At Chicago he was afraid with a great fear of the lightning flashes that the swift crowds made on his retina, the batteries of ranked motor-cars that charged at him. He prayed, and ran for his train to New York. He came at last to New Haven.

Nor with gibing rudeness, but with politely quizzical eyebrows, Yale received him, led him through entrance examinations, which, after sweaty plowing with the pen, he barely passed, and found for him a room-mate. The room-mate was a large-browed, soft, white grub named

Ray Gribble, who had been teaching school in New England, and seemed chiefly to desire college training so that he might make more money as a teacher. Ray Gribble was a hustler; he instantly got work tutoring the awkward son of a steel man, and for board he waited on table.

He was Knute's chief acquaintance. Knute tried to fool himself into thinking he liked the grub, but Ray could n't keep his damp hands off the old man's soul. He had the skill of a professional exhorter of young men in finding out Knute's motives, and when he discovered that Knute had a hidden desire to dabble in gay, polite literature, Ray said in a shocked way:

"Strikes me a man like you, that 's getting old, ought to be thinking more about saving your soul than about all these frills. You leave this poetry and stuff to these foreigners and artists, and you stick to Latin and math and the Bible. I tell

you, I've taught school, and I've learned by experience."

With Ray Gribble, Knute lived grub-bily, an existence of torn comforters and a smelly lamp, of lexicons and logarithm tables. No leisurely loafing by fireplaces was theirs. They roomed in West Divinity, where gather the theologues, the lesser sort of law students, a whimsical genius or two, and a horde of unplaced freshmen and "scrub seniors."

Knute was shockingly disappointed, but he stuck to his room because outside of it he was afraid. He was a grotesque figure, and he knew it, a white-poll'd giant squeezed into a small seat in a classroom, listening to instructors younger than his own sons. Once he tried to sit on the fence. No one but "ringers" sat on the fence any more, and at the sight of him trying to look athletic and young, two upper-class men snickered, and he sneaked away.

He came to hate Ray Gribble and his voluble companions of the submerged tenth of the class, the hewers of tutorial wood. It is doubtless safer to mock the flag than to question that best-established tradition of our democracy—that those who "earn their way through" college are necessarily stronger, braver, and more assured of success than the weaklings who talk by the fire. Every college story presents such a moral. But tremblingly the historian submits that Knute discovered that waiting on table did not make lads more heroic than did foot-ball or happy loafing. Fine fellows, cheerful and fearless, were many of the boys who "earned their way," and able to talk to richer classmates without fawning; but just as many of them assumed an abject respectability as the most convenient pose. They were pickers up of unconsidered trifles; they toadied to the classmates whom they tutored; they wriggled before the faculty committee on scholarships; they looked pious at Dwight Hall prayer-meetings to make an impression on the serious-minded; and they drank one glass of beer at Jake's to show the light-minded that they meant nothing offensive by their

piety. In revenge for cringing to the insolent athletes whom they tutored, they would, when safe among their own kind, yammer about the "lack of democracy in colleges to-day." Not that they were so indiscreet as to do anything about it. They lacked the stuff of really rebellious souls. Knute listened to them and marveled. They sounded like young hired men talking behind his barn at harvest-time.

This submerged tenth hated the diletantes of the class even more than they hated the bloods. Against one Gilbert Washburn, a rich esthete with more manner than any freshman ought to have, they raged righteously. They spoke of seriousness and industry till Knute, who might once have desired to know lads like Washburn, felt ashamed of himself as a wicked, wasteful old man.

With the friends of his room-mate began Knute's series of disillusiones. Humbly though he sought, he found no inspiration and no comradeship. He was the freak of the class, and aside from the submerged tenth, his classmates were afraid of being "queered" by being seen with him.

As he was still powerful, one who could take up a barrel of pork on his knees, he tried to find friendship among the athletes. He sat at Yale Field, watching the foot-ball try-outs, and tried to get acquainted with the candidates. They stared at him and answered his questions grudgingly—beefy youths who in their simple-hearted way showed that they considered him plain crazy.

The place itself began to lose the haze of magic through which he had first seen it. Earth is earth, whether one sees it in Camelot or Joralemon or on the Yale campus—or possibly even in the Harvard yard! The buildings ceased to be temples to Knute; they became structures of brick or stone, filled with young men who lounged at windows and watched him amusedly as he tried to slip by.

The Gargantuan hall of Commons became a tri-daily horror because at the table where he dined were two youths who, having uncommonly penetrating

minds, discerned that Knute had a beard, and courageously told the world about it. One of them, named Atchison, was a superior person, very industrious and scholarly, glib in mathematics and manners. He despised

Knute's lack of definite purpose in coming to college. The other was a play-boy, a wit and a stealer of street-signs, who had a wonderful sense for a subtle jest; and his references to Knute's beard shook the table with jocund mirth three times a day. So these youths of gentle birth drove the shambling, wistful old man away from Commons, and thereafter he ate at the lunch-counter at the Black Cat.

Lacking the stimulus of friendship, it was the harder for Knute to keep up the strain of studying the long assignments. What had been a week's pleasant reading in his shack was now thrown at him as a day's task. But he would not have minded the toil if he could have found one as young as himself. They were all so dreadfully old, the money-earners, the serious laborers at athletics, the instructors who worried over their life-work of putting marks in class-record books.

Then, on a sore, bruised day, Knute did meet one who was young.

KNUTE had heard that the professor who was the idol of the college had berated the too-earnest lads in his Browning class, and insisted that they read "Alice in Wonderland." Knute floundered dustily about in a second-hand book-shop till he found an "Alice," and he brought it home to read over his lunch of a hot-dog sandwich. Something in the grave absurdity of the book appealed to him, and he was chuck-

ling over it when Ray Gribble came into the room and glanced at the reader.

"Huh!" said Mr. Gribble.

"That 's a fine, funny book," said Knute.

"Huh! 'Alice in Wonderland!' I 've



"SAY, PROFESSOR, YOU 'RE A FINE FELLOW. I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU!"

heard of it. Silly nonsense. Why don't you read something really fine, like Shakespeare or 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Vell—" said Knute, but that was all he could find to say.

With Ray Gribble's glassy eye on him, he could no longer roll and roar with the book. He wondered if indeed he ought not to be reading Milton's pompous anthropological misconceptions. He went unhappily out to an early history class, ably conducted by Blevins, Ph.D.

Knute admired Blevins, Ph.D. He was so tubbed and eye-glassed and terribly right. But most of Blevins's lambs did not like Blevins. They said he was a "crank." They read newspapers in his class and covertly kicked one another.

In the smug, plastered classroom, his arm leaning heavily on the broad tablet-arm of his chair, Knute tried not to miss

one of Blevins's sardonic proofs that the correct date of the second marriage of Themistocles was two years and seven days later than the date assigned by that illiterate ass, Frutari of Padua. Knute admired young Blevins's performance, and he felt virtuous in application to these hard, ununsensical facts.

He became aware that certain lewd fellows of the lesser sort were playing poker just behind him. His prairie-trained ear caught whispers of "Two to dole," and "Raise you two beans." Knute revolved, and frowned upon these mockers of sound learning. As he turned back he was aware that the offenders were chuckling, and continuing their game. He saw that Blevins, Ph.D., perceived that something was wrong; he frowned, but he said nothing. Knute sat in meditation. He saw Blevins as merely a boy. He was sorry for him. He would do the boy a good turn.

When class was over he hung about Blevins's desk till the other students had clattered out. He rumbled:

"Say, Professor, you're a fine fellow. I do something for you. If any of the boys make themselves a nuisance, you yust call on me, and I spank the son of a guns."

Blevins, Ph.D., spake in a manner of culture and nastiness:

"Thanks so much, Axelbrod, but I don't fancy that will ever be necessary. I am supposed to be a reasonably good disciplinarian. Good day. Oh, one moment. There's something I've been wishing to speak to you about. I do wish you would n't try quite so hard to show off whenever I call on you during quizzes. You answer at such needless length, and you smile as though there were something highly amusing about me. I'm quite willing to have you regard me as a humorous figure, privately, but there are certain classroom conventions, you know, certain little conventions."

"Why, Professor!" wailed Knute, "I never make fun of you! I did n't know I smile. If I do, I guess it's yust because I am so glad when my stupid old head gets the lesson good."

"Well, well, that's very gratifying, I'm sure. And if you will be a little more careful—"

Blevins, Ph.D., smiled a toothy, frozen smile, and trotted off to the Graduates' Club, to be witty about old Knute and his way of saying "yust," while in the deserted classroom Knute sat chill, an old man and doomed. Through the windows came the light of Indian summer; clean, boyish cries rose from the campus. But the lover of autumn smoothed his baggy sleeve, stared at the blackboard, and there saw only the gray of October stubble about his distant shack. As he pictured the college watching him, secretly making fun of him and his smile, he was now faint and ashamed, now bull-anxious. He was lonely for his cat, his fine chair of buffalo horns, the sunny door-step of his shack, and the understanding land. He had been in college for about one month.

Before he left the classroom he stepped behind the instructor's desk and looked at an imaginary class.

"I might have stood there as a prof if I could have come earlier," he said softly to himself.

CALMED by the liquid autumn gold that flowed through the streets, he walked out Whitney Avenue toward the butte-like hill of East Rock. He observed the caress of the light upon the scarped rock, heard the delicate music of leaves, breathed in air pregnant with tales of old New England. He exulted:

"I could write poetry now if I yust—if I yust could write poetry!"

He climbed to the top of East Rock, whence he could see the Yale buildings like the towers of Oxford, Long Island Sound, and the white glare of Long Island itself beyond the water. He marveled that Knute Axelbrod of the cottonwood country was looking across an arm of the Atlantic to New York State.

He noticed a freshman on a bench at the edge of the rock, and he became irritated. The freshman was Gilbert Washburn, the snob, the dilettante, of whom Ray Gribble had once said: "That guy is the disgrace

of the class. He does n't go out for anything, high stand or Dwight Hall or anything else. Thinks he's so doggone much better than the rest of the fellows that he does n't associate with anybody. Thinks he's literary, they say, and yet he does n't even heel the 'Lit,' like the regular literary fellows!

Got no time for a loafing, mooning snob like that."

As Knute stared at the unaware Gil, whose profile was fine in outline against the sky, he was terrifically publicspirited and disapproving and that sort of moral thing. Though Gil was much too well dressed, he seemed moodily discontented.

"What he needs is to vork in a thrashingcrew and sleep in the hay," grumbled Knute almost in the virtuous manner of Gribble. "Then he would know when he was vell off, and not look like he had the earache. Pff!"

Gil Washburn rose, trailed toward Knute, glanced at him, hesitated, sat down on Knute's bench.

"Great view!" he said. His smile was eager.

That smile symbolized to Knute all the art of life he had come to college to find. He tumbled out of his moral attitude with ludicrous haste, and every wrinkle of his weathered face creased deep as he answered:

"Yes; I t'ink the Acropolis must be like this here."

"Say, look here, Axelbrod; I've been thinking about you."

"Yas?"

"We ought to know each other. We two are the class scandal. We came here

to dream, and these busy little goats like Atchison and Giblets, or whatever your roommate's name is, think we're fools not to go out for marks. You may not agree with me, but I've decided that you and I are precisely alike."

"What makes you t'ink I come here to dream?" bristled Knute.

"Oh, I used to sit near you at Commons and hear you try to quell jolly old Atchison whenever he got busy discussing the reasons for coming to college. That old, moth-eaten topic! I wonder

if Cain and Abel did n't discuss it at the Eden Agricultural College. You know, Abel the mark-grabber, very pious and high stand, and Cain wanting to read poetry."

"Yes," said Knute, "and I guess Prof Adam say, 'Cain, don't you read this poetry; it von't help you in algebray.'"

"Of course. Say, wonder if you'd like to look at this volume of Musset I was sentimental enough to lug up here to-day. Picked it up when I was abroad last year."



"THEY WERE WANDERING MINSTRELS"

From his pocket Gil drew such a book as Knute had never seen before, a slender volume, in a strange language, bound in hand-tooled, crushed levant, an effeminate bibelot over which the prairie farmer gasped with luxurious pleasure. The book almost vanished in his big hands. With a timid forefinger he stroked the levant, ran through the leaves.

"I can't read it, but that 's the kind of book I always t'ought there must be some like it," he sighed.

"Let me read you a little. It 's French, poetry."

Gil read aloud. He made of the alien verses a music which satisfied Knute's sixty-five years of longing for he had never known what.

"That 's—that 's fine," he said.

"Listen!" cried Gil. "Ysaye is playing up at Hartford to-night. Let 's go hear him. We 'll trolley up, make it in plenty of time. Tried to get some of the fellows to come, but they thought I was a nut."

What an Ysaye was, Knute Axelbrod had no notion; but "Sure!" he boomed.

When they got to Hartford they found that between them they had just enough money to get dinner, hear Ysaye from gallery seats, and return only as far as Meriden.

At Meriden Gil suggested:

"Let 's walk back to New Haven, then. Can you make it?"

Knute had no knowledge as to whether it was four miles or forty back to the campus, but "Sure!" he said. For the last few months he had been noticing that, despite his bulk, he had to be careful, but to-night he could have flown.

In the music of Ysaye, the first real musician he had ever heard, Knute had found all the incredible things of which he had slowly been reading in William Morris and "Idylls of the King." Tall knights he had beheld, and slim princesses in white samite, the misty gates of forlorn towns, and the glory of the chivalry that never was.

They did walk, roaring down the road beneath the October moon, stopping to

steal apples and to exclaim over silvered hills, taking a puerile and very natural joy in chasing a profane dog. It was Gil who talked, and Knute who listened, for the most part; but Knute was lured into tales of the pioneer days, of blizzards, of harvesting, and of the first flame of the green wheat. Regarding the Atchisons and Gribbles of the class both of them were youthfully bitter and supercilious. But they were not bitter long, for they were atavisms to-night. They were wandering minstrels, Gilbert the troubadour with his man-at-arms.

They reached the campus at about five in the morning.

Fumbling for words that would express his feeling, Knute stammered:

"Vell, it vas fine. I go to bed now and I dream about—"

"Bed? Rats! Never believe in winding up a party when it 's going strong. Too few good parties. Besides, it 's only the shank of the evening. Besides, we 're hungry. Besides—oh, besides! Wait here a second. I 'm going up to my room to get some money, and we 'll have some eats. Wait! Please do!"

Knute would have waited all night. He had lived sixty-five years and traveled fifteen hundred miles and endured Ray Gribble to find Gil Washburn.

Policemen wondered to see the celluloid-collared old man and the expensive-looking boy rolling arm in arm down Chapel Street in search of a restaurant suitable to poets. They were all closed.

"The Ghetto will be awake by now," said Gil. "We 'll go buy some eats and take 'em up to my room. I 've got some tea there."

Knute shouldered through dark streets beside him as naturally as though he had always been a night-hawk, with an aversion to anything as rustic as beds. Down on Oak Street, a place of low shops, smoky lights, and alley mouths, they found the slum already astir. Gil contrived to purchase boxed biscuits, cream-cheese, chicken-loaf, a bottle of cream. While Gil was chaffering, Knute stared out into the street milkily lighted by wavering gas



"THEN AT LAST HE READ HIS OWN POETRY"

and the first feebleness of coming day; he gazed upon Kosher signs and advertisements in Russian letters, shawled women and bearded rabbis; and as he looked he gathered contentment which he could never lose. He had traveled abroad to-night.

THE room of Gil Washburn was all the useless, pleasant things Knute wanted it to be. There was more of Gil's Paris days in it than of his freshmanhood: cloisonné on the mantelpiece, Persian rugs, a silver tea-service, etchings, and books. Knute Axelbrod of the tar-paper shack and piggy farm-yards gazed in satisfaction. Vast-bearded, sunk in an easy-chair, he clucked amiably while Gil lighted a fire and spread a wicker table.

Over supper they spoke of great men and heroic ideals. It was good talk, and

not unspiced with lively references to Gribble and Atchison and Blevins, all asleep now in their correct beds. Gil read snatches of Stevenson and Anatole France; then at last he read his own poetry.

It does not matter whether that poetry was good or bad. To Knute it was a miracle to find one who actually wrote it.

The talk grew slow, and they began to yawn. Knute was sensitive to the lowered key of their Indian-summer madness, and he hastily rose. As he said good-by he felt as though he had but to sleep a little while and return to this unending night of romance.

But he came out of the dormitory upon day. It was six-thirty of the morning, with a still, hard light upon red-brick walls.

"I can go to his room plenty times now;

I find my friend," Knute said. He held tight the volume of Musset, which Gil had begged him to take.

As he started to walk the few steps to West Divinity Knute felt very tired. By daylight the adventure seemed more and more incredible.

As he entered the dormitory he sighed heavily:

"Age and youth, I guess they can't team together long." As he mounted the stairs he said: "If I saw the boy again, he would get tired of me. I tell him all I got to say." And as he opened his door,

he added: "This is what I come to college for—this one night; I live for it sixty-five years. I go away before I spoil it."

He wrote a note to Gil, and began to pack his telescope. He did not even wake Ray Gribble, sonorously sleeping in the stale air.

At five that afternoon, on the day-coach of a westbound train, an old man sat smiling. A lasting content was in his eyes, and in his hands a small book in French, though the curious fact is that this man could not read French.



After All and After All

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



DREAMING of a prince,
Cinderella sat among the ashes long ago;
Dreaming of a prince,
She scoured the pots and kettles till they shone; and so,
After all and after all,
Gaily at the castle ball
Cinderella met her prince long and long ago!



Dreaming of a prince,
 Sleeping Beauty lay in happy slumber, white and still;
 Dreaming of a prince,
 She waited for a hundred years, and then his bugles shrill,
 After all and after all,
 Woke the castle, bower, and hall,
 And he found her waiting him long and long ago!

Dreaming of a prince,
 I polish bowl and tea-pot and the spoons, each one;
 Dreaming of a prince,
 I hang the new-washed clothes to wave a-drying in the sun;
 After all and after all,
 Great adventures may befall
 Like to those that happened once long and long ago!



The Loyalty of the Foreign Born

An interpretation

By M. E. RAVAGE

Introduction by JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Professor of History, Columbia University

THE Great War has come as a challenge to many of our old ways of thinking, and has forced upon us a painful revision of long-accepted standards and ideals. Among the revered terms of the past even "patriotism" is being subjected to a closer scrutiny than ever before, for the simple reason that it bears such bitter as well as sweet fruit. In the November issue of this magazine, under the title "What is National Spirit?" I attempted to show how modern patriotism has developed from a deep and strong savage instinct that has always led the members of the tribe to rush to its defense. It is precisely this instinctive character that makes it hard to discuss patriotism fairly and patiently. One who begins to ask questions about it seems to many high-minded people to be impeaching the duty of loving one's native land and of dying for it if necessary. He is accused of being a selfish coward, perhaps an enemy and alien at heart. The patriot is highly sensitive and impatient when once his old instinct is inflamed by opposition or even by the most reasonable hesitation. And this touchiness, this proneness to suspect disloyalty and treason, is exactly what makes patriotism, despite all its noble traits, dangerous, as the world is now arranged. For the ancient tribal spirit is not simply affection for one's own group, pride and confidence in its natural superiority and past achievements; it is contempt, suspicion, jealousy, and misunderstanding of other groups, and easily lapses into hate and war and unspeakable atrocities and carnage. Some of us are so impressed with this fact that we are becoming downright afraid of patriotism; it seems like a devouring fire, which, instead of yielding a genial national warmth, is devastating the world.

Our country has not been able to hold aloof from the general European conflict for the simple reason that the Atlantic Ocean is no longer a barrier, but has now become a vast highway of human intercommunication and interchange; just as the ancient bulwarks which once protected medieval cities have been turned into spacious boulevards upon which men go to and fro. So we must have a new patriotism to suit these new conditions before there is any hope of permanent peace. The old patriotism has always found too many good ready excuses for underrating, misunderstanding, and hating other races and peoples. The world is so small and intimate now that our whole attention should be focused upon the encouragement of emotions befitting this novel situation, and perhaps it is just our own beloved country that offers some hint of better things.

In a way all of us, except the red Indian, are foreigners, with reminiscences of a mother-country other than that in which it is our good fortune to live. We ourselves may have been born in Europe, or our parents or grandparents may have handed down to us their love for a native land other than this. If we are of English or Dutch extraction, we may be separated by nine or ten generations from our ancestors who lived in Europe; but this does not necessarily break the tie with peoples beyond the Atlantic whose blood flows in our veins. I, certainly, feel myself an Englishman by eight or nine removes, and the Brownists of the time of King James I are nearer to

me than Huguenots or Moravians. We are all hyphenated, except the poor black man, who is scarcely ever suspected of a double allegiance. I find myself warmly resenting the assumption of certain new-comers that we who are sprung from English stock are not quite as much entitled to look indulgently upon England's conduct as Mr. George Sylvester Viereck and Senator O'Gorman upon that of the Germans or Irish. There is no more convincing instance of the ugliness of bat-eyed patriotism than the supposition that only British gold or "Wall Street" can account for the existence of English sympathizers in a country settled by Englishmen.

In view of the existence of this double patriotism in the United States, primary and secondary, which makes our situation a very delicate and complicated one, it behooves us above all other nations to examine critically the older notions of national loyalty and see what may be done to encourage a sentiment less threatening to peaceful relations among governments and people. We must frankly recognize that patriotism is a heritage from our savage past, despite noble elements of devotion and self-sacrifice which it brings out. We should make a careful distinction between public spirit and all forms of chauvinism, between an honest and intelligent dedication to the country's welfare and the primitive and wholly unworthy and fatal temptation to treat other countries with suspicion and arrogance. We make this distinction in private affairs, why not in national?

I can scarcely imagine anything that could more strongly reinforce these considerations than the following article by a Rumanian immigrant who tries to rise above the contradictions of a double loyalty. He not only has had more vivid experiences than those of us who have American ancestors, but he has a philosophic mind, a seeing eye, a simplicity and strength of style which all of us might well envy. He speaks for tens of thousands of inarticulate new-comers who have had his hopes and suffered his disappointments. His wisdom comes from his disappointments, and he is able to see further and deeper than those of us who may have been here longer, but who are less wise and penetrating than he when we permit ourselves to talk the outworn jargon of the old, thoughtless, instinctive patriotism which has been fully exposed by the horrors of the last three years.

MY estimable neighbor the native, somewhat sobered out of his usual complacency, begs me to answer him an earnest question. *His* country, as he is pleased to put it, is faced with a serious crisis, and he fain would know where I stand. Frankly, he is quite bewildered about me. Just what am I? America has welcomed and adopted me and made me as one of her own, until I have become a factor in her councils. It is no good blinking the fact, he must reckon with me. In any country other than his I would be counted as a foreigner, and there the matter would end. But here, thanks to the liberality of America's policy with immigrants, I am a complex phenomenon, a technical hybrid, at once an alien and a citizen. Well, now, in my own eyes what is my status? How do I feel toward America? Certainly, as a point of pure

decency, I must at the very least be sensible of a debt of gratitude to her. I was oppressed and hunted, and she has given me asylum and the protection of a great state. I was poor and ignorant, and she has opened the door of opportunity to me. Am I properly appreciative of all these bounties? And what of my attitude toward the land of my birth and my childhood?

"You see," he goes on with unwonted gravity, "what gives me pause is not the mere prospect of war with a European power or group of powers. That is only the direct occasion of my perplexity. The problem strikes deeper than passing international disagreements. It concerns the very roots of our national life. There was a time, less than three short years ago, when we thought of ourselves as a nation. Our historians wrote books and

entitled them 'The American Nation'; our statesmen and our press never tired of insisting on the point. Then we had all the earmarks of national unity. We had a flag and a civil government, territorial boundaries and a language. We even had a kind of army. And while we were not homogeneous in blood, we made up for it by our common allegiance to the Constitution and the splendid tradition that it represents, with the consequence that we were tolerably united in spirit. At least we thought we were until certain reverberations from the great clash abroad set us doubting, and for cause. We have discovered with a painful shock that the immigrant whom we have befriended and with whom we have unstintingly shared our unique privileges has remained an alien at heart. Unmindful of his oath to the land of his adoption, he has not ceased to love the country where he was born—the country, mind you, that has driven him into exile and thrust him upon the benevolence of strangers. Now, candidly, how *do* you stand toward America? Do you love her? In a crisis like the present are you with her or against her, or are you calmly indifferent to her fine aspirations? America is bent on unifying her national soul. Is your being already merged with hers, is it going to be, or are you forever to remain that conglomerate thing, an alien citizen, a floating, unattached, unassimilable element festering in her corporate body?"

How do I feel toward America? There, crisis or no crisis, war or no war, is the heart of the whole irritating question. What, more precisely, does America mean to me, to the immigrant generally, with his manifold attachments, his double culture, his composite point of view as an outsider and an insider at one and the same time? I am glad the question has at last been raised. For a whole century you have been seeking and listening attentively to the conflicting opinions of foreign travelers and critics on your institutions and character. But there was a foreigner right here who had come to America not as a sight-seer, but as a settler, not as a

guest, but as an invader, not to look you over, but to make you over. Did you ever stop to ask him what his views of you were? Did you, indeed, think that he had any? Because the immigrant was inarticulate you concluded, I fear, that he was insensible. He was dumb, and you thought him blind and deaf as well. Yet all the time, while you were ignoring him or making good-humored jokes about him or pitying him a little, he went his way, very much on the alert, registering impressions, making mental notes, and laboriously piecing out a picture of America which, as I shall endeavor to show you, is fundamentally at variance with your own, if not hopelessly antagonistic to it.

How this picture of America originated in my mind—for I am one of your alien Americans—and what it is like, it will be hard for you to grasp until you have first understood the causes that impelled me to forsake my ancient home and to accept voluntary exile in yours. No one, I assure you, embarks upon the adventure in a light-hearted mood. In one sense it is precisely as my native friend puts it—I was *driven* into exile. Not from without, pray understand, but from within. My own rebellious spirit was the spur. I revolted against the Old World—against its folly, its insolence, its degradation. From birth onward I had been made a victim of every species of discrimination, of poverty, of oppression. I suffered unendurably from the soldier, the gendarme, the tax-gatherer; from ignorance, from bigotry, from snobbishness. As long as I was a child I submitted to it all unquestioningly as to the order of nature. I took hunger as a punishment from Heaven, and religious persecution as a divine testing of my faith. When I asked why my family was deprived of its breadwinner for months at a time, and why he was compelled to drill in manœuvres, and why a strange man with a badge came to our house to ask for money, and took away our table-silver and our pillows when it was not forthcoming, my mother told me with tears in her eyes that it was the law,

and I asked no more. But as I grew to manhood I began to see these things differently. I began to see that class distinctions were stupid, that oppression was an impertinence, that poverty was an affront to the dignity of human beings. And I came to despise the Old World, with its mischievous egotism called nationality, its narrowness, its distrusts, its prejudices, its wilful blindness to the clear destiny of the race, and its obdurate opposition to the aspirations of the mass of mankind. I wanted violently to lay hands on the whole outworn pile and set it tumbling. But as I could not do that, I emigrated to the New World.

I emigrated, but I left my heart behind. The farther I traveled from my own country, the dearer it became to me. I had broken with the tradition of my people, but I could not dissolve the bonds that held me to them. They had become stronger, and I found myself loving my country as I had never loved it before. How could I help it? Love is not a reasoning thing. I had been born there. I had spent my childhood on its hillsides and by the banks of its rivers. The sharers of my boyhood exploits even now tilled its ancient soil. My ancestors lay buried there. A vast storehouse of memories and associations clutched me to them. I had rebelled not against my country or my people, but against their misfortunes. That they still endured the sorrows I had escaped only increased my affection for them. That I had freed my soul from the enslaving creed of my father and mother and had embraced a new faith in no way impaired the love I bore them.

For that, of course, is precisely what America meant to me even before I landed on her shores—a new faith. I did not come here in quest of a new nationality. I had run away from the very idea of nationality, at the cost of endless, bitter sacrifice. America to me was not a nation, and if she ever becomes one, I shall revolt against her as I once revolted against the land of my birth. She was not even a country. She was an ideal. It seemed to me that humanity had started out

wrongly in the Old World, had erred and blundered and floundered to its own destruction; and then a handful of choice spirits had risen in arms against the decayed tradition of Europe, determined that humanity should have a new start. Ever since that time the dreamers and the rebels and the heroes of all nations had beaten a fan-like convergence of paths to her gates. She had become the model of revolution and the Mecca of revolutionists, from France to China, and from Koseiuszko and the forty-eighters to the modern Russian *bundist*. America was not merely the New World; she was the new life. What was taking place here was not the establishment of a new nationality, but the very antithesis of all nationality. The American people were an international society of lovers of liberty. They were the hope of mankind. They were, in truth, the chosen people, the elect of all the nations of the earth.

This startling departure in the affairs of the world had given expression of itself in several notable instances. There could be no mistaking the genuineness of America's mission. The hunted, starving Irish had been welcomed and fed and their battered souls nursed here. The Jew, for centuries misunderstood and mocked and suppressed, and heaped with every indignity, the stepchild of the nations, the target of the bigot, the safety-valve of the tyrant and the reactionary—the Jew likewise had been fraternally received into this all-embracing society, and allowed, for the first time in the history of his long, heroic exile, to live in peace and usefulness. America had engaged in two wars, one for the liberation of the negro from her own back-sliding States, the other to free the Cuban from the yoke of the Spaniard. She had even gone the length of meddling with the private affairs of foreign lands by abrogating the treaty with Russia and by sending a now famous note to Rumania, much to the amusement of the astute diplomats of Europe and the shrugging of their discreet shoulders. America seemed resolved to become the quixotic champion of the under dog, a knight-errant among the

nations. To become one of such a society, I felt, no price was too high.

To one arriving in America the first breath of her air was like a confirmation of faith. The reality, indeed, seemed like a wild exaggeration of all my dreams. Beside this, what a poor, dwarfed thing it was that fancy had pictured! The atmosphere of America was charged with revolution. Here one heard as much of liberty and democracy and the inalienable rights of the people as of *Kultur* in Germany or of the empire in England. For the Old World, with its kings and its nobles, its armies and its wars, its prejudices and its intolerance, there was that contemptuous irreverence that the enthusiast of a new, burning faith has for the unconverted. I was in the midst of a world of kindred spirits. I went to an Independence-day meeting, and was amazed at the fiery utterances made there by apparently respectable people in high hats and frock-coats; I listened with a heaving of the heart to the enumeration of my limitless privileges as a sovereign of the republic; and my teeth chattered at the thought that any moment the policeman who was hovering in the background might seize the inflammatory orator by the collar and clap him into jail. But I glanced around, and saw that the policeman was yawning, seemingly bored to extinction. The heresies of Europe had become the commonplaces of America.

There was no government in America that anybody could see, none, at any rate, of the obtrusive, interfering, inquisitory kind that had been the bane of my life at home. What there was of it occupied itself in distributing cigars and mailing garden-seeds and bulletins, a government of helpful servants altogether in harmony with my theories as to what a government should be. That was perhaps the most striking evidence of the radical departure the New World had taken from the ways of Europe. America seemed dedicated to the task of proving to mankind by her own actual practice that a people may manage its common affairs without force or panic and with only a minimum of the

creaking machinery that elsewhere was thought indispensable. To be sure, there was a White House in Washington, with a good deal of the paraphernalia and the gold lace of officialism, and there were American representatives abroad dabbling in diplomacy, and a shadow of an army was lounging in out-of-the-way barracks; but all this was no more than a decent concession to the usages of mankind, the youthful, inspired giant deferring to the weaknesses of senility, as a philosopher might submit to the cramping absurdity of a dress-suit when addressing a gathering of fashionable old ladies. The spirit of American institutions was new and different.

My disillusionment came in due time. Daily contact with actual things is bound to reveal their failings, and in the end reality must inevitably fall short of the ideal conceived in the mind. I soon learned that those glorifications of democracy, those tributes to the sovereignty of the masses, those eternal reminders of our imperishable liberties, which to me had meant much, were, surely enough, commonplaces. The slogans of the idealist and the revolutionist had become the banalities of the conventional, the clap-trap of the political demagogue, the stock in trade of the vote-catcher. Popular government in America had, I discovered, ample, sinister motives for being invisible. Public affairs in the most democratic country in the world were as chaotic as in the most autocratic; but whereas in Russia it was the hereditary oppressor who looted the subject, which was logical and natural, in the United States the people fleeced one another, which was beyond understanding. The average individual American, too, whom I had expected to find a fiery preacher of the Word, a high-strung prophet worthy of the splendid mission of his heroic ancestor, was somewhat of a disappointment. He was kindly and likable and a pleasant companion, but in matters of the spirit he was exasperatingly phlegmatic. Far from being heroic, he was a slave to comfort and the withal of comfort. His ideal of America

was a paradise for the low-brow and the Philistine.

The state of economic affairs in America was to me a rude awakening. I was not of the class of alien, if the class exists, who imagines every one in America to be rich, but I certainly had not expected to find such extremes of destitution as I constantly met. Least of all did I look for industrial injustice in the United States. In my enthusiasm for democracy I had unconsciously fallen into the habit of thinking of it as a thoroughgoing business. Political freedom and the right to vote were all very well; but they were only the shell of the thing, the mere means to an end. The substance of democracy was clearly something more solid, something that pervaded the whole of life from the basic human need of earning bread to the crowning human need of wasting it on pink teas to the accompaniment of small talk in a decorative drawing-room. But during my early struggles in the slums I repeatedly stumbled on scenes of the most degrading misery. I saw underfed children with tears in their eyes, the cold numbing their ragged little bodies, selling newspapers on the streets. Many a time I came upon a huddled woman, with a babe at her breast, guarding a stack of household goods that had been tossed out of her tenement dwelling, while the passing throng of sympathetic poor unobtrusively deposited coins in the bowl that surmounted the pile. In the meantime the sons of the American revolutionists, the sons of those sturdy fathers who had fought their own mother-country that the world might see a better day, were investing their surplus income in high-power motor-cars and the services of lackeys; and the daughters of the American revolutionists were carrying forward the tradition of democracy by developing a taste for Bulgarian costume and East Indian occultism. In the East and in the West the country was in the throes of industrial civil war, and my philanthropic native friends kept assuring me that the lower classes were better paid in this land than anywhere else in the world, not

realizing that the worker justly expects more of America than he does of less fortunate and less democratic countries.

I say "justly," and I suppose I am betraying my sympathies. Well, it is natural for me to lean toward the cause of the proletariat. I do not know what Americanism is if it is not a prejudice in favor of the under dog. Have you not observed this tendency in the foreign-born American? Has it ever struck you that your agitators and your radicals and your trouble-makers are, for the most part, intelligent "foreigners"? If you have noticed it, have you asked yourself why? I will tell you why. At least I can give you two broad hints. First, it is because the immigrant is, as I have, I hope, made clear to you, a revolutionist. He at least is a thoroughgoing democrat. He wants American life to be as free as its promise. Rightly or wrongly, he looks upon himself as the spiritual descendant of the founders of the republic, and in his point of view he is carrying forward the great American tradition of liberty, justice, and equality from the realm of politics to the domain of economy. For this reason you cannot consistently quarrel with him. He is taking you at your word. He is naïve enough to believe in your revolutionary protestations; and while you may declare him a simpleton and a nuisance, you cannot, I think, save your face and be severe with him as a criminal. And, secondly, the immigrant American is almost invariably of the under-dog class himself. He it is who digs your subways and mines your coal and carts your garbage and builds your roads and your railways. He does the better part of your physical dirty work. Wherefore, no matter where fortune may land him, no matter to what class he may ultimately belong, spiritually he will remain of the hand-to-mouth order with whom he started.

As I went on living in America I began to seek explanations for these discrepancies in the theory and the practice of American life. I told myself that it was absurd to expect a man to go dancing about rapturously for a century or more over the

liberty his father had won for him. Sooner or later the hero will be obliged to hang up his musket and his trumpet and settle down to the daily routine of caring for his family. Freedom of thought, self-government, and the open door of opportunity were new to me; therefore I was excited about them; but to the native they were as natural as the air he breathed, and he took them calmly for granted. I made allowances even for the corruption and the chaos in the conduct of the state, although that came hard. Much harder still was the justification of the savage economic scramble. But I persuaded myself to look at these things broadly. They were, I said, the price we must be ready to pay for freedom. If, as an old proverb has it, you are going to let the bars down, you must expect the wolf as well as the sheep to enter. Supposing that equality of opportunity does tend to become a mere opportunism, supposing that liberty does degenerate into unchecked spoliation, it is still better than autocracy or paternalism. It is the essence of liberalism that it rests on the golden rule, and it is one of its glorious weaknesses that it is susceptible to abuse. American democracy, I kept assuring myself, is yet only dimly aware of itself. There is no cause for despair. Time and the living soul of America will set things right.

For the spirit of America was as vital as ever. The *esprit de corps* of a people is something distinct from the sum of all its individual wills. You must add the factor of tradition, a certain intangible quantity that hovers in the air, to balance the equation. I took stock of America's policy in her dealings with foreign peoples, and told myself exultantly that here, without a doubt, was a definite break with the Machiavellian tactics of Old-World diplomacy. Here, surely, was imagination as well as humanity in international conduct. Conceive, if you can, of any European chancellery giving as much as a tolerant ear to the just demands of an out-raged state of the insignificance of Colombia. I never tire of contrasting our own behavior with China in the Boxer

indemnity case, in the four-power loan incident, and in a multitude of lesser relations, with that of the great powers toward that nation. Our godlike patience with an obstreperous, distraught neighbor like Mexico, our determination in the face of intolerable provocation and temptation to be fair and just and magnanimous toward the weak, is humane to the point of quixotism. No wonder the trained diplomats of other continents laugh at us, and our own fire-eaters gnash their teeth. And it is not hard to imagine the merriment of those world politicians at our philanthropic adventure in the Philippines. "Schoolmastering," I can hear them say, "is not building an empire." But America is happily not intent on "expansion."

Internally the spirit of America exhibits itself quite as strikingly. I read and re-read the President's recent address to the Senate, and my mind can scarcely credit my eyes. No European in a high government position would ever dream of making any such "wild, visionary" assertions. They would not enter his head. His entire training and antecedents and outlook would make the thing impossible. Even an unofficial person would think twice before making himself liable to be sent to Siberia or at least to Coventry. It is the sort of thing that the initiated scoff at and label idealistic, amateurish, revolutionary. But that is one of the distinctive peculiarities of America, that her officials are often revolutionists. The people who in Russia and Rumania, and even in Germany and France, would be the ragged, suspected, underground "enemies of society" are in America at the rudder of affairs. A fantastic dreamer with silly notions about the treatment of criminals is here made the warden of the principal prison in the foremost State of the Union. A quiet, literary gentleman, a sociologist of the millennium, is the commissioner of immigration at the chief port of entry to the United States. A radical publicist, an enemy of exploitation of poor by rich, becomes a judge in the highest court in the land. A rabid preaching reformer, whose ideas of gov-

ernment would land him in a Russian jail, is elected to the mayoralty of a great city. And to cap the climax of the whole incredible business, the chief executive of the Union is a university doctrinaire, a philosophical student of statecraft, a theorist with a passion for showing up the accepted stupidities of the traditional notions of internal and international government for the musty shams they are.

Now, these are expressions—all too rare, alas!—of that spirit of American humanity for which I have renounced the heritage of my fathers and accepted exile among you here. To this I am loyal with all the strength not of unreasoning love, but of conviction. For this I am ready to shed my blood and to do battle against my own brothers, just as your ancestors fought against their mother-country. It is my religion, my faith in a higher destiny for the race of man; and woe to him who dares attack it in the vain hope of transplanting to this new soil the seed of European discord and disaster! I may be mistaken in my faith; perhaps the splendid hope of democracy by which I lay such great store is only a foolish dream. All the same, it is the only bond of union between you and me. It is the basic principle upon which the great international society of America is built, and as long as it retains its semblance of reality, you have my whole-hearted support. As soon as you can convince me that that principle is menaced, you need have no doubts of my loyalty. But when you come to me with your weariness of democracy, your craving for a parvenu nationality on the old model, your demagogue-inspired desire for vast armies for the defense of institutions that no one has the time or the ability to threaten; in short, when you conduct yourself like a burgher, who, having amassed a fortune in trade, seeks admittance among the aristocracy, pray remember that you are not promoting the unification of America, but are severing the one vital tie that has held America together for generations. I am a literal-minded person; therefore I am totally out of sympathy with your latest notions of Americanism.

To me Americanism can mean only one thing—devotion to the ideal of liberty, equality, and human brotherhood, the distinctive contributions of America to civilization. To you it is altogether another matter. Your Americanism, as I understand it, is a decided departure from the unique heritage of America. It is a return to the old, familiar tradition of national honor and national interest and my country first, the tradition that I have rebelled against, and that the younger blood of Europe is fighting desperately to get rid of. It is nothing more distinctive than the ancient, worn-out cloak of Germanism and Little Englandism and Slavism that you are attempting to drag over the broad, youthful shoulders of international America.

Can you, then, expect me to stand up and cheer for this queer brand of Americanism? I am weary of the old nationalism, I abhor the old patriotism and its inseparable concomitant, the headless military monster. It is to escape them that I have fled to America. What shall the convert do who has embraced a new faith only to discover that it has sunk back to the formalism and the idolatry of the orthodoxy he has abandoned? There is only one course open to him, I think—to rejoin the ancient fold, with its mellowed beauty and its rich associations. If I must go back to the hideous nightmare of the Old World, then I may as well go back, at least in thought, to the land that gave me birth and to my own people.

I am not threatening; I am merely prophesying and interpreting.

I HAVE tried very earnestly, in writing this paper, to avoid, as far as the subject-matter permitted, any association between my utterances and the present international crisis. I have felt all along that my theme was a general one, that an interpretation of the immigrant's attitude toward America, his hopes and his dreams and his fears for the democracy he cherishes, has something more than a passing interest for Americans, if it has any interest at all. My thesis from the beginning

to the end has been briefly this: that the immigrant, by the very nature of his case, is a thoroughgoing liberal. His mere coming to America, when one considers the sacrifices it costs him, is excellent proof of his belief in popular government and the freedom of opportunity. He, of all the elements of American population, is fresh from the bitter contact with the tyranny of the Old World; therefore America to him is still, in the most real sense, a young republic, and he cannot help sharing with Jefferson and Franklin a deep solicitude for its existence and its perpetuation; he cannot help harboring, with the Fathers of the Revolution, a constant fear against the dangers that beset its beloved institutions from without and from within.

But, owing to the seriousness of the times, it is gravely to be doubted whether the reader's mind can be kept off the immediate concern. Since this article was written and sent to press America has definitely committed herself to war, and the great question that patriotism will ask itself as it contemplates these lines is, What is your attitude now in the concrete

case? To this I can only answer that the immigrant will feel and act as all the liberals of America, the native included, will feel and act. He will say: "God knows I have not willed this calamity. It has been forced upon us from within and from without. I am a democrat and a believer in representative government; therefore it is my duty to accept war when Congress has declared it. Now more than ever democracy is exposed to untold perils, and I must serve her cause in whatever way I can, with a gun, if necessary. Above all, I must keep a watchful eye on the internal dangers that war invariably brings in its wake. It is in war-time that reaction, taking advantage of the popular anxiety, rears its horrid head, and under the plea of military necessity tramples upon all the hard-won achievements of centuries of progress. It is in war-time that freedom of opinion and freedom of utterance and public sanity and human brotherhood are constantly threatened. As a liberal my primary patriotic duty is to do everything in my power to keep democracy and liberalism alive among my own people."

How Can America Help?

By SYDNEY BROOKS

Author of "The Irish Question," etc.

NO Englishman—and least of all one who, like myself, has known the United States and studied it for over twenty years, and had done what he could to interpret it to his own countrymen—can possibly sit down to write of America's entrance into the war without an initial expression of his deep thankfulness. The dearest political wish of his heart is realized in the mere fact of a working co-operation between the English-speaking democracies. When British and American soldiers are fighting side by side in the Army of Liberty, a new and most memorable chapter will have opened in Anglo-American relations. And Anglo-American relations, in my judgment, concern

more than Great Britain and the United States. They are destined to be the pivotal point of all international politics for as long a future as my reasonable mind cares to measure. They are either the key to unlock the door to universal peace or that door will never be unlocked at all.

When the war is over it will be found to have left two capitals peculiarly supreme in world affairs, London and Washington. On their vision and statesmanship and on the degree of genuine understanding and sympathy which the war develops between the British and American peoples will depend the fate of mankind through some of the most critical decades in all history. For in entering the war the

United States has entered the world, and whether she wishes to or not, she cannot again withdraw to the seclusion of her old hermitage. Having sat down at the table, she will stay in the game; but it is not a game which permits the playing of a lone hand. America will be effective in *Welt-politik* and in establishing the scheme of things on a sounder basis only so far as she works hand in hand with Great Britain.

Such an association, reinforced by the power and the good-will of the French and Russian democracies, has for the British people the attractiveness and inspiration of an ideal. And it is an attainable ideal. It has been made so by American intervention and by that great process of political education and expression which the people of the United States are about to undergo. One may even say that America will have come into the war with little ultimate benefit either to the world or herself if it does not unite her with the sister democracies of Europe in a solid concert not merely of sentiment, but of action and policy.

But that is music of the future. My more immediate purpose is to consider some of the ways and means in which American participation in the war can be turned to the best account. And as a starting-point in any such inquiry one has first to resolve the question whether the United States would be of more service to the common cause by limiting and concentrating her efforts or by getting into the struggle as deeply as possible. For her own sake I should certainly like to see America grappling with the innumerable problems that arise when a commercial and unorganized nation is forced by circumstances to transform itself into a military power of the first rank and to dedicate to that task, in the President's words, "Our lives and fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have." Such an experience would be for Americans, as it has been for us in Great Britain, an exacting education in efficiency, resourcefulness, citizenship, and sacrifice. It would leave no part of the social, political, or industrial fabric

unaffected. It would leave no secret source of weakness unexplored. It would mean the demolition piece by piece of nearly all institutions and arrangements and their reconstruction on a new model.

But while the advantages to the United States from such a general overhauling might be many and great, it is questionable whether the Allies would equally benefit. Let me, to make my meaning clearer, give one or two specific instances. If America were to duplicate the enormous effort put forward by Great Britain, she would have to raise, arm, train, and equip an army of not fewer than 12,000,000 men. Is such an army needed? Could even a fifth of it be effectively employed? Would not its organization and munitionment involve an expenditure of time and thought and energy that might be better used in other directions? Similarly we in Great Britain have found it not merely desirable, but necessary, to take under government control virtually the whole engineering and chemical industry of the country and devote it to war purposes; and in addition we have built about a hundred colossal national factories and switched off some forty-five hundred firms from their normal businesses in order to manufacture munitions. The United States, under similar urgency, both could and would do as we have done. But is the urgency similar? In setting on foot such an industrial resolution as Great Britain has been obliged to effect under the stress of immediate needs, would not the United States be overdoing it? Would she not be undertaking the superfluous? Might she not be of greater service to the Allies if she used both her human and her industrial resources in other ways?

For let us get the broader and determining aspects of the situation clearly in our minds. The United States has stepped into the arena just in time to take part in the final or, at any rate, the penultimate round. The problem before the anti-Teutonic powers is not so much the winning of the war—it is won already—as the ending of it; and the military value of American intervention is less that it

makes the assurance of victory doubly sure than that it promises, if rightly utilized, to expedite the inevitable and relieve the belligerents of the waste and agony of a needlessly protracted struggle.

The issue of the war was long ago determined, but it will be none the less an incalculable service to humanity if the United States is able to hasten its conclusion. Her function in the nature of the case and at this late hour must be mainly ancillary. It is for her to reinforce the Allies where they are weak, to supply them with what they most need, to place at their disposal her entire resources of men and material and organized power, and to decide with them in what directions these resources can best be employed so as to supplement and not to duplicate the achievements and assets of her partners. Each and all of the Allies in Europe have had to develop their utmost strength along every line of endeavor. The United States, coming in at the tail-end of the war, and herself secure from serious and direct attack by the enemy, is under no such compulsion. Her task is one of selection and discrimination. It is that of making good deficiencies, of filling gaps, of restoring attenuated places in the cordon that has been drawn round the Central powers; and the right attainment of these objects demands from Americans not that they should be fortified at all points, but that they should be immensely strong at some where the Allies are weak, and relatively weak at others where the Allies are strong.

One obvious condition has to be fulfilled if American assistance is to be of any use at all: communications with Europe must be multiplied and made safe. In other words, ships and yet more ships must be built, and the sea lanes to French and British ports must be kept open. The shortage of tonnage and the menace of the submarine—these are the two problems that most anxiously preoccupy the minds of the Allies; and on the solution of both of them the United States might well concentrate her first activities. I can imagine, indeed, no more effective con-

tributions that America is in a position to make to Germany's defeat than the putting into early commission of all the vessels seized in American harbors, the immediate institution under governmental direction and control of a standardized ship-building program, and the use of the American navy and of the ingenuity of American inventors in rounding up raiders, smoking out submarine bases, if any can be found off the coasts of Mexico and the United States, and in helping to clear the Atlantic trade-routes. With things as they are, an extra hundred thousand men employed in the shipyards would be doing more for the Allied cause than five times that number under arms.

Linked with the question of tonnage, and dependent upon it, is the question of food and fuel. As much in her own interest as in that of the Allies, the United States should initiate at once a comprehensive scheme for increasing the supply of food. We have reached a stage in the war where agriculture and mining, wheat and coal, are seen to be just as essential to victory as men and guns. Not only the belligerents, but the whole world, is threatened with a severe shortage of all the principal crops, and the United States, while not the only, is by far the largest and most productive, area available for meeting the deficiency. Upon the secretary for agriculture, upon the state agricultural colleges, upon the individual farmer, stock-raiser, and market gardener throughout the country, is thrown the duty of increasing the acreage under the plow, of adding immediately to the productiveness of the soil, of cutting off all possible sources of waste in the distribution of food-stuffs, and of devising means for keeping prices within reasonable limits.

There is the experience of both Germany and Great Britain to prove how huge and complicated is the task thus outlined, and what endless drafts it makes not only upon the administrative energies and judgment of the authorities, but upon the good faith of the producer. Yet the task will have to be undertaken if the United States is not to find herself not only short

herself and faced with famine prices, but unable to relieve the growing, but not yet intolerable, stringency among the Allies. As for coal, any one who knows what France and Italy suffered last winter from the lack of it knows also that Americans could hardly be more usefully engaged than in doubling, if that is possible, the output of their mines, and delivering the surplus at French and Italian ports.

It would seem, then, as though an organized division of labor to ship-building, agriculture, and coal-mining were among the steps that the United States might profitably take. No readjustment, however, of that or any other sort, but just plain good sense and good-will, is needed to enable Americans to take off Great Britain's shoulders a part, at any rate, of the financial burden she has so far borne almost unaided and with amazing endurance. There are well-nigh endless ways in which this financial assistance can be extended. But one of them, unquestionably, and a most efficacious one, is to see to it that for the future the Allies have to pay no more for their purchases of American metals and raw material than has the United States Government itself. So far as Great Britain and France are concerned, virtually all the orders for munitions placed in America have now been fulfilled or canceled. Some Russian orders for rifles, shells, and guns are still on the books of American manufacturers, and a few Rumanian and Italian orders. But in general what the Allies most require from America now is raw material and supplies, and it will be very much to their advantage if they are enabled and permitted to buy as cheaply as the American war and navy departments.

The very interesting suggestion has been made that the United States should make a special study of the needs of Russia, with a view to their speedy and complete satisfaction. Russia has men, but is still deplorably short of munitions. It should be the business, as it would certainly be the pride, of the United States to furnish her with all the supplies and equipment that she lacks. Russia, again, needs not only

railroads, but a railroad policy; and Americans are preëminently qualified to provide her with both. Russia, once more, is terribly in need of doctors, surgeons, and hospital supplies and ambulances; and all these the United States is in a position to furnish abundantly.

Were Americans to specialize on the variegated tasks that sorely need to be taken in hand if the new-born Russian republic is to be properly equipped for war; were they to organize their munitions industry, their merchant marine on the Pacific, and their transcontinental railroad services with a single eye to making good Russia's deficiencies; were they to take over the development of Russia's internal communications and the administration of the transsiberian railroad and to keep up a continuous stream of physicians, surgeons, engineers, medical necessities, and military supplies—were Americans to do all this, not only, is it contended—and who can dispute it?—would the name of the United States be as imperishably associated with the birth of Russian freedom as that of France is interwoven with the struggle for American independence, but they would be rendering one of the most direct and at the same time one of the broadest services in their power to the Allied fortunes—a service that would instantaneously react on all the theaters of war.

The idea appeals to me, and must, I should think, appeal to all Americans. And there are not a few similar contributions that the United States might make to the land whose heroism and sufferings in this war have passionately moved American sympathies. I have a vision of American contractors and engineers systematically rebuilding the wasted countryside, the torn roads, the broken bridges of France; of American surgeons and nurses taking over many both of the French and the British base hospitals, and supplying them with all they need from American sources; of American physicians and sanitation experts starting in France a campaign against tuberculosis such as they waged so brilliantly and so devotedly against typhus in Serbia. Never has there

been such a chance for American medicine to prove its worth.

But above and beyond all this the United States will share as a matter of course in the actual fighting. Her people have no other thought or intention than that of sealing in blood the brotherhood of arms into which they have entered. It would be a stroke of supreme policy if at least one fully equipped division of American troops were to be sent to the Russian front and maintained there in undiminished strength till the end of the war. The moral and sentimental value of such an enterprise would forge between the Russian and American peoples an unbreakable chain of affectionate good-will.

In addition, I take it for granted that American troops will appear in scores upon scores of thousands—and the sooner the better—on the Western front, to wipe out once and for all the insensate legend that Americans are too proud to fight, and to win back for the United States at the only price at which it can be bought—the price of life and suffering—her old prestige, her old benign and reconciling influence, among the democracies of the world. Those will be days worth living for when the first American contingent reaches England, is welcomed in London, crosses over to France, and takes up in the battle-line of freedom its natural position as a connecting-link between the French and British armies.

On what scale the United States should order her military preparations I am not qualified even to suggest. But I should think that it might be possible for her to raise and train and equip an army of 2,000,000 men without shelving or scamping those other and more vital tasks that I have enumerated. If, however, in the present scarcity of labor that undertaking should prove impracticable, then unquestionably it would be better to build up a smaller army rather than impede the great work which America can do in organizing the supply of ships and food and money and raw material, in rendering the

medical and engineering services to France and Russia, and above all in increasing her output of munitions, and so reinforcing the striking power of the Russians on the Eastern front.

There are two further proofs that might be taken into advantageous consideration. The first is, that by devoting special attention to the Russian problem, the United States would necessarily be drawn into the closest kind of coöperation with the Government of Japan. The two powers would, indeed, be working together to furnish Russia with what she needs. It would be a joint undertaking in which America and Japanese army officers and administrators would participate on equal terms. I can imagine nothing but good coming from this association, this interchange of ideas and services, between the two countries. It is a commonplace that China is to be the next world question. Whether it is also to be a source of future wars depends very much on the relations between Japan and the United States, and nothing that draws those nations into a better understanding ought to be neglected.

The other point that in my judgment should govern all American preparations for the waging of the war is this: that wherever American troops are sent they should be equipped with the same arms and ammunition as the forces by whose side they are fighting. If the Allies had had from the beginning the foresight to pool and standardize their armaments, to adopt, for instance, one particular type of rifle, field-gun, howitzer, machine-gun, etc., the whole problem of munitionment would have been greatly simplified, and the war might easily have taken a different course. If Americans fight on the Eastern front, let them do so with the Russian rifles. If on the Western front, then let their arms and equipment be interchangeable with those of the British troops. A community of all the implements of war has both a positive and a negative value. It makes for economy and success. It averts confusions that at a pinch might be disastrous.

(This article was written four days after the declaration of war, and as we go to press there is ground for believing that the policy of the Government is likely to be in striking accord with the suggestions herein brought forward.—THE EDITOR.)

THE DANISH WEST INDIES

Pictured for 'THE CENTURY'

By Lester G. Hornby



DRAWINGS MADE IN THE ISLANDS OF
ST. THOMAS, ST. JOHN, AND
SANTA CRUZ



St. Thomas

CHARLOTTE AMALIE, THE PORT OF ST. THOMAS. THE ISLAND ACROSS THE HARBOR IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT COALING-STATIONS IN THE WEST INDIES. LYING AT ANCHOR NEAR THE ISLAND ARE TWO INTERNED GERMAN BOATS THAT CAME IN TO SEEK SHELTER, AND WERE HELD BY THE DANES



St. John

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, THE MOST IMPORTANT BUILDING OF THIS LITTLE ISLAND.
THE ONLY OTHER HOUSES ON THE ISLAND ARE SMALL NATIVE DWELLINGS,
MOSTLY OF BAY-CULTIVATORS. IT IS HERE IN ST. JOHN THAT THE
BAY IS GROWN FOR ST. THOMAS'S MOST IMPORTANT
INDUSTRY, THE MAKING OF BAY-RUM



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF FREDERICKSTED, SANTA CRUZ



A STREET IN OLD CHRISTIANSTED, SANTA CRUZ. THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT IS IN CHRISTIANSTED, WHICH, BEING ON THE WINDWARD SIDE OF THE ISLAND, IS COOLER THAN ITS RIVAL TOWN, FREDERICKSTED, WHO IN TURN BOASTS OF A SAFER HARBOR, DUE TO HER LEEWARD SITUATION



St Croix

STREET IN A NATIVE VILLAGE OF THE INTERIOR, SANTA CRUZ



ABANDONED MILL OF AN OLD SUGAR-PLANTATION. FORMERLY, WHEN PLANTERS CRUSHED THEIR OWN CANE, THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF THESE WINDMILLS ON THE ISLAND. TO-DAY VIRTUALLY ALL THE CANE OF THE ISLAND IS CONTROLLED BY A FEW COMPANIES, WHICH HAVE MODERN STEAM-MILLS IN PLACE OF THE WINDMILL.

Adolescence

By HETTY HEMENWAY

ANNE-MARIE and Celeste dawdled always a few feet behind their governess. They kept exchanging meaning glances, squeezing hands, smiling at each other.

Mme. De Saule walked briskly in front of them, but constantly twisted her head around, like a mother goose, and exclaimed, sometimes in French, sometimes in German (she was Swiss):

"What are you girls babbling forever about behind there? I declare, we shall never see Naples at this rate! Here we are at the National Museum, and instead of looking at things, you're always whispering and laughing. We might just as well be back in the convent. I shall never take two such headless young things traveling again!"

She spoke with a vehemence that she tried to make sound convincing. It was difficult. In the course of her whole drab, prosaic life she had never had so much pleasure as now. It was such a treat to leave her crabbed and invalided old mother, to whom she was devoted, and take these two rich girls from the convent traveling in Italy. Therefore she repeated very often:

"I declare, I shall never take young girls traveling again! Such responsibility! I'm exhausted. It's terrible, terrible. We're going up now to see the Pompeian relics," she announced. "Oh, yes, we must see them; everybody goes to see the Pompeian relics. I declare, what are you looking at now?"

Celeste was standing before a figure of the Hermes of Praxiteles. She had let go of Anne-Marie's hand.

"Come, don't look at that," said the governess, hastily consulting her guide-book. "It's only a plaster cast; it's not the real thing. Now, that Minerva over there, it was—" She began to read.

But Celeste was not interested in the Minerva. She gave it a perfunctory glance, and her soft eyes reverted and lingered with unfathomable admiration on the white, graceful messenger god. He regarded her, as he regarded everything in the room, with his smile, mysterious and aloof, of disdainful tenderness.

"What are those impudent young men over there laughing at?" cried Mme. De Saule. "Don't look round, Anne-Marie. One can't do such things in Italy."

Anne-Marie turned about, and regarded the three young men attentively.

"I rather think they like Celeste's and my looks," said Anne-Marie, who always spoke the truth. She was a beautiful, seventeen-year-old girl, with the touching and sheltered purity of a little child.

Certainly the men were looking at Celeste. She was looking at the Hermes, smiling to herself and humming. The sunlight spilling through a stained-glass window spattered his dazzling body with multicolored light.

The governess looked at her and burst out laughing. Celeste started guiltily. The party proceeded into the Pompeian room.

They lunched on the open terrace of a hotel overlooking the bay, with Vesuvius puffing in the distance.

"*Ach! Wunderschön! Colossal! Look, girls!*" murmured Mme. De Saule, constantly. It exasperated her that Anne-Marie and Celeste appeared to take as much pleasure in their dinner as they did in the view. She felt that this was gross. It was part of her conscientiousness that she must be always expressing aloud her appreciation of the beautiful to some abstract creator, just as some tiresome guests are always thanking and complimenting their host. Anne-Marie and Celeste, with

the marvelous and pleasing egotism of gods and children, accepted beauty and drank it in without self-consciousness. It was the natural background and scenery for themselves, so they scarcely thought of it.

After lunch they drove to a monastery, described in the guide-book under the "Interesting-Environs" column. It was gathered to the side of a great, dusty hill, and its porticos gleamed white among the clustering vineyards exposed to the full, azure glare of the Neapolitan sky. An old monk, dressed in a brown-hooded cloak, with a rope tied around his waist, to which was attached a bunch of keys, showed them about.

Inside the gray walls was a mellow hush, an immaculate stillness. The sunlight inundated the court, falling hot on the flagstones between the white pillars of the cloisters, where other brown-clad brothers were walking sadly, their eyes fixed on the ground. Anne-Marie and Celeste thought that they had never beheld such abundant sunshine or such deep shadows or known such stillness. Their hearts were full of awe and reverence because of the sun and the silence, and the brown brothers walking sadly with their eyes on the ground. Even Mme. De Saule was impressed, and read from her guide-book in a hushed, monotonous tone, as if it were the breviary.

"We must see the crypt. It says the mosaics are of special interest. It says the underground passages are more interesting, on a smaller scale, than the Catacombs at Rome," she whispered to the girls.

The cold breath of the crypt fanned their faces as they descended the sunken stone steps. Underneath the chapel the air tasted stale and fuzzy. They were in the grave of the church. Celeste looked at Anne-Marie, at her calm, deep, Madonna-like face. All about them, piled against the mosaic walls, were bones and skeletons disposed about as carelessly as curios in a cabinet. Empty heads gleamed from dark corners, and there was a dank odor that made the flesh creep.

"This is what we shall all come to eventually," said the old monk in a sepulchral voice. Anne-Marie closed her eyes, smiling, and clasped her hands tightly together. Even Mme. De Saule was affected. Celeste looked about her at the gleaming, hollow heads, leering like Jack-o'-lanterns in the dusk. She took a deep breath of the stale, lifeless air; quite suddenly an armless, legless skeleton reminded her of the statue she had seen that morning. A great wave of ecstatic buoyancy leaped within her.

"I'm young, young, young," she cried to herself, bracing her tingling feet against the stone floor as if she could draw life like a plant from the earth, rich with the ashes of countless dead. She looked at madame's sagging face in the green light and the lined, parchment countenance of the old monk, and she continued to thrill and to tingle and to cry to herself, "I'm young, young, young; I shall never die—never, never, never!" She smiled impudently and cooly into the graves dotted with white heads. She caught the old monk's glowing eye upon her, and he seemed to divine her mood, for all at once he threw back his head, and his old eyes glowed and lighted.

"*Vive la jeunesse! vive la jeunesse!*" he cried, raising high the torch, and saluting Celeste playfully with it. "Our Saviour, too, was young, and knew the joy of life," he added, crossing himself and smiling tenderly and queerly.

"These brothers!" said the governess when they were once more in the carriage, rattling along the dusty pavement. "I would n't trust them. They're just full, full of tricks. You can't trust even the gray hairs, children," she added, with a cunning, satisfied expression. She was not content to spend the evening at the hotel and go to bed early. She looked mysterious all through dinner. At dessert she said wearily:

"You girls go up and put on your best dresses. We're going to the opera."

The clerk at the desk informed them that the opera was over in Naples at that time of year.

"But there is a very beautiful Viennese operetta, 'The Waltz Dream.' You must see it," he added authoritatively.

"Is it suitable for young ladies?" inquired Mme. De Saule, with the mixed timidity and effrontery she used toward employees. The clerk shrugged his shoulders. Madame, scanning severely Anne-Marie and Celeste's eager faces as if it would be their fault if the play was not proper for them to see, bought the tickets.

Anne-Marie dressed herself in a white dress and put a blue ribbon in her hair. Celeste put on a white dress because Anne-Marie did, and put a blue ribbon in her hair, too. She was distressed because the shade of blue was slightly paler than Anne-Marie's blue. All the way in the carriage she held Anne-Marie's cool, smooth hand. It was necessary for the perfection of her happiness that she should be near or touching Anne-Marie all the time. It relieved a happiness which was almost too great for her to bear alone. She often felt thus, happy and elated, for no reason she could explain, and during the drive her fifteen-year-old heart gave her sensations that, in a grown-up person, would have been cause enough to send post-haste for a doctor.

Madame wore a stiff, black silk dress. Money from her savings had been taken to buy it. A great deal of anxious thought had gone into it. To them it looked exactly as any black silk would look on a stout, elderly woman; but madame, who had never had anything pretty to wear, was as much concerned with her appearance in a new silk gown, and felt as deliciously important, as if she were still young and good-looking.

Anne-Marie and Celeste had never been in so big a theater as the one at Naples. They were thrilled by its vastness and all the ornate trimmings. They admired intensely the pale-blue ceiling, painted in imitation of the sky, with white clouds and angels floating across it. It seemed to Anne-Marie a touchingly beautiful idea to paint the ceiling of a house like the sky, and to include the angels, which

in ordinary life could only be imagined. She heard an intellectual-looking Frenchwoman behind her remark:

"What taste! Look at that ridiculous ceiling!"

Anne-Marie and Celeste wondered how any one could be blind to so much beauty.

The play was in Italian. Celeste did not understand one word that the actors were saying, but she was vaguely and exquisitely entertained just the same. She felt instinctively that the play was improper, but the fact did not interest her as it did madame.

The music made all the trivialities on the stage seem romantic. Every time the hero, who was a little fop in a red fez, with something ludicrous in his motions, approached the heroine, the orchestra played the "Waltz Dream." The melody began in a low key, swelling higher and higher, repeating and intensifying its poignant refrain, till it became so pleading and insistent that the audience began to sway with it. Some persons nodded their heads or tapped their feet; others lay back in their chairs and smiled dreamily with closed eyes.

In a box, elevated over the stage at one side, she recognized an Italian officer she had seen at the museum; he was resplendent in a pale-blue uniform; the metal trappings on his coat and his sword reflected the light of the stage and twinkled like multicolored jewels in the semi-darkness of the orchestra. His head was fair and large, and shaped like that of the Hermes of Praxiteles. His lips wore the same expression of aloof and slightly mocking tenderness. When the "Waltz Dream" was played, he stood up and, with his arm about a comrade, swayed his slim body with the rhythm of the music. There was an elemental and spontaneous grace in the unself-conscious motions which told any one whose eye happened to follow the sinuous figure that he was intoxicated with the music, that he felt its caressing and insistent melody running through him.

Celeste, from her seat in the dark orchestra, kept turning her eyes in the

direction of the swaying figure in the box. She felt the music running through her, too. She squeezed Anne-Marie's hand, but it did not satisfy or console her entirely. The wistfulness of her mood, induced by the music, seemed to her to become so vast as to be almost unendurable. It was as if the persistent burden of the song was reminding her of something forgotten, something once known and amazing, an intimate mystery, poignant, beautiful, and unfinished.

The music subsided softly. The curtain dropped while the audience applauded. The play was over. There was a sudden stampede for cloaks and hats. Anne-Marie and Celeste were jostled by the crowd. Madame scolded loudly and angrily, as she always did when she was frightened. The girls laughed. Suddenly Celeste gave a little cry; a strange hand from the crowd was passed swiftly and caressingly over her bare neck and down between the shoulder-blades. She felt the fingers close about her small neck and shake her playfully. Simultaneously a mocking voice in her ear said gently:

"Cattiva, cattiva, Bimba mia!"

Celeste shrunk toward Anne-Marie, and wheeled about just in time to see a tall figure in a blue military cape shouldering his way through the crowd.

"Look at that man! See what he did to me!" she cried out indignantly. "He put his hand right down my back!"

"It was the same officer who was standing in the box over the stage. I saw him," exclaimed Anne-Marie.

Celeste was hot all over. Tears stood in her eyes.

"Serves you right," said madame, who was engrossed in signaling to the cabman. "Why did you stare at him during the whole performance? I saw you. What do you expect? I told you one can't do these things in Italy."

Finally they secured a *fiacre*. The governess, puffing with fatigue, went to sleep in the corner, her head nodding on her breast like a great, homely child's. Celeste had Anne-Marie's hand again, and she watched her Madonna-like face,

pure in the fitful light of the passing street-lamps.

"I 'm so tired!" murmured Anne-Marie. "You know, Celeste," she added dreamily, "I think it would be so lovely to live always in a monastery—I mean a convent—like the one we saw this afternoon, don't you? I think it would be lovely to die young, don't you?"

Celeste wondered, and did not answer. She wondered how any one could feel tired. She thought about the convent, and she remembered again the wave of ecstatic life that had welled up within her as she looked at the poor armless skeleton. No, she did not wish to die young; her little soul and body were exquisitely troubled by the presence of an energy rampant within her, which was more significant and alive than she was herself.

Her eyes were dreamy, but not with sleep. Later, as they were getting ready for bed, she sat in one position for fully ten minutes, caressingly passing her fingers through her unbound hair.

She lay beside Anne-Marie for a long time in the darkness, hearing, but not listening to, her peaceful breathing. Softly she crept out of bed, and lighting the pink light by the dressing-table, she looked over her shoulder and surveyed her plump neck above the thin shoulder-blades. Reverently and cautiously she passed her hand over them.

She turned out the lights, and, going to the open window, laid her head upon the sill. Oh, the Bay of Naples, rippling in the moonlight, and Vesuvius, serene and terrible, clothed in the starlit mist and darkness! The sweet, sweet fragrance of the spring, rising from the orange blossoms—all this! But Celeste did not see the Bay of Naples or even mighty Vesuvius, mounting alive out of the night. She was only vaguely aware of the teeming scent from the pale, closed buds below. She was thinking of a smile of disdainful tenderness, of a caress arrogant and fleeting. Her dumb little being was stirred and jarred by a stupendous wonder, and there was spring in the fifteen-year-old heart at that night.

The Derelict

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

Part III. Chapter VII

FANNY had learned to perfection the art of letting sleeping dogs lie; she was so delighted to have them asleep that she never even went in their direction.

It is an unusual art with women, and Geoffrey profited by it. There were no more uncomfortable moments between him and Fanny. Day after day they worked and chatted together. They talked about Geoffrey's pictures and Fanny's future profession, and they discussed inexhaustibly the question of Emily's cottage.

Fanny was, to begin with, the more practical of the two. She ruled off the narrow, climbing streets; they were certainly picturesque, but there was Mr. Dering's stiff knee, which would be sure to resent cobbles. She forced Geoffrey to see that Mrs. Dering would prefer a good kitchen range to a high north light, and hot water to the whole of the Atlantic out of a bedroom window.

They must remember, too, that Miss Emily would not like the smell of fish, which might n't all be fish, but some of it drains from the lower town, despite the county council.

It would probably be better to have a house outside the town. Carbis Bay was the obvious direction, but Emily had pleaded not to have the railway line anywhere near. She said she wanted to for-

get the existence of railways, though, of course, they would have to be near enough to get things down from town.

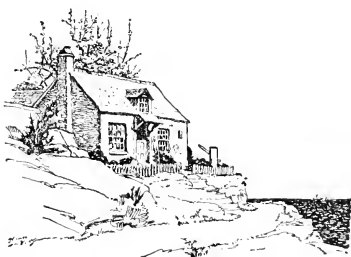
And then Fanny lost her head completely: she fell in love with a cottage. It was, as Geoffrey saw at a glance, hopelessly out of the question.

It was on the way to Clodgy Point, quite beyond everything else, a little silvery-roofed, forbidding cottage—a cottage which knew its way about in a storm and had dealt pitifully and hopelessly with an abandoned garden. What it did n't know about the north wind hardly needed teaching, but it had no water-supply of any kind, hot or cold, and depended on a pump in the garden.

Fanny would n't admit the failure of hope; she pointed out the growth of a blossoming apple-tree in a sheltered angle behind the cottage, and the presence of wall-flowers, against all scriptural authority, thriving permanently upon stony ground.

At the foot of the cottage were rocks and the open sea, and behind it, and not part of the garden, as Fanny tried to make out, was a group of gorse-bushes so compact and flaming as to account, perhaps, for the turning of Fanny's usually level head.

Inside—they got in quite easily through an unlatched window—was a kitchen



"A LITTLE SILVERY-ROOFED, FORBIDDING COTTAGE"

where the inhabitants had always lived. It was black with venerable age and smoke and generous sheltering. It was just the kind of kitchen Fanny liked. It shared the floor with a small, stiff, chilly parlor, a dreadful place of wool mats, china dogs, and angular, unnatural shells. A revised form of step-ladder led to an upper story.

There were three rooms ("It's quite a large cottage!" Fanny exclaimed triumphantly), a double room, the size of the Derings' bath-room; and one that Geoffrey mistook for a cupboard. "I could sleep there easily," Fanny explained hurriedly, "and work for Miss Emily. You know, I really can cook, and you never saw me tidy a house. I have n't for years, of course, but I always used to at home."

There was also a room which Fanny hailed with delight as "*perfect* for Miss Emily."

Geoffrey eyed it doubtfully over Fanny's shoulder. It would have suited St. Ursula. There was room for an angel by the door, and her small slippers and a lily by the bedside. It was doubtful if there was room for the large American trunk that Emily always took about with her. American trunks take up more space than angels.

It had a rather large window looking over the rocks and the sea. The noise of the waves ran through the house resoundingly, as if it were a shell.

"Won't she love it!" cried Fanny, exultantly. "And I'll work and do everything, and bring them up early tea. Don't you understand,—"*she almost stammered in her eagerness,—*"it'll be my way of paying her back for all she's done for me?"

Geoffrey had never before seen Fanny excited. It was like seeing the sleeping Fury wake up and smile at you. This would be a disconcerting impression, but no one would want to stop her smiling.

Geoffrey temporized basely.

"Well," he said, "let's tell her all about it. But don't exaggerate, or she'll be disappointed."

"She'll never be that," said Fanny, confidently, as she descended the chicken ladder backward, "and it won't be exaggerating to say there are two flowering-currant-bushes outside the door, will it?"

There was nothing else in the garden but something which looked like a disappointed potato and an uncongenial sardine tin.

"We're to ask at the lighthouse about it," Fanny said, reading a notice on a broken board at the gate. "I'm sure it'll be almost nothing. I shall write to Miss Emily to-night."

Geoffrey had n't the heart to tell her

that he had in his pocket, sent to him that morning by Emily herself, the address of a "*desirable summer cottage at Lelant.*" He went to see it secretly next day. The door was opened by a butler. The house stood in a garden dramatically laid out with scarlet tulips, exactly the same distance apart, and when the tulips were over, there would be roses and dwarf sweet-peas. There were three sitting-rooms and six bedrooms, with a kitchen somewhere out of the way at the back.

The front door opened on a hall, with an old clock and a good oak settle. In fact, it was just the kind of cottage the Derings would be sure to like. It was called "*The Nest.*" He told himself savagely as he banged the gate on the scarlet tulips that it would be too ridiculous to



"FANNY STRANGELY CLUNG TO HER"



"'IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I TELL YOU, FANNY,' HE SHOUTED, 'I 'LL DROWN!'"

expect the Derings to take Fanny's absurd cottage. Why on earth should they? This, of course, was what he was being savage about, not because he knew they would n't.

Emily was to come down in June to settle the matter. She would stay at a hotel on the hill above St. Ives, a beautiful hotel, once a private house. There was a wood on the grounds which was, in the spring, like romance itself. Hart's-tongue ferns were there, as green as cucumbers, and bluebells like dark flames, and above them elm and ash and oak, birch and pine, weaved gold and silver leaves together. Convenient seats were placed at intervals.

Geoffrey met Emily by the five o'clock train. He was to take her to tea at his studio. Fanny had prepared it with great care, and it included bluebells, Cornish cream, splits, raspberry jam, and an unpleasant cake with icing on it from the grandest of the small confectioners.

As soon as it was ready Fanny hurried away to Carbis. She wanted them to have it all to themselves, though she would have loved to see Emily meet the bluebells. She went away as completely as she could; but on every wall in the studio, and piled up to the roof, Fanny remained.

There was the picture of Fanny, in the blue dress, against the gray rocks; and an interior, with a pot of geraniums behind her head; and a curious full-length one of her, rather dark, with a shadow across her face. Fanny had never liked it. She thought shadows were silly when you could have sunshine. And there was the one Fanny liked best, of the cottage itself, with her standing under the apple-tree; only she had scolded Geoffrey for not having put in the pump.

There was something in all those pictures which Emily had never seen in Geoffrey's work before—a certain ruggedness and virility that was n't at all pretty.

"You have n't made her half as beautiful or half as sad as she really is," Emily complained as she ate the splits and cream. "I don't mean the pictures are n't wonderful; but somehow I've always seen

Fanny differently. This one with the gorse and the gray rocks has such a curious look, as if she'd been beaten down into the rocks, and yet was not at all sad."

"I don't see Fanny as sad," Geoffrey explained briefly.

"Oh, don't you?" asked Emily. "But you can't be beaten without being sad, can you?"

Geoffrey frowned. He did n't want to talk about Fanny being beaten.

Emily, however, did talk about it; she almost went on about it. They had n't seen each other for five weeks, and Geoffrey did n't really want to talk about anything. He felt like a dried rock, with the tide returning to it; but as long as Emily ate splits and talked, it would n't quite return. He found himself wishing that Emily would n't drink so much tea.

The next day Emily insisted on taking Fanny with them to see the cottage. Emily had gathered from Geoffrey's letters that Fanny loved her discovery, and though Geoffrey was afraid it would n't do, Fanny seemed to have set her heart upon it.

Emily had privately wished that if the cottage was unsuitable, Geoffrey would take Fanny's heart off it; but he obviously had n't done so, and probably the operation needed tact. Emily had come provided with quantities of exquisite tact. A good deal of it had to be used on the way to the cottage. Fanny said nothing at all, but looked persistently out to sea. Geoffrey, singularly clumsy and nervous, stuck his hands into his pockets, kicked at small pebbles, and whistled.

Fortunately, Emily was full of gaiety, and swept them both along toward the cottage as if she were a laughing wave and they were two pieces of rather passive seaweed. She gave a charming little cry of pleasure at the sight of the little silvery, obstinate cottage set above the rocks.

"But what a dear little place this is!" she exclaimed. She looked a little surprised when Geoffrey explained it was actually the cottage they had come to see. She had apparently thought it something thrown in on the way. She lent herself

to the blossoming apple-tree and the flowering-currants, but her eyes were doubtful over the pump. She thought it might make rather a charming sketch. When they let her in,—they 'd brought the key this time from the coast-guard,—she looked round her with laughing eyes and said: "But, my dears, where is the dining-room?"

Of course this really settled it. Still, she went up-stairs, and heard the sea whisper and withdraw and whisper again through the little house. She sat on one of the rickety beds. It had lumps in it even for the casual sitter.

She got up and down the chicken ladder with Geoffrey's aid, and sniffed a little before she pointed out a black beetle in the kitchen. She put her hand on Fanny's shoulder and made her sit down beside her on the kitchen table, while Geoffrey went to the window and turned his back; and then Emily explained.

It seemed to Geoffrey that she explained too much, it went on so long, and was so reasonable and thoughtful and kindly; also some of the explanations repeated themselves as if they were too good to be used only once.

Geoffrey wished Emily could have said, "It won't do, Fanny, my dear; it won't do," and left it at that. But Emily never left things until she had altered them.

What she wanted to do now was to make Fanny see, ever so gently and kindly, that the cottage was a mistake; and it was unnecessary because Fanny had seen from the moment Emily had asked where the dining-room was that the cottage was a mistake. Only she loved her mistake, and Emily could not alter that.

Geoffrey said, "Come on; let 's go," once or twice, but neither of them paid any attention to Geoffrey.

"You see, dear," Emily wound up, "it 's a dear, little, funny, pretty cottage, and I simply *love* to have seen it,—we might even come out and have tea here one day, might n't we, Geoff, if we brought a thermos-flask?—but it would n't do to *live* in. You do see that now, don't you, Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, I see that now all right," said Fanny. "May I stay and lock up, and you and Mr. Amberley go on?"

"Well, it won't take you very long to turn a key in a door, will it?" asked Emily, playfully.

She was afraid that Fanny might be sulky. Her voice had sounded reluctant and uncertain, and Emily thought she ought to break up sulkiness. But Geoffrey seized her suddenly by the arm.

"Come on, Emily," he said, almost dragging her out into the garden. "Leave Fanny to lock up."

The next day Geoffrey and Emily went over to Lelant and took "The Nest."

It was exactly what the Derings wanted, but Fanny did n't offer to work for them; it would n't have done in a large house with three other servants. Fanny saw that for herself; there was no need to point it out to her. It went with the cottage.

CHAPTER VIII

THE catastrophe would never have taken place if Emily had not seen a new and exquisite duty, and performed it. It may have been the wood with the hart's-tongue ferns and bluebells that decided her, or the hunger in Geoffrey's eyes, or the fact that there was no doubting the power he had got into Fanny's portraits; but whatever the pressure that unlocked Emily's heart, she let St. Mary Abbott's go, she let her triumph over the Amberleys go, she agreed to an almost immediate marriage with Geoffrey.

They would be married in the little wind-blown Cornish church on the downs of Lelant, facing the golden sands; and meanwhile, despite the increasing fullness of the days of preparation, Emily never forgot Fanny.

That was probably where the mistake came. Fanny, forgotten, would have looked after herself and found her own level.

But Emily was far too thoughtful to forget Fanny, and she found an American sculptor, an enthusiastic and energetic lady, to whom she committed her.

Miss Adelaide P. Loomis seized upon Fanny with rapture.

"You have given me Venus, you have given me the Madonna!" she said to Emily, a figure of speech likely to displease



"HER GREAT EYES FIXED ON HIM"

both her famous companions. To Fanny she said, "My dear, you *are* Helen of Troy."

Fanny said she was n't. Her name was Fanny and she came from London.

She sat to Miss Loomis for three hours every morning, and in the afternoon she played with the landlady's children.

One of Emily's ways of keeping Fanny in her circle of happiness was to describe to her the life that she and Geoffrey purposed to lead in London. It was to be a broad, full life, lived, if possible, in an oak-paneled house in Chelsea, and it was to include Fanny.

Fanny listened with an absorbed attention, especially to Emily's description of the house. It was wonderful to Fanny to imagine a place where you could really stay and have your things to yourself, and not have first one man and then another, and servants who knew you were married. Fanny had often had maids who knew she was n't.

And then Emily spoke of the great sanctity of marriage and motherhood, and Fanny thought of the landlady's children.

Fanny herself could never have a child.

She said this once to Emily, who changed the subject; but she came back to it again later because she wanted Fanny to realize the dedication of marriage. She thought that for Fanny to have this ideal in her heart might preserve her from any baser feelings. She told Fanny this, and Fanny said that she was n't sure that having things in your heart was much of a help. Still, Emily could see that Fanny was improving. Her mind seemed to dwell upon higher things. The next evening Fanny walked across the sands to meet Emily. She had not done this before; she had always waited for Emily to come to her.

They talked about Emily's wedding-dress. After Emily had described it—it was being made in London—Fanny gave a deep sigh. Then she said:

"That's a thing I used to think a lot about, being in white and orange-blossoms and so on. You would n't believe what a time it took before it got out of my head."

Emily urged upon Fanny the deeper things, which need never leave her, and then Fanny said:

"Miss Emily, what would you do if you were sick of life?"

It was a curious question, and Fanny asked it curiously, drawing in her breath a little and digging her fingers into the sand while she waited for an answer.

Emily gazed out tenderly over the still sea. The waves hardly broke; they seemed to lift and sink as quietly as the heart of a child asleep.

"Dear Fanny, I should seek a new one," she answered softly. "Newness of life—that's the most beautiful phrase I know."

"Yes, it does sound nice," agreed Fanny.

When she left her that evening Emily kissed Fanny, and Fanny strangely clung to her. Emily had often kissed Fanny before, but she had never known Fanny to cling.

It was this new softness in Fanny that made Emily agree to Geoffrey's request. She felt that Fanny was developing a moral sense, and when Geoffrey urged that Marcel Dupin should at last be al-



"FANNY STOOD BEFORE HIM"

lowed to join them, she looked to Fanny's moral sense to preserve the situation.

"It 's difficult to keep on putting him off," Geoffrey pleaded, "and I don't see that it matters very much even if he does run across Fanny now, do you?"

Emily considered thoughtfully, then she said:

"I don't like their being much together; but Fanny is so busy just now with Miss Loomis, and so wonderfully improved and deepened, that I should think it would be safe. I 'll talk to him a little, myself. If he knows her story and is on his honor, I think we can confide in the chivalry of a Frenchman."

"Oh, Marcel 'll be all right," Geoffrey agreed hurriedly. He had a dislike he could n't quite understand to any talk about Fanny as if she needed safeguarding.

He could n't have explained quite what he felt just now about Fanny, but he did not really like to talk about her at all. Whenever he thought of her or her name was mentioned, he felt as if he had trod on a thorn.

The next day a storm came up. The sea was gloriously wild, and Geoffrey and Emily spent a morning watching the breaking of the waves at Clodgy Point.

After lunch Geoffrey went back alone. The wind was still strong, and the water thundered and pummeled at the rocks, with an intermittent, gigantic sound. Geoffrey pushed on beyond Fanny's cottage to the desolate expanse of headland, where there was nothing but the wild gorse, the black rocks, and the enraged and foaming sea.

There is probably no coast in Cornwall so safe as the coast of St. Ives, but if you walk far enough you can come to danger. There is a point where a group of rocks run out into the sea. At the rise of the tide they are cut off from the shore, and at the tide's height they are completely engulfed. It was too windy to paint, but Geoffrey felt as if he could watch forever the oncoming of the waves; he loved the feathered flight of them, as the tops seemed to bend above the solid green and

then drew back, and were swallowed up, only to fringe it once more in a wild, breaking whiteness as they roared past the black rocks and flung themselves in heaps upon the shore. He passed the point, and saw the rocks were virtually cut off. A few feet off, foaming water separated them from the shore; the thunder of the breaking waves and the high shriek of the gulls filled the noisy air with glee. Far out on the farthest rock was a figure, oblivious in the tumultuous sound, watching the oncoming hosts, with her back turned to the side rush of the tide.

Geoffrey knew in an instant whose the figure was. She had sat to him in the same position, her elbow on her knee, her chin on her hand. He had a strange flash of wondering what her eyes were like, facing the terrible seas.

He flung off his coat and boots; he would have liked to forget the pull of his great happiness, but he could not forget it. He cursed Fanny under his breath as the waters caught him, bitter and cold, with their thrusting, vicious force. There were only a few yards of sea between him and the rocks on which Fanny sat. He held his breath for the struggle. Twice he clutched at the nearest rock, and twice he was washed from his hold and dashed heavily against the precipitous, high sides. The third time the wave receded he flung himself upward into safety. Then he shouted. Fanny turned at the sound of his voice. Her eyes were all terror, but she never looked at the sea; her terror was only for him.

"O Mr. Amberley!" she cried, "why did you come! Go back! Go back!"

"If you don't do what I tell you, Fanny," he shouted, "I 'll drown!"

He wondered afterward why he had n't said, "you 'll drown!" At the time he knew why he said it.

"I 'll do whatever you tell me," said Fanny.

"Put your hands on my shoulders and get to one side of me," Geoffrey said. "Don't hang round my neck,—d' you understand?—and if you let go, I 'll go to—I 'm not going back without you." He

was quite sure he hated Fanny, but he knew he was n't going back without her.

"All right, Mr. Amberley," said Fanny; "I won't let go."

He was back into the water as he spoke, dragging her after him. It was only up to his knees, but the undercurrent dragged at them with a blind and awful force; then the waves rushed in, half a dozen of them, one after the other. They were off their feet in a moment, and Geoffrey was fighting his way up then, and diving down beneath their death-like fringes. Once the surf caught them, they would have no further chance.

The weight of Fanny was appalling and intolerable. She eased it by holding on to only one shoulder and attempting to swim beside him.

They went down together under the green waves three times. Geoffrey dared not look at the shore. The tide was settling in toward it, and the current was with them, but the current set to a more distant point of shore, and it was no use attempting to fight against it.

Geoffrey weakened slowly; his stroke grew uneven and jerky. The weight of Fanny was heavier; probably she could no longer attempt to swim. Suddenly he heard her voice.

"We 're very near in; can't you stand, Mr. Amberley?"

He tried to gain his footing; then suddenly he failed to ride the oncoming green wave. It broke above them, the surf caught them, smothering over their heads with a deafening roar. His struggle stopped.

When he opened his eyes he found they had been thrown over and over on the beach, and as if by a miracle on the only piece of sand along the rock-strewn shore.

Fanny was bending over him, but when she saw his eyes open, she lurched face downward on the sands beside him. He saw her hands clench and unclench like the hands of the dying. He could not see her face. He thought he heard her say:

"Then that 's that!" and "O God! O God!"

They lay there for a long time, beaten

and breathless. Then a wave ran up and licked their feet; that galvanized them into life. They got up stiffly, and, leaning on each other, reached the cliff path. They took shelter in a coast-guard's hut, and Geoffrey told their story, while Fanny, wrapped in blankets, lay on a horsehair sofa, her great eyes fixed on him.

When Geoffrey told her to drink hot brandy and water she drank it, but she said nothing, not even when he said:

"Now, Fanny, you 're not to worry about this. Neither of us has been drowned, and I must cut along and tell Miss Emily, or it 'll be all over the place."

Her eyes still followed him to the door. He came back, and stood looking down at her a little awkwardly.

"It 's all right, Fanny, is n't it?" he said. He spoke as a man speaks who has been found out very much in the wrong. It was as if he ought to be rather ashamed of himself for having saved her life.

"I did n't know you 'd be there," Fanny whispered.

"No, of course not," said Geoffrey, reassuringly, "or the Atlantic, for that matter."

She shut her eyes as if she agreed with him about not knowing that the Atlantic would be there.

Emily was extraordinarily sweet over the whole business. She went to see Fanny later in the evening, and the only thing she said to her which could possibly be construed into a reproach was:

"And you 'll never, dear Fanny, go out on to those rocks again, will you?"

"No," said Fanny, slowly, "I won't do that again. I have n't got the nerve, and that 's a fact."

CHAPTER IX

AT St. Ives, Marcel Dupin made a charming second impression. He took the story of Fanny from half a word, and prevented Emily from feeling any awkwardness in telling it.

"You have touched me profoundly," he assured her. "Englishwomen are a race

apart; they trust the men they love and are kind to other women. It is an astonishing combination. I shall never forget it."

To Geoffrey he was a trifle less sympathetic.

"I hear," he said, "that I am to treat a young lady who is not innocent as though she were innocent. When am I to begin?"

"You won't find her in the least like that," said Geoffrey, but he omitted to say how Marcel would find her. Marcel was not long in discovering Fanny's portraits.

"Now, *mon vieux*," he said, "you have consoled me for the sharpness of the blow you gave me in London. After all, I was right when I said in Paris, 'There is a certain little Englishman who will make our cleverness look like an old shoe.' I do homage to these pictures; but again you are careless. You do not take advantage of opportunity. You should have let that model drown. Then no one else could have touched her; and who knows but what would have been good for your art might not also be of use in your life? I have, as you know, received the interesting confidence of mademoiselle your betrothed upon the history of Fanny. Certainly I should have let her drown. You have spoiled your situation, which was superb. Now you must beware of an anticlimax."

Geoffrey frowned. He did not like to talk of Fanny as a model or as an anticlimax, and he did not wish to talk of his situation at all. He did not want to think he had a situation.

He could not understand his feelings about Fanny, for it still seemed to him as if he were guilty of drowning Fanny instead of the hero he was held to be for having saved her life.

There was only one thing which really gave him any satisfaction: Fanny had never thanked him. He felt that no one understood Fanny except himself, and as if he wanted to forget how well he understood her. There was no room whatever in his new life for the Fanny he had understood.

Emily would no doubt make room for

her, but it would be Emily's Fanny she would make room for, not the Fanny Geoffrey had known.

The Fanny he knew had not survived Emily, and he had taken part in killing her, the coward's part of standing aside and simply letting her die. It was true that she had made it easy for him to stand aside; she had allowed herself to be killed without a gesture and without a sound. He did not blame Emily, of course, for this transformation. It would have been impossible to keep Fanny in his life as she had been in it before, but it took the taste out of his happiness.

"Yes, your pictures are delightful," Dupin continued. "They give me a feeling that I should like to show you what could be done with her in other ways. Come, since we have Mademoiselle Emily's permission, let us proceed to the original."

"I dare say we shall find her," Geoffrey admitted a trifle grudgingly, "in Miss Loomis's studio. Miss Loomis is an American sculptor with a great deal of conversation and some talent."

"In that case," agreed Marcel, "let us hope she will give us the conversation rather than the talent. Talents, I know, speak for themselves; but I can do without that type of conversation, and the speech of the American always delights me. They have so much to say, those charming people, and no background at all from which to say it. They must have been brought up in paradise, with an enormous quantity of fig-leaves and no knowledge of good and evil."

Marcel slipped his arm into Geoffrey's and took him rapidly in the direction of Miss Loomis's studio.

Miss Loomis's studio was close to the sea. It looked out on the smallest of the beaches, a low, gray hutch with a silvery roof. She welcomed both young men with enthusiasm.

"Well, Mr. Amberley," she said, "it's the oddest thing how you've been keeping away from me; any one would think you were jealous of my model. Not that I'd blame you if you had lost her, for I never knew any one who led one on so; there

does n't seem any end to what you can do with her. And this is Monsieur Dupin, the famous young Parisian sculptor! I am delighted to receive you, Monsieur Dupin. I adore Paris. There is n't a thing I don't know about it, and there is n't a thing I don't love. There 's a confession for you. When people ask what my country is, I just say, 'I live in Paris.' That 's my address, and in a sense it 's my nation."

"Madame," said Dupin, "let me congratulate Paris upon your nativity. You have some beautiful things here. May I ask which of them are your own creations?"

"Yes, indeed," Miss Loomis replied cordially. "I am always proud to show a fellow-artist my work. I don't carry my things round with me, but that child's head over there is mine, and I 'm working on a young Englishwoman just now from the nude. I spoke to your fiancée about it, Mr. Amberley. She seemed to feel so responsible for Fanny, and I understand this is the first time she has sat for the figure. Miss Dering felt just as I do about it, and just the way all artists' wives should feel: she accepts the sanctity of the nude. I know all Americans don't feel that way, and I 'm very sorry, but we 'll come to it in time. We 're a new country, and the moral sense has got to get used to itself before it takes on tags. I don't want to speak as if I had a low estimate of art, Monsieur Dupin, but compared with the Puritan conscience, and as looked upon from the point of view of America, I guess art *is* a tag, all the same. Now, in Paris, it 's the other way round, Mr. Amberley. Art comes first, and as far as possible nothing else after it."

"But what should come after it?" murmured Marcel Dupin, "but more and better art? Allow me, Madame." He stepped forward, and drew off the sheet which covered the half-finished figure. Geoffrey drew back. He was surprised to find himself angry. Why had Emily never told him Fanny was sitting for the figure? Of course there was no reason in the world why she should n't. If he had

thought about it before, he would have known she would have to sit for it sooner or later. But he had n't thought about it before, and thinking about it in front of the statue, with Dupin's exclamations of delight sounding in his ears, was curiously annoying. It did not seem to him the way in which Fanny ought to be treated.

The statue was, on the whole, a clever piece of work, but it was not the work itself that so delighted Dupin. He could see from it that the model was one to inspire a great sculptor. Every line of the figure was gracious, and every curve of it was delicate and fine.

"I was right," Dupin murmured, "a thousand times I was right: we sculptors have an opportunity you painters miss—we have the roundness of life."

Geoffrey lifted his unwilling eyes and saw the statue, and beyond it, in the open doorway, stood Fanny.

She stood quite still, looking at Geoffrey. He never forgot her eyes. They did not judge him, but they were the eyes of some one who has been hurt by a friend. Geoffrey thought then, and he thought more strongly afterward, that he had never seen such unprotected eyes.

Miss Loomis gave an exclamation of annoyance; she pulled the cloth hastily over the figure again. It was an awkward moment. Dupin began:

"But why—" and then, looking up, he, too, saw Fanny. "*La voilà—la petite!*" he exclaimed softly.

Fanny was the first to recover herself. She said to Miss Loomis:

"I came to make the tea. I don't think there are enough cups."

"Well, you can give me a glass, Russian fashion," said Miss Loomis, good-humoredly, "and you must n't mind having your statue looked at, Fanny. This gentleman is a sculptor. As a matter of fact, he 's a very famous French sculptor, and it 'll be a very good thing for you to meet him."

"I don't mind him looking at that statue," said Fanny, calmly. "Do they want cream with their tea?"

"Oh, that 's all right, Fanny," said

Geoffrey, quickly. "Don't bother about us; we'll take anything you've got."

Fanny neither met his eyes nor answered him.

"Well, I guess there is some, Fanny," said Miss Loomis, consideringly. "You go into the kitchen and see. I generally have some around. It's such wonderful stuff, Monsieur Dupin, this Cornish cream. You have no idea, but I dare n't take too much of it; there is n't any doubt it's a great flesh-producer. Now what do you think of my Fanny?"

"Ah, Madame," said Dupin, "if she is your Fanny, what would I not give to make her mine! She is a model in a century; yes, yes. Your statue,—I shall not forget it,—there is in it a—*je ne sais quoi*. You have, you Americans, a certain flair. I said to Amberley as we came along,—did I not, *mon cher*?—'Explain to me why are the Americans as clever as sin without the disadvantage of a drop from virtue. It is not the Venus of the Medici this one,—I have seen her on the boulevards,—nor ours of Milo. I mean no disrespect to her, but I can always imagine her in an English nursery. This one you have here, this Fanny, she is like the Venus of the Terme in Rome. You know her perhaps, headless, alas! but with an expression of the body as soft as a south wind. You remember her, Geoffrey?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her all right," said Geoffrey, crossly. "Let's leave the damned thing alone and come and have tea. I beg your pardon, Miss Loomis! It's not that I don't admire your work; it's—it's—"

"It's that you admire the work of nature more?" laughed Dupin. "Be careful, my good friend. Nature has already supplied you with what to admire."

Geoffrey gave him a glance so furious that Dupin stood still and stared; but Miss Loomis saved the situation by not seeing that there was any.

"Why, you can swear just as much as ever you like, Mr. Amberley," she said kindly. "I know just how you feel. He's got a St. Ives appetite, Monsieur Dupin,

and he wants his tea. I never saw such people as the English are for their tea."

Fanny gave them their tea. There were plenty of cups because she did not take any herself. When she left, she said, "Good-by, Mr. Amberley." It was the only thing she did say to him, so that Geoffrey remembered it.

CHAPTER X

MARCEL DUPIN sat and smoked in the flower garden of the hotel. In front of him were three round beds of forget-me-nots picked out with pink tulips, and three square beds of white stocks intercepted by scarlet tulips. Behind the flower garden the rooks cawed with the peculiar mixture of abandon and vulgarity common to rooks; otherwise it was a serene and perfect June day. Nevertheless, as Marcel smoked his morning cigarette he frowned.

To-night he was to return to Paris, and he wished to leave with his mind made up about the situation he was leaving behind him. His mind was very clear, and he put before it in order, as they came, certain salient facts.

Something was the matter with Geoffrey; nothing was the matter with his work. Emily was perfectly satisfied. Geoffrey did not know what was the matter with himself, and Emily had no idea that there was anything the matter with him.

And Fanny? Well, Fanny did not act according to her type. Marcel had been exceedingly discreet, but he had studied Fanny. Studying Fanny had indeed been part of his discretion. She had shown him nothing, she had put no obstacles to his study of her, but she made no response to his delicate, tentative advances. She might have been innocent or simply perfectly stupid,—great beauty has occasionally this preservative,—or else she was submerged, absorbed in some secret passion; but she had no time to expend upon a passion, for she sat patiently to Miss Loomis all the morning, and in Miss Loomis's studio she had allowed Marcel to model a small bust of her in the after-

noons. At night the landlady at Carbis Bay would obviously account for her to Emily.

Emily was charmingly at her ease and extraordinarily conciliating to Marcel. Marcel perfectly understood Emily. She wanted Geoffrey's friends to find her admirable, and to conciliate Marcel was also to act as a screen for Fanny.

Marcel reviewed her processes with imperturbable clarity. He had not fallen a victim to Emily's charm; he resented a woman who manipulated virtue. Nevertheless, he was perfectly fair to her. She wanted to serve Geoffrey, and she would serve him at the cost of any personal sacrifice; the difficulty that remained was that the only personal sacrifice really required of her was one that it would never occur to her to make. She could only serve him by leaving him alone.

In all probability the matter with Geoffrey was that, owing to an appalling blunder on Emily's part, she had sent him away for five weeks with a woman who could leave him alone.

He was still in love with Emily, but he was suffering from the contrast, and what was Fanny doing? It seemed to Marcel that Fanny was letting Geoffrey go; she was letting him go to a tune that Emily never heard. Marcel heard it clearly enough, and he knew that you do not let a man go unless you have already held him.

All these delightful, blind English people sat round Fanny in a ring. Mrs. Dering, with her gift of irony and her habit of toleration, which evaded rather than overcame obstacles; Mr. Dering, daintily stepping over facts as if they were mud to be kept from shining boots; Emily, a watchful redeemer, invariably watching the wrong things; Geoffrey, priding himself on his shaken bliss—all of them under the impression that they were guarding and protecting this lost sheep among them. And Fanny sat there silent and intensely anxious, protecting them. She held danger like a lamp in her hand, but she would not let it shine upon them.

It was a charming picture, and God

knew what would become of it if it continued beyond a certain point.

Marcel smoked in the bright summer sunshine and reconstructed the telling of it to his Paris friends.

"Whatever happens, it will make an extremely chic little *conte*," he pronounced to himself; then he shot suddenly to his feet. Fanny stood before him. She wore Emily's blue linen dress and a shady hat. Her eyes were very grave, and her voice sounded uneven as she said:

"May I talk to you a little?"

"With all the pleasure in the world, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Marcel, with the slightly exaggerated respect he always showed to Fanny. "Permit me to bring you a chair. Do you not find this little garden charming?"

Fanny's eyes considered the forget-me-nots and the pink tulips lingeringly, but she had not come to talk about gardens.

"I heard," she said, "that you were going back to Paris to-night. Miss Emily told me."

"*Hélas!* yes," murmured Marcel. "I am too sadly dragged away before the wedding. It is what always happens to me when a wedding is in the air. Let us hope it will not become a habit and take place before my own."

"I want to go away, too," said Fanny. "Will you take me with you back to Paris?"

Marcel's figure strung itself into sudden alertness; his mind stiffened with attention; and when Marcel became visibly alert, he became also strangely sharp.

"Why, Mademoiselle?" he asked her, fixing her with a gaze that was like the drawing of a weapon.

"I want to go away," said Fanny, moistening her lips. "I must go away." She was not afraid of his eyes. He saw in a moment that she had come to that point of human endurance which goes beyond personal fear.

She expected anything of fate for herself except kindness.

"But, Mademoiselle," said Marcel, quickly, "I am not here to consider your wants. I am the friend of Geoffrey Am-

berley and in a sense of Miss Dering. I should be committing an infamy if I took you away from their protection."

"Ah!" she said, drawing in her breath, "it 's for them, for them!"

Marcel regarded her curiously.

"You must forgive me," he said more gently, "if I annoy you by my questions; but you will understand that I must have very good, clear reasons to act against their wishes. You are not satisfied, then, with being a model?" he asked her. "It is fair to tell you that I think you could earn a living by it."

"I was satisfied with being his," said Fanny, fiercely. Then she said more quietly: "Miss Emily did n't understand. People who have got everything, and always *have* had everything, never understand—that you must have something, too—something of your own, I mean. I could get on all right as long as I cooked for them, either of them. I 'm like that, and I enjoyed it. That 's something for yourself—working for people. I loved getting his meals and one thing or another. I wanted to do it for Miss Emily, too; I 'd have done anything I did black his boots, but he did n't know it, of course. Down here the sea takes the polish off; so you have to know how, and take trouble to get a shine on them. I wanted to take a cottage and work for Miss Emily, but she would n't let me. She never saw how you want to do things back."

"But Geoffrey—he saw that?" Marcel asked. He had let his cigarette go out, and was watching Fanny with an unhurried intensity.

"He did n't see anything," Fanny said softly. "He was just a friend. Miss Emily was good to me because I was bad, but Mr. Amberley is n't that sort; he just—well, he liked me. I 'd never been liked by a man before. You know what I mean. There 'd always been the other thing, and that puts you off."

"Pardon," Marcel interrupted her; "it puts you off what?"

"It puts you off liking them," said Fanny, simply.

"Ah, that is a pity!" said Marcel.

"This life that you want to return to is evidently not your *métier*."

"I don't know what that means," said Fanny, "but there is n't anything else to go back to. I can't be a model and not have anything, like they think, and see it all going on—the things they 've got and their life together. I thought I could, but I can't. That 's why I want to go to Paris. I could start afresh there. I know Paris, but I have n't any money; so I thought I 'd just see if you would take me."

Marcel spread out his hands.

"And do you, may I ask," he demanded, "admire her, then, this Miss Emily?"

"Oh, I admire her all right," said Fanny, quickly; "don't make any mistake about that. She 's good; she 's so good she does n't see what things mean. There 's lots of ways I know him better than she does. She should n't have sent him down here with me that way. She did n't know, though I tried to tell her; but I was afraid to say too much. You are with good people; they get such ideas in their heads; they think things worse than they are. Besides, I did n't know him then. I thought he was just an ordinary man."

"You interest me, Mademoiselle," said Marcel, "quite extraordinarily. But what makes you think Geoffrey is not an ordinary man?"

Fanny swallowed nervously.

"Well," she said, "as far as that goes, I suppose I may as well tell you. I tried him, and even after that he was good to me just the same, not because I was—what I was, but because I was *me*. I 'd never let him down after that, never!" Fanny paused; then she said, with a quick glance at Marcel, "I could, though, quite easily."

"And that 's why you want to go away?" Marcel asked.

"Yes," said Fanny.

"But you say always," Marcel objected, "that he only liked you. One gathers that he retained his love for his betrothed. Why, now then that his marriage is approaching, is he not safer still?"

Fanny frowned.

"I let him be safe then," she said, "because I was all right myself; I was doing things for him. It 's funny how that makes you feel. I could have gone on always like that, but when that stopped, I got frightened; I could n't keep my mind off him."

"But, Mademoiselle,—forgive me,—" said Marcel, "do you realize at all that what you say implies that you care very much for my friend, and that this emotion will make a return to your former existence extremely difficult? Have you considered this point?"

Fanny gave a sudden laugh.

"That 's why I went on those rocks," she said, "considering it. I could n't do it again; the water felt so cold. But you can't say I have n't tried to get out of it, can you?"

"No, Mademoiselle," said Marcel, gently; "you have been very faithful to your friends."

"Well, you see, I never had any before," Fanny explained. "If you think I 've behaved all right, will this make you take me to Paris?"

Marcel's softness disappeared.

"About that," he said, "we must be practical."

"All I want is for you to take me over there; then I 'll find my feet. I never have been helped much by people."

"Very well, then," said Marcel, slowly; "I will do this thing. It will be a very grave scandal, but to break a marriage, that, I take it, is worse. We will say farewell now, Mademoiselle. I take the five-thirty from St. Ives. You will be kind enough to go by an earlier train to the little junction beyond, at which my train arrives at six. There I shall find you."

Fanny rose. She looked relieved.

Marcel did not offer to shake hands; he did not even smile. He regarded her very gravely, and taking off his hat he bowed, holding it in his hand.

"Allow me to say, Mademoiselle," he said, "that I very much respect you for what you are about to do."

Fanny stared. It was the bold, unswerving, stupid stare of her class. Without a word she turned and left him.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Marcel, going back to the tulips and opening his paper, "that is a derelict—one of those boats that sink, but never sink enough, on which the unwary strike! For the unwary I have always had pity, but this is the first time that I have found myself pitying the derelict! Personally, I am a little on edge with the affair. I do not like women who are not in love with me, but one must make sacrifices upon the altar of friendship. Also, when she arrives in Paris, she shall sit to me for the figure. That will repay me for a good deal. *Le bon Dieu* knew perfectly how to make her, though He seems to have overlooked the necessity for taking any precautions afterward. It seems a great pity."

Before Marcel caught the evening train he wrote a short letter to Geoffrey:

Mon cher, what I am about to do appears singularly base. I wonder if you will know that it is not. We have lived together, worked together, understood each other as far as in this imperfect world it is possible for two beings to understand each other. I know that you do not pick pockets or lie, it is possible that you also know the same of me. But women finish these things, in men's hearts, where they wish to find only room for themselves and their conveniences. I do not say all women, not even all good women, but many good women—they make what is called a clean sweep. Think what on the whole is easiest of me, then; Miss Emily will guide you. But remember this: I am a man who has never respected women, but I respect Mademoiselle Fanny; do not, therefore, respect her less than I. When you have been married five years come alone to Paris, and I will explain the reason for our action. In the meantime accept my strongest felicitations for your happiness and for that of the charming Mademoiselle Emily, who will never forgive me.

Emily never did.

CHAPTER XI

GEOFFREY took Marcel's note to "The Nest." It was all he could do, but he did n't want to do it.

There was a high wind blowing; the scarlet tulips were over, and there was nothing left of their glory but their rather unsightly sticks. The sweet-peas and the roses had n't yet come out.

It was early in the morning, and Geoffrey refused to go in. He did n't want to see them all sitting round the breakfast-table being shocked at Fanny.

He was n't shocked himself; he was completely bewildered and stunned. He did n't see the point of it, but it had already occurred to him that the point of it was n't being shocked. It seemed to him that to see Emily in the garden alone would be quite enough.

There are some women whom high winds suit; they look their best with their hair blown about their eyes, their clothes flowing, and their color heightened. Geoffrey had thought that Fanny in a wind was like the figure in the Naples Museum called "A Girl Hastening." But Emily was not slim enough to hasten, and moral indignation and a high wind proved very unbecoming to her. She came down the garden path as if she were being pushed from behind. Geoffrey saw that she had already heard from Fanny.

"Look," Emily said, "at this!" She held between her finger and thumb, at some little distance from her, a note from Fanny. Fanny had written:

Dear Miss Emily: I know you won't like it, and I'm very sorry, but I had to get away. I have gone with Monsieur Dupin to Paris. It was n't his fault. I made him take me.

FANNY.

"Is n't it incredible! Is n't it utterly loathsome and base!" Emily almost shrieked at Geoffrey as they entered a small summer-house together. They had to get somewhere out of the wind.

"I can't understand it," Geoffrey muttered helplessly.

"Understand it!" cried Emily. "What is there to understand? The man is a cad, simply an unscrupulous French roué; and Fanny—I see that now; I trusted her too much—Fanny is *really* bad. I never knew human nature could be so utterly vile. Think, Geoffrey, think what I've done for her!"

Geoffrey thought. Emily had spent very nearly twenty pounds on Fanny. She had lent her her cottage for a fortnight, she had given her some old clothes and a great deal of good advice. He remembered what Fanny had wanted to do for Emily, and he looked away from the flushed, indignant face before him.

Fanny would n't have got angry if Emily had done something wrong; she would have wanted to cover it up. Emily was uncovering Fanny.

"I had safeguarded everything as far as I could," she went on. "I never gave her money. I always managed to have it paid for her. It is always safer not to let a person like that deal with money direct. She could n't have paid for her railway-ticket if that wretched man had n't taken her."

"Good God!" cried Geoffrey, "what on earth became of that check I gave you for her, for the sittings?"

"Oh, I never gave her that," said Emily, calmly. "I arranged with her that it was to help with her expenses. I thought it better not. Why do you look as if you were angry, Geoffrey? Surely I had a right to do what I thought best for her?"

"I don't see that you had any right," said Geoffrey, hotly, "to keep money from her that she had earned. If I had dreamed of such a thing, I should have insisted upon her being paid. Can't you see that she could n't get away without taking his money? You *forced* her to go with Dupin!"

"What perfect nonsense, Geoffrey!" said Emily, impatiently. "Besides, why on earth should she want to go away unless she was thoroughly bad? If she *did*, she could have said so. Do be sensible about it. I think you are forgetting how I found Fanny and what I have done for

her. I have spent a great deal more than that on her, and I would have gladly spent twice as much to save her; but I don't know why we are talking about money. This is n't a question of money; it is sim-

pletely without adoration; besides, he spoke as if he was on the side of Fanny and Marcel.

"Surely, surely," said Emily, "you don't condone what they have done?"



"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, GEOFFREY?" SHE SAID.

ply a question of moral evil. How could they be so base?"

"How do you know they are base?" asked Geoffrey. "Everything one can't understand is n't necessarily base."

Emily had never heard Geoffrey speak like this before. His voice had a hard, cutting quality, and he eyed her com-

"My dear girl," said Geoffrey, "I don't condone or condemn anything that I can't make head or tail of. Here is Marcel's letter. Read it for yourself. You will see there they had some extraordinary reason for what they did. That's what bothers me; I can't make it out."

Emily hurled back her hair, and read

what Marcel had written. Of course she did n't believe a word of it.

"Do you mean seriously to tell me," she asked, "that you 're taken in by this stuff? My dear Geoffrey, a child would see that Monsieur Dupin has just concocted this to get out of an awkward situation. All that about respecting Fanny is simply the most disgusting hypocrisy. You don't take girls whom you respect to Paris."

"You might," said Geoffrey, perversely; "you might take people anywhere if you respected them."

Emily saw for the first time what the Amberleys meant about Geoffrey. He was incalculable. He might get under the ten commandments or do something silly. She took a deep breath before she answered him; then she said with kindly patience:

"Come, Geoffrey, do you really mean to say that you think Monsieur Dupin has taken Fanny to Paris to treat her like a sister?"

Geoffrey swore under his breath. She had him there. He knew quite well Marcel would not treat Fanny like a sister.

He felt as if the summer-house was extremely small and as if he could n't get out of it. Emily filled it; she filled everything, and she was being more sensible than she was adorable.

"Men always stick up for each other in the most absurd way," she said after a pause. "Now, I was really fond of Fanny, and yet I don't pretend to make excuses for her."

"I think you ought to," said Geoffrey, stiffly. "I mean—I don't see why you say you *were* fond of Fanny. Why don't you say you *are*? She's the same Fanny."

"Oh, no, dear, she is not," said Emily, inexorably. "She deceived me. I went at once to Miss Loomis before breakfast this morning and to Fanny's landlady. Neither of them had the slightest suspicion. Mrs. Cadge said no gentleman had ever been near the place, or she would have seen him. They must have met secretly."

Geoffrey winced. He wondered why privacy should be called secrecy.

"And Miss Loomis," Emily went on,

"declared that at my special request she had made a point of being present at all Monsieur Dupin's sittings. She says she was never out of the room and that nothing passed between them whatever. Sometimes Monsieur Dupin spoke to Fanny, the simplest civilities, but generally he talked to Miss Loomis herself. Fanny never looked at him. Think how sly she must have been! The whole thing makes me perfectly sick."

"I do wish," said Geoffrey, fiercely, "that you would stop talking as if they were a couple of deceitful conspirators. Even if they did go off together to be as immoral as you like, as far as I can see they are under no obligation to either of us to advertise the fact. There was no reason why they should consult us. I admit it 's disappointing for you about Fanny, but nothing you did for her gave you the slightest right to dictate her course of action. She did n't hoodwink you. As long as she could live the kind of life you had urged upon her she did it, and when for some reason best known to herself she decided against it, she gives you the straight tip and walks off. I 'm hanged if I can see what you want to tear the roof off for about Fanny. As for Marcel, I know him like the back of my hand. He 's absolutely truthful. If he 'd carried Fanny off for the fun of the thing, he 'd have said so. If he says he did n't, I 'm willing to take his word for it. I came up here prepared to apologize for him, but you 've taken the wind out of my sails. You accuse him of too much."

"Geoffrey," said Emily, quietly, "I do not think you are quite yourself this morning. Don't you see, can't you understand, that something really *dreadful* has happened? It can't even be hushed up. People know all about it. It 's been most disagreeable for mother and father! Oh, I never dreamed I should have to *urge* you to see how horrible it all is! It 's immoral; it 's impossible to accept such things as the end of civilization."

"As far as I am concerned," said Geoffrey, bitterly, "civilization can end to-morrow."

He was thinking of what civilization had contributed toward Fanny. Perhaps Emily had done rather better out of it; at any rate she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

Geoffrey stood with his back to her at the door of the summer-house. Every now and then his eyes wandered over "The Nest." It was an extremely comfortable, well-built house.

"Geoffrey," she said at last. He turned at the sound of her voice and looked at her.

"I was n't going to tell you," said Emily, slowly, "but I think I must now. What do you suppose Miss Loomis said when I told her about Fanny?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey in a bored voice. "I don't see why you told her anything."

"She said," Emily went on, fixing him with strange, watchful eyes, "Well, if Fanny had a fancy, I should have thought it was for your Mr. Amberley."

Geoffrey walked down the steps of the summer-house and began kicking at the gravel.

"I hate American women," he said shortly, without looking up.

"Of course," said Emily, steadily, "I told her there had never been anything, not the least little thing to make us think that. There never has been, has there, Geoffrey?"

"I suppose," said Geoffrey, "you think you have a right to ask me a question like that? Well, you have n't. You have a right to ask me if I cared about her, and I'll answer you. I'm hanged if I know whether I did or not."

He ought n't to have put it like that; he knew he ought n't. What had upset him, what had made him angrier and angrier and less and less a lover, was that Emily only seemed sorry for herself. He kept waiting and hoping that she'd say, "Don't you see it's because I mind so horribly about Fanny?" But she did n't seem to mind it for Fanny. She never seemed to have seen the real Fanny at all, either the Fanny who could do it or the Fanny who would mind it. Geoffrey had

seen them both, and stronger than his sense of bewilderment was the sense of how Fanny did n't like it, did n't like this life to which she had suddenly turned back without a reason, without a farewell.

He heard Emily's voice behind him, a little faint as to tone, but quite steady and rather like a gimlet.

"I suppose you know what this means, Geoffrey?" she said. "It means the end of our engagement."

Geoffrey pulled himself together with difficulty.

"That's for you to decide, Emily," he said. "I am at your service. I will do whatever you like, but I can't give up caring for Marcel and Fanny."

Emily rose slowly and came out of the summer-house.

"If you care for what is bad," she asked, standing beside him, "how am I to believe you really have cared for what is good?"

She separated the two quite easily, and he saw that in her own eyes she stood for what was good. The Amberleys, of course, would have agreed with her.

"My dear," said Geoffrey, "is n't the good—what there is of it—big enough for all of us? Have we got to be always picking and choosing in other people's lives?"

"Ah," said Emily, bitterly, "you make it worse. You *do* condone it. I know why now: it's simply because you like her."

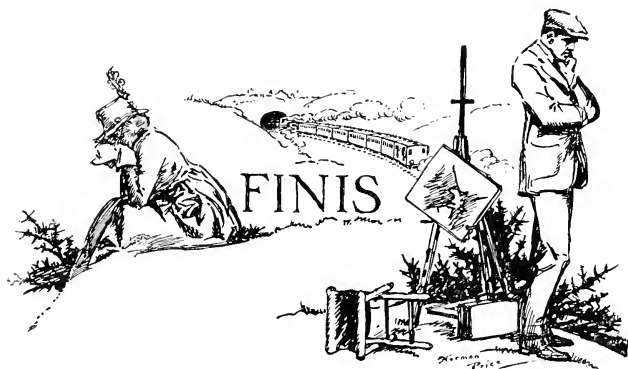
She hesitated for a moment, but Geoffrey said nothing more. He was n't, at this time of day, going to deny that he liked Fanny.

He did not watch Emily leave him, blown between the tattered tulips toward the house. He was still wondering what on earth Fanny had done it for? Could it have been just to avoid what had already taken place, the breaking of their engagement? If she had, how sickening to have had to let her sacrifice be wasted! And yet, was it wasted? For he knew now that if it had n't been broken, things more sickening would have happened still. Fanny had broken their happiness, but

could she have broken anything that was n't so fragile as to be a standing danger to life?

It was n't Fanny's fault or Fanny's flight; it was the way that Emily had taken it that had torn the heart out of his devotion for her.

Still, it was rather hard on Emily. Geoffrey continued to think it was rather hard on Emily, and everybody else agreed with him. The Amberleys were furious. They were furious for two years, at the end of which time civilization recuperated, and Emily married Tom.



The Hope of Our Merchant Marine

I. Our Maritime Resources

By JOHN HEARD, JR.

THE war-time demand upon the merchant marine of the United States is likely to be threefold:

1. Vessels which can act as tenders and supply-ships for our navy.
2. Vessels suitable for the transportation of supplies and munitions.
3. Vessels capable of serving as transports in the event of our sending men abroad.

To understand the situation, a few words of explanation as to the type of vessels best adapted to these several purposes are necessary. The ships which are called upon to coöperate with the navy are known as bulk-freighters; they are designed to carry such materials as coal, grain, ore, and similar cargoes that can be loaded in a mass, the bottom part of which will not suffer from the great weight of the upper layers. Such ships are of the utmost importance not only to our navy, which is very insufficiently supplied with colliers and supply-ships, but to the English navy, operating in the North Atlantic, where supplies of fuel and food will be of material assistance.

The second type is composed of the ordinary freighters, which are usually operated on fixed lines or as "tramps," which would be necessary to transport munitions and food to Europe.

The third class, although not so immediately needed, since obviously we cannot send troops to Europe for a year, if at all, should not be overlooked in reviewing our marine resources. It is in every way impractical to send men abroad in contingents of fewer than a thousand, and usually two thousand are considered as few as it is advisable to transport in one detachment. Consequently, a specialized form of vessel is needed.

What equipment can our maritime railroads put at the disposal of the country? On January 1, 1917, the total tonnage of the United States was approximately 4,000,000 tons,¹ exclusive of the tonnage on the Great Lakes, which was slightly over 3,100,000. Disregarding the latter for the moment, let us examine how the 4,000,000 tons is divided. About 3,250,000 tons, or eighty-one per cent., is owned by forty-one companies. The balance is distributed among a large number of small concerns, each owning two or three vessels. For convenience of tabulation, however, it will be as well to disregard them as component parts, and also to eliminate the tonnage of sailing vessels from our estimates. The above 3,250,000 tons divides itself roughly into the following groups,² with their relative percentages of the total:

Oil	1,083,000 tons, or 33.3 per cent.
General cargo	744,000 tons, or 23.7 per cent.
Bulk cargo	270,000 tons, or 8.3 per cent.
Passenger and cargo	1,129,000 tons, or 34.7 per cent.

To the casual observer it would appear that the country is not badly off for ships. Several very important facts, however, should be noted. 33.3 per cent. of our ships, the oil- and molasses-carriers,

¹This figure, like all similar subsequent figures in this article, is computed in dead-weight tonnage.

²These groups are in turn divided according to individual ownership, as appears in the following table:

OIL	
Texas Company	74,750
Standard Oil Companies	529,700
Associated Oil Company	43,110
Cuba Distilling Company	42,170
Atlantic Refining Company	21,500
Gulf Refining Company	67,000
Petroleum Transport Company	75,600
Shell Company	41,780
Sun Oil Company	57,000
Union Oil Company	84,320
Vacuum Oil Company	46,000

are adapted, and can be adapted, for no other service than the one for which they are constructed, since a tanker has no hatches, no cargo-handling gear, no ventilation, and is usually divided into tanks useless for cargo. 34.7 per cent., the passenger and cargo boats, although available for other service in emergency, are highly specialized, built for a certain trade, and ill suited to any other. This is particularly true of the United Fruit, Atlantic Gulf & West Indies, Matson Line and Munson Line vessels. The bulk-freighters are good enough of their sort, but constitute only 8.3 per cent. of our merchant fleet, where many times that number is necessary. The general-cargo steamers are nearly all excellent ships, but there are deplorably few of them. Perhaps of paramount importance is the fact that, as may be seen from the present abnormal freight-rates, there is a very great shortage of tonnage. In other words, since these vessels are already incapable of handling our water transportation, how is it possible for them to increase their activities in case of war? The argument will doubtless present itself that a large percentage of our bottoms are engaged in private enterprises, which, if the welfare of the nation demanded it, could be abandoned. This is a fallacy in that, although the United Fruit and Munson fleets, for example, are operated for the benefit of the stockholders of those companies, they are engaged in businesses that are essential to the welfare of the country at large. If, let us say, the two fleets above mentioned were commandeered for government work, such a

shortage of sugar would soon be felt that the country would suffer severely. The same is equally true of the fleets that carry coal to the New England mills and of those freighting raw materials, such as hides and wool, from South America. In a word, should any substantial part of our vessels be taken from their usual business, many of the industries on which we most count not only for domestic purposes, but for the munitions and supplies which it will be our part to contribute to Europe, will be paralyzed.

From the point of view of possible troop-transports, the greatest number of ships which could be called upon within a month capable of crossing the Atlantic and carrying a thousand or more men, with nothing but their actual field equipment, is fifty-six, and of these very few—not more than ten—could carry over a thousand men. Assuming that every ship capable of carrying troops or of being converted from freighters to passenger-boats within a year was commandeered, there would even then be only ninety-six ships available. If each ship made one round trip a month, and, for the sake of argument, carried fifteen hundred men, it would take one year to transport 1,000,000 men to Europe, with no equipment, assuming that not a single ship was lost, laid up for repairs, or delayed.

Unpleasant as it is, we are forced to admit that our merchant marine is utterly incapable of meeting the demands which would be made upon it in the event of war.

It is not particularly encouraging to

GENERAL CARGO

Crowell & Thurlow S.S. Company.....	25,000
American Hawaiian S.S. Company.....	212,000
American Transportation Company.....	20,875
American Trans-Atlantic Company.....	30,600
Atlantic & Pacific S.S. Company.....	82,000
Barber & Company.....	36,125
A. H. Bull S.S. Company.....	72,325
Robert Dollar S.S. Company.....	39,315
Luckenbach S.S. Company.....	142,175
Oceanic S.S. Company.....	28,975
United States Steel Products Company....	54,000

BULK CARGO

Coastwise Transportation Company.....	80,000
New England Coal & Coke Company.....	41,300
Berwind White Coal Company.....	22,035

Crowell & Thurlow S.S. Company.....	23,500
Darrow-Mann Company.....	25,000
Geo. E. Warren & C. H. Sprague.....	6,500
United States S.S. Company.....	16,000
Panama Railroad.....	30,000
United States Steel Products Company....	23,000

PASSENGER AND CARGO

Munson Line.....	55,625
A. G. & W. I. (including all subsidiaries) ..	313,000
Matson Line.....	62,410
Pacific Mail S.S. Company.....	99,840
International Mercantile Marine.....	111,875
Southern Pacific Company.....	172,722
United Fruit Company.....	176,117
Alaska S.S. Company.....	49,360
Pacific Coast S.S. Company.....	38,350

realize that in eighteen months the situation will not be materially changed by the addition of new vessels now building, or under contract to be built, in the various shipyards of the United States. The reason is that, unless the Government takes over all these contracts in one way or another, very nearly forty per cent. of them will pass to foreign owners, the majority of which are Norwegian.

On January 1, 1917, contracts placed and ships under construction amounted approximately to 2,023,000 tons, subdivided as follows:

	<i>Atlantic yards</i>	<i>Pacific yards</i>	<i>Great Lakes yards</i>
Oil	514,000	188,000	3,100
General cargo . .	498,000	385,200	114,600
Bulk cargo . . .	139,000		130,800
Passenger and cargo . . .	46,800	None reported	None reported
Total . . .	1,197,800	573,200	248,500

Of this it must be remembered that forty per cent. is for foreign account. Yet even if this was all taken over by the Government, the following result would be reached, assuming a constant loss of ten per cent. on totals, and figuring on six month periods: at the end of eighteen months the total tonnage of the United States exclusive of the Great Lakes fleets would be only approximately 4,700,000.

These figures conclusively prove that, although generally the impression is that we are rapidly increasing our marine resources and threatening to assume a prominent position among marine powers, we are not, and if we wish to gain such a position, we must redouble our efforts.

The next question which naturally presents itself is, What of the 3,000,000 tons of shipping now on the Great Lakes? Why is it not available?

Lake-built ships are a highly specialized type evolved by degrees to meet local requirements, and not specially suited for ocean service. The construction is weaker, and ill adapted to the greater strain of ocean weather; few, if any, of these ships are fitted with condensers, since, operating in fresh water, they need none, taking their boiler water directly from the lakes; the arrangement of accommodations, bridge,

and boilers is not practical for deep-water service. Naturally these objections can be overcome to some degree, and during the last year or two a number of such vessels have been put into the Atlantic. In addition to these objections, the fundamental reason why this large proportion of our tonnage is not available is that it cannot be taken out of the lakes. The Welland Canal can handle ships only up to 261 feet in length, or of approximately 3000 tons. All larger vessels must be cut in two, taken through in pieces, and then reconstructed. Before the war the Canadian Government was planning to increase the size of the canal, so that it could handle ships up to 10,000 tons; but all work has been suspended, and will not be resumed until after the termination of hostilities.

Of tonnage now under construction in the Great Lakes yards, thirty-seven ships, of about 118,500 tons, could be brought through the canal. Probably almost every steamer now in commission which could be used for ocean service has already been taken out of the lakes, so that, unless great alterations were undertaken, no further tonnage could be counted on. Even were such alterations deemed advisable, it is obvious that the time necessary would be great, in addition to affecting most seriously the Great Lakes industries as well as taking the time of shipyards that should be devoted to the construction of new tonnage.

This only emphasizes more strongly the fact that the country is deplorably deficient in ships.

It must always be kept in mind that the power and effectiveness of a navy is not only enhanced by, but to a great extent depends on, the support of the merchant marine. We plan prodigious naval programs, yet we do virtually nothing to assist the less showy, but almost equally important, branch of marine preparedness.

In June, 1915, Admiral Benson, acting secretary of the navy, was asked:

Considering our navy as it is to-day, and having reference to its maximum usefulness and efficiency in time of war, what number

of merchant vessels and what total tonnage would be required?

He answered:

There would be required 400 merchant vessels for auxiliaries, with a total of 2,668,000 tons.¹ In addition to the above, should our own coast be invaded or even occasionally visited, there would be required a large number of small vessels fitted for mine-sweeping; at least 324 of such vessels, all about 150 gross tons each.

In other words, 67½ per cent. of our total maritime resources, not making provision for the small vessels above mentioned, would be necessary to bring our own navy to maximum efficiency. Note that if this were done, we should be obliged to accomplish with 32½ per cent. of our merchant fleet what 100 per cent. of that fleet has found it impossible to perform. Note further that not one ship would remain for transporting supplies or troops to Europe after supplying our own naval and industrial requirements. Will nothing arouse the country to this fact?

Let us now examine the situation as far as our shipyards are concerned. We have seen the inadequacy of our existing maritime resources. What facilities have we for increasing them?

A sharp distinction should be drawn between the Great Lakes ship-building plants and those on our coasts. Perhaps the clearest way of demonstrating the difference is to express it in terms of the financial standing of the two types. In the middle West ship-building has been highly successful; ship-building securities are looked upon as very high-grade investments, are well known, and are very popular. In the East shipyards have not been successful. Ship-building securities are a drug on the market, are little known, and are considered very doubtful investments. This is due to the fact that coast yards have been unable to compete with foreign countries, England in particular, whereas the lake yards have driven their competitors from the field. For these

¹ 1,172,000 tons gross.

reasons many people cognizant only of the lake yards consider us well provided, or, knowing nothing of the coast yards, the only ones of real value, judge them by analogy with the lake plants. To be sure, during the last two years the great demand for ships has so filled the coast yards that financially they are prosperous, and owing to pressure they have been forced to improve and systematize their plants, until to-day they are far more efficient than two years ago, although still utterly incapable of meeting the nation's requirements.

Taking the more prominent yards from the point of view of usefulness to the Government in case of emergency, they divide themselves into three classes.

Class A, which should be commandeered immediately, is composed of:

1. The Bath Iron Works at Bath, Maine.

This yard is especially adapted to the construction of torpedo-boats, submarines, and small gunboats. As a repair yard it is not important, having no dry-dock, and for the construction of merchant vessels it is ill equipped, having capacity for only two ships of not over 9000 tons each.

2. The Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point, Maryland.

This yard is especially well adapted for the construction of all sorts of vessels which could be used as naval tenders. It has no dry-dock for repair-work. It is a large yard and has six slips, but could probably not handle battle-ships, although a few alterations would fit it for any sort of construction work.

3. Fore River Ship-building Corporation, Quincy, Massachusetts.

This is one of the largest and best-equipped yards in the country, and is capable of handling any sort of construction, regardless of size.

4. Newport News Ship-building & Dry Dock, Newport News, Virginia.

This is one of our largest shipyards, and is capable of handling all sorts of construction and repair-work. At the present time it is hampered by insufficient quarters in the neighborhood to accommodate the necessary number of men. In case of gov-

ernmental control, this difficulty would be obviated by disposing of the extra labor in tents, thus increasing the capacity of the yard.

5. New York Ship-building Corporation, Camden, New Jersey.

This yard is capable of handling any and all forms of construction, but has no dry-dock for repairs.

6. William Cramp & Sons' Ship & Engine Building Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This yard can handle any size construction work, has one dry-dock, and can do repair-work on vessels up to 8000 tons. As it has kept space open for government work, which up to last February had not been awarded, it could handle a little more business.

7. Seattle Construction & Dry Dock Company, Seattle, Washington.

This yard could do any form of work required and has dry-docks for repair purposes.

8. Union Iron Works, San Francisco, California.

This is the largest yard on the Pacific coast, and can handle any form of construction or repair-work, although all the materials used must be brought from the East.

9. The Robins Dry Dock & Repair Company, Tietjen & Lang Repair Company, Shewan & Sons, and the Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company, all of New York, as well as a number of smaller yards in other places, would all be taken for repair purposes, although only the Shewan and Morse yards could be used for dry-docking large battle-ships.

Class B comprises yards which would be of ultimate value, but which presumably would not be commandeered at the outset, and includes the following:

1. The Baltimore Dry Dock & Ship-building Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

2. Harlan & Hollingsworth Corporation, Wilmington, Delaware.

3. Pusey & Jones Company, Wilmington, Delaware.

4. Staten Island Ship-building Company, Port Richmond, New York.

5. The Sun Ship-building Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

All the above yards are equipped to construct small naval vessels, fleet auxiliaries, cruisers, etc., and to do repair-work, although for one reason or another their facilities are not of a sort which would make them of immediate importance to the Government in case of war.

Class C includes shipyards not well adapted to the work required early in the war, and are plants which would be taken over only in the case of a protracted emergency. The following should be included:

1. Pennsylvania Ship-building Company, Gloucester, New Jersey.

2. Standard Ship-building Corporation, New York City.

3. Texas Ship-building Company, Bath, Maine.

4. J. F. Duthie & Company, Seattle, Washington.

5. Skinner & Eddy Corporation, Seattle, Washington.

6. Willamette Iron & Steel Works, Portland, Oregon.

7. California Ship-building Company, Long Beach, California.

8. Chester Ship-building Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

The above three classes are naturally very rough divisions and contain only the names of the more prominent concerns. Others exist, but, like many of the ship-building companies, are individually of too little importance to receive detailed attention in an article of these dimensions.

In summing up, we find that of all the yards only two are not hooked to maximum capacity, and furthermore it will be found that it is impossible, even by bringing additional pressure to bear, materially to increase the total output of the United States yards. In case of emergency only one course can be adopted to hasten the construction of vessels. It has been estimated that if the Government was to take control of the steel mills which supply material to the yards, the output might be increased twenty-five per cent., and even this is far from a certainty.

Some people will doubtless cry out that more yards should be built. This most certainly is true, but from the point of view of immediate assistance the idea is absurd, since, if everything were prepared, eight months is the minimum in which a yard can be constructed. Add to that another eight months for the building of a ship, and it will be noted that sixteen months at the very least would elapse before a new ship could be floated.

The only conclusion one can possibly reach from the above statements, which are believed to be accurate, is that not only is our merchant marine pitifully deficient, but that our shipyards are to-day hopelessly incapable of affording the assistance our Government in war-time or our industries in peace may need.

The United States has suffered losses in the war, although these losses have been relatively small; the United States has an inadequate merchant fleet, and at the moment inadequate yards. On the other hand, the United States has everything at hand to increase her maritime power. Every sort of raw material necessary for ship construction exists abundantly within our borders. Formerly we were the masters of the sea. Many of our citizens have derived fortunes and should have derived seafaring traditions from their ancestors. Our engineers have been found equal to any problem set them, and not only equal to, but superior to, those of other nations; we have never seriously entered on any field of activity in which we have not been able to hold our own. Whole districts available for shipyards have never even been contemplated as possible locations. The Chesapeake Bay region is admirably adapted for ship-building plants, and yet only one yard exists in that region. Many sites along the Maine coast are suitable for shipyards; not a plant of any importance is to be found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States. But the country does nothing to grasp the wonderful opportunity presented to us to reinstate ourselves in the front rank of maritime powers.

It is almost axiomatic that no nation is

self-supporting, at least commercially, which must depend on foreign bottoms to carry its exports and imports. Certainly England has given us proof positive of the necessity of a merchant marine in times of stress, and yet we, productively and strategically one of the best adapted nations of the world to acquire maritime superiority, if not supremacy, have refused to lift a finger.

Maritime power is only to a certain degree in the hands of the Government. With it, to be sure, lies the important factor of encouraging or discouraging shipping enterprises by proper legislation. But it is the individual men of the nation who hold the whip hand. If capital will lend its assistance or, better still, turn its attention to this field of investment, the Government will soon follow their lead, and very few years will elapse before the stars and stripes will be restored to the commanding position it once held.

We cannot build shipyards if no one will back them financially. We cannot maintain shipyards if no one will order ships. We cannot order ships unless some one will agree to pay for them. Forthwith the cry goes up from the capitalists: "We have tried and we have lost money. Why should we throw more gold into the sea?" This is not true; most emphatically this is not true. The truth is, that with almost no exception shipping enterprises organized and run by shipping men have been successful, and shipping enterprises undertaken and managed by bankers have been unsuccessful. Is it surprising? Would one expect a railroad run by a sailor, a mill managed by a doctor, to prosper? That we can engage profitably in ship-building has been amply demonstrated in the Great Lakes districts, where our yards have driven competitors out of business. And why? Because the public was willing to lend its financial backing, was willing to invest in ship-building properties and securities; above all, took an interest in the enterprises. Steamship lines like the American-Hawaiian, the Crowell & Thurlow, and the Luckenbach, organized, financed, and

managed by shipping men, have proved conclusively that shipping is profitable even under onerous legislation.

Until the middle fifties, despite the bitter opposition of England, we were a recognized and preëminently successful maritime power. We were then a tract of land along the sea-coast, living by trade, import and export. Many causes even prior to the Civil War combined to check our activities in that field, until England had gained such a superiority in maritime affairs that, rather than attempt to overcome her lead, we turned our attention to the development of our internal resources,

the vast middle West. In terms of simile, we built our factory. We have now built our plant, probably the finest in the world; we are ready to export; our railroads, built by private capital, are ready to carry our products to the sea-coast. Shall American goods be carried in American bottoms or in the ships of foreigners? This great country of ours must not be left completely at the mercy of foreign nations in its trade relations with them because we lack the necessary ships; our navy, our greatest and only defense against the world, must not be left crippled through the lack of a supporting merchant marine.

II. Reviving Our Merchant Marine

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Fair Play for the Railroads," etc.

AUTHORITIES agree that we have arrived at a most important turning-point in the history of American shipping. If the European War had not occurred, this point would inevitably have been reached, but probably much more slowly. War conditions have brought into startling relief the significance and the dangers of the decadent state of our merchant marine. They have brought home to the Government and to commercial interests generally the necessity of abandoning our old policy of allowing American shipping to develop at haphazard. Incidentally the war has opened to us an opportunity for expansion in marine affairs such as we have not had in a century and a quarter. The question is, Will the impetus given by war conditions be merely transitory, or can it be utilized as the start of a long period of great marine development? The answer lies wholly with our own wisdom and initiative.

The auguries are favorable. Indications are multiplying that at last the United States is preparing to reconquer its lost position as a real factor in the carrying trade of the world. In two years after the war began we doubled our tonnage in foreign trade. The current fiscal year

promises to break all records for American ship-building.

The history of the American merchant marine in foreign trade for the quarter of a century preceding the war is a record of frustration and failure. During this period, while the merchant tonnage of the world almost doubled in amount, our tonnage registered for other than domestic service remained virtually the same. In 1891 and in 1914 it was about a million tons. At the outbreak of the Civil War it was about two and a half millions. This is a shameful loss.

Meanwhile we had built up on the Great Lakes a splendid fleet of over three million tons, probably the most economical merchant vessels in the world, able to carry cargo at $\frac{98}{100}$ of a cent per mile, and return a good profit to the owners. During these years the tonnage produced by the shipyards of the Great Lakes exceeded that of the yards of the whole Atlantic coast. In addition to the lake fleet, we had our steadily growing coastwise fleet, including the fine vessels plying between our continental ports and our island possessions, all this traffic, except that to and from the Philippines, being protected against foreign competition by the

law requiring that our domestic commerce be carried in American bottoms.

We had in 1914 the second largest merchant fleet in the world, but fewer than one seventh of our ships sailed between our ports and those of any foreign nation. A single line, the American, had vessels running regularly between the United States and European ports. Aside from these steamers, the sight of the American flag on a merchant ship in any European port was a rarity.

We have been slackers on the sea. Alone among the nations we have trusted to Providence to build up a merchant marine for us. Aside from occasional trust-busting forays and intermittent tinkering with the tariff, it has been our custom to trust to Providence in economic affairs. The results have not been happy. At the beginning of the war our railroad development was in a condition of stagnation; business generally was suffering from the results of a campaign of ten years of governmental hostility and repression; we had barely succeeded, after years of discussion, in modifying our medieval banking and currency laws, which led us into periodical financial disturbances, causing widespread misery; we had built up a great navy, but had characteristically done nothing to develop the merchant marine that must furnish the auxiliaries to make the navy effective in time of war; we were increasing our foreign trade faster than any other nation, but alone among the nations we were not adding to our merchant tonnage to carry that trade. In short, our lawmakers had shown a disinclination or inability to solve our great economic problems by adopting progressive national policies. Our shipping interests in world trade probably suffered from this more than any other branch of commerce, because other nations made it a practice to force the development of their shipping.

The decline in our merchant marine began in the late fifties. A vast amount of capital was withdrawn from investment in shipping during the Civil War, and it was never returned.

Since that time we have been absorbed

in our tremendous internal development. The exploitation of our natural resources, the upbuilding of our railroads and manufactures, promised greater and steadier returns for investors than shipping. The sons of our seamen went into factories or business or migrated to the West. They could earn more money in less hazardous occupations, offering greater opportunities. From every hundred square miles in continental United States, according to a recent government estimate, only five men seek employment as seamen, as compared with two hundred and forty men in England and forty-three in Germany.

Many things contributed to our decay on the seas. American ships had to be built in American yards. Wages here were from a quarter to a third higher than in British yards, and materials ran to about fifty per cent. higher. According to a German authority, a few years before the war steel plates were selling at \$41.40 per ton in the United States, \$25.50 in England, \$30.25 in Germany. In many lines of production American manufacturers, through standardization and a high degree of factory efficiency, had been able to make up for higher wages and materials and compete most successfully with European rivals in foreign trade. This has been effected notably by manufacturers of automobiles, farm machinery, tools, and sewing-machines. But the moderate demands on our shipyards militated against such efficiency.

Moreover, American ships were more costly to operate than foreign ships. The running charges were greater. Our laws and customs required higher standards of food and accommodations for the seamen than those observed on foreign ships. The wages of our ships' officers have been nearly double those paid abroad, and of the men about twenty-five per cent. higher.

Among other great nations the building of a merchant marine has been considered so essential to the welfare of the nation in peace, and in war so vital for national defense, that a policy of coddling and subsidizing the shipping industry has been

general. It is estimated that Great Britain pays out from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 yearly in subsidies or bounties. The construction of great liners like the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* has been financed by the Government. Germany has paid postal subventions to lines to the colonies, and construction bounties in the form of customs exemptions and preferential railroad rates for ship-building material. In addition the Government makes special railroad rates on goods from the interior bound for the East on German lines, and the Turkish and Bulgarian railroads have coöperated to extend this practice in the case of German ships. Of late years France has been paying as much as \$12,000,000 annually in subsidies and bounties, and the Japanese Government not far from \$10,000,000 on its carefully arranged system of subsidies. Little Norway, which stands fourth among the nations in merchant tonnage, pays out \$5,000,000. Belgium has made large three-per-cent. loans to shipping companies and admits building material duty free. Virtually all the other European nations have some form of direct or indirect subsidy.

For years the United States has been paying upward of a million dollars annually to certain American steamship lines. Beyond that, up to 1912, virtually nothing was done by the Government to develop American shipping. We trusted to muddle through.

In world commerce our dependence on alien ship-owners, alien insurance companies, and foreign-made shipping regulations was growing year by year. Though there was plenty of competition for our freights, there were also occasional ominous cases of discrimination against American goods. Other things being equal, the British ship-owner naturally favored British as against American commercial interests. He also naturally favored German as against American commercial interests, because the German ship-owner was in a position to reciprocate. In marine affairs we had sunk to the position of a small nation, and we suffered the consequent disadvantages in a world where

might rules. Even our ships were discriminated against in many subtle ways through port regulations and the like, because we were an inconsiderable factor on the seas. There are strong indications that keener commercial competition between the great maritime nations after the war will increase their discriminations.

Some of our big corporations in foreign trade have tried of late years to overcome the disadvantage of having their products under foreign control in transport. The Standard Oil Company built up a great fleet of tankers, though some of them sailed under British or German registry. Since the war the company has been deprived in some instances of the use of its ships under foreign registry, which have been pressed into use as auxiliaries in the British navy, thus affording another argument for sailing under the American flag. The United Fruit Company runs a fleet carrying its own products, and so has the United States Steel Corporation.

Since the early seventies our successive tariff laws have usually contained clauses favoring in a limited way materials for building American ships. Up to a few years ago, however, the benefit of this discrimination fell only on ships built for foreign trade. The result was that few builders cared to avail themselves of the cheaper materials and thus debar their vessels from at any time entering the protected field of domestic trade. The Panama Canal Act of 1912 at last provided for free materials for all American ships, and this was confirmed in the Underwood Tariff Law of the following year. The Panama Canal Act also provided that foreign-built ships less than five years old could be "naturalized" and sail under our flag. This and the creation of free building materials marked the first steps toward a national shipping policy.

Up to a few years ago there was no organized movement among our greater commercial interests to build up an American merchant marine. Now all that is changed. The formation in 1914, a few weeks before the war began, of the National Foreign Trade Council, composed

of representatives of leading interests in foreign trade, gave great impetus to a movement to foster American shipping. The council is committed to an ambitious program of marine development, including the building in ten years of an American merchant marine for foreign trade of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons gross, capable of carrying sixty per cent. of our foreign shipping, instead of the less than ten per cent. carried in American bottoms before the war. Such a tonnage would make us reasonably independent of foreign ship-owners, and provide us in war with ample naval auxiliaries.

Organizations like the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National City Bank, and that youthful colossus of commerce, the American International Corporation, are cooperating in the work of restoring the flag to the seas. The motive power of these organizations interlocks. Their financial momentum is enormous.

"The American International Corporation," said the London "Statist" recently, "promises to be—if indeed it has not already achieved that position—one of the largest and most important financial corporations in the world; and from what has already been done it is evident that the United States has entered upon a new phase of its financial history, indicating that the transformation from a position of financial provincialism to that of internationalism . . . is well advanced."

The corporation has acquired "a substantial interest" in the International Mercantile Marine Company, which controls the American Line and the great British transatlantic steamship lines except the Cunard line. It has taken over large ship-building interests and is constructing vessels to carry our flag, and its activities embrace trading and development enterprises of every description. Its agents are reporting opportunities from all parts of the world. In Russia, for instance, they are laying plans to secure to the American manufacturer his share in the immense rehabilitation after the war. In China they have recently contracted for the building of over a thousand miles of railroad.

Of perhaps even greater importance than the consolidation of great resources of capital back of our shipping interests has been the adoption by the Government of a powerful machinery for the development of our peaceful interests on the sea. Government action crystallized last autumn in the passage of the law creating the United States Shipping Board. Fully as wide-spread as the control of the United States Commerce Commission over railroad rates and the railroad business generally is the control of the new board over shipping. The books of shipping companies are open to it at all times. It may investigate the action of foreign governments with respect to their treatment of American vessels, and where it finds unfair methods may apply retaliatory measures. It has at its disposal \$50,000,000 with which it is empowered to build, purchase, and operate merchant vessels or form for that purpose corporations of which it shall own the majority of capital stock.

The establishment of the Shipping Board, with its remarkable powers, is a great step toward a constructive national policy in shipping. "The future of the American merchant marine rests with the board," a representative of one of the greatest shipping interests remarked to the writer. Most shipping men seem to agree.

Private shipping interests are virtually united in opposition to the Government's entering the shipping business. In this matter the newly organized board has not announced its intentions. Practical shipping men also insist on certain modifications in the Seamen's Law, signed by President Wilson in 1914, which unquestionably has added to the cost of operating American ships. Without entering into the merits of the controversy, it must be acknowledged that the Seamen's Law is primarily a labor law, and such statutes have a habit of sticking to the statute-books without substantial change. Ship-owners object chiefly to the clause, designed to increase the number of American seamen, requiring that seventy-five per cent. of the crew must be able to under-

stand any order given by the officers. Great Britain has a law that her merchant seamen must be British subjects. Nevertheless, her ship-owners get around it by employing large numbers of Chinese, who are rated as residents of the British port of Hong-Kong. Perhaps as time goes on the Seamen's Law may be somewhat amended in practice so that it will not work undue hardships on our ship-owners.

The United States Chamber of Commerce has recommended that for a period of years the Government should make loans to ship-owners, preferably those in foreign trade, rather than undertake governmental operation. The National Foreign Trade Council has recommended an extension of the policy of postal subventions. It is likely that the Government will give friendly consideration to these proposals. Other shipping interests still clamor for direct subsidies, though there is no immediate indication that Congress will reverse its policy and grant them. There is also in some quarters insistence on tariff discrimination in favor of imports carried in American bottoms. The Underwood Tariff Law provided for a five per cent. rebate on such imports, but this clause was declared by the attorney-general a violation of our treaty obligations with foreign powers, and its operation is still held up by the courts. If we start a policy of tariff discrimination there is every reason to believe that Great Britain will retaliate with a similar law, and in this case we shall stand to lose more than we gain.

At present the shipping business is at a point of tremendous stimulation. An enormous mercantile tonnage has been lost in the war. By some authorities this is estimated (April 1) as high as six million tons, though the guesses of the United States commissioner of navigation and the chief statistician of the National City Bank would indicate a figure considerably lower. Our share of these losses has been disproportionately small. Six million tons of German and Austrian shipping are idle. It will probably be many years before Germany can regain her position on the seas.

Meanwhile, under war conditions, American yards for the first time are building ships as cheaply as they can be built anywhere in the world. In less than three years our coast shipyards have made greater advances in efficiency than they made in several decades before the war. They are employing and developing a great army of skilled working-men who will form an essential factor in our future marine development.

The war has brought to us capital in the billions, a full share of which is ready to be diverted into the shipping industry. On the heels of the war will come a great reconstruction period in Europe, with great demands on shipping, probably extending over the next decade. After that, with the restoration of normal shipping conditions, we must prepare for the real trial. Shall we then be able to compete for the carrying trade of the world? Can we maintain our progress on the seas? This is the period for which the Shipping Board, in conjunction with private enterprise, must plan carefully.

But even the Government, aided by our great financial interests, cannot succeed unless the people as a whole learn to take a vital interest in American shipping. We must realize that an inadequate merchant marine that hinders naval preparedness is as much a menace to the man in Kansas City or Little Rock as it is to the man in New York or San Francisco. We must realize that the farmer in Iowa or the miner in Montana has as direct a stake in getting our products a square deal on the high seas through the development of our shipping as has the capitalist with shipping or trading investments. We must realize that every dollar of the enormous sums we pay to alien ship-owners for handling our foreign trade puts a tax on that trade. We must realize that a great merchant marine cannot spring up overnight, like Aladdin's palace, but must come as the result of a national coöperative effort of all classes, must be worked for and paid for. We must bring home to our legislators the realization of these matters. Only thus can we restore our flag to the seas.

Raemaekers—Man and Artist

By GEORGE CREELE

Author of "Military Training in the Schools," etc.

MANY great names will be handed down to posterity as a result of the present war—names of soldiers, statesmen, churchmen, descriptive writers, inventors, and organizers. So far, at least, the arts have been singularly silent, almost dazed, it would seem. But one figure, hitherto unknown, has already risen to an imperishable fame throughout the world, a modest Dutch landscape-painter turned to an avenging fury, lashing out with the most effective weapon at his command.

The cartoons of Louis Raemaekers take the people of earth on a strange, haunted journey through the bleeding heart of humanity, past ancient savageries and old bestialities new sprung to life, by vast, shadowy forms of grief and despair, and along tear-drenched ways that lead to aspiration.

It is no more possible to consider this Dutch genius as a mere artist, a worker with paper, ink, and lines, than it is to view the Apostle Paul as an itinerant orator, Joan of Arc as a military figure, or Rouget de Lisle as a casual song-writer. The tremendousness of his appeal does away with the medium entirely, for even while one holds the drawing, eyes cease to see, mind ceases to grasp, and there is consciousness only of a great, imperative hand tearing among the very roots of being.

It may well be that this man is more hated by the Hohenzollerns than any other, for more than any other he has bared Hohenzollernism to the gaze of the world. Whether victory or defeat, whether peace or continuance of struggle, the pictures of the inspired Dutchman will thunder their accusations down the ages. They speak the universal language. The artist, like the composer, stands in no need of translation. Where men have sight,

where men have soul, Raemaekers will be heard, whether the place be Iceland or Asia.

A vast incredibility clouds the whole European conflict. Nothing has been permitted to retain its old proportions. The regularities of life, earthquake, suffer weird exaggerations. Heroes rise, giants are dwarfed suddenly, commonplace is transfigured, and shining shapes sink from view in mud. Of it all, few things are more amazing, more incredible, than the story of Louis Raemaekers, the remote Dutch landscape-painter called from his tulips to be the sword of truth.

Born in Holland forty-seven years ago, the son of a country editor, he grew to manhood in the simple environment of the average Dutch middle-class home.

In time he became an artist; he married; he daubed the usual amount of canvas, sometimes with sheep, sometimes with faces, doing neither worse nor better than the scores of other young Dutch artists that clutter the Low Country. About seven years ago he became cartoonist on the Amsterdam "Telegraaf." That was where the outbreak of the war found him.

The peace of the world was shattered to atoms as the Hohenzollerns sprang at the throat of the world. From Belgium came a death-cry, smoke clouds darkened the day, and the skies at night were as red as blood with the glare from burning villages. And red as blood were the fields where golden boys gave up their lives to stem the invading hosts of organized superstition.

It is a sophisticated age. It has little belief in miracles; and yet in the case of Louis Raemaekers there is nothing else to believe save that a flash of the light that blinded Saul on the road to Tarsus found

CARTOONS

By Louis Raemackers



THE AVENGER

"I KNOW THIS JOB: I'VE DONE IT BEFORE"



THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

"I HAD SUCH A DELIGHTFUL DREAM THAT
THE WHOLE THING WAS NOT TRUE"



THE *LUSITANIA*: HEROD'S NIGHTMARE
 "ARE THEY CRYING 'MOTHER' OR 'MURDER'?"



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

its way into the dingy office of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," striking full upon the face of the Dutch cartoonist, driving straight into his vague, blue eyes.

What else indeed? Until that time he had done nothing that showed genius or even first-rate ability. His canvases had been conventional, and his cartoons were of the sort that hundreds of plodding artists were turning out drearily in newspaper offices all over the world. Not even in the small puddle of Amsterdam politics had his work made a ripple.

What is it but a miracle when such a one, in a day, gains power, authority, and purpose, each with the swing and cut of a sword? What is it but a hint of divinity when an obscure artist changes suddenly, swiftly, terribly, into the invincible champion of an outraged humanity?

I seem to see him standing there at a window looking toward Belgium, startled at first, a trifle confused, and then turning slowly back to his drawing-board, throwing away the half-finished banality on which he had been working, taking down a new sheet, driving ahead with passionate strokes, and at the end staring with strange eyes at "Christianity after Twenty Centuries," the first of the war cartoons, and probably the first Raemaekers cartoons, that tell of inspiration. He saw that bowed figure, with anguish, hopelessness, and shame in every line, the bared back sinking under the fell weight of naked blade and brutal scourge, with blood on the blade and on the scourge, and over all the sad shadows of a futile Calvary.

From that day to this one tremendous picture has followed another, each epitomizing all that the human heart has ever known of pathos, anger, contempt, grief, ardor, and despair. The range of Raemaekers is the range of the world's emotion. Critics, attempting to classify him, will seek to compare him with Hogarth. There is no comparison. Hogarth's spirit was without wings. He had the gift of savage satire and a certain heavy morality, but never did the flame of his burning soul throw light into the dark places of the world.

Raemaekers draws with his life's blood. In every line there is an intensity that catches at one's throat. Even in his moments of sardonic humor, when he exposes Ferdinand, the sultan, the crown prince, or the kaiser to pitiless ridicule, there is the sense of an indomitable purpose. When he draws Belgium there is a sob and a caress in every subtle stroke, his visualization of the widows and orphans of France brings tears, and there is a stark loathing in the bestial features of his Huns; but behind every picture there is the same deathless will to rouse the whole world to a realization of horror.

It is a cruel injustice to write down Raemaekers as a mere "pro-Ally." It is like saying that Abraham Lincoln was a Republican or George Washington a Virginian. The man is pro-humanity. Not the rights of England, France, or Russia excite him, but the wrongs of Belgium and Serbia, the stolid, efficient deviltries of Prussianism, the smug complacences of neutrality.

His mother was German, and at the outset of the war Holland was strongly pro-German. Every selfish, cowardly interest drew him to the cause of the Central powers, and when he took his stand against the Hohenzollerns and Prussianism, the path that he chose was barbed with every sacrifice and danger. Great artist indeed, but greater, braver soul. From the first a violence of hate drenched him, for the German influences at the Dutch court were strong, and the prudent burghers, keenly aware of the menace of German guns, went sick with fear of trouble. In Amsterdam, as well as from Berlin, hands reached out to throttle him, and persecution reached a point where he was tried in the law courts for alleged breach of Holland's neutrality.

Small wonder that the Dutch Junkers hated him equally with the German Junkers. His scorn cut them like whips, and day after day he made the nation look upon its shame. There is a picture in which he shows Holland, hitched like a dog to a wagon that is driven by a Prussian. At the side of the road there is the

cross that marks the grave of murdered Belgium.

"So!" grins the German whip-wielder. "You are a worthy Dutchman. He who lies there was a foolish idealist."

Holland writhed, but Holland rose. The trial that was to have been Raemaekers's disgrace became his triumph. A public sentiment, sweeping all before it, declared the cartoons the voice of Holland, and the artist was acquitted. The Cologne "Gazette," speaking the deep anger that was Prussia's, made this declaration in the course of a leading article: "After the war Germany will settle accounts with Holland, and for each calumny, each cartoon of Raemaekers, she will demand payment, with the interest that is due her."

In Europe they speak of Raemaekers's pen as a sword. It is that, indeed, but far more. The cartoons in which he slashes away the solemn pretenses of the centuries, destroying utterly the grandiose illusions built up through cunning years, burn into memory; but those that take complete possession of the soul have to do with love and pity and tears.

"All is quiet in Belgium." This is the caption of a picture that brings a sob into the throat, that strikes through the protective selfishness with which man protects himself down to the ultimate deeps of humanity. A peasant woman fallen against a wayside shrine, a desolated land lying bleak and bare under a sullen sky, in the chill distance the broken spires of a ravaged city—that is the cartoon. In the sad curves of that huddled shape, in the harsh unloveliness of the fields, and in the ruins of what once were homes the story of a violated treaty is told as orators and statesmen can never tell it.

There is another picture that he terms "Mater Dolorosa." The roof has fallen in, the dead bodies of father and husband lie limp against the wall of the little cottage, and the young mother, crouched over the stark corpse of her little one, lifts eyes that mirror dawning madness.

At no time does he stoop to the glorification of war. His clarion sounds in praise of the courage that dies in defense

of a country, his lash is ever ready for the back of cowardice, but no pacifist in the world has ever equaled Raemaekers's terrific exposure of the ghastly hypocrisy that attempts to veneer blood lust with philosophic phrase. There are those in America, as well as in Prussia, who seem to feel that war should take the place of the fox-hunt in our national life, and who, in the very face of the European horror, have not been ashamed to preach a religion of valor that is thin cover for the killing passion. Such as these should make careful study of the Raemaekers cartoons, especially that one in which he pictures a few of the people who do not understand the "beauties of war": the widow crying for the lost husband, the orphan waiting for the father who will never come home again, and the old mother mourning the strong son who was to have been the prop of her old age. Each face has its own anguish, and over all are the gray tones of a despair that will never lift.

Others may deal terrific blows against the iron shape of militarism that shadows Europe, but Louis Raemaekers stands out as the one great interpretative factor of the war. He has given direction to a just anger, he has cleared the path for pity, he has endowed horror with dynamic force, and into every premeditated confusion he has shot the white light of his passionate understanding.

No man in Europe, not even the heroes of battle-fields, is more loved and admired. France has awarded him the Legion of Honor, and his visits to Paris have been made the occasion of such tributes as only the Latin, unashamed of his emotions, can give. London, breaking through traditional reserve, has acclaimed him in equal degree, even though his introduction to the English people can hardly be termed felicitous.

A London editor or owner, probably Northcliffe, asked the distinguished visitor to draw a cartoon based on first impressions. He did. It was entitled "Inside the Savoy," and in merciless fashion the picture showed the scene of silly pleasure, with chinless young gentlemen gaily dancing about with an equal number of chin-

less young women. Here are lights and laughter, but the genius of the man makes one see through the silken curtains to lonely graves in Flanders and on to dying men "somewhere in France."

Courage, perhaps, is the great note in Raemaekers's work; though it is not greater than his sincerity. Just as he fears nothing, so is it the case that he exaggerates nothing. Even when he twists faces into weird shapes of terror, there is the conviction that he has simply seen down into the soul, and is painting the hideous reality that has been hidden too long a time. If a certain sheer tremendousness attaches to the simple figure of a peasant mother, it is because he sees in that one wretched soul a nation of mothers crying to God for the return of slaughtered sons.

Let it be said again that it is not possible to judge Louis Raemaekers as an artist. He is a voice, a sword, a flame. His

cartoons are the tears of women, the battle-shout of indomitable defenders, the indignation of humanity, the sob of civilization. They will go down into history. They *are* history. To take the great book of them, to turn page after page, is to *know* the European War, to see it face to face as a child sees, and not through a glass darkly.

It is one of the great works of the world which he has done. Perhaps genius was only dormant, waiting for the cry of general catastrophe to bring it forth into vivid, terrific life. And yet—for who shall say that all things in heaven and earth are understood?—it may be that those same voices that called through the orchard of Domremy called to the cartoonist in the office of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," that into his simple soul, recommended to God by its love of flowers, there fell a tear from on high.



The Shulamite

By ANNE ARRABIN

FROM out the misted margent of dead years
I saw a masque of regal women move,
And some were pale, some passionate with tears,
While others smiled: these were the Queens of Love.

Out of the mists they moved in stately wise.
Purple and gold upon each garment's hem,
And looked at me aloof with alien eyes,
Who let them go and spoke no word with them.
So passed, till suddenly I was aware
Of one who moved among the sandaled throng
Barefoot, a wreath of grape bloom in her hair,
And lips that seemed to tremble with stilled song;
On her young limbs a golden hue of sun
That pallid made appear the beauties white;
Simple her garb; of gold and jewels none.
H'ho art thou, Loveliest? The Shulamite.
The cinctured queens in silent scorn depart.
Tarry, Belovèd! We are one at heart.



International Ideals

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

Author of "A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," etc.
Formerly United States Ambassador to Germany

DESPITE the heritage of evil in the absolute conception of the state and the relations between states; and, in truth, on account of it, men of reflective habits of mind have devoted much attention to the ideas that ought to prevail when, either in the course of progressive evolution or at some critical period of readjustment, the opportunity for amelioration may exist.

At the very outset, however, we are confronted with the question how far the thought and purpose of man can affect such vast issues as social, political, and international organization. Judging by the past, we should, perhaps, be led to conclude that mere theories have, on the whole, very little to do with the mass action of mankind, and that such action is almost universally determined by the blind instincts and irresistible appetites of men rather than by reason; with the result that it is useless to expect that anything of national magnitude will happen simply because it is reasonable or that international affairs will ever cease to be more unreasonable than they have been in the past.

If there were no important change in the human units that make up the populations of what we call the civilized nations of the world, this hopeless prospect might be justified; but, in fact, a very radical change has occurred in these later decades. It consists in an ever-widening common consciousness regarding national and international affairs. Great world events, portrayed in terms generally intelligible and brought home to the masses of mankind everywhere, have awakened the intelligence of the common man as it has never been aroused before. In the hum-

blest walks of life men are now discussing difficult questions of jurisprudence and diplomacy in the light of stirring events of world-wide significance, and they are asking one another, What is to become of civilization? Will it perish in the conflict of national interests or will it enter upon a new era of development?

Justice, peace, coöperation, culture—all these appear to be imperiled by national antagonisms; and yet they are aspirations that all nations profess to entertain. How may they be realized? By intelligent organization, no doubt; but it must be of a more thorough kind and on a larger scale than has ever before been attempted. It cannot stop at the national boundaries; it must include the whole family of man.

BEFORE great progress can be made in harmonizing national interests it will be necessary to reconsider, in the light of modern knowledge and experience, the true nature of the state, and by a readjustment of opinions upon that subject prepare the way for a change in the attitude of nations toward one another.

The present is an unusually auspicious moment for reflection upon the true nature of the state, for the battle between the opposing theories has not yet been fought out. What is the purpose of the state? Does it exist for the individual man, as democracy contends, or does the individual man exist for the state, as absolutism claims?

As a question of philosophy the opposing types of conception regarding the nature of the state may perhaps be best illustrated by comparing the theories of Kant and Hegel, the one emphasizing the freedom, development, and responsibility

of the man, the other the power, the glory, and the divinity of the state.

It is Kant who best marks the transition to distinctively modern thought not only on account of his having lived in a period of revolt against absolutism, but on account of the place he assigns to man as a factor in history. To his mind the great necessity for man is freedom. All the forces of humanity are locked up in the possibilities of the individual being. The great problem of society is to release the free activity of human faculties. Personality is not a means to an end; it is an end in itself, and therefore should not be treated as a mere thing, or made the creature, the instrument, or the victim of arbitrary force.

The business of government, therefore, is to remove the hindrances to freedom, which are found in the love of power, of glory, and of gain, motives engendered by the natural instincts which man shares with the lower animals.

Such a conception appears at first sight to be not only cosmopolitan, but anti-national; but it is not anti-national in the sense of denying the value and necessity of the nation. What it aims at is the extension of local order until it becomes general order, by so conceiving the state as to allow of its coöperation with other states, with the purpose of insuring general harmony and, therefore, permanent peace.

Here is presented, no doubt, a conception of the state which renders internationalism possible without the destruction of nationalism. But we find in Kant only the beginning of a complete political philosophy, for the reason that he had not seen the idea of personality as the basis of political organization anywhere effectively worked out. He had not witnessed the development of constitutionalism, which was only just asserting itself, and his conservative spirit in matters practical was rudely shocked by the enormities of the French Revolution. Yet he perceived that it was upon the inherent rights of the individual man that the state must be founded if despotism is to be abolished. But he also apprehended the deeper truth

that rights without duties cannot be sustained, and he therefore laid the principal stress upon duty—duty to the state and duty to all mankind.

While Kant's conception of the state was making practical progress in other parts of the world, his fatherland was harried by invasion, subjugated by conquest, and in the Napoleonic domination a new imperialism was holding all continental Europe in its grasp. Fichte applied the Kantian conception of duty to the fallen fortunes of the Prussian state, for a strong doctrine of nationalism became the necessity of the hour. But it was Hegel, after liberation had been achieved, who made the state the shrine of the indwelling absolute, and for the cosmopolitanism of Kant was substituted a theory of the state which proclaimed it an organ of divine action, identified patriotism with religion, and rendered the separate nationalities as unapproachable for purposes of rational understanding as the planets in the solar system.

For Hegel the individual man is nothing in himself. Whatever he has of moral personality is the creation of the state. In his earlier writings Hegel, like Kant, laid stress upon personality; but in his later philosophy, when he had assumed the task of glorifying the state, he made of it the only vehicle through which the absolute reaches humanity, and he always means by it the Prussian state,—the Prussian state, as Haym has said, as it existed in 1821, when Hegel wrote.

But this was a necessary corollary of Hegel's conception of history as immanent reason. It was idle, he thought, to speak of what a state "ought to be." Being an incarnation of the absolute, it is what it is, and cannot be other than it is. It is right in all it does. All changes are divine acts. The individual man must take his orders from the state, because it alone has the right to command. The state being an embodiment of the absolute, it is foolish to try to *make* constitutions, as if we had any right of choice. Parliaments are only mediating bodies, which should take their directions from the permanent ruler in

order to enlighten the masses as to how they are to execute these orders. The state is an organism in which every constituent part is subject to the will of the whole. But as this unity is not found in society, it must be sought in the will of a dominant person, the monarch through whom the absolute speaks. And thus the philosopher sinks at last into the sycophant, crowning his system with the dogma of divine right, and ending with the adulation of a notoriously weak and reactionary king!

Evidently, if all states are like this,—and this is intended as a theory of the state in the abstract,—there can nowhere be a restraint upon the purpose of the monarch. He is absolute, and all states are absolute. There being no law but the sovereign's own will, there can be no such thing as international law; and, as the state's omnipotence includes the unlimited right of making war at the will of the sovereign, there cannot be a permanent peace. Such a condition is an "empty dream." It is through war that the absolute carries forward the work of history.

Almost with unanimity, after being for a time under the spell of Hegel's speculations, some decades ago philosophers abandoned absolutism as a system of thought, and raised the cry, "Back to Kant!" In the theory of the state, however, Hegel still exerts an influence. The picture of it as a self-subsisting and dominant power serves well the designs of imperial ambition. Religion, war, and further domination seem to be reconciled by the assertion that the individual man exists for the state, and that the state is not founded on the rights of the individual man.

Hence there is to-day a contest between these opposing conceptions—a contest upon the decision of which the future of international relations throughout the world will depend. If, as Kant's theory assumes, law is the formulation of justice and equity, resulting from a consensus of social needs interpreted in the light of reason, of which the state is an expres-

sion, then there is law for states as well as for individual men. If, on the contrary, law is a sovereign decree emanating from a dominant will regardless of limitations, there can be no law for states until such a superior will is established over them.

Both ideas have been worked out in the development of modern states. Some have followed the absolutist theory even in their internal organization; and in these authority without restriction emanates from a superior, an individual ruler or a governing class. In others authority proceeds from the constituents of the state under definite forms of limitation, in which checks upon the pretensions of absolute sovereignty are embodied in the very structure of the state. Only states of the latter kind are truly constitutional. They are by their very nature creations of law. They recognize the fact that whatever rightful authority there is in the world is derived from claims to justice antecedent to all legislation and inherent in personality. When all the resources of sophistry have been exhausted in trying to derive rights from power,—that is, to prove that might is right,—we shall be obliged to go back to Kant and admit that human personality as such is a source of claims to justice and equity, or we must confess that right and wrong are merely imaginary distinctions, and jurisprudence a system of purely mechanical ideas.

It has been said that all men may have "interests," but nobody has any "rights" until government has accorded them by an act of legislation. In some technical sense this may be true, but in a broad human sense it is not true. If it were true, it would be absurd to fight for another man's rights. But all the progress the world has ever made, all that distinguishes civilization from barbarism, springs from some one's sense of duty, which means simply the recognition of another man's right, which is as real when it is denied as when it is conceded.

Certainly these inherent rights do not belong to human beings in an isolated and non-social state, for men never existed in a non-social state. All men are members

of a series and members of a group, and it is in these relations that they recognize their claims to justice and to equity whether they are granted or not.

Thus the idea of law is a part of the mental furniture of every being capable of an act of reflection. To say with Hegel—or with Austin or with any legal positivist—that there is and can be no international law, because there is no international sovereign to decree it, is to define law by a mere accident and not by its essential nature.

It is singular how this notion lingers. A modern disciple of Hegel, for example, argues thus:

The whole of international law rests on the principle that treaties are to be observed. But behind all this there is the sheer fact of the separate individual Powers, each absolute in its limited area; so that, at bottom, the whole fabric of international rules and customs is just an agreement of separate wills, and not an expression of a single general will.

And he sees in this a reason why international agreements cannot have the quality of law, forgetful of the fact that in all modern constitutional states every law of every legislative body is an agreement of separate wills expressed in the votes of the legislators. But if the separate wills of a congress or a parliament may pass a law, why may not separate and independent states pass a law for the government of their own conduct? And having pledged themselves to it, being law in the most perfect sense, are they not bound by it?

There is, no doubt, an ineffaceable distinction between the nature of a state, even a constitutional state, and a human being. The state is the guardian of private rights and interests. It acts for its constituents in a fiduciary capacity. It is, indeed, an "ark of safety" to which communities of men have committed the keeping of their lives and treasures on the troubled waters of an uncharted world. It is the vehicle which carries the whole value of life. Furthermore, it exists in a

world of hostile forces. "In the world, right can only prevail through might." Therefore the state must be strong, and to be strong it must be armed, as the individual man under the protection of the state need not be. How otherwise can it fulfil its sacred trusts?

All this is true and of the first importance; but while it justifies the possession of force by the state, it makes it very plain that the strength of the state is not an end in itself, but merely a means—an instrument for the protection of rights and interests intrusted to its care. The end of the state is, therefore, not aggression or profit or power, but justice. The primary reason for the existence of a government is that every citizen shall be protected in his rights.

It is this that distinguishes the state from other forms of human association. Its function is primarily protective. Upon this foundation rest all its special and peculiar prerogatives. Here is the reason for its authority, and this is limited by the reason for its existence. Society has manifold functions, but they may be normally left to individual and corporate enterprise within the state, which may be a complete and perfect "body politic" without them. On the other hand, these functions may be in part, and even to a great extent, taken over and performed by the state, but they are not necessary to its existence. They do, however, modify its character. When the state, in addition to its protective function, assumes those of industry, transportation, and commerce, as the modern state sometimes does, it undergoes a radical transformation. It itself then becomes a business corporation, a rival and a competitor in the world of trade.

Now, what is most important to consider is that, while this expansion of its functions profoundly changes the character of the state, it does not confer upon it any new authority. It does multiply and extend its interests, but it does not in any respect render the state absolute or endow it with unlimited right of command. Mere business cannot be regarded as a source of absolute sovereignty.

For constitutional states, therefore,—that is, for governments based upon the protection of human rights, and not upon some superhuman claim to authority, like that of the divine right of the monarch,—there is no logical ground for claiming sovereign rights in the absolutist sense. Such states are free and independent, but they do not represent the will to power. They represent and embody the will to justice, and the principles of justice are, *ipso facto*, their law of action. Everything violative of justice is for them usurpation. They may commit acts of injustice, they may explain them, they may excuse them; but they cannot logically justify them. As an organ of justice the state exceeds its prerogatives when it is unjust.

UNDOUBTEDLY this implies that international law is self-subsistent. For constitutional states it exists regardless of customs and conventions, and would be their law if no customs or conventions had ever existed, for its principles enter into their very purpose and structure. For them to deny these principles in their conduct would be to denature themselves.

Written or unwritten, international law is accepted by all constitutional states as binding upon them. By some, as in the United States, it is expressly declared to be a part of the law of the land. Acceptance of it should be the condition of recognition of a government; for in so far as a community of men does not admit its existence, it is not a state in any defensible sense. An aggregation of *de facto* forces it may be, but in so far as it is merely an embodiment of the will to power and not the will to justice, it falls below statehood and is merely a predatory band, an outlaw that deserves to be proscribed and refused a place in the society of states.

In practice the specific rules of international law are established by a general consensus. They are sometimes inferred from custom and sometimes defined in conventions; but these rules are admitted to be merely partial and tentative ef-

forts to express in definite formulæ what justice and equity demand. In this respect international law is comparable with science. As the man of science is engaged in a continuous effort to discover and state truth, so the jurist and the statesman, in so far as he is really such, persistently seeks to formulate the requirements of justice. In both cases the formulæ arrived at may be plainly incomplete; but justice, like truth, is not a mere creation of the mind. It is an object of research and discovery; and as far as it is discovered and agreed upon it is obligatory, although our knowledge of it may still be incomplete.

It is, therefore, a solecism to speak of international law as "destroyed" or "non-existent" because it is sometimes violated. It can never be destroyed. It will continue to reassert itself; and, as public order and state authority appear more necessary after a period of domestic anarchy than they ever did before, international law, after an orgy of violence and atrocity, appeals with new strength to the reason of mankind as something that possesses an inherent claim upon our respect and obedience.

Although criminally violated, it is an error to suppose that international law has been wholly disregarded in the great European conflict. On the contrary, it has been recognized and appealed to as never before in human history. Never in any previous war have such efforts been put forth by belligerents to justify their own conduct, and to prove that their enemies have openly disregarded the principles of justice as well as the merely technical rules of warfare. The voluminous white, red, yellow, and other books published by the governments are all eloquent tributes to the authority of international law, which they constantly accuse their enemies of violating, and appeal to as a body of rules that ought to be obeyed. In truth, the approval and disapproval of their acts by the neutral nations are based almost entirely upon the evidence that these accusations are true, and the weight of condemnation corresponds with the pre-

ponderance of guilt resulting from intentional disregard of the principles of justice.

How trivial it is, then, to speak of international law as being of slight importance, and especially to treat it as if it had no claims to the title of binding law because it does not have an immediate external sanction! An ultimate sanction it unquestionably has. If it were generally disregarded, it would involve the complete ruin of civilization. If, on the other hand, it were generally obeyed, if all the great powers, not to speak of the smaller ones, earnestly sought to carry out in all of their relations with one another the principles for which they profess to stand, and which they endeavor to enforce within their own jurisdictions and demand that other governments should observe in respect to themselves, it would seem like a different world.

Is it, then, not idle to pretend that international law has no sanction when obedience or disobedience of its precepts carries such far-reaching consequences to mankind? In the present condition of the world, as the rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust, even under municipal law the victims of unprovoked aggression often suffer while the guilty escape the penalty the state would impose upon them; but we do not on this account deny the existence of the law. Nor can it be said that no penalty is attached to the violation of the law of nations. In general, besides its direct consequence of resentment and hostility on the part of the nation wronged, it should involve the general reprobation of mankind. And, in fact, the penalties for violations of international law are far more specifically apportioned and executed than we sometimes imagine. The perpetration of injustice by one state upon another invariably deteriorates its own citizenship, and destroys within the body politic itself values far more precious than those obtained by an unjust war. "A state," it has been well said, "can do no wrong to another which is not equally, and even more, a wrong to itself." Regarded from a historical point of view, there are few projects of international

depredation that have not brought terrific retributions; and, although law-abiding states have sometimes been subjected to infamous encroachments, it is a fact supported by statistics that the citizens of small and inoffensive states, like Switzerland and Holland, pay lower taxes and borrow money at lower rates of interest than the imperial powers that have from time to time attempted to subjugate their neighbors, thereby sowing dragons' teeth of reprisal and revenge that exhaust populations and burden them with public debt. The cost of overgrown armies and navies and the far heavier cost of young life offered as a sacrifice to national pride and national greed—are not these a penalty for disregarding a law of life written in the reason and the conscience of man?

What, then, is law, if it is not that principle of self-regulation by which a being realizes the true end of its existence? Our statements of it may vary from time to time, for the perception of it depends upon the development of our intelligence. But it does not depend upon our will. It is inherent in our being. It is manifested through our reason. It is confirmed through our experience. There is a law of nations as well as a law of individual life, which we have only partly discovered, because we have not sought the highest good of all, but only the highest good of a limited number. But nature deals in universals. So long, therefore, as all nations, or even some nations, insist upon a right of territorial expansion at the expense of others; so long as they fail to recognize that, irrespective of size and strength, they are members of a community of jural equals; so long as they claim that their will is law, so long war will be the *ratio ultima*, and preparation for it the highest wisdom of statesmanship. If it is impossible to place confidence in leagues of peace, it is still less possible to confide our destinies to a league to enforce peace, if it is to be composed of powers that need themselves to be placed under guardians. The only league that could be trusted effectually to enforce peace would be one composed exclusively of states that

are disposed to recognize the obligations of international law, and voluntarily to pledge themselves to protect and obey it.

But, to speak plainly, peace is not in itself a human ideal. As long as it leaves unsolved the problems of justice, it is not even a desirable aspiration. It may even be repugnant to the moral sentiments of an enlightened conscience. It is to be desired only when it is the concomitant of realized social good, for it is in no sense an end in itself. But the word is not to be set aside as representing a mere negation, as if it were simply the absence of strife. Peace on earth would mean the liberation of human faculties for the highest and noblest achievements of which human nature is capable. It would mean a splendid efflorescence of art, literature, science, philosophy, and religion, in short, culture in its best sense, as the spontaneous unfolding of the powers of personality.

And when we consider what an absolutist state might do to repress human spontaneity, destroy the sense of personality, and render its own dogmas definitive, we see what an incubus upon civilization it is capable of becoming. If the tendency to monopolize and direct for its own purposes all human energies in channels of its own devising were unrestrained, we should eventually have an official art, an official science, and an official literature that would be like iron shackles to the human mind.

These things, being human, are essentially cosmopolitan, and thrive best where international intercourse is least restrained. If, as the absolutist theory of the state assumes, a particular government did in reality embody the indwelling absolute, the source and shaper of all intelligent existence, as Hegel would have it, would it even then have the right to dictate what language should be employed, what arts should be encouraged, what forms they should take, and what purposes they should serve? What a narrow view it is to assume that any national culture is a world culture, or that it has a right to impose itself upon recalcitrant peoples who have a culture of their own! Such an as-

sumption is not only unphilosophical; it is unhistorical. "Culture is not, and never can be, an inherent quality peculiar to a particular nation or language. It is the heritage of the whole human race, cherished, enriched, and transmitted by one generation to another, from one corner of the earth to another. Human languages are the vessels in which culture resides. No language has been a culture-language from the beginning, and none is incapable of becoming such in the end." Culture in any true sense is not a national monopoly. It is an affair of the human soul, and any vehicle of expression against which the soul is in revolt is doomed to defeat, or culture will perish in the struggle.

Here speak with voices that cannot be silenced and with pleadings that must be heard the suppressed nationalities, whole peoples smitten with the sword, torn up from their historic roots, and made to serve the narrow, selfish purposes of dominant dynasties. It is useless to speak of peace while these enormities exist. How can peoples who, through mere numerical superiority and military power, have overwhelmed subject races, and by the menace of the sword forbidden the use of native languages and the retention of historic memories, speak seriously of superior culture? It is only by the power of persistence under conditions of perfect liberty that the superiority of a form of culture can vindicate itself, for that is for each nation the highest which is best suited to its powers of achievement; and when a dynastic ruler by violence strips a subject race of its spiritual inheritance, it reverses and destroys the process by which true culture is developed. There is no people in the world who would not resist it if this procedure were practised upon itself.

A people, therefore, cannot fit itself for international society or realize its own normal development as a state until it is ready to recognize the claims of personality. Where mixed races compose the population, and nationality is identified with a dominant race, there can be no true national unity, because there is no

spirit of coöperation. On the other hand, it has been shown by the experience of Switzerland and the United States that different races may coëxist in the same nation without in the slightest degree destroying their personal freedom, and that they may coöperate together successfully in the organization of liberty. Many nations may still be unripe for this higher development of nationality, and the contest for race segregation and race domination may still continue; but the obstacle to harmony does not proceed from the essential nature of the state. It consists rather in the arrest of political evolution at a stage where true statehood has not yet been achieved; for a nation organized merely for power, for conquest, and not for justice, is not yet a state in the proper meaning of the word, but an unsocial and anarchical survival of primitive despotism.

The complete realization of international ideals must, therefore, wait on further political evolution. But they are

not wholly dependent on purely speculative thought. They are closely intertwined with practical experience. They gain new strength from every new disillusionment regarding the value and expediency of schemes of conquest and the effort to secure social prosperity by military force. We have, therefore, to take into account existing realities. No more than the old will the new Europe be a mere structure of thought. It is materially shaping itself now before our eyes. It is being forged and fashioned amid the smoke and flame and torture of battle. It is to be determined not only by what men love and desire, but by what they hate and by what they recoil from in horror. Its battle-cry is: "Never again! Never again!" Thrones may be shaken or they may endure; but out of the anguish, the disillusionment, and the fading of iridescent dreams the new Europe will come forth chastened, reconstituted, and redeemed.



“Consolation”

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of “Alibi,” “The Luck of the Devil,” etc.

Illustrations by Arthur Little

WITHOUT prejudice, it was the gown which first attracted Meredith's attention. It was the simplest of all possible gowns, a black-velvet reminiscence of an old daguerreotype, drooping delicately from the shoulders in short, puffed sleeves; it had a trim, pointed little bodice, and a gently flaring little skirt, and not one woman in a thousand would have remembered to wear it without jewelry and to avoid any artificial contrast of color. The girl who was dancing in it, however, was an artist; she had n't even stooped to the banality of a red rose for her corsage, and she had done her hair to suit the period of her costume. She was so pretty that Meredith, after enjoying the sheer luxury of staring at her, refused to rest until he had unearthed a friend who could present him; she was so ineffably sweet and lovable that after he had met her and talked with her and danced with her to the swing of “Butterfly,” which was the prime obsession of that Pinehurst season, he could hardly credit the obvious reality that they were both alive and abiding. This was in December, and by the middle of the following month he was head over heels in love with her. The delay was chiefly due to the fact that, unless it rained, he saw Miss Winsted only during the evenings and on Sundays.

In the meantime he had gone resolutely about his serious business in Pinehurst, which was to compensate himself for a four-years' hiatus in his golfing career and to renew his quondam skill at the game to which he was passionately devoted. He had two objectives, the St. Valentine's and the spring tournaments, and he went about

his self-schooling for them as though his life depended on the outcome. For three hours every morning he had practised diligently, beginning with two-foot putts, and working methodically backward to jigger, iron, cleik, spoon, and driver. Thirty minutes of each forenoon he had spent doggedly in sand traps, seeking now for distance, now for accuracy on short chips to a neighboring green, now for simple outs from difficult lies. After lunch he had played a painstaking round alone, preferably over the No. 2 course, with its hundred and ninety ambushed hazards, and had struggled religiously to erase from his mind any record of his medal score. He did n't want to be elated or distressed by his performances; he wanted to bring about a logical development of his game until it approximated his undergraduate standard. He was interested in the present only as a stepping-stone to the future. Not oftener than twice a week he had played against a flesh-and-blood opponent, and on the next day he had revisited the same course, and practised faithfully all those shots on which he had made mistakes. The result of this sound preparation was that Meredith, without achieving any notoriety, was habitually under eighty on his solitary rounds; but partly because he had so relentlessly effaced himself, and partly because his collegiate reputation had n't preceded him to the Carolinas, he was still registered at the club-house in Class B, which, being interpreted according to the equable Pinehurst system, required him to qualify not lower than the second flight in any tournament or be disfranchised. Not having a national rating, and not

having played in previous events at Pinehurst, he was n't eligible to Class A, which would have compelled him to make the first division or to withdraw; and this pleased him inordinately, because he knew that when he came to match-play his partners would expect Class B golf from him, and would n't get it.

He was bitterly disappointed to discover that Miss Winsted, although she rode and swam and played tennis, and spent the majority of her waking hours out of doors, did n't comprehend even the terminology of golf. Furthermore, she displayed some slight antipathy to it. Golf, she said, might be a very nice game,—indeed, it probably was,—but she herself liked the more active sports. She had observed that whenever you scratch a golfer, you find a chatterbox, and she could n't understand why people should talk all night to explain why they had played badly all day. When an afternoon of tennis was over, it was over; when the hounds had caught the fox, every one but the fox was satisfied, and in the evening there was either dancing or bridge. Meredith, of course, was an exception, and she admired him for his versatility of conversation; but even in his case she could n't promote a thrill at his report of a miraculous recovery from the Bermuda grass, and his story of a three on the tenth hole left her as unmoved as though he had merely purled two and knitted two. Still, despite the vital defect, he fell in love with her. And this proves that she was superlative.

On the day before the qualifying round for the St. Valentine's he had gone out at half-past seven in the morning for his final grooming, and when next his spikes bit the floor of the locker-room he was inwardly radiant. On this, his last trial, he had achieved a sterling seventy-three; his long game had been adequate, his approaching and putting almost professional. There was nothing left for him to do; he must stand or fall on the quality of his game as he had established it. Buoyantly he put away his clubs; then, because he was mindful of the principles of training,

he determined to remove himself as far as possible from the links. He would refresh himself spiritually as well as physically. He would rest for the afternoon, and tee off to-morrow with no handicap of nerves or staleness. So he quitted the club-house without lingering to analyze his score, and walked back toward the hotel; and when on the way he encountered Miss Winsted feeding loaf-sugar to the fawns in the tiny deer-inclosure, he realized at once that the meeting was providential.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "Well, it 's on the knees of the gods."

"What is?" she inquired with equal cheer. She was probably the only girl in all Pinehurst who did n't know who were the favorites in the pool on the first sixteen, and *she* hardly knew there was a competition!

"The St. Valentine's Tournament," explained Meredith. "Starts to-morrow—two hundred and fifty entries."

"Oh." Miss Winsted had apparently expected something more important. "Are you playing in it?"

Meredith could n't check an involuntary smile.

"Rather!" he said. "It 's what you might call epochal for me. I 've been looking forward to it for two solid years. Think of it, until last month I had n't had a club in my hands since the inter-collegiates in 1912! And all that time, when I was too busy to play, I planned for this and dreamed of it and saved up my vacation for it; and now I 'm here! It 's almost too good to be true."

Miss Winsted dispensed the few remaining cubes of sugar, and dusted her palms neatly.

"You do seem awfully happy about it," she commented.

"It 's a curious game," said Meredith. "It 's the most curious game there is. My idea of a pure vacation is to play golf, and yet I 'm doubly joyful to-day because I 'm not going around again this afternoon: it 's a respite within a respite. Why can't we do something together this morning?"

She regarded him half humorously, and her intonation was bantering.

"You don't mean," she said, "that you'd sacrifice golf for a *girl*—on a day like this!"

"No sacrifice at all," denied Meredith. "I'm at liberty for nearly twenty-four hours. So if there's anything you'd especially like to do, and if you are n't tied up to a party, and if there are n't too many other ifs, why, I do wish we could fix it up somehow."

"I'll tell you," said Miss Winsted. "I've an appointment at eleven, but you come and lunch at our table, and we'll talk it over. Will you?"

The upshot of it was that they went riding, and that Meredith presently found himself expounding his ideals, a danger-signal which Miss Winsted chose to disregard. Vastly heartened by her manner, Meredith ventured to touch upon his age and his income. And somewhat later, when the geography of the ride was favorable, he abruptly told her that he wanted her and needed her. He admitted that he did n't deserve her, and yet, by the usual boyish implication, he invited her to dispute him. When he had quite finished, he reined close to her and put his arm around her and kissed her awkwardly; and, to his amazed beatitude, she looked at him with soft and shining eyes and confessed that she was glad. When they eventually reappeared at the hotel they were engaged, and Meredith had conceived an idyl which, to any woman who played golf, would have appealed.

He did n't endow her with the romance until after dinner. Then, when they had shyly separated themselves from the merry circle in the lobby, and assured each other that they had kept their vows of secrecy except for letters to their immediate families, he escorted her to the corner where stood a huge table loaded with heavy silverware.

"Dearest," said Meredith under his breath, "if you played golf yourself, you'd know what this means to me. For four years I've *suffered*—and now I've got it back again, and got you, too! And

there are a lot of men in Pinehurst to play for this trophy; but I'm going better and better, and next Saturday I'm going to give it to you—for an engagement present!" He indicated a massive platter built on the lines of a terrace. "That's for the championship!" His expression was seraphic; he could translate now the motives underlying the ancient courts of chivalry, and although the killing of Saracens has gone out of fashion as a pledge of affection, her first pride in him should nevertheless be for a famous conquest.

Miss Winsted glanced apprehensively at him and at the platter. The magnificence of it, and its extravagance of etching, frankly appalled her. She strongly approved his zeal to win a memento for her, but her tastes in decorative silverware were highly conservative. She hesitated, and finally put her forefinger upon a small card-tray, plain and unadorned save for the Pinehurst crest and a line or two of script engraving.

"I'd *much* rather have that one," she told him, flushing.

Meredith was startled, but he respected her ingenuousness, and spoke with great courtesy.

"But, my dear, the big one is the President's trophy!"

Miss Winsted was utterly unimpressed.

"You could n't very well give me a steak-platter for an engagement present," she said, with a ripple of laughter. "Why, Dicky! But I'd *love* to have you win that little tray for me. It's so nice and repressed. And everything else there is here is just—blatant."

"That little tray," said Meredith, examining it indulgently, "is for the runner-up of the second flight."

"You win it for me," she begged him. "I'd be so proud to have you—in a game you like so much."

Although he had n't by any means lost his sense of humor, Meredith was beginning to be vaguely troubled. Miss Winsted was so positive, so unyielding in her innocence. There was something almost pathetic in her deprecation of glory and



"ON THE WAY BACK HE ENCOUNTERED MISS WINFIELD"

her predilection for the chaste little tray, and he adored her for it; but he had been a golfer long before he became a fiancé.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said kindly, "but I have to play for the other one, you know. It is n't exactly ethical to go out for anything but the best."

Miss Winsted, whose ignorance of golf was colossal, lifted her face to his. Her whole bearing was that of a pleader not subject to overruling.

"You'll let me pick out my own engagement present, won't you, Dicky?" Her voice was subtly freighted with astonishment that she had been compelled to ask twice.

Meredith was increasingly thoughtful.

"Eleanor," he said, with reassuring tenderness, "you don't understand. Why, I'd rather not play in the tournament at all than to win the runner-up prize in the second flight. You see—" He stopped short at the reaction which showed in her eyes. For a matter of hours they had been engaged, and already he had hurt her. She was n't cognizant of golfing morals; she did n't fully grasp Meredith's overwhelming infatuation for golf; all she knew was that here were prizes, and that specifically she wanted one of them and no other. Palpably, she thought that he was unreasonable and perhaps a trifle stubborn.

"But I *want* you to play," she insisted. "I just *want* you to win me something for a remembrance. Can't you play for whatever prize you like?"

"Not exactly," said Meredith. "Of course it's humanly possible to try to win any definite trophy, but—"

"Then I want the card-tray," said Miss Winsted, firmly. "I'm crazy about it, and I'll be so proud of you—"

"My dear girl, I'm afraid I can't—"

"Can't?" she puzzled. "I thought you were a good player."

"I know; but the point is that I've been working for this tournament for weeks. I've looked forward to it for years. I'm going pretty well, and—"

"But don't you *see*? I want you to play, Dicky; of course I do! But would

n't you rather give me a prize I like than a horrible platter all over rosebuds? Please, Dicky! Please! You promise me you'll win *this* one. I want it."

Meredith's gesture was negative, but not impatient.

"But, Eleanor, I'm not joking; I'm serious. You don't know the first thing about tournaments, do you? So you'll have to take my word for it; golf is n't that sort of game. Everybody does his best, and takes what comes to him. I—"

"But it's only a *game*, is n't it?" Her emphasis was pregnant.

"Yes—and no."

"Then I should think," said Miss Winsted, judgmatically, "that if you have all the fun of playing, and if you're so anxious to call this an engagement present, you'd *want* to let me have my card-tray."

"But—you see, it's like this: you qualify, and then—"

"If you won't do that much for me," she grieved, "I don't see how you can pretend to love me so *very* well. And I've set my *heart* on that tray!"

Meredith gasped. He perceived now that a casual explanation would n't do; Miss Winsted required elementary education. An endeavor to convince her at this juncture, while their relationship was so new, must inevitably lead to misfortune. She was so incredibly naïve, so wholly unfamiliar with the facts, they might even quarrel. Meredith shivered at the mere imagining of it. Besides, what was the St. Valentine's in comparison with matrimony? He had been longing to demonstrate his love for her; could there be a greater renunciation than this? Could there be loftier heroism than to slay his ambitions for her sake? And later, when she had come to understand what he had done for her, would she ever forget it? Meredith swallowed hard. Then a flood of pity and of altruistic ardor swept over him, and he had his initial taste of the bitter-sweet of solemn sacrifice. Golf! Faugh! She loved him! He smiled bravely at her, and she clutched his arm and pressed it excitedly.

"You will, won't you, Dicky?"

"Anything you want," said Meredith, deliberately, "I 'll get for you, or die trying. Let 's go in and dance."

As they moved from the table he could console himself only by the recollection that if he had n't come to Pinehurst, he would n't have met Miss Winsted. Simultaneously with his oblique promise, he regretted that he had given it; but as he contemplated her joy, he did n't dare to retract. Sorrowfully, as they passed down the long corridor to the ball-room, he wondered what sort of prizes had been purchased for the spring tournament. As far as the St. Valentine's was concerned, he was a renegade, and he had sold his birthright.

ON the first tee of the championship course Meredith and his qualifying partner, a Sleepy Hollow crack named Scott, waited for the pair in front to advance beyond the white stake which marked the safety zone. Meredith had n't slept well: he was depressed and enervated, and, to his further discomfiture, he was acutely aware of the gallery; he felt that he was being eyed suspiciously, and that people would detect his ruse and misconstrue it, and call him a mug-hunter. But Eleanor wanted that tray; she could n't see why she should n't have it, and Meredith was Pentheselean. He had essayed feebly to convert her to his point of view, and failing, he had sworn her never to mention the incident to a soul, and in perplexed loyalty she had consented. He was a conspirator, but he was safe from indictment. He prodded the ground with the driving-iron he had elected to use for the get-away, and rolled his wrists to ascertain their suppleness.

"How 's your game?" he inquired of Scott. "What 'd you do yesterday?"

"A sloppy eighty."

"Eighty does n't sound hopelessly sloppy to me."

"It was, though. I had all the breaks. You 've been doing very well, have n't you?"

"I 'm erratic," lied Meredith. "Best I expect is the second flight."

"Piffle!" said Scott. "You 'll have to be close to eighty-five. Don't talk nonsense!"

"Very in-and-out golf. They 're clear now. Your honor."

He had decided to shoot expressly for an eighty-seven, which should land him comfortably in the lower half of the second division; and to furnish the public with a visible reason for this figure, he had plotted out a campaign based on the peculiarities of the course itself. All he needed was a little wildness from the tees, and the sympathy of many friends would be spontaneous. So, after Scott had driven a low ball straight down the course, he began his meretricious policy by intentionally hooking into the first of many traps, and by playing from the hazard to the green with all the cunning at his command. Through this procedure, which should enable him to secure a consistent average of one over par, he acquired a six, which was his desire, on the first hole.

"Tough luck!" said Scott. "Lots more holes, though."

"I 'll straighten 'em out," predicted Meredith, hooking carefully from the second tee. "I 'm working to counteract a slice."

He played faultlessly from the rough to the cup, and took his five, one over par; but as he stepped back, to remove his shadow from Scott's line of vision, he was suddenly overcome by a revulsion of feeling which sickened him. He was purposely failing to play his best; he was meticulously designing to place himself in a division where he did n't belong; after winning three easy matches he was to stultify himself by throwing away the finals in order that Miss Winsted might have her card-tray! It was unbelievable. It was n't within the bounds of sanity. It was n't golf, and not for all the women in the world could he become a traitor to his sportsmanship. He would n't go on with the farce; he would n't!

"Your shot, Dick. Down the alley this time, now!"

Meredith, with his mind in the club-

house, topped dismally among the wiry grasses. He attempted a recovery, but the ball, slewing to the left, sought lodgment in a deep heel-print. His third ran swiftly to a cavernous trap, and bobbed against the embankment.

"You looked up," his partner accused him.

"That," said Meredith, wide-eyed, "is what Grant Rice calls the 'Tragedy of the Hoisted Bean.' Well, I deserved it."

Niblick in hand, he descended to the depths of the pit. The ball was virtually unplayable; it had dropped into a crevice formed by the face of the trap, and by a bushel or two of sand which had poured down from it in a miniature avalanche. Meredith studied the lie and sighed prodigiously.

"I 'll have to waste enough shots to cut away the back of this cañon before I can reach the ball at all," he announced dolefully. "Well, it 's got to be done."

The sand was obdurate. Meredith, flailing vigorously, played four and five and six. His seventh shot was a masterpiece of destructive engineering; his eighth extricated him nicely; he was on in ten and down in an exact dozen, and his score for the first three holes was twenty-three. Yesterday he had played them for a total of thirteen.

"Too bad! Darned tough luck!" said Scott. "I never saw a worse lie than that in my life. It was impossible."

Meredith, who in his absorption had forgotten all about the hypocrisy to which he had consecrated this round, grinned broadly. His ill fate operated as a release from his hated penance; he was free!

"Got 'em all out of my cosmos now," he declared. "Here goes for that eighty-five."

"Hope you make it; but you 'll have to shoot close to even fours, old top."

"Bet you a box of balls I 'm eighty-seven or better," offered Meredith, rashly.

"Take you!" said Scott. "And I don't care if I lose. Double it?"

"Right!" said Meredith. He whaled out a terrific drive, pitched an approach

to a green on which an inept pitch is fatal, and took a four when one more oscillation of the sphere would have given him a birdie three. "I expect to turn," said Meredith, brightly, "in a snappy forty-six."

"With a twelve in it? I 've got another box of balls that says you 're an incorrigible optimist."

"You 're on," agreed Meredith. "Do these balls break if you hit 'em too hard?"

His heart was singing now, and his mood was exalted. Two strokes, no more, he had tossed away. His drive from the third tee had gone wrong through no intent of his own; his troubles in the pit had been fortuitous. He had discounted his intelligence only by the first two tee-shots; he had been honestly penalized; he would have to play flawless golf to qualify even in the second flight. All his depression had vanished; he felt no longer enervated; he was alert, and keen, and daring, and he could play the best that was in him.

"Beau-tiful drive!" said Scott.

"I 'll begin to land on 'em in a minute," promised Meredith, stoutly. "There 's another twenty yards to those if I can ever connect."

He did n't turn in forty-six,—he was forty-seven,—but it was a gross indentation of the sand of the ninth green which robbed him of his par three. For six successive holes he had played to the card; he was indubitably certain that he could come in under forty; he would have both the satisfaction of good golf and of Miss Winsted's praise; the Furies were kind to him. Then for the first seven of the in-holes he took only thirty strokes, and as he drove with a jigger on the short seventeenth, he told himself that his eighty-five was assured. Whereupon the ball veered inconsiderately to the left, and burrowed into the finely granulated floor of the farther trap.

It took him five for that hole, and four for the eighteenth, and he was gratified not only by the mathematics of the medal round, but also because he had netted a box of balls from Scott. He hurried to the second floor of the club-house and

scanned the score-boards; noted that already a respectable number of high seventies and low eighties had been recorded, and dashed back to the hotel to join Miss Winsted. They lunched together in the utmost harmony, they sat together on the veranda afterward, they were amicably agreeing that Westchester cottages possess inherent advantages over Riverside Drive apartments, when a boy summoned Meredith to the telephone. When he emerged he was apologetic.

"What is it?" she queried.

"More golf," said Meredith, sheepishly. Miss Winsted was mildly offended.

"But you *told* me you did n't have to go out again until to-morrow—"

"Unfortunately," said Meredith, "everybody shot the same sort of game to-day. The low score in the second flight was an eighty-four, and the highest was an eighty-six. Five of us tied for three places. I've got to go over for the play-off."

"I'll come with you," said Miss Winsted, rising promptly. "It counts for my tray, does n't it?"

So when the five tense golfers gathered for the combat which would eliminate two of their number, Meredith had the personal backing of the prettiest girl of Pinehurst, and he liked the consciousness of it, even although he knew that she was indifferent to all but the tangible token of his success.

He was the last to drive, and all of his predecessors had bungled. Meredith smiled as he swung his weighted iron. The hole was a par five, but barely over the 425-yard limit. On innumerable occasions he had made it in four, but in a play-off in which two men out of five were slated for defeat, he realized that the higher figure would unquestionably be good enough to insure him his place. He therefore spared the iron, and, to his horror, sliced execrably into the woods.

During his younger days he had often known the exquisite agony of playing the decisive hole against grave odds. He had accomplished his share of victories under these conditions, he had met with his share

of downfalls. Yesterday he had dreamed of triumph after triumph; now, as he located his ball nestling at the trunk of a small tree, he was hot with anger and resentment. He, a man with a seventy-three over the No. 2 course on Monday, was playing on Tuesday to break a tie for last place in an inferior division, and his was the worst of five inglorious drives! And what a fool he'd look if he went down to the third flight!

He could get no easy stance, and the tree prevented him from even a quarter swing. He had to chop the ball, and although he sent it skipping clear from the pine-grove, he was still in the rough and in the most irritating of strategic positions. He played three, and he played four; he was ten good yards from the green, and the other four balls were well on.

"How many?" he inquired of the field in general.

"Four."

"Three here."

"I'm four, too."

"I lie four."

Meredith scowled. If he played safely, he had a sure six; but two of the other men were dead to the hole, one had a six-foot putt, and the most distant ball belonged to the player who was on in three. There was a certainty, then, that Meredith could hope for nothing better than a miscue by one of those who lay dead. The six-foot putt, if missed, would result in at least a six, and two sixes would thereby be scored against three potential fives. There was n't one chance in a million, however, that either of the men who lay dead would miscue. Neither would they be attacked by vertigo.

"In a play-off for the second sixteen," said Meredith, cynically, to himself, "I'll shoot for the hole!"

With a few other spectators, Miss Winsted was standing a few feet behind him. He knew that she was watching him attentively, but he did n't dare to turn his head. Three things must occupy his mind, the club, the ball, the hole. There was no room here for Miss Win-

sted. He sighted with his putter across the sandy soil and across the level surface of the green.

"Caddy," snapped Meredith, "take away the flag!"

He putted, and the ball never deviated from the line; it ran pleasantly to the zinc, and tinkled home.

"Down in five," said Meredith, rigidly controlling his facial muscles. The man with the six-foot putt straightway missed it, both the men who were dead missed theirs, the man who had been on in three was down in five, and seized Meredith's arm and beckoned to Miss Winsted.

"*He 're* both in it," he proclaimed. "The other fellows have got to keep on playing. Was n't that some shot of Dicky's from off the green, Miss Winsted?"

"I did n't see it," she conceded, squeezing Meredith's hand. "Did it count for my—*ouch!*" Meredith had squeezed back.

"How could you help seeing it?" he demanded.

"Why, I was looking at that piccaninny with the flag," she said artlessly. "What was *he* doing?"

"Zowie!" choked their companion, and, being a gentleman, proceeded to enlighten her in detail.

But Meredith was thinking that he could probably teach her a great deal before the spring tournament. He'd have to.

ACCORDING to his reckoning, there were three days of bliss in store for him, three days in which he could extend himself as he liked without regard for the awful anticlimax to come. He cherished, to be sure, the hope that by Saturday he would succeed in coaching Miss Winsted so that she would be willing to let him win the ornate inkstand which was the secretary's trophy; but prior to that he could swamp three antagonists in a row, and right vengefully he sallied forth to swamp them. And Wednesday evening found him thankful to be a victor at the twentieth hole.

"Why, it was uncanny!" he related to

the group in the locker-room. "I went out in thirty-six, and that ought to be good for *something* in Class B any day! This man Hendricks took forty-six, and I was *one down!*"

"It can't be done," said Scott. "Who's got an adding-machine?"

"Well, it *was*. He had two par holes, three birdies, and Heaven knows how many shots on the other holes! About eleven apiece. You never saw such a match-play round in your life. Then I went all to pieces, and took forty-five to come home; he got a forty, and we were all square. It was the same thing, only reversed. I had all threes, fours, and sevens. We halved the first extra hole in three—two eagles! I was on in two, and took one putt, and he holed out a full mashy! Then he went up in the air a mile. The twentieth I won in four to eight. We were both on in three, and I took one putt to his five. *Some golf!*"

"You'll have your hands full tomorrow," prophesied Scott. "Wilson's an old war-horse. Look out for him!"

"With both eyes wide open," said Meredith, departing.

He departed to search for Miss Winsted, and found her on a bench overlooking the trio of practice-greens. She was leaning slightly forward, so that her attitude was suggestive of rather studious contemplation; and as she made room for Meredith, she motioned in the direction of two ancient devotees who were squabbling over half-stymies.

"I think I could do that," she remarked. "As well as they can, anyhow."

"Let's see," exclaimed Meredith, his heart pounding. "You wait here a second!"

He was back in a jiffy, equipped with a hitherto unused putter and a pocketful of brand-new balls. He was n't going to detract from Miss Winsted's timid enthusiasm by furnishing second-hand implements.

"There," he said, "try a couple. Oh, not so far away! Stand about here. Now hold it the way I do."

Miss Winsted putted clear across the

sand, across the adjoining green, and out into the roadway.

"Let me try another, Dicky," she demanded, coloring.

"Not so hard," he admonished. "Remember, it's only about ten feet. Swing like this. I want you to feel the club."

Miss Winsted putted eight inches.

"We'll go a little nearer, dear. That's fine. *Now putt!*"

Miss Winsted obediently shoved the ball, and pushed it into the hole. The blade of the putter descended with it and jammed. Miss Winsted was outspokenly delighted.

"But you must n't push it," expostulated Meredith. "See, like this."

"Like this?" Miss Winsted smote the ball sixty feet toward the club-house, and was suffused with shame.

"Once more, dear."

She grasped the club firmly, and focused upon the hole with great ferocity.

"This time," she said, "I'll put it in."

She did. From four feet she holed out in four shots. And then because people were calling to her from the veranda, and rallying her, she defaulted.

"I'm embarrassed now," she said confidentially to Meredith; "but you come out with me when there's nobody looking— Really, Dicky, it is n't so *awfully* simple, is it? I thought it was so easy it was childish!"

"You follow us part way round to-morrow," he proposed, animated by an unholy joy, "and see what golf really looks like. Will you?"

"Well, if you'll promise to win my tray for me."

Meredith coughed. For the moment he had n't been thinking of the disgrace scheduled for Saturday.

"You watch me," he said with meaning ambiguity.

ON Thursday Meredith met the type of golfer who never plays under eighty or over ninety, the hardest possible opponent for a nervous man to beat. And Meredith was nervous, largely because he felt that Miss Winsted, who was following the

match, would judge him and judge the game by her first impressions. He was two down at the ninth, and there she announced that she was tired and thought she'd go back; whereupon, Meredith, freed from his inhibitions, proceeded to win his match four up and three to go. The old war-horse stated in the locker-room that Meredith had played the second half of the course in one under fours, but this was naturally taken as a slight exaggeration devised to show that the old war-horse himself had been playing respectable golf.

On Friday Meredith awoke to find that a typical Pinehurst cold wave had crept upon them in the night and that the thermometer was perilously low. Moreover, a ghastly wind was cutting across the plateau, offering no solace and threatening dire punishment to those who had to face it. He went out in the expectation of being chilled to the bone, and although he wore two sweaters in addition to his Norfolk jacket, he was duly confirmed in his opinion. He went after his man brutally, piled up a lead of five holes, with seven to go, and suddenly succumbed to the knife-edged wind. He had lost a bit of his lead, but he was n't worrying about it until it occurred to him that this was really the crucial match; he must necessarily win it in order to lose to-morrow. Distracted by this requirement, perturbed by the regularity with which his knees were knocking together, and tormented with doubt because his hands were rapidly growing too numb to hold the clubs, he plowed along to the seventeenth without once getting the ball off the ground. By that time the match was all square, and his antagonist was colder than Meredith. Consequently, the last hole was a classic.

Sears, a gaunt slasher from Dunwoodie, began by hitting a good foot behind the ball in his haste to get the shot over with and his hands back in his pockets. Subsequently he batted a lumbering grounder into the rough, and retired behind his caddy to warm his face. Meredith's driver twisted in his grip so that he caught the ball squarely with the toe of it, and

achieved a rod and a half. On his second endeavor, when frosty tears were running down his cheeks, and all his fingers were stiff and wooden, he missed the ball completely; but Sears was clawing his road to the fairway, and polluting the atmosphere with fervid expletives. Side by side they pushed on past the yawning trap; Meredith reached the green in six to Sears's seven; both took two putts and broke for the club-house without lingering in the open air for any hand-shaking formalities that could be fully as well performed in front of an open fire. But Meredith had gained the finals, and the card-tray was Miss Winsted's if he chose to take it for her.

That night he told her explicitly just what she had asked of him and what he had done.

"Maybe," he said, "you could n't understand it before, because you could n't visualize the situation, dear. But now I'm in the finals. I can get your tray for you without going out of the hotel. All I need to do is to default, and that would be what men call 'yellow.' Or I can go out and lose deliberately. Well, suppose I do. I'll simply have deprived somebody else of a privilege that I don't want. I'll have acted like a dog in a manger. And more than that, it is n't really fair. I do hope you'll understand. It is n't the material trophies we're playing for—"

"I do understand now," she granted quickly. "I've been awfully silly, Dicky. It did n't mean anything at all to me; I thought it was quite all right. I *do* see now, though, because I'm getting interested. Here you ought to have been in a higher class—"

Meredith shook his head.

"I've been mighty glad," he said, "that after I blew those two strokes in the qualifying round I did get into a mess. Even if I'd started out well, I could n't have beaten eighty-four, and that would have put me in the second flight, anyway. Those two strokes were all I blew. The only thing to consider is about tomorrow."

Miss Winsted rose, and led him to the table where the prizes were displayed.

"If you win from Mr. Osborne," she inquired, "you'll get that inkstand?"

"I'm afraid I will," said Meredith. "It certainly is a he inkstand, is n't it?"

Miss Winsted bestowed a final look of farewell upon the plain little tray she had coveted. As for the inkstand, she could n't remotely imagine it in her own room or anywhere in her house; it properly belonged on a huge desk in a club library. But, after all, it had a significance which formerly had escaped her. In any event, Meredith would merely be complying with the usual custom if he bought her an engagement gift instead of winning one.

"You play the best you can," she said impulsively. "I don't care if it's for a platter or an inkstand or an egg-cup, you do your best, Dicky!" And it was with that resolve, and in the loftiest of moods, that he approached his ultimate match on Saturday morning.

The weather had moderated, and the day was clear and balmy. A brief rain at midnight had put the greens in superb condition; a warm sun had added the precise degree of crispness that Pinehurst turf demands; there could n't have been a finer morning on which to live or to play a round of golf. Meredith was in ecstasy; he cared less for golf to-day than he did for living; he was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the fraternity of man that he hoped for Osborne almost as much as he hoped for himself. On a day like this, what difference did it make who won or lost? They could play golf.

But after Osborne had drawn first blood, Meredith's temper changed, and he was very ready to dispose of his excess of vivacity. By another hole or two he recognized the fact that he was playing against a man who also was worthy of the championship division. Instead of resorting to strange expedients in order to lose, he must force himself to the extreme in order to win. His eyes brightened, and he set courageously about his task.

In the competition of two men like these



"THE BALL NEVER DEVIATED FROM THE LINE: IT RAN PLEASANTLY
TO THE ZINC, AND TINKLED HOME."

there is, as Henry Leach has said, at least one element in common with the prize-ring. Each stroke is a direct attack upon the opponent's poise. Each shot has not only a purpose in itself; it also aims to produce a definite effect upon the adversary. It is a species of moral assault and battery, a duel of nerves and reflexes. And Osborne and Meredith, both students of the game and craftsmen of it, fought to the ninth on even terms.

It was at the tenth hole that Meredith's luck deluded him. He had driven far over the pond hazard and up the hill, and his second shot was a scant yard from the cup. Osborne, playing logically, went for the hole, and overran, got down in four, and stood apart, communing with the gods. Meredith had privately set down his three; he played mechanically, and for an instant he thought, so concentrated had he been upon the stroke, that he had holed. Osborne exclaimed sharply. The ball was hanging over the cavity so near the edge that it seemed continuously in the act of falling. A three-foot putt, and Meredith had n't given it a chance! He had squandered a hole, he had thrown away a golden opportunity!

"A half," he said, affecting a smile.

"You deserve to win it," claimed Osborne, generously.

"I'll go after you on the next one," laughed Meredith, scourging himself.

The eleventh hole was a lusty four hundred yards and over; Osborne was short on his second, and Meredith was hole high. Both ran up well, Osborne was away, and negotiated a par four without a tremor.

"This for a half," said Meredith, gaging the distance.

He was warning himself not to repeat the error of putting too softly; and as he made the injunction permanent, he recalled Miss Winsted's grotesque attempt on the practice green, when she had sent her ball traveling out to the roadway. It may have been this image which misled him, for his shot was too powerful by the slightest of margins; the ball struck the back of the cup and bounded over by an

inch or two, and Meredith groaned inwardly with astonishment and chagrin.

"Your hole," he granted, crushing down his wrath.

"Too bad!" sympathized Osborne. "You're beating yourself; I'm not."

They halved the twelfth, but on the next hole Meredith had another terrible putt of a yard, and went into a fit of the fidgets. Once he had overplayed from this distance, once he had underplayed; this time he would be trebly sure. He surveyed the line, and swung the putter with great care. If the line had been straight, Meredith would have had his half; as it was, the ball paused opposite the center of the hole, a bare inch to the right.

"Two down," he said, stooping, "and six to go. Still your honor."

On the fourteenth he missed a seven-footer for a four, and got a half in five. Utter demoralization on the greens had seized him; he was two down, with four to play, and if he could have had what any golfer would be pleased to call his just deserts, he would have been dormy. But Osborne was in trouble on the 212-yard fifteenth, and Meredith had no mercy.

"Now for the inkstand," he told himself on the tee.

He had chosen a spoon, and he played it impeccably. He was reflecting that the match would be decided not by what Osborne did, but what Meredith did; and after he had construed the wild gesticulations of the caddy ahead, he was aware that he had made the green, and held it. He was wholly callous to Osborne's splendid pitch from the rough; he was rather contemptuous of it. After all, what was the profit in winning or losing the second flight? In one case, a transient pleasure and a desultory series of congratulations; in the other, a silver card-tray for a pretty girl who did n't know a brassy from a maul-stick.

"Oh, rubbish!" said Meredith to himself as he nonchalantly holed a prodigious putt for a two. Aloud he stated, "You're one up and three to play, Mr. Osborne."

They halved the sixteenth after a heart-breaking struggle; at the 165-yard seventeenth Meredith saw that Miss Winsted had wandered over from the club-house, and was watching them from the shade of the trees near the green. He gazed at her for a moment, and turned to Osborne.

"Now, as man to man," said Meredith, bluntly, "I want to know what you think of that ink-pot we 're shooting for? Honestly."

Osborne, somewhat taken aback, grinned widely.

"Hideous thing, is n't it?"

"Suppose you win it," said Meredith, teeing his ball, "what 'll you do with it?"

"Hide it, I suppose. Funny game, is n't it? Two of us breaking our necks for something neither of us wants. But my wife would give her soul for that dinky little tray they 've put up for the second prize."

Meredith grimaced.

"She would, would she?"

"Absolutely. She 's mad about it."

Meredith glanced at the green.

"Well, you 'll have to hole out to beat me, Mr. Osborne."

"I usually do from here." Both laughed.

Meredith drove, and was on; and Osborne, after deep cogitation, played a careful shot to the very boundary of the green. Abreast they marched through the intervening rough.

"I almost hope you win," said Meredith, absently. "*I* don't want that inkstand."

"Neither do I; but I 'm doing my darndest to take it away from you, don't you think?"

"You 've got *me* working. But it looks as though I 've got the edge on you here," said Meredith.

"Hardly," said Osborne, with charming friendliness. "I 'll halve this with you and win the last, two up!"

"Shoot from there!" commanded Meredith.

Osborne shot, and went dead. Meredith bent over his putter, and then stood erect.

"It 's a funny game," he repeated, "the funniest game in the world. Vardon was right; he says it 's an *awful* game. I think I must believe in foreordination. I 'd bet a hundred to one this goes down! And we 're playing for a piece of junk neither of us would have in the house if it did n't represent this match, and we 're both set on winning it! A hundred to one!" He putted, and never a ball rolled straighter to its goal. "A two to your three," he remarked to the stupefied Osborne. "All square, and one to go. Just a second."

He walked over to Miss Winsted and patted her arm affectionately.

"Are you ahead of him?" she asked, with anxiety.

"We 're all even so far."

"You 'll win, won't you?"

"Is that what you want? I came over to find out."

"I do, dear; I *do*! And—I thought you 'd like to know—I—I took a lesson from Peacock this morning!"

"You *did*!" cried Meredith, astounded.

"You *did*! Well, you just wait until I win this hole, and see what you get!"

Transported, he drove magnificently, and Osborne was alongside. With inexpressible rapture, he played perfectly between the twin traps guarding the green, and Osborne was with him. He ran an approach within a precious yard of the hole, and Osborne was a foot farther away. And Osborne, too deliberate to be accurate, missed the hole by a hand's-breadth.

"I 'll give you that for a five," proffered Meredith. "And I 'm playing four—for the hole and match."

"It looks like your inkstand," admitted Osborne, whitening, although his lips were curving. "You ought to fill it with champagne."

Meredith nodded appreciatively, and took his putter. Miss Winsted was again behind him, and he felt her presence, and welcomed it. She 'd taken a lesson, had she? She was adopting the game because he loved it, was she? He owed her something for that—something more than ordinary gratitude. And now that she

had come to share his laurels with him, she should see at least that golf is more than a simple game played for prizes; she should see that it is a cross-section of life, played for whatever reward is decreed. The rule is to play hard, and take the consequences. His jaw tightened, and he shook off a fantasy which had crept upon him, a fleeting notion to shut his eyes as he played, and to make Miss Winsted a gift of his pride and of her card-tray. He frowned, and dismissed the sordid conception. Love is love, but golf is golf, and Meredith had a simple putt for the win. He was sorry for Miss Winsted and he was sorry for Osborne, but the match and the inkstand belonged to him. Osborne's wife would be jubilant, and Miss Winsted would some day fathom the mystery of the game, and be hedonic, too. He addressed the ball; and whimsically a picture of the unsuitable prize rose before him, and a chuckle died in his throat. And then, paralyzed, staggered by the egregious fault he had committed, he straightened himself, and looked at Osborne.

"What 's up?"

"I touched it!" said Meredith, thickly.

"Go on! This is a gentleman's game."

"This is *golf*," corrected Meredith. "I touched it, and it moved."

"I waive the penalty. Shoot!"

"You can't waive it. That 's mighty decent of you, but it 's against the rules. I 'm playing five, for a half."

"Oh, look here—"

"It 's all right," said Meredith, gnawing his lip. "*You* did n't make the rules. I ought to have had more sense."

"Here, you forget it—"

"Playing five," said Meredith, sternly. "I may halve it yet."

"Well, I hope you do. Take your time—"

"Drop!" breathed Meredith to the ball, and missed the half by an eyelash. Osborne had beaten him one up.

LATE that afternoon he went with Miss Winsted to the table loaded with silverware, removed the card-tray, and presented it to her with unction.

"It 's yours, dear," he said; "but if I 'd kept my wits about me—"

"Mr. Osborne 's told *everybody* about it," she said quietly. "He says he would n't have known about your touching your ball if you had n't told him yourself; and even if you did n't win, it 's a consolation to know you lost like that, is n't it? By penalizing yourself when you need n't have—"

"Also," said Meredith not too truthfully, "to give you the present you picked out. And to have you take up golf as a result of this tournament. I 'll remember it always." He remained staring into vacancy until Miss Winsted pinched his elbow and brought him back to earth.

"What *are* you thinking about?" she demanded.

"Oh—nothing," said Meredith, averting his face. "I was just wondering whether you 'd better take lessons of Peacock or Alec Ross." Once more he had spoken falsely; he had been thinking about the spring tournament and his bad short game during the finals to-day. And then the real consolation came over him, and he was placidly content. "Let 's go out while it 's light enough," he said, and his smile was again seraphic, for at least Miss Winsted could accompany him. "We 'll putt awhile together. Is n't it funny how you can miss the short ones?"





A BRIDGE IN QUITO

The City of the Equator

Quito, capital of Ecuador

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras," etc.

I SETTLED down for months in Quito. Not only were my Canal Zone experiences to be written,¹ but I had long since planned to become a real resident of a typical small South American capital. I took up quarters in the home of Señor Don Francisco Ordonez V, in the calle Flores, and Leo Hays, my companion since Panama, hung up his hat in sumptuous surroundings around the corner.

But not so fast. Not even whole-hearted "Don Panchito" would have received me in the state of sartorial shabbiness of our arrival on foot from Bogotá. The greater part of the clothes necessary for our entrance into the ranks of the *gente decente* had been mailed in Girardot, the rest had been turned over to an American "drummer" in Cali. The first shock the city had in store for us was the

information that no parcel of any shape or description had come from Colombia by mail in months, the second was the discovery that the traveling-man had not arrived. It was hard to realize, that we had outwalked all the established means of transportation in this equatorial land.

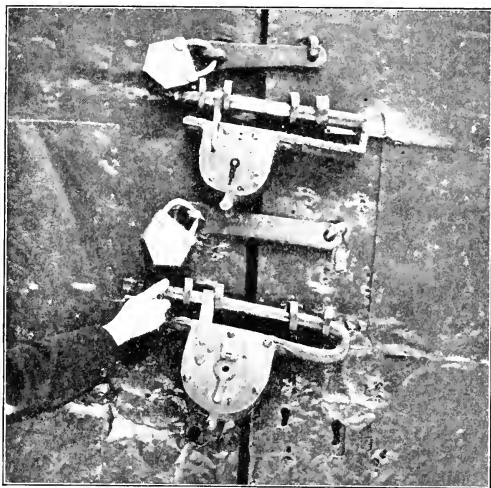
The people of Quito were somewhat less rigid disciples of Beau Brummel than those of Bogotá, but they were still far from negligent in dress. Except for tailor-made suits, the cost of replenishing a wardrobe was startling. Ready-made clothing for men is rare in the cities of the Andes, and it is far more economical to order in one of the *sastrerías* that abound in almost every street. These are single small rooms, of dingy appearance, the fronts entirely open doorways in which sit anemic half-breed youths, sewing languidly, but incessantly, now and then carrying the charcoal-filled goose out into the

¹ "Zone Policeman 88," published while Mr. Franck was still exploring wild South America.—THE EDITOR.

street to blow out the ashes, and as dependent on inspiration from the passing throng as the craftsmen of Damascus.

largest size in stock. The merchant hoisted on the verge of tears.

"Why, Señor," he gasped, gazing re-



THE LOCKS ON A SHOE, THE ENTIRE STOCK OF WHICH MAY BE WORTH A HUNDRED DOLLARS

As in the more Northern capital, the line of demarkation between the *gente decente* and the *gente del pueblo* of Quito is the white collar. Naturally the tendency is to make it as wide and distinct as possible. When I had canvassed the entire city I found my customary brand at last,—at four times its American price,—but the lowest collar in stock was weirdly suggestive of some species of human giraffe.

"You misunderstood me," I protested. "I did not ask for a cuff, but for a collar."

"But this is a collar, Señor," cried the shopkeeper.

"Something lower, please."

"But this is a very low collar. It is so low that no one in Quito will wear it, and we are not importing any more."

In the matter of shoes I found at last a Massachusetts product that might have been endurable; but when I had beaten the dealer down to about twice the American price, a seven was found to be the

sentfully at the offending member, "there is not a foot in Quito as large as that shoe."

He did not mean exactly what he said, but it was natural that he should have in mind only the small minority of Quiteños who wear shoes. These squeeze their feet into articles of effeminate, toothpick shape for custom's sake, as they force their necks into collars that come little short of hanging them, and have their trousers made wide at the bottom, like a sailor's, to make their feet look still daintier and more ladylike. One cannot, of course, pose as an aristocrat on the broad hoofs of a barefoot Indian.

In the end I was forced to buy *botas de hule*, an imitation patent-leather shoe made in Guayaquil.

Hays concluded that with a general overhauling he could perhaps pass muster until our bundles arrived, but on one point immediate renewal was unavoidable. He paused in the doorway of one of the little sewing-dens to ask:

"Can you make me a pair of trousers by Saturday night?"

For all the excellence of his Spanish, Hays could never remember that Castilian trousers come singly.

"*Un par*, Señor!" cried the tailor. "Ah, no; it is impossible so soon. I can make you a trouser by then, but not two of them. Then while you are wearing the one I can perhaps make the other, if the señor is in such haste."

"Oh, all right," said Hays, suddenly recalling that trousers are—I mean *is*—singular in Spanish; "go ahead. I'll try to get along with one over Sunday."

The error persisted, however. It was not three days later that he was halted at the door of his lodgings by a whining beggar.

"*Una caridad, Caballero!* Have you not perhaps some old clothes to give a poor unfortunate?"

"Sure," said the generous ex-corporal of police, turning back. "I'll bring you down a pair of trousers."

He did so, whereupon the beggar growled angrily:

"But you said a *pair*. Where is the other one?"

I had not been three days in Quito before I began to feel the necessity of re-

newed exercise. The "best families" lead a very sedentary and idle existence, virtually spending their lives at the bottom of a hole in the ground, for such the central plaza and the few adjoining squares about which it is customary to stroll might be called. Yet there are innumerable picturesque views and corners to reward him who will climb out; and climb he must, for the city lies in a wrinkle of the skirts of Pichincha out of which almost every street mounts more or less steeply.

The central plaza is the heart of Ecuador. In its middle rises a tall and showy monument topped by a bronze Victory or Liberty, or some other exotic bird, and at its base cringes an allegorical Spanish lion, with a look of pained disgust on his face and an arrow through his liver. Much of the square is floored with cement, blinding to the eyes most of the day under the sheer equatorial sun, and only mildly relieved by staid and too carefully tended plots where violets, pansies, yellow poppies, and many a flower indigenous to the region bloom perennially. Its diagonal walks see most of Quito pass at least once a day. But neither Indians nor the ragged classes pause to sit in it, nor may any one carrying a bundle



PERPETUAL SPRING—OUR PATIO FROM THE DOOR OF MY ROOM

pass its gates unless the guard chances to be doing something else than his appointed duty. On the east it is flanked by the two-story government "palace" housing the presidency, the ministry, both houses of congress, the custom-house, the post-office, and considerable else, yet still leaving room for several cubbyhole shops under its portico. On the south, siding on rather than facing the square, is the low cathedral, its towers barely rising above the roof. On the third and fourth sides are the archbishop's palace and the municipality, both with *portales*, arcades beneath which are dozens of little den-like shops, and filled from pillar to pillar with hawkers and their no less motley wares.

Every street of the city is roughly cobbled, with a row of flagstones along its center for Indian carriers and four-footed beasts of burden, and on each side a narrow, slanting slab-stone walk. Every street rambles up a rolling, at times almost hilly, region, with rarely a level block, and virtually all are due sooner or later to run off into the air on a hillside, like the toes of a Turkish slipper, or to fade away suddenly in an obscure, noisome lane.

Quito has no residential part. Its chiefly two-story buildings are with rare exceptions constructed of mud blocks on frames and beams of *chaguarquero*, the light, pithy stalk of the giant cactus, with roofs of dull-red tiles. Whitewash and paint of many colors strive in vain to conceal this plebeian material, and many a façade is gay with ornamentation. Well-to-do people, who are commonly the owners of the building they dwell in, occupy the second floor. The lower story of the city is the business section. That portion of the house facing the street is almost certain to be given over to from one to several shops, the patio serves as a yard for the loading and unloading of pack-animals, while the bare adobe cells opening on it house the family servants and Indian retainers. To dwell almost anywhere in the city is to live in the upper air of a combination of slums and business houses,

and whatever the wealth or boasted aristocracy of a family, it is certain to come into daily contact with the unwashed *gente del pueblo* that inhabits its lower regions and there performs its menial tasks.

There are shops enough in Quito, to all appearances, to supply the demands, if not the needs, of all the million and a half inhabitants of Ecuador. These are for the most part small, one-room dungeons without windows, flush with the sidewalk, and with no other front than the doors that stand wide open during business hours and present at other times their blank faces ornamented with several enormous padlocks. The Quiteño puts no trust in the small locks of modern days. Many a shop the entire stock of which is by no means worth a hundred dollars is protected not only by bolts and bars within, but by half a dozen of those huge and clumsy contrivances that the rest of the world used in the Middle Ages. To "shut up shop" is a real task in Quito, of which the lugging home of the enormous keys is by no means the least burdensome. Naturally, if a real burglar cared to take the trouble to journey to Quito, he would find far less difficulty at his trade than in a city ostensibly less secure.

Besides the establishments of hundreds of men who would rather wear a white collar than work, there are innumerable little holes in the wall run by "women of the people" in conjunction with their scanty household duties, where chicha and stronger drinks and the few food-stuffs of the Indians and the poorer classes are displayed—and sometimes sold, though there are barely customers enough to go round. Clothing stores, or more exactly cloth-shops, are perhaps most numerous, countless useless duplications of the selfsame stock, with hundreds of bolts of as many different weaves piled high in the open doorways. Every merchant, however meager his supplies, announces himself an "importer and exporter," and after morning mass women wander for hours from shop to shop, haggling for a fancied dif-



MORNING MISTS RISING FROM THE MOUNTAINS. THIS POND IN THE ALAMEDA IS THE ONLY BODY OF WATER QUITENOS EVER SEE

ference of half a cent in some purchase which in the end is as apt as not to be abandoned. Business is at best petty, and its ethics are extremely low. The native Quiteño is commonly a weak competitor of the foreigners that swarm in the city. Italians, especially the rascally Neapolitans, and "Turks," as the ubiquitous Syrians are known in South America, capture much of the trade. A foreigner remains a foreigner in Ecuador, for the country has but weak powers of assimilation.

A unique note in the life of Quito are the "Propiedad" signs. Revolution, with its accompanying looting, is ever imminent. The native shopkeepers are frankly at the mercy of the looters, who only too often are the very Government itself. But the foreigner despoiled of his wares can always lodge a complaint with his home Government; reparation may possibly follow, and even the punishment of the looters is conceivable. To warn these of their peril and induce sober thought in times of riot, the foreign merchants paint on their shop-fronts a huge flag of their country, similar to that used by neutral steamers in war-time, with surcharged words conveying the same information to those unacquainted with the colors. Thus the Ger-

man's place of business is distinguished with a:

(black)
PROPIEDAD
(white)
ALEMANA
(red)

Within a few blocks of the main plaza may be noted the following "Propiedades": "Española, Francesa, Alemana, Belga, Danesa, Inglesa, Italiana, Holandesa, Sueca, Chilena, Colombiana, Peruana, Venezolana, Turca," and one or two more. The stars and stripes and the words "Propiedad Americana" appear in only one place, on the door of a small export house.

Every one appears to be entitled to three guesses on the population of Quito. The figures range from fifty to eighty thousand, with the truth somewhere near the seventy-five thousand attributed to it in Stevenson's time. Though more in touch with the outside world than Bogotá, it has much of the same atmosphere of a city apart, a peaceful, restful spot, with some of the principal modern conveniences of a crude, break-down-often sort, but with lit-

tle of the complicated life of the great centers of modern days. It is a splendid place to play at life, to lie fallow, and to catch up with oneself, with nothing more exciting to stir up existence than the evening concert in the *plaza mayor*, where few of the inhabitants do not come to stroll at least once a week. A score of carriages rattle over its cobbled streets. The rails of a street-car line had already been laid years before our arrival, but the requisite cars had not yet even been ordered. We of more powerful nations hardly realize what it means to live in so small a country until it is brought home by some such incident as hearing the entire congress of Ecuador debate two hours whether it shall or shall not order two new electric-light bulbs put up in front of the government palace.

Somewhere there may be a finer climate than that of Quito, but it would scarcely be worth while to go far looking for it. We had been warned that the place would turn out even colder than Bogotá, being higher and not enough nearer the equator to make any appreciable difference. But Quito lies in a sheltering valley, or our stay there must have

been cut much shorter. In the Colombian capital we were always suffering more or less from cold in our waking hours except near midday; here it was possible to sit on a plaza bench at midnight. With all the stages of nature from planting through blossoms, fruit, and harvest existing side by side, the days were like the best half-dozen culled from a Northern May. Flies swarm in Quito; a fly that found itself in Bogotá would shrivel like a plucked flower.

Yet the American schoolma'am accustomed to tell her pupils that the people of Quito all dress in white would be startled to see what attention even a woman in light-colored garb attracts in its streets. On a few rare occasions, to be sure, a man in whitest cotton array passed through the overcoated plaza during the evening concert; but this meant only that the tri-weekly train from Guayaquil had arrived. We met, too, an American drummer, more noted for his ability as a "mixer" than for his knowledge of geography, who had arrived with a carefully chosen wardrobe of thin, white linen suits—and proved a godsend to the tailors of Quito. Incidentally he had come down



MINE HOST, HIS FAMILY, AND MY INDIAN SERVANT (AT THE LEFT)



AN AMERICAN SEWING-MACHINE GOING, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, ON INDIAN-BACK. THE INDIAN WEARS A GRAY HAT, RED PONCHO, AND WHITE "PANTIES"

to introduce American plumbing in Ecuador; but that is another and still sadder story.

The truth is that moderate winter clothing is never out of place in Ecuador's capital. Even at noon, with one's shadow a round disk under foot and the sun glaring to the eyes and burning the skin in the thin upland air, a leisurely climb up one of the cobbled streets brought no memories of the tropics.

As in all high altitudes, there is a marked difference between sunshine and shade. The first greeting in a quiteño house is sure to be, "*Cúbrese usted*" ("Put on your hat"), and however strange it may seem to the new-comer, none but the unwise will disobey the admonition, nor uncover until he has become acclimated to the room; for to catch cold in Quito is a serious matter, and the road from a cold to pneumonia, which is easily fatal in this thin air, is short and swiftly down-grade. Thanks to the altitude, it is the common experience, especially of new-comers, to be either unduly exhilarated or in the depths of despondency.

There is a popular saying that it rains thirteen months a year in Quito. But this is slander. During all the time I spent

in the city there were few days when it did not rain; but the shower came almost always at a more or less fixed hour of the afternoon, and the resident soon learned to lay his plans accordingly. The rain always seemed heavier than it was in reality, for tin spouts pour the water noisily out into the middle of the cobbled street, the wide, projecting eaves protecting the sidewalks. Now and then came a day heavy with massed clouds; far more often all but an hour or so was brilliant with sunshine. There is not a chimney in Quito, and no breath of smoke was ever known to smudge the smallest bit of her transparent equatorial sky.

Factories, in our modern sense, are unknown; cooking is the same simple operation as in the rural districts of the Andes, and the Quiteño knows artificial heat, if at all, only by hearsay. I chanced to be in the reception-room of the minister of foreign affairs one afternoon,—a sumptuous pink-and-blue adobe chamber, with a score of bullet-holes in the walls as mementoes of the latest request of the populace to the president to resign,—when a newly appointed Argentine minister dropped in for his first informal call. In the course of the carefully sandpapered

small talk the diplomat mentioned a new law in Buenos Aires requiring the heating of public buildings during certain months of the year. The minister, an unusually well-read and educated man for Ecuador, stared a moment with the dreamy eyes of one favored with an entirely new bit of information, and, leaning forward with undiplomatic eagerness, replied:

"Why, I suppose you *would* have to have some kind of artificial heat in those cold countries."

Quito has always been a fanatical town. Among a score like it, the present archbishop tells the following story in his "History of Ecuador." About two hundred years ago some one broke into one of the churches and stole the sacred wafers, together with the gold ciborium in which they were kept. A few days later the stolen property was found lying in the refuse of a ditch. Amid great weeping a procession of the entire population bore the sacred emblem back to its church. For weeks the entire town dressed in deepest mourning; the *audiencia* gave all its attention and the police force all its efforts to running down those "vile traitors, bestial swine, and venial sinners," as the gentle archbishop calls them, leaving little misdemeanors like robbery and murder to look after themselves. Not a clue was uncovered. At length a famous Jesuit of the time preached a sermon that lashed the populace into such fervor that the congregation poured forth into the streets beating themselves with chains and scourges, most of them, men and women, naked to the waist,—I am quoting the archbishop,—in a procession and religious fury that lasted from eight at night until two in the morning. A scapegoat was imperative. The officers of the *audiencia*, in peril of being themselves forced to assume that rôle, redoubled their efforts, and at length found some distance south of the city three Indians and a half-caste who were reputed to have confessed to the nefarious crime. The four miscreants were brought back to the city, kicked about the street by the populace, trussed up in chains in the church while the priest

preached a four-hour sermon on "the most atrocious crime in the history of Quito," and were finally hanged, drawn, and quartered, and hung up, still dripping with blood, in sixteen parts of the town. The priests and their followers dug up a potful of earth where the holy wafers had been found, and deposited it in a heavy vase of solid gold that is still one of the precious relics of the cathedral. Then they caused to be erected over the spot the chapel of Jerusalem, where it stands to this day. "And," adds the archbishop, "no *fiel* [faithful one] will deny that they met their just fate for so vile and unprecedented a sacrilege."

Ah, but that was two centuries ago. True, but permit me to bring the fanaticism of Quito up to date. Less than a year before our arrival the perennial struggle between the Liberals and the Conservatives, the latter the church party, had broken out again in revolution. A queer-looking little man, with a white goatee sprouting from a mild-tempered chin and wearing habitually a hat that would have been the envy of a slap-stick comedian, had for years been president of Ecuador. He had been an official of more than average honesty; moreover he had done the country much service, among other things having induced an American to complete the railroad from the coast to Quito. But the Conservatives were against him. To be sure, the queer little man had objected to turning over his office to a newly elected incumbent; but that is a common South American peccadillo. When the populace rose and expressed itself in the manner that has left holes in the mud walls of the pink-and-blue ministry he went down to the coast and gathered an army of his fellow-*costeños*. But luck had deserted him. After a few battles he was captured, together with several sons, nephews, and henchmen. The Conservatives were triumphant. The Government ordered the captives to be sent up to Quito. The general in command at Guayaquil protested that such action was unsafe until the fury of the populace evaporated. The Government as-

sured him the danger was visionary, and repeated the order. A special train was made up, and set out on the long climb

dow of what was later my own room, as the bodies of the former president and his eldest son were passing. They show a



PROBABLY NOT HIS DESPITE THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM

up to the plateau. That was on a Saturday. At noon on Sunday word came that the train had arrived, and the prisoners were hurried by automobile to the Panóptico, the wheel-shaped penitentiary up on the lower flanks of Pichincha. The populace quickly gathered. The bullet-holes through the false stone walls of the dismal little mud cells, in the narrow corners of which the prisoners crouched, were still fresh when we wandered through the place, distributing cigarettes to the harmless-looking inmates. Among the most fanatical of the mob were the police and those whose duty it was to guard the prison. In the excitement some twoscore prisoners escaped, and joined the rioters. The little ex-president and his companions, dead or dying, were stripped naked, ropes were tied to their ankles, and they were dragged for hours through the cobble streets of Quito, the frenzied populace raising the echoes of the surrounding ranges with their shouts.

I have two photographs taken by Don Jesús, nephew of my host, from the win-

throng made up exclusively of cholos, those of mixed blood who constitute the bulk of Quito's population. Not a white collar of the *gente decente* or the broad felt hat of an Indian is to be seen. On through the entire length of the city the barbaric procession continued. At length the mob reached the Ejido, the broad, green playground of Quito. Here they hacked the bodies of the victims in pieces with machetes and whatever implement came to hand. Some carried to their huts as souvenirs the heads of the ex-president and his sons, from which they were recovered with difficulty only after the frenzy had died down and been slept off. Such were *los arrastres* ("the draggings"), to which the educated Quiteño refers, if at all, in shamed undertones.

Quito is not so light of complexion as Bogotá. Not merely is her percentage of Indian blood higher, but even those of unmixed European ancestry have a sallow or olive tint, and little of the color in their cheeks frequent in the more rigorous capital of Colombia. Negroes are un-

known as residents. There is a careful gradation in caste, yet chiefly a void in place of what in other lands would be a middle class. The population is divided rather clearly between those brutalized from carrying ox-loads on their backs and those who remain soft and effeminate from careful avoidance of any muscular exertion. For even the cholo is economically either Indian or white, depending on his wealth or occupation. To carry even a small package through the streets is to jeopardize one's standing as a member of the upper class. "Don't hurry," a frock-tailed Quiteño told me in all seriousness one day. "People will think you are *ocupado*," busy, that is, with vulgar work. It is customary to raise one's hat to every male "of your own class or above" and to pause and shake hands with every acquaintance considered your equal, ask him how he has *amanecido* ("dawned"), inquire after his family individually, and shake hands again before parting, and that as often as you meet him, though it be every half-hour during the day. Americans who have lived long in South America have the hand-shaking habit chronically. The greeting, or more exactly the acknowledgment of the greeting, of one's inferiors varies from a patronizing heartiness to the corner tailor to a half-audible grunt to an Indian. The latter is always addressed in the "tu" form, "because," as one of my Beau Brummel acquaintances put it, "there is no reason whatever to show any respect to the Indian." During several months' acquaintance I found no great reason to show any to the speaker; but that perhaps is beside the point.

How wholly lacking the place is in genuine democracy is frequently illustrated. I was strolling in the *plaza mayor* one day, for instance, with the grandson of the "Washington of Ecuador," a youth of American school training and of unusually high standards, when he stepped on the flagging around the monument in the center of the square. The cholo policeman on guard hesitated for a time, but finally screwed up unusual courage and in-

formed the youth in a courteous, not to say humble, manner that he had been ordered not to let any one walk on the flagging. The descendant of Ecuador's founder became a brilliant red, as if his noble house had been vilely insulted, then so white that his blond hair seemed to turn dark brown. He strode across to the officer, who was considerably larger than he, caught him by the coat, and all but jerked him off his feet. The policeman humbly apologized. The "best people" do not realize that it is not the individual policeman, their "inferior," giving them orders, but lawful and orderly society speaking through him.

As in the days of Stevenson's travels, a century ago, "the principal occupation of persons of rank is visiting their estates, particularly at harvest-time." By far the greater portion of the year they spend in town, however, leaving their haciendas in charge of *mayordomos* little acquainted with modern agricultural methods. The city has so few recreative attractions that it is hard for any man of education to avoid a more or less studious life, be it only as a pastime. Yet, although Ecuador is not without her literature, it has come more frequently from other towns than from the capital. The game of politics, not without its perils, engrosses the attention of many. Then, as in most Latin-American society, not a few dissipate their energies in the "pursuit of pleasure" of a rather specific kind. So assiduously does the average Quiteño devote himself to this from early youth that it is not strange that an old man of this class is rarely seen. There is a considerable provincialism even among the best educated classes of the capital. I heard often such questions as "What is a sleigh?" "When is summer?" The story is well vouched for that a congressman asked a colleague just back from abroad, "Can a man get to Europe in three weeks on a good mule?"

Thus far I have said little or nothing of the, if not most numerous, at least most conspicuous, class in Quito, the Indians. Exclusive of the very considerable number in whose veins runs a greater or

less percentage of aboriginal blood, those in whom it is still without admixture make up perhaps forty per cent. of the population of the city, and give it most of its color. There is not a house in town, from the bright-yellow, three-story adobe dwelling of the president down, without its Indians, family servants, and burden-bearers huddled in the mud cells in the cobble-patio of the lower story, or homeless wretches who lie by night in any unoccupied corner and pick up a precarious existence by day in competition with donkeys and pack-animals. Their earth-floored kennels form the tassel-ends of almost every street, they scatter out along all the highways, and dot the flanks of every range and mountain spur in the neighborhood.

If they have changed since the Conquest, it is for the worse. In habits and condition they vary scarcely at all from those of the dreary Andean villages through which we had passed on our journey. They have not the faintest notion of any line between filth and cleanliness, avoiding only that which is obviously poison by an instinct common to the lower animals. I have often seen one pick up the core of a mango or other discarded morsel from a heap of offal in the street and, without even brushing it off, fall to munching it as unconcerned and unashamed as a monkey. I have seen Indians drink water that I am sure a thirsty horse would not, and that despite the fact that fresh water was to be had a few yards away. They literally never wash so much as a finger except on some rare occasion such as a church fiesta, when they may pause at a pool or mud-hole on the edge of a town to scrub their feet with a stone. Their favorite food is the *churo*, a tiny snail, eaten shell and all, raw or boiled with grasses. They speak a de-

bauched dialect of Quichua, the tongue of the Incas, mixed with some words of the conquered Caras, though all understand Spanish, or at least the Indian-Spanish spoken in Quito.

In build the Indian of Quito is stocky



A HALF-INDIAN BOY CARRYING A SKY-BLUE COFFIN WITH GILT TRIMMINGS TO THE HOUSE WHERE A CHILD HAS DIED

and short, very muscular, with the strength of a mule for carrying loads on his back, indefatigable on foot, but weak for other labor. His color is between a tarnished copper and a more or less intense bronze. His head is large; his neck thick and long, his eyes small, black, and penetrating; his nose is always bulky and somewhat flattened and spread; his teeth are white, even, and always in splendid

condition; his long hair, worn sometimes flying loose, sometimes in a single braid wound with red tape, is jet-black, without luster, abundant, perfectly straight, strong, and as coarse as that of a horse's mane, without even a tendency to baldness. His lips are thick and heavy, the lower one somewhat hanging, giving him a suggestion of sulkiness. His forehead is low, his mouth large, and his prominent cheek-bones and large ears give his face an appearance of great width. He is broad-shouldered, with a chest like a barrel, but slender of leg and small of foot. He grows no beard, and has almost no hair on the body.

Men and women alike, except a rare male with a sole of home-tanned leather secured by thongs, are bare-legged at least half-way to the knees, their feet, like caloused hoofs, marked by stony trails and years of barn-yard wallowing. The male wears a broad, round, light-gray hat of thick felt, a kind of pajama shirt or blouse of fancily colored calico or *lienzo*, a very roomy pair of "panties" of thinnest white cotton that reach anywhere from his knees to half-way to his undomesticated feet. Besides these garments, he is never seen without his *ruana*, or poncho,—like a blanket, with his head thrust through a hole in the center,—which serves him as a cloak and carry-all by day and as a bed and covering by night. This is always of some startling, crude color, deep red predominating, with such screaming combinations as magenta and purple, carmine and yellow, though when it is sufficiently soiled and sun-bleached, the old rose and velvety brown, the brick red or turquoise blue, take on all the soft richness of Oriental rugs. It is this commonly home-spun garment, and the corresponding one of the women, that make Quito such a color-splashed city.

The woman, too, copies the dress of her ancestors to remote generations. She wears the same hat as the male,—hat-pins are unknown to her all down the Andes,—a beltless waist of coarse cloth either always open or else thin and ragged; several strips of colored *bayeta*, a woolish

shoddy, wrapped tightly around her draft-horse hips from waist to calves in guise of skirt, always slit, or open on one side, showing an inner petticoat, generally gray,—once white,—though sometimes in striking solid colors, in marked contrast to the outer skirt; and a blanket, smaller, but as audible in color as the poncho of the male, thrown round her shoulders like a shawl. She is fond of gaudy earrings of colored glass or some similar rubbish, ranging in size from large to colossal; from one to a dozen strings of cheap red beads, often the bean of a wild plant indigenous to the region, around her neck; generally brass rings on every finger; and often many beads wound round and round her bare arms. She is completely devoid of feminine charm. She needs none, for she is amply worth her keep as a beast of burden.

As far as I know, there is no law in Quito requiring an Indian woman not to be seen without a babe in arms, or, rather, in shawl; but if one exists, it is seldom violated. In an hour I have seen, by actual count, more than three hundred female aborigines pass my window in the calle Flores, and not a score of them but bore on her back a child of from two weeks to two years of age. When the infant is tiny, it is carried lengthwise at the bottom of the blanket-shawl knotted across the mother's chest. When it is older, it is tossed or climbs astride her broad back, lying face down, with legs spread, while she throws her outer garment about it, ties the knot on her chest,—or on her forehead if the child is heavy,—and trots along at her work the day long without the least apparent notice of the offspring, which alternately falls asleep and from its point of vantage gazes with curious, yet rather dull, eyes at the world as it speeds by, peering over the mother's shoulder like an engineer from his cab, eats such food or refuse as falls into its hands, or plays with the mother's tape-wound braid. The Indian woman never carries her offspring in any other manner except when, in her rôle as a common carrier, she picks up a load too bulky



MEN AND BOYS TEASING A YEARLING BULL AFTER A BULL-FIGHT

or heavy to place the infant atop, such as a bedstead, a bureau, or two two-bushel sacks of wheat,—these are not exaggerations, but frequent cargoes,—when she hangs the child in front, in the concave of her figure, like a baby kangaroo in the maternal pouch, knotting the supporting garment across her shoulders.

The youngest baby is already inconceivably dirty, and due to remain so, or, rather, to get more and more so, all its life. Yet they are almost always robustly healthy in appearance, though the infant mortality of the class is appalling. It is an unusual experience to hear an Indian baby cry. From its earliest years it seems to adopt that uncomplaining attitude toward life that is a marked characteristic of the adults. While the mother treats her offspring with no active unkindness,—in all the years I spent in South America I have never seen an Indian mother strike a child,—the aboriginal woman seems to endure it in a passive manner, like any other burden thrust upon her and from which there is no escape, carrying it where it will be least troublesome, and never, at least openly, showing any caressing fondness for it. The child that is old enough to toddle about the streets often remains still on the mother's back, as if to hold the

place for the next comer. It is a comparatively common experience to hear an Indian child ask in a perfectly fluent tongue, for a serving at the maternal source of supply.

There is scant difference in appearance between the two sexes, and none whatever in their labor, except that, if there is only one load, the woman carries it, and the baby in addition. In both the half-breed and Indian classes the women are more uncleanly than the men. The women, like the men, work at all the coarser unskilled tasks, shoveling earth, mixing and carrying mortar, cobbling streets; while in the matter of loads there is nothing under two hundred pounds in weight which, once on their backs, they cannot trot along under at a kind of limping gait that seems tireless. Indians come in from the country looking like walking loads of alfalfa or fire-wood, perhaps with a chicken or two or a baby mixed up in them. Almost any day the furniture and entire possessions of some moving family is displayed to public gaze as it dog-trots through town on the backs of an Indian family. Women trotted daily past my window carrying from the city slaughter-house a bullock's head, still dripping with blood, or a score or more of legs of the animals, cut off at

the knee. The chief water-supply is a constant string of Indians from the fountain opposite the government palace, with huge, red earthen jars sitting on their hips and supported by a thong across the forehead. Even United States mail-sacks come trotting in the two miles from the railway station to the post-office on the backs of Indians. It is common to meet one carrying the gaudy image of some saint larger than himself. Cheap coffins of half-rotten boards, painted sky-blue or pink and decorated with strips of gilded paper, frequently mince past, secured by the brilliant poncho of the carrier knotted across his chest. I had occasion one day to transport a type-writer a few blocks. The Indian prepared to sling it on his back with a rope. When I objected to this method, I found that the fellow not only could not carry it in his hands, but that he could not lift it to his head. When I placed it there, however, he trotted away as if he had nothing on his mind but his hat.

Frequently an entire family takes a large job, such as carrying a building from one end of town to another, adobe brick by brick. Such a one passed my window for weeks. All day long they dog-trotted back and forth in single file along the line of smooth-worn flagstones in the middle of the street, their bare feet making absolutely no sound, never a word or a sign of complaint finding any outward expression. The man and woman each bore the same number of mud bricks piled up on their backs, and the latter always bore the baby in her pouch, though they made a hundred trips a day. Why the infant could not have been left at one end or the other of the journey it was hard to guess. Two children, one a little fellow of five with one brick on his back, his brother of seven or eight with two, trotted all day long between father and mother, as if they were being systematically trained for the only life before them.

The Andean Indian is even less like the tall and haughty red-skin of our country in manner than in appearance. Compared with him, the Mexican Indian is self-

assertive, bold, and ferocious. Silent and abstracted, he takes no apparent heed of what goes on about him. Of phlegmatic temperament, a truly wooden equanimity of temper, melancholy, taciturn, and reserved, he is noted above all for a distrust that is perhaps natural, but more likely the result of centuries of privations since the coming of the Spaniards. He has a blind submission to authority, great attachment to the house in which he lives, and is so cowardly that he lets himself be dominated by the most despicable members of other races. A complete outsider in government and public affairs, he is treated by the rest of the population like a domestic animal. The merchant of Quito who requires a carrier to deliver some bundle does not wait for one to offer himself. He steps into the street and snatches the first Indian who passes, though he be on his way to a dying parent or preparing his child's funeral; and the Indian performs the task as uncomplainingly as some mechanical device, and returns to wait perhaps an hour or two for the few cents the merchant chooses to give him. Only when he is drunk does the aboriginal's manner change. Then he is garrulous and mildly disorderly. But even on a Saturday afternoon, when the highways are lined with reeling Indians of both sexes on their way homeward to their hovels, the gringo passes unnoticed, in marked contrast with the gantlet of insolence, if not, indeed, of actual danger, which he must run in similar circumstances in the highlands of Mexico.

The new-comer's sympathy for the Indian of Quito gradually evaporates with the discovery that he is utterly devoid of ambition, as completely indifferent to his own betterment as any four-footed animal. Pad out this fact with all its details and ramifications, discarding entirely the American's ingrown tendency to imbue every human being with a striving character, and the hopelessness of the Indian's condition will be more clearly realized. The Government of Ecuador gives scant attention to the education of the Indians; but even if it provided schools and forced

attendance, there would still remain the problem of arousing in these people any interest or effort for self-improvement.

muscular young Indian broke away and ran toward me, his long, black hair streaming out behind him. At his heels,



A CORNER OF QUITO. INTO SUCH PICTURESQUE GULLIES IS THROWN EVERY SORT OF REFUSE

An episode will go far to visualize the temperament of the Indian of Quito, and perhaps even make a bit clearer the ease with which Pizarro and his handful of tramps overthrew the empire of the Incas. I had gone out for a stroll one afternoon along the road to Guallabamba by which we arrived. Some three miles from town a light rain turned me back. There were no houses near, but numbers of Indians were going and coming. A short distance ahead was a group engaged in noisy contention. Suddenly a handsome,

cursing, came three cholos, ugly with liquor, in the dark felt hats, more sober blankets and trousers of their caste, with shorn hair and straggling suggestions of mustaches. The bare feet of the quartet slapped along through mud and pools toward me, strolling slowly, lost in thought. I was not armed—one does not trouble to carry weapons about Quito—and in my bespattered road garb I had certainly no appearance of protective authority. When he reached me, the frightened Indian, instead of running on, turned as sharply as

about a corner, and pattered along close at my heels, breathing quickly. I continued my languid stroll. The drunken half-breeds, far more muscular than I, hovered about ten steps in the rear, crying:

"Ah, coward! You run to the señor for protection!"

Yet not a step nearer did they approach during the furlong or more that the procession lasted. Then as we passed the entrance to an hacienda the Indian suddenly sprinted away up its avenue of eucalyptus-trees faster than the cholos could follow. At length they overtook me again, and protested in plaintive tones:

"Ah, señor, *ese sinvergüenza de Indio* did not deserve your protection."

Then they fell behind, while I, who had been an entirely passive actor in all the scene, strolled on into the city. It would be hard to imagine a similar incident in Mexico.

Unpleasant though it be, to pass over in silence its uncleanness would be to give a false picture of Quito. Only its altitude saves the city from sudden death. Its personal habits are indescribable. I do not use the adjective to avoid the labor of finding one less trite, but because no other could be more exact. If I described in detail one fourth its daily insults to the senses, no reputable publisher would print it, and no self-respecting reader would read it. The city is surrounded by an iron ring of smells which the susceptible stranger, accustomed to the moderate decencies of life, can pass only in haste and trepidation. The condition of the best kitchen in Quito would arouse a vigorous protest from an American "hired man." However foppish a quiteño family may be outwardly, anybody is considered fitted to the task of washing its dishes or waiting on its table. Among all the tramps of the United States I have never seen one so incrustated with filth as the human creatures that hang around hotel dining-rooms, or at least in the one or two higher-priced establishments are to be found just behind the scenes kicking about the earth floor the rolls which the waiter

a moment later religiously lays before the guest with silver-plated pincers. Yet clients in frock-coats and of outwardly immaculate grooming are never known even to raise a voice in protest. There is exactly one way to escape these conditions in Ecuador, and that is to keep out of the country. The world's richest man would be forced to endure the same, for though he brought his own servants and even his food-supplies with him, the Ecuadorian would find some means of reducing him to an equality of condition, if only by opening the supplies in customs and running his unwashed hands through them.

Among our table companions were lawyers, university professors, newspaper editors, commonly with several rings on their fingers; yet rare was the man whose finger-nails were not in deepest mourning, or whose manners were not befitting a trough. On the street the passing of the women is usually marked by the all but overwhelming scent of the cheap and pungent perfumes to which all their class, male or female, is addicted, and though their faces are daubed a rosy alabaster, it is rare to see one with clean hands or without a distinct dead-line showing at the neck.

The city is gashed by several deep gullies with trickling streams at their bottoms. These serve as general dumping-grounds. Not even the carrion-crow mounts to these heights, and the city is denied the doubtful services of this tropical scavenger. When he has noted these customs and worse, the visitor to the capital will be startled into shrieks of sardonic laughter when he runs across a large two-story building bearing an elaborately painted shield announcing it the "Oficina de Sanidad."

Yet the Quiteño is extremely jealous of any offer of other races to do for him that which he gives no evidence of being able to do for himself. Once out of Colombia, we had hoped for relief from the perpetual growling at Americans, chiefly in fiery and ill-reasoned newspaper editorials. Rarely had we crossed the frontier, however, than we found the latter

raging with a new grievance. The executive branch of the Government had recently invited the doctor in charge of the sanitation of Panama to inspect Guayaquil and bring his recommendations to the capital. A strict censorship on cable messages keeps the outside world largely in ignorance of the real conditions in the "Pearl of the Pacific." Inside the country, however, the real state of affairs is more nearly common knowledge. One could pick almost at random from the local newspapers such items as this:

Guayaquil, 22d. Yesterday forty cases of bubonic plague broke out in Public School No. 5. There are seven survivors.

The resident, too, soon learns the real motives that hamper the sanitation of that pest-hole. Once it is "cleaned up," argue its short-sighted merchants, foreign competitors will flock in upon them. As to themselves, they are, with rare exceptions, immune to the two plagues to which the port is subject from having recovered from them at some earlier period of life. Those who have not recovered have no voice in the matter. There are even German and other foreign residents who bend their energies to upholding this barrier to competition.

These interests, now, abetted by unseen European elements fostering the discontent, and the eagerness of the opposing party to make political capital out of any cloth, whole or otherwise, had stirred up the noisy little native papers into a furor, genuine or financed, against the Government. The people in their turn had worked themselves into the conviction that the invitation was only an opening wedge of the "Colossus of the North" to gain a hand in the rule of the country which it is always the part of the opposition papers to paint as imminent. Before we had been long in Quito the attitude of the populace grew so serious that a joint meeting of both houses of congress was called to explain the government view of the transaction. The diplomatic corps was present in force, and as much of the public as could find standing-room after the two

houses had been seated in the largest chamber available in the government palace. The diminutive old minister of foreign affairs, who had lived long enough abroad to acquire a point of view, explained the exact truth of the situation as clearly as a disinterested foreigner might have done. But neither congress nor the populace would hear his reasoning. The latter hooted him vociferously, calling him "Yanqui!" and accusing him of being in the pay of the United States. The congressmen rose one after another to charge him with fostering a conspiracy to surrender Ecuador to the United States, with many references to the "Beegee Steekie," and the meeting ended with the roar of a bull-necked senator:

"Undoubtedly, Señor, we want Guayaquil sanitized; but we want it sanitized by Latin Americans."

The *pesuña* and other evidences of sanitary notions of the crowd that hemmed us in gave the speech a ludicrousness that none but an enraged partizan could have missed. But that night the little minister of foreign affairs resigned, and when morning broke he had disappeared.

For all the handicap of the complete absence of factories and street-cars, Quito might easily lay claim to the world's championship in noise. The din from its church towers alone would bring it one of the first prizes. No one is fonder than I of sitting out on a sunny hillside listening to the music of ringing church-bells as it is borne by on the Sunday morning breeze; but in Quito they are neither bells nor are they rung. In tone they suggest suspended masses of scrap-iron, and there is not a bell-rope, as we understand the word, in the length and breadth of the Andes. Barely has midnight passed when Indians hired for the nefarious purpose and mobs of street urchins eager for the opportunity climb into the church towers and, catching the enormous clappers by a rope-end, beat and pound as if each was vying with the others in an attempt to reproduce the primeval chaos of sound, ceasing only when they drop from exhaustion. No corner of the city is free

from the metallic uproar. Santa Catalina tower was a bare hundred yards above my pillowed head, and I know scarcely a block of the town above which does not rise at least one such source of torture, hung with at least half a dozen bells—to use the word loosely—of varying sizes and degrees of discordance. Once awakened, the city is never permitted to fall asleep again. By the time it has begun to doze off once more, the ringers have recovered, and, taking up their joyful task with renewed vigor, repeat the performance at five-minute intervals until sunrise and often far into the day.

This has disturbances of its own. The game-cocks, which no self-respecting cholo would be without, challenge one another shrilly from their respective patios; that moment is rare when a child is not squalling at the top of its voice, the mother, after the passive way of Quiteños, making no effort to silence it; cholo men whistle all day long at their labors or pastimes; men and boys habitually call one another by ear-splitting finger-whistles; ox-carts, mule-trains, or laden donkeys move only while several arrieros trot behind them incessantly screaming and whistling; droves of cattle are led through the streets by an Indian blowing a *bocina*, a horn-like, six-foot length of bamboo; unoccupied youths like nothing better than to kick an empty tin can up and down the cobbled street; every school-boy on his way home or to school twice a day takes a big copper coin, or in lieu thereof an iron washer, and throws it at every cobblestone of his route in a local game of "hit it"; the barking of dogs never ends; every Indian who loses a distant relative or can concoct some other fancied cause for grief sits on the sidewalk just out of reach of the contents of one's slop-bucket, rocking back and forth, and burdening the air with a mournful wail that rises and falls in cadenced volume for unbroken hours; iron-tired coaches clatter over the uneven cobbles; every native on horseback

must show off to his admiring friends and the fair sex in general by forcing his animal to canter and capriole up and down the line of flagstones in the middle of the street.

In those rare moments around midnight when the city threatens to fall silent it is these guardians of law and disorder themselves who tide it over. An officer's whistle screeches at a corner, to be answered down block after block until it all but dies out in the distance, then begins again, and continues unbrokenly until the church-bells drown it out. Not only that, but he is a rare policeman who does not while away the night and keep up his courage by playing discordant tunes on his whistle whenever it is not in official use.

But when its noise grows overwhelming and its picturesqueness pales to mere uncleanness, the stout-legged visitor has only to climb again over the outer crust of Quito in almost any direction to revel in the stillness and feast his eyes on vistas of rolling valleys and mountains fresh-spring green to the very snow-line. A path, for instance, zigzags up the first *falda* of Pichincha, steeper than any Gothic roof, through the scattering of red-tiled Indian huts called Guarico, and climbs until all Quito in its Andean pocket sinks to a mere toy city far beneath. Not far off a highway mounts doggedly round and round mountain spurs and headlands until it is lost in the clouds, and only the immediate world is visible. The air grows almost wintry; oxen and Indian women, and now and then a man of the same downcast race, come down out of the mist above with bundles of cut brush on their backs. Far up the road swings round on the brink of things, pauses a moment as if to gather courage, then pitches headlong down out of sight in a light-gray void, as through a curtain shutting off the "Oriente," the hot lands and unbroken forests of eastern Ecuador, a totally different world, where the Amazon begins to weave its network, and "wild" Indians roam untrammelled.

Rasputin

By PRINCESSE LUCIEN MURAT

"IN Russia everything is mysterious, and nothing is secret," said Madame de Staël, that most brilliant type of the French "advanced woman," who dared to resist Napoleon himself.

Her phrase sums up all Russian politics; it explains the complicated wheels within wheels of those strange secret associations, ever winding and unwinding, which for centuries have brought about assassination and the shedding of blood.

I remember the first time that I heard the name of Rasputin. It was at a cinema in Petrograd in 1913. The stranger who had lightly pronounced the name had no idea of the importance that was then beginning to be attributed to the mysterious muzhik.

"Be careful how you speak of that man," a Russian whispered, "or some day we shall miss you suddenly, and you may wake up in some far-off Siberian village, in Rasputin's own birthplace, perhaps."

In 1916 I met him. If the road from Siberia is long, the favors of the great are still longer to conquer; but he had succeeded with amazing rapidity, for he knew marvelously well how to adapt himself to the capricious inclinations of the times.

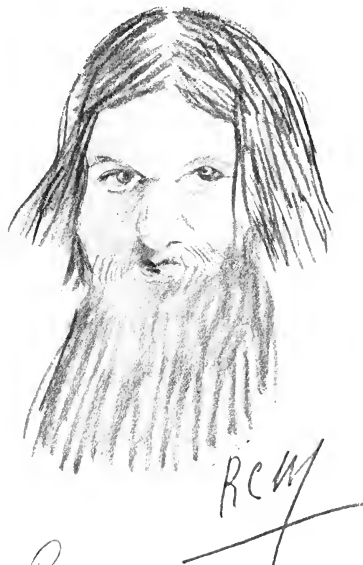
Years before, in his own village, he was known as a profligate; but he lamented his sins publicly, striking his breast and tearing his beard before the holy icons. His

was a simple creed: God loves a repentant sinner; therefore one must sin. The one strayed sheep is of more account to Him than the ninety and nine that remain in the fold; therefore one must stray. Barefooted, clothed in white, he retired to the forest for meditation, like the ancient Russian believers. All his hereditary impulses reappeared. Of old his ancestors thought that by making autos da fe of their bodies they would go directly to heaven. The czars had the greatest trouble in preventing these incinerations and in saving from the flames thousands of

peasants who, in their candid faith, believed these sacrifices necessary to their redemption. In Rasputin there existed two distinct natures, the visionary and the deep drinker, the dreamer and the satyr. The devout believed him to be a saint, the profligate considered him superhuman.

Once a remorseful lady said to him:

"Perhaps what we do is wrong, Gregory Effimovitch. Perhaps it is a sin." He replied:



Rasputin
From a sketch by Princesse Lucien Murat

RASPUTIN, FROM THE SKETCH BY
PRINCESSE LUCIEN MURAT

"No, my child; our flesh was given us by God, and we may dispose of it fully."

A lady of high rank told me that he had expressed to her his mystical belief in himself in the following words:

"Within me is a particle of the Supreme Being. By my intercession one can be saved. To be saved, one must be blended with me, corporeally and spiritually. All that emanates from me is a source of enlightenment that purifies sin."

So Rasputin lived for years, an anchorite and a voluptuary. He had visions, or at least the villagers of Pokrovskoe, easily mystified, believed that the Virgin appeared and spoke to her unworthy servant; but if, in his repentance, he filled the forest with his lamentations, his victims protested strongly!

At this time of his life he was probably utterly sincere. He made use of a hypnotic strength of which he felt the power. He was the healer of the village, the medicine-man, who attempts the laying on of hands and gives blessed herbs. In Russia the law prosecutes all this, but somehow he kept within the law or avoided the law.

One day an enamoured woman, weary of his infidelity, wounded him seriously; but the prayers and good care of his other favorites saved his life.

To thank God for his miraculous recovery, he took the pilgrim's staff and set out for the Holy Land. During his journey he wrote his impressions in a diary, which he entitled "My Thoughts." This manuscript is unknown save to a few intimates, and has never been translated. He gave it to me personally. As some interest may be found in these impressions of his journey to Palestine, I have translated some of the most typical passages. These mystic aspirations, vague and unco-ordinated, but wholly sincere, may help to explain the ascendancy he had over his sovereigns.

It is generally thought that Rasputin was a monk; but he was not even a dean, and had not taken holy orders in the church.

On his return from Jerusalem he found that his fame, his legend, had been grow-

ing apace, especially at the capital. With the subtle-mindedness of the peasant, the muzhik understood quickly the part he could play among the great.

It is a platitude to say that the Slav is a mystic. It is less known that in the upper classes, where he is nearly a pagan, he is quite as superstitious as a peasant. He crosses himself incessantly, and is full of small superstitions. He shudders at the sight of three lights at a time. A raven on his right hand, or a solitary magpie, disturbs his equanimity for a whole day.

In ancient times the king's fool played a great part, for it was he who told the truth to his sovereign under cover of wit. In Russia, in the twentieth century, Rasputin realized that his power lay in telling the truth and in prophecy; he understood also that he must be simple of soul, that his strength consisted in being the representative of the lower classes, one who must be obeyed because he is ignorant and poor. He proclaimed the virtue of poverty. At the most luxurious of all courts he openly declared that he despised wealth. He practised what he preached. He subsisted scantily; his rooms were simple, his furniture was common. In a country where graft exists from the highest to the lowest, where bribery is methodically organized, he adopted or played the part of disinterestedness.

So his influence and power increased rapidly. One eventful day he happened to be at the imperial palace during an illness of the czarevitch. The child had a high fever, and the doctors were powerless to relieve him. The empress was greatly affected. At that moment Rasputin entered. He approached the bedside and, like Christ of old, extended his hands over the young prince. Suddenly the pain was soothed, and the fever abated. Twice the little child was thus mysteriously cured.

After this Rasputin's position became impregnable; his power was complete. The mother was strong to defend against any calumny the man whom she considered the savior of her child.

On my return to Russia in 1916 my

curiosity led me to see the man of whom every one was talking, some to curse, others with a secret thrill. People pretended that he was sold to the Germans, that he was leading Russia to its ruin. The whole aristocracy was in intense effervescence against him.

I asked him to receive me, and added that I wished to make a sketch of him. It was difficult to obtain an audience, but I finally succeeded.

I started out on a typical Russian day. It was icy cold; the rivers were frozen; the city was plunged in a heavy lethargy; the passers-by, muffled up, moved about like ghosts; the sledges, driven by children, slid rapidly through the solitary spaces.

I never saw more detectives than on his stairs; every step seemed to hold one. They were in such absurd and slightly concealed disguises that I could not help smiling. There were many other people, too, in ancient frock-coats, flowered waistcoats, and wide-brimmed hats, and many old ladies with comical feathers dangling over their faces. Who were they all? Petitioners, perhaps; place-hunters, suitors of every description.

I had come with two officers of the guard as an escort. I was a little nervous, afraid of the satyr, perhaps.

We rang. A pretty girl of about fourteen opened the door. It was his daughter. She wore a red-silk handkerchief over her head. Her eyes sparkled. She seemed out of place there, like a country girl sent to town.

She led us into a study, simply furnished with a desk, a green imitation-velvet sofa, and a few chairs.

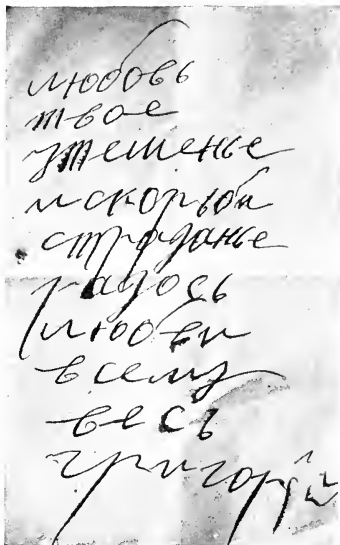
While waiting for the master of the house, the bell rang incessantly. Gorgeous officers, aristocratic ladies, people from every class, were seeking Rasputin, to speak to him, to hand him a petition, to solicit an office, a situation, or an employment. Certainly the man was a power in the state.

He entered at last, and kissed the men who accompanied me on the lips, as is the custom in Russia. Instinctively I drew back. He smiled, and contented

himself with patting my arm in an affectionate way.

"Let us form a circle," he said, "touching one another, that our fluid may not go astray, and our souls may thus come into harmony."

Visions of Mesmer, of Cagliostro,



FACSIMILE FROM THE DIARY OF RASPUTIN

floated before my eyes. I began to understand Rasputin better. I examined him closely. His eyes were blue, bluer than forget-me-nots. They fixed one strangely, piercingly; they fascinated. His dark-brown hair fell in a tangle on his shoulders. His slightly flattened nose was not without a kind of nobility; his forehead was large and powerful, his mouth fine, the lips sensual, the chin obstinate, though well delineated. His fifty years wore well. His frame was full of power, and he appeared to be a man strongly balanced, who made use of his passions and was not mastered by them.

As I looked at him a wave of sympathy toward him came over me, and I felt that, despite everything, he was *good*.

"Tell me," I said, "how do you come

to have such ascendancy over all manners of people, over every one small and great? What is the secret of your power?"

"Love," answered Rasputin. "Love is consolation, melancholy, and pain; the joy of love outweighs all."

While I sketched his features, my eyes strayed to his yellow smock frock, held by a leather girdle such as peasants wear; to his blue trousers; to his shoes, which were turned up at the toes, and looked as if they had been designed by Bakst. His hands were not cared for, but were perfectly shaped.

As he could sit only a few minutes for his portrait, he asked me to go that same evening to a reception given in his honor by an artist. There were strange rumors about these revelries, about mysterious baths, performed ritually, simulating baptism. It was whispered that, stretched on a sofa, he selected in autocratic simplicity the companions of his pleasures, and that the selected were never known to refuse.

My sketch was coming to an end when a bell sounded; he explained that he was summoned to the court, apologized for leaving me, and disappeared, escorted by his followers.

A few weeks later, while visiting some friends, as the samovar was singing gaily and we were about to have tea, I was rung up on the telephone.

"Rasputin is dead; Rasputin has been murdered," I was told.

It was unbelievable. There were consternation and rejoicing, but the rejoicing was general. Never have I seen such happy faces. People kissed one another in the streets; coachmen refused their tips. To believe them, Russia had been rescued from deadly peril by this death. Henceforth no separate peace, no discarded Duma. The golden age was to reign once more in the empire.

As a foreigner I knew that they exaggerated the power of the man suddenly shot down. But in any case he was dead; he had disappeared. Who were his murderers? Mystery. The police at last found his corpse under the Christofsky Bridge, the legs bound together, his over-

coat on his shoulders. His long hair, all drenched, fell on his face like seaweed. The ice had been broken, so that his body could be thrust into the black river. The ice itself still reflected the lights of the festivities in palaces where only lately he had taken a prominent part.

Rumors were spreading. They whispered of a sumptuous palace, a palace in which are hung the most splendid Rembrandts of the world, in which he found his death; they described a banquet, an ambuscade, in which young, splendid, and powerful princes set themselves up as judges and executioners to save Russia. The rumors spoke of young and beautiful women, who were present; even their names were whispered. On the next day they shut themselves up in their palaces; the princes were banished to far-off deserts. Who were the instruments of the crime? Mystery.

"In Russia everything is mysterious, and nothing is secret." But some day the truth will be known.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF RASPUTIN

JERUSALEM

Before passing from the stormy billows of the world to this place of absolute and peaceful stillness, my first duty was to pray. I cannot describe the feeling of joy that I was conscious of; my tears ran with gladness. It is here that God suffered. One can see the Virgin herself near the cross. Everything is untouched. People come and go, and in the same costumes, as they did at that time. The holy days are the same. I came from the Temple, where all those mysteries have been performed, where Christ himself shed tears. What instant can be compared with that moment when I came near the Sepulcher? Then I felt that it was the sepulcher of love. It was such an intense feeling that I had a longing to love all men. My love for all humanity was so great that all men appeared to be saints in my eyes; for love discovers in them no fault whatever.

What a sight that Sunday mass in the

church! Christians of all nations were prostrated there. We were taken to the red doors where Christ was judged for the last time. We saw the place where His disciple slept, and where Christ came several times to awake him. As for us, we always sleep, when we are awake as well as when our eyelids are closed. O Lord,

when they come out of their sanctuary, it can be seen that they do not possess Easter in their hearts. They are like heathen, for even when they have received the Easter communion their faces are gloomy. When the face is not full of light, it is proof that the soul does not rejoice. When the Orthodox go to church, their bodies from head to



PRINCESSE LUCIEN MURAT

awaken us! We shall sin no more, O Lord! Save us by Thy suffering!

How happy we are, we Orthodox. No religion can be compared with ours. In the religion of the Catholics no delight exists. I attended their Easter feast in Jerusalem. I observed and I compared. In *our* religion everybody rejoices. On the believers' faces the light plays, and we can see all the fibers of their bodies rejoicing, while even in their churches the Catholics show no joy, no animations; it is as if some one were dead; and

foot praise the Lord; all that surrounds them seems radiant.

It is not for me to settle the question. I make only a mere comparison between *our* Easter feast and that of the Catholics as I have seen it celebrated near the Holy Sepulcher. As an Orthodox, I felt an immense joy. Our faith has always shone above its persecutors. We can show how God protects us as He did in the days of John of Kronstadt, who sent so many thousands of men, safe and joyful, to our Lord's mercy.

ITALY

Ten Photographic Studies

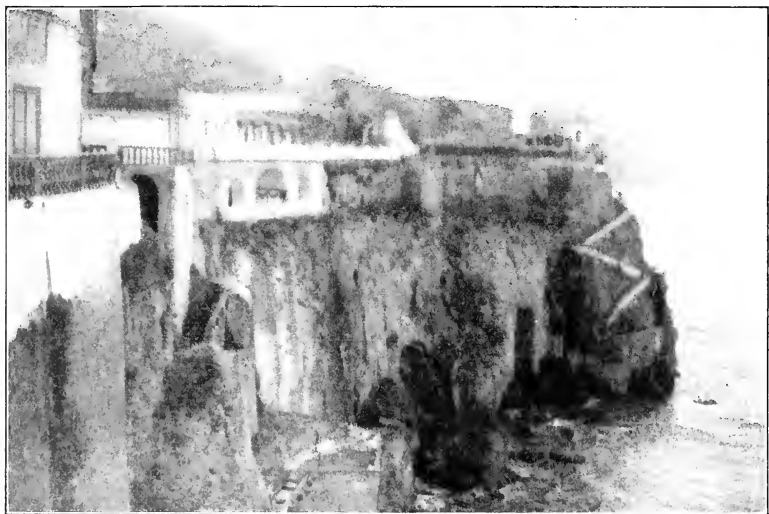
By Aldus C. Higgins



Rome : a corner
of the Forum



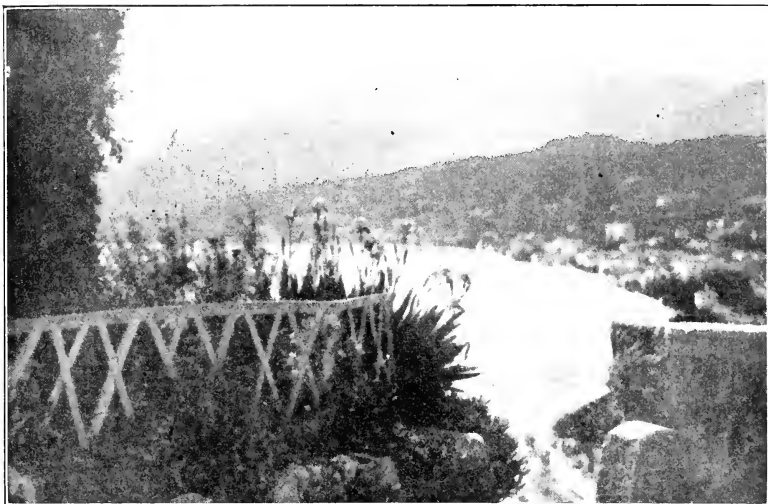
Light and shadow in Florence

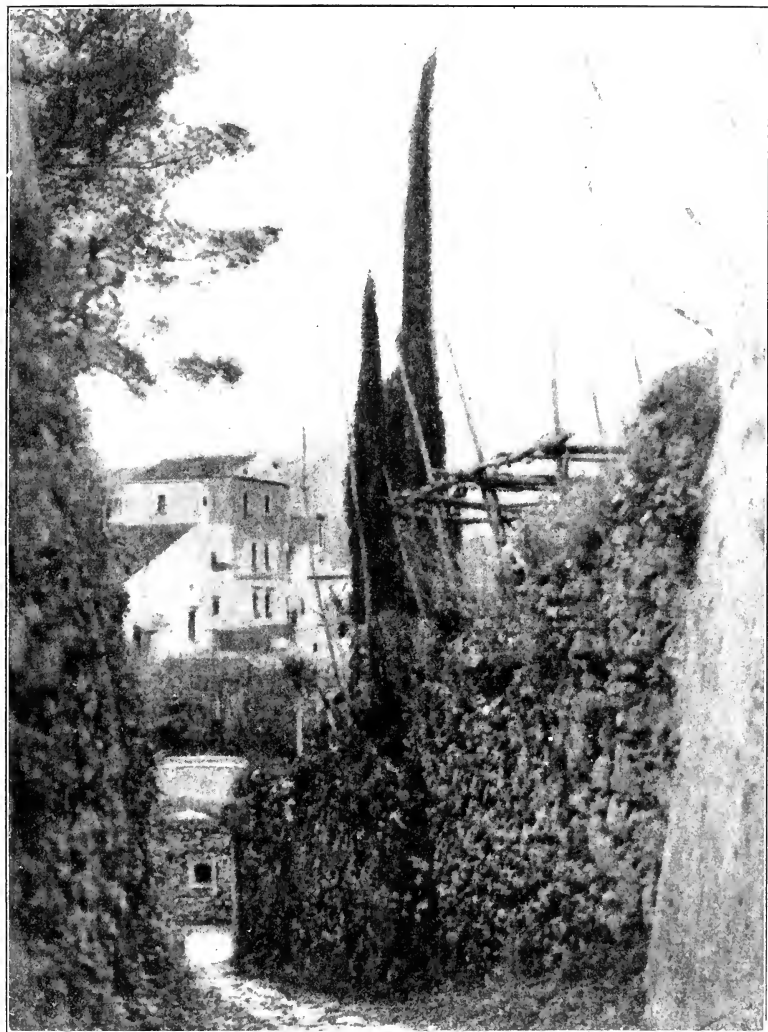


Fiesole
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Fiesole

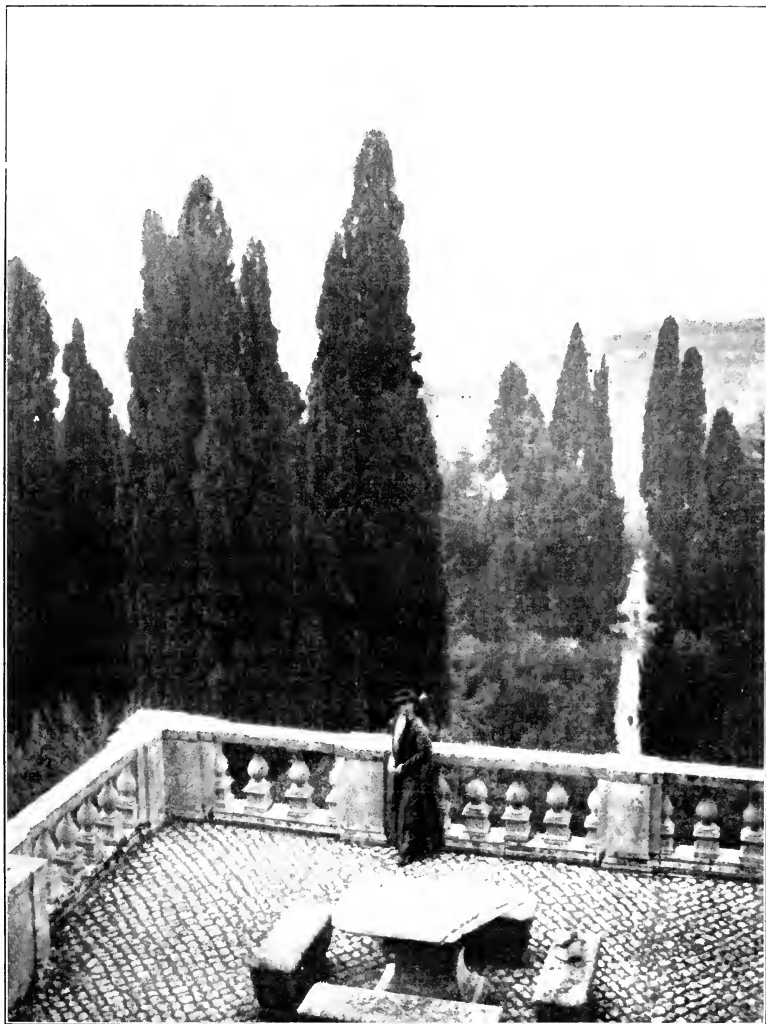




A byway in Ravello



A pool in the garden of the Villa
d'Este, Tivoli



The Alban Mountains from the Villa
d'Este, Tivoli



"Northeaster"

By WINSLOW HOMER



WE like to speak of Winslow Homer as the painter most truly American, for less than any other does he show in his life and work the influences that come from abroad. He was of old Massachusetts stock and came legitimately by his love of the sea, for he claimed a pirate among his ancestors. Born in Boston in 1836, he lived in that city and in Cambridge, working as a lithographer, until he moved to New York.

During the Civil War he made pictures at the front that first won him recognition as a painter. They were scenes of camp-life in the South, and bore such titles as "Rations" and "The Sunny Side."

After the war he spent his summers along the coast, and in 1884 he built his studio on the cliffs at Prout's Neck, near Portland, Maine, and took up his real life-work, the painting of the sea.

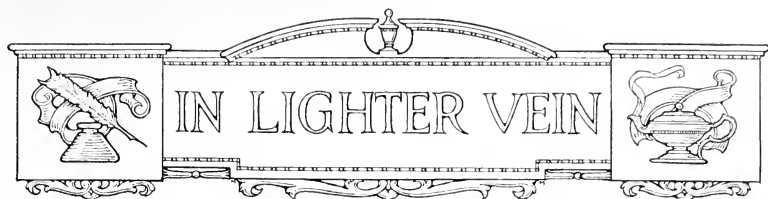
The "Northeaster" is one of a number of scenes painted near the shore. It gave Homer the opportunity he loved for strong contrast between the water and the rocks, the ever-moving sea and the immovable cliffs, the sparkling ocean and the dull, heavy ledges. Homer's method of work was simple and natural, and may be understood from the study of his unfinished canvases. The large masses are laid in solidly, the dark parts dull and thin, the lighter portions with bold brush-strokes and heavy pigment of a creamy white. If there are figures, they are firmly drawn from the start, and any necessary corrections are made with chalk over the well-dried paint. He was in no haste to develop the picture from the hurried impression. "After waiting a year, looking every day," he wrote a friend, "I got the light and the sea I wanted."

Masses of spray are sent high into the air in the "Northeaster," but Homer has let fancy play with the white tracery of the foam forms that lie upon the deep greens of the big waves. He was a true realist; in these interpretations we hear the roar of the elements and taste the salt spray blown through the air.

It was this painter's habit to spend a portion of every year in Nassau and Cuba, and rich was the harvest of vigorous water-colors, fresh and direct, that he brought back with him. A devoted hunter, he also made frequent visits to the Adirondacks, and there found the motives for many of his best-known works.

A. T. VAN LAER.

(See frontispiece to this number)



Endicott and I Go Sketching

By FRANCES LESTER WARNER

"**A** SKETCH," said Endicott, "is not only a memorandum; it is a revelation."

That was in the early days of my experience with Endicott, when we were making the final preparations for our wedding-trip. He took me into the stationer's and bought two sketch-books.

"But I can't draw," I objected.

"Neither can I," said Endicott, benignly, and pocketed the books.

Little by little, as I was able to grasp it, he unfolded to me the theory by which he governed his art. He began by saying that every civilized being should habitually keep a sketch-book wherein to jot down his vision of the world. This drawing should, moreover, be done naturally, never with one eye out for critics. How else are we to originate a distinctive and progressive manner? We should draw what we see.

At first I was inclined to be contentious. That was before I had seen Endicott's manner.

"When I draw things," said I, "they never turn out to look like what I see."

"It does n't matter what it *looks* like," assented Endicott. "If you *draw* the thing as you see it, every stroke of the pencil is a shorthand symbol. Years afterward, one glance at the sketch brings it all back to you, if to no one else. The act of making the marks shows you the scene in a new light, and the sketch preserves it."

In this wise the Cubist doctrine in its rudiments was proclaimed a generation

ahead of time by a minor prophet. I longed wistfully to be as versatile as Endicott.

The first time we were alone for a peaceful afternoon together after the bustle of the wedding and departure, he produced the sketch-books and passed one to me. We were sitting near the bluffs at Montauk, and at our feet the low-tide breakers, full of shell and seaweed and green light, were rolling endlessly. I am always hypnotized by surf. At that particular moment I was helping the tide to turn, an anxious habit which I outgrow only after days of conscientious attention to the waves. I did not want to sketch. Who can sketch and see the tide home both at once? I surmised, however, that Endicott might not understand my rôle as chaperon to the tide, and I politely accepted his best pencil.

I had done just enough drawing in my school-days to know a few principles and to shrink from practice. With a helpless feeling I looked up toward the bluffs, deciding that they, with their bold and stable outlines, were the safest subject in sight. Endicott, at a little distance, began to sketch busily, and I realized that for the first time in my life I was sitting for a portrait. There was exhilaration in the thought that I was about to see how I really looked to Endicott. For him, he announced graciously, there was only one object on that beach.

Finally, just as I had begun desperately to block in my sketch, Endicott rose.

"Now, I dare say that nobody else

would consider this a good portrait," he began, "but I shall never look at it without seeing you just as you are now."

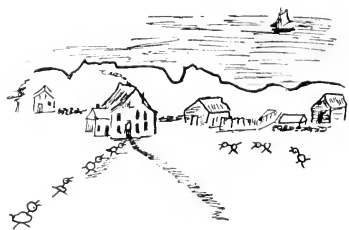
All this happened thirty years ago, when I was young and proud of spirit. The shade-hats that year were at their sweetest,



and mine was a vision of white lilacs and silver-green and white. My dress was a soft and graceful thing which "fell in folds"; my boots were notably trim. Just how much of this, I wondered as I looked at the portrait, had really been wasted upon Endicott? I think that I blushed, but I know that I did not laugh. I did not dare to. Endicott's theory of a sketch as a revelation was too serious a matter. There was, moreover, a certain virile flourish about the artist's signature which bespoke finality. "E. M. A. pinxit." This was his changeless hall-mark upon completed works. What was I that I should quarrel with an early Cubist about details of chin and waist-line and coiffure? Of course, if Endicott saw it that way—

Through the weeks that followed our companionable adventures were celebrated always by a sketch. My own efforts were touchingly conscientious.

"You always try to draw as you ought to," sighed Endicott, hopelessly, glancing through my neat copies of headland and farm-house and wall. Try as I



might, I could never learn the secret which chartered my companion's emanci-

pated genius. Memorable among his landscapes was his sunset view of "Conklin's-by-the-Sea." All these years our children have admired the Conklin ducks, skillfully arranged with inspired perspective so that the fowls nearest the observer were ostrich-like in proportions, growing smaller and smaller as the procession neared the house, until those by the door appeared scarcely larger than the landlady herself.

Surreptitiously, Endicott portrayed "Old Grumbler," our one fellow-boarder, an Englishman with pipe and sun-hat, reminiscent of Kipling and India. I have always been more deeply impressed by Endicott's character interpretations than by his studies from still life, remarkable as they often turn out to be.

"My Cousin Abby does n't like to have



me sketch," mused Endicott one afternoon, putting the finishing touches to a freshly drawn cartoon of a casual wayfarer who had put in a mysterious appearance at Conklin's, "but I intend to keep just such a book as this through all our vacations to come."

He did. There is an entire volume of Watch Hill scenes, among which the most notable is an "interior" of the seaside chapel, where the officiating rector preaches forever unheard, while the beholder's attention divides itself between the curious texts upon the chapel walls and the still more curious dog barking savagely in penciled balloons just outside the place of prayer. A later book contains Block Island sketches, including one of "Camp

As You Like It," where the grazing horse appears to range unbridled in the sky; and a "study from life," where I am apparently sliding down the face of South Cliff, while our eldest daughter, in her baby-carriage, coasts miraculously at my side.

Cousin Abby, as had been predicted, cordially disapproved. She is an artist, and had been a convenient crony of Endicott's in his law-school days. Endicott takes always the attitude that he created Cousin Abby, brought her up, and rested the seventh day. In her occasional visits to our home, as years went on, I noted her unchastened way of commenting with open sarcasm upon Endicott's various convictions, but I never heard what Cousin Abby could do in the cause of truth and righteousness until by chance she found one of the children's sketch-books lying open to the offended sunlight. Endicott, subtly discouraged with me, had provided a complete series of sketching-blocks for his son and daughters, and had pointed them each the road to freedom. Barbara was the only one who took to freedom. The others steadfastly consulted models. Their favorite pattern was the one sketch in their father's book which was flatly conventional. That was made upon one of our flying trips through Easthampton, the village of many windmills. Endicott announced his intention of ris-



At sunrise, however, he had felt less enterprising, and noticing that there were windmills on the wall-paper, he carelessly sketched one of these instead. In conspicuous exception to his usual fervid manner, this sketch has served as a copy for one after another of the toiling children; but not for Barbara. One thrilled glance through the ancestral sketch-books, and Barbara was off after ducks and fence-rails and a horizon of her own. No wall-paper windmills for her!

It was Barbara's book that Cousin Abby found. She took it to Endicott. She took it seriously.

"It does n't so much matter about you," she began, with dry decision, "but it is wrong to let Barbara do so. Look at the pattern on that piano-lamp! Look at the shingles on that farm-house and the black spots on the tiger-lilies! Notice the leaves on that rose-bush!"

"Barbara saw them," said Endicott.

"But she should n't draw them!" Cousin Abby turned suddenly from the conflict. Not debate, but action was her specialty. She led the adoring Barbara through a perfect paradise of light and shade; of door-steps that stood nobly out from the verandas of the houses; of long, gray roads tapering beautifully to a point among the trees; and of lonely sky-lines, with one dim ridge of hills to mark the sunset. She gave her a box of water-colors and talked about flat washes and atmosphere. Cruelly she spoiled Barbara's joy in depicting the sun's rays. Barbara had always used the same general plan for the sun as for a many-footed spider. After Cousin Abby's visit she felt a little shy about her sunrises, her high noons, and her sunsets. She often left the sun to shine from a point just off the margin of the paper. Cousin Abby, however, could not be expected to forestall every possibility. Barbara still drew the moon with eyes and nose and mouth.



ing before time for our early train to sketch one of the windmills on the bluff.

Expert opinion, decidedly expressed, carries a great deal of weight with me.

Was Barbara indeed a child of promise, led deliberately into sin? Endicott was unmoved. He said that the reason why so few people draw naturally is because there are so many Cousin Abbys in the world. He held that it was time for some hardy souls to rise and insist that they *do* see the flower-pots in the windows and the cat on the ridge-pole and the honey-bee coming a long way off. Who cares for a gray monotone of homestead wall on which one may paint no lichens at all, and the trumpet-vine only as a green puddle on the roof? He was glad that Barbara, in her sea-shore sketch, had made her sister the dominant note in the landscape. What matter though Margaret, passant, did obscure the sky-line and tower above the sailing yacht at her elbow? It was pleasant to reflect that she was more to Barbara than all of these.

Gradually, however, Endicott came to see that with Barbara the damage had already been done. Sophisticated now, she could never again fully enter the realm of the unspoiled amateur. Her trees, of old so strongly built that birds of heaven lodged in their branches, nests and all, were now leafless blurs of misty green;

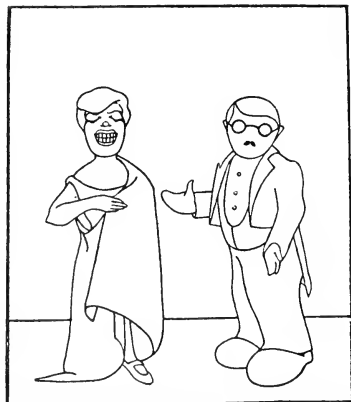
and over her houses grew vague tracery of vines without a bud or flower, unvisited by any humming-bird or wandering dragon-fly. That was proof.

We compromised. Endicott, though still laying in supplies of sketch-books for himself, gave me a camera, and engaged for Barbara a drawing teacher. Thoughtfully he watched the work of many artists for adequate paintings of surf and windy shores. Upon our walls now hangs the best of these, a painting of Montauk breakers, with all their surge and foam and changeful light. I love the stately picture. But where are the frightened little sandpipers that were always hurrying along the shore?

To-day, feeling homesick for old times, I gather up the little heap of sketching-books and glance them through again. Sea winds and flowing tide and comfortable memories. I wonder if the windmill is still there? And "Josiah Peckham, his House"—is it still upon the sand? Here indeed are all the little intimate signs of life, the shorthand notes for all our memories; even the ducks and flying gulls and fisher-nets offshore. When Endicott went sketching he saw these.

Unfortunate Fanny

By THOMAS NEWELL METCALF



"KIND READER, SHAKE HANDS WITH MY WIFE"

KIND Reader, shake hands with my wife,

My Fanny, assiduous creature,
Divine caryatid of life,

Whose teeth were her principal feature;
For thanks to the same she made
excellent wages
In circus-arenas and vaudeville stages.

Having bit (many feet from the ground)

On the end of a rope, she would
dangle,

Contentedly whirling around

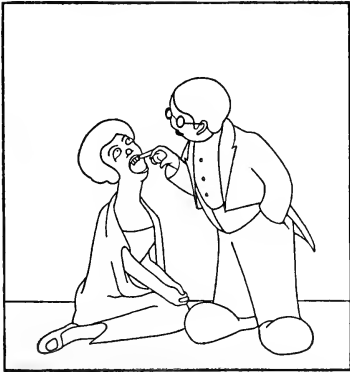
At a horrid, centrifugal angle.

The public would yell like its lungs
it would bust 'em,

And Fanny would slip me her pay,
as per custom.

She kept me in comfort without
 So much as a care or a tremor
 Until she contracted the gout
 In the tip of her sinister femur.
 The doctor we called said that all of her dolours
 Were due to her teeth, and extracted
 her molars.

And when my industrious love,
 A prey to acute indigestion,
 Renounced the majority of
 Her molars to settle the question,
 She had to admit she was almost unable
 To bite as she used on the end of her cable.

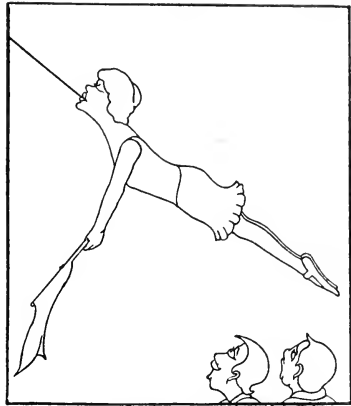


"WITH ONLY EIGHT TEETH BETWEEN ME
 AND STARVATION"

The last of her canines was tossed
 On the altar of faulty nutrition;
 Her noble bicuspidis were lost
 Because of an acid condition.
 Imagine my rather bizarre situation
 With only eight teeth between me
 and starvation!

Seriatim unfortunate Fan
 Had goiter, thrombosis, hay-fever;
 Each visit the doctor made, an
 Incisor or so had to leave her.
 "O Doctor, have pity!" I cried at this pillage;
 "A tooth or two more and I'll be on
 the village!"

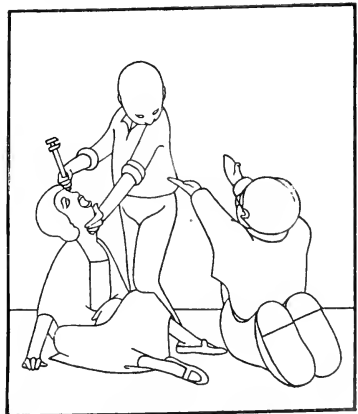
"To the teeth," that assassin replied,
 "Are laid by adept diagnosis
 All ailments from pain in the side
 To cerebro-spinal-sclerosis."
 "Enough of your medico-dental caprices!"
 I ventured to say, and I bit him to pieces.



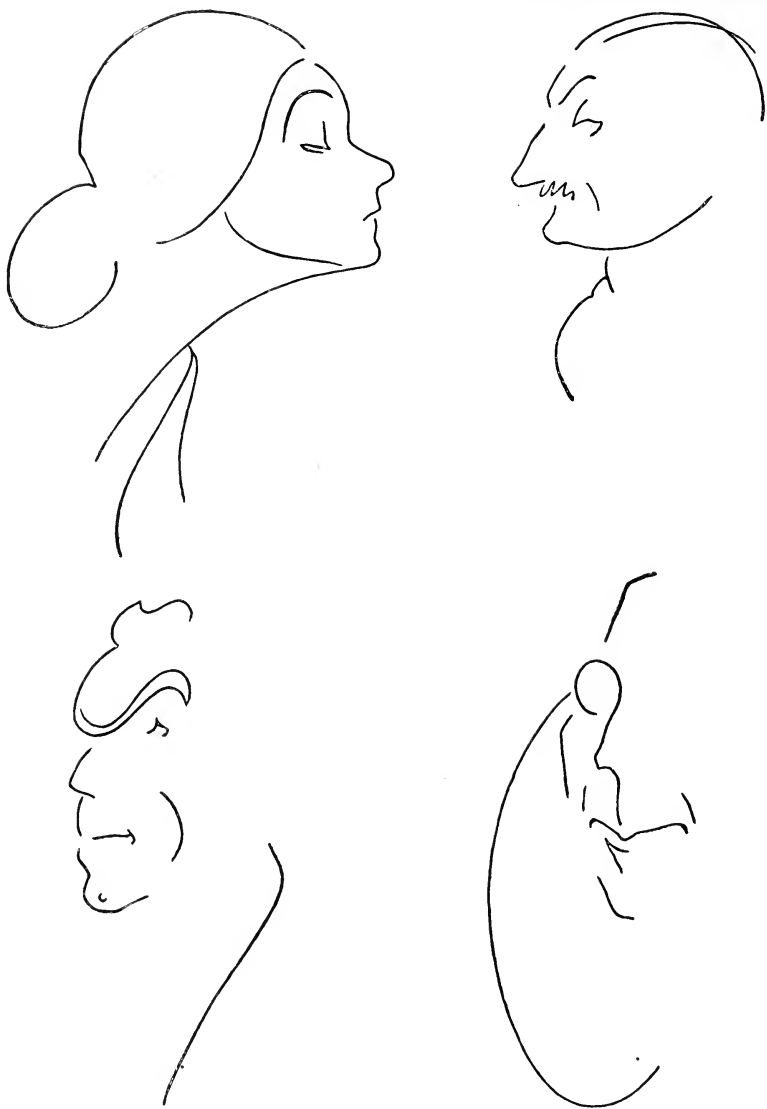
"AT A HORRID, CENTRIFUGAL ANGLE"

Physicians dismantle our jaws
 For any conceivable reason.
 There ought to be Federal laws
 Allowing the teeth a closed season,
 Because if they don't discontinue
 this ruthless
 Extraction of teeth, we shall all become
 toothless.

And therefore, though sentenced to death
 For chewing a doctor to chowder,
 I shall till my ultimate breath
 Vociferate louder and louder,
 "I want information concerning the virtue
 Of losing your teeth if your vertebrae
 hurt you."



"O DOCTOR, HAVE PITY!"



Four Celebrities of the Theater

(Nazimova, Drew, Faversham, and Arliss)

Indicated by Guyas Williams





"THE FRANCE 1234 HE HAD GOTTEN SMOTHERED HAD INVADDED HIM,
AND HE KNEW NOTHING MORE."

PAINTED FOR THE "ARTS" BY HOWARD GILES

Illustration 191-192

THE CENTURY

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“Through”¹

By E. F. BENSON

Author of “Dodo,” “Dodo’s Daughter,” etc.

Illustration by Howard Giles

RICHARD WAGHORN was among the cleverest and most popular of professional mediums, and a never-failing source of consolation to the credulous. That there was fraud, downright, unadulterated fraud, mixed up with his remarkable manifestations it would be impossible to deny; but it would have been futile not to admit that these manifestations were not wholly fraudulent. He had to an extraordinary degree that rare and inexplicable gift of tapping, so to speak, not only the surface consciousness of those who consulted him, but, in favorable circumstances, their inner or subliminal selves, so that it frequently happened that he could speak to an inquirer of something he had completely forgotten, which subsequent investigation proved to be authentic.

So much was perfectly genuine, but he gave, as it were, a false frame to it all by the manner in which he presented these phenomena. He pretended, at his sésances, to go into a trance, during which he was controlled sometimes by the spirit of an ancient Egyptian priest, who gave news to the inquirer about some dead friend or relative, sometimes more directly by that

dead friend or relative who spoke through him.

As a matter of fact, Waghorn would not be in a trance at all, but perfectly conscious, extracting, as he sat quiescent and with closed eyes, the knowledge, remembered or even forgotten, that lurked in the mind of his sitter, and bringing it out in the speech of Mentu, the Egyptian control, or of the lost friend or relative about whom inquiry was being made. Fraudulent also, as coming from the intelligence of discarnate spirits, were the pieces of information he gave as to the conditions under which those who had “passed over” still lived, and it was here that he chiefly brought consolation to the credulous, for he represented the dead as happy and busy, and full of spiritual activities. This information, to speak frankly, he obtained entirely from his own conscious mind. He made it up, and we cannot really find an excuse for him in the undoubted fact that he sincerely believed in the general truth of all he said when he spoke of the survival of individual personality.

Finally, deeply dyed with fraud, and that in crude, garish colors, were the

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spirit-rappings, the playing of musical boxes, the appearance of materialized spirits, the smell of incense that heralded Cardinal Newman, all that bag of conjuring tricks, in fact, which disgraces and makes a laughing-stock of the impostors who profess to be able to bring the seen world into connection with the unseen world. But to do Waghorn justice, he did not often employ those crude contrivances, for his telepathic and thought-reading gifts were far more convincing to his sitters. Occasionally, however, his powers in this line used to fail him, and then, it must be confessed, he presented his Egyptian control in the decorations of the Egyptian hall as controlled by Messrs. Maskelyne & Cooke.

Such was the general scheme of procedure when Richard Waghorn, with his sister as accomplice in case mechanical tricks were necessary, undertook to reveal the spirit world to the material world. They were a pleasant, handsome pair of young people, gifted with a manner that, if anything, disarmed suspicion too much, and while futile old gentlemen found it quite agreeable to sit in the dark holding Julia's firm, cool hand, similarly constituted old ladies were the recipients of thrilling emotions when they held Richard's, the touch of which, they declared, was strangely electric. There they sat while Richard, breathing deeply and moaning in his simulated trance, was the mouthpiece of Mentu and told them things which, but for his indubitable gift of thought-reading, it was impossible for him to know; or, if the power was not coming through properly, they listened, hardly less thrilled, to spirit-rappings and musical boxes and unverifiable information about the conditions of life where the mortal coil hampers no longer. It was all very interesting and soothing and edifying. And then there suddenly came an irruption of something wholly unexpected and inexplicable.

Brother and sister were dining quietly one night after a busy, but unsatisfactory, day when the tinkling summons came from the telephone, and Richard found that a quiet voice, belonging, so it said, to Mrs.

Gardner, wanted to arrange a sitting alone for next day. No address was given, but he made an appointment for half-past two, and without much enthusiasm went back to his dinner.

"A stranger," he said to his sister, "with no address and no reference of introduction. I hope I shall be in better form to-morrow. There was nothing but rappings and music to-day. They are boring, and also they are dangerous, for one may be detected at any time. And I got an infernal blow on my knuckles from that new electric tapper."

Julia laughed.

"I know. I heard it," she said. "There was quite a wrong noise in one of the taps as we were spelling out 'silver wing.'"

He lit his cigarette, frowning at the smoke.

"That 's the worst of my profession," he said. "On some days I can get right inside the mind of the sitter, and, as you know, bring out the most surprising information; but on other days—to-day, for instance; and there have been many such lately—there 's a mere blank wall in front of me. I shall lose my position if it happens often; nobody will pay my fees only to hear spirit-rappings and generalities."

"They 're better than nothing," said Julia.

"Very little. They help to fill up, but I hate using them. Don't you remember, when we began investigating, just you and I alone, how often we seemed on the verge of genuine supernatural manifestations? They appeared to be just round the corner."

"Yes; but we never turned the corner. We never got beyond mere thought-reading."

He got up.

"I know we did n't, but there always seemed a possibility. The door was ajar; it was n't locked, and it has never ceased to be ajar. Often when the mere thought-reading, as you call it, is flowing along most smoothly, I feel that if only I could abandon my whole consciousness a little more completely, something, somebody,

would really take control of me. I wish it would; and yet I'm frightened of it. It might revenge itself for all the frauds I've perpetrated in its name. Come, let's play piquet and forget about it all."

It was settled that Julia should be present next day when the stranger came for her sitting, in order, if Richard's thought-reading was not coming through any better than it had done lately, that she should help in the rappings and the luminous patches and the musical box. Mrs. Gardner was punctual to her appointment, a tall, quiet, well-dressed woman who stated with perfect frankness her object in wishing for a séance and her views about spirit-communication.

"I should immensely like to believe in spirit-communications," she said, "such as I am told you are capable of producing; but at present I don't."

"It is important that the atmosphere should not be one of hostility," said Waghorn in his dreamy, professional manner.

"I bring no hostility," she said. "I am in a state, shall we say, of benevolent neutrality, unless"—and she smiled in a charming manner—"unless benevolent neutrality has come to mean malevolent hostility. That, I assure you, is not the case with me. I want to believe." She paused a moment.

"And may I say this without offense?" she asked. "May I tell you that spirit-rappings and curious lights and sounds of music do not interest me in the least?"

They were already seated in the room where the séance was to be held. The windows were thickly curtained, there was only a glimmer of light from the red lamp, and even this the spirits would very likely desire to have extinguished. If this visitor took no interest in such things, Waghorn felt that he and his sister had wasted their time in adjusting the electric hammer (made to rap by the pressure of the foot on a switch concealed in the thick rug underneath the table) behind the sliding-panel, in stringing across the ceiling the invisible wires on which the luminous globes ran, and making ready all the

auxiliary paraphernalia in case the genuine telepathy was not on tap. So with voice dreamier than before and with slower utterance as he was supposed to be beginning to sink into trance, he just said:

"I can't foretell the manner in which they may choose to make their presence known."

He gave one loud rap, which perfectly conveyed the word "No" to his sister, indicating that the conjuring tricks were not to be used. Subsequently, if really necessary, he could rap "Yes" to her, and the music and the magic lights would be displayed. Then he began to breathe quickly and in a snorting manner, to show that the control was taking possession of him.

"My brother is going into trance very quickly," said Julia, and there was dead silence.

Almost immediately a clear and shining lucidity spread like sunshine, after these days of cloud, over Waghorn's brain. Every moment he found himself knowing more and more about this complete stranger who sat with hand touching his. He felt his subconscious brain, which had lately lain befogged and imperceptive, sun itself under the brilliant clarity of illumination that had come to it, and in the impressive bass in which Mentu was wont to give vent to his revelation he said:

"I am here; Mentu is here."

He felt the table rocking beneath his hands, which surprised him, since he had exerted no pressure on it, and he supposed that Julia had not understood his signal, and was beginning the conjuring tricks. One hand of his was in hers, and by the pressure of his finger-tips in code he conveyed to her, "Don't do it." Instantly she answered back, "I was n't."

He paid no more heed to that, though the table continued to oscillate and tip in a very curious manner, for his mind was steeped in this flood of images that impressed themselves on his brain.

"What shall Mentu tell you to-day?" he went on, with pauses between the sentences. "Some one has come to consult Mentu. It is a lady, I can see her.

She wears a locket round her neck, with a piece of black hair under glass between the gold."

He felt a slight jerk from Mrs. Gardner's hand, and in finger-tip code said to Julia, "Ask her."

Julia whispered across the table:

"Is that so?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gardner, and Waghorn heard her take her breath quickly. He just remembered that she was not in mourning; but that made no difference. He knew, not guessing, that Mrs. Gardner wished to know something from the man or woman on whose head that hair once grew which was contained in the locket that rested unseen below her buttoned jacket. Then the next moment he knew also that this was a man's hair. Thereafter the flood of sun and certain mental impressions poured over him in spate of sunlit waters.

"She wants to know about the boy whose hair is in the locket. He is not a boy now. He is, according to earth's eyes, a grown man. There is a D; I see a D. Not Dick, not David. There is a Y. It is Denys. Not Saint Denys, not French. English Denys—Denys Bristow."

He paused a moment, and heard Mrs. Gardner whisper:

"Yes; that is right."

Waghorn gave vent to Mentu's jovial laugh.

"She says it is right," he said. "How should not Mentu be right? Perhaps Mentu is right, too, when he says that Denys is her brother? Yes; that is Margaret Bristow who sits here. Not Margaret Bristow. Margaret—"

Waghorn saw the name quite clearly, but yet he hesitated. It was not Gardner at all. Then it struck him for the first time that nothing was more likely than that Mrs. Gardner had adopted a pseudonym. He went on:

"Margaret Forsyth is Denys's sister. Margaret wants to know about Denys. Denys is coming. He will be here in a moment. He has spoken of his sister before. He did not call her Margaret. He

called her Q—he called her Queenie. Will Queenie speak?"

Waghorn felt the trembling of her hand; he heard her twice try to speak, but she was unable to control the trembling in her voice.

"Can Denys speak to me?" she said then in a whisper. "Can he really come here?"

Up to this moment Waghorn had been enjoying himself immensely, for after the days in which he had been unable to get into touch with his rare and marvelous gifts of consciousness-reading, it was blissful to find his mastery again, and, besieged with the images which Margaret Forsyth's contact revealed to him, he had been producing them in Mentu's impressive voice, reveling in his restored powers. Her mind lay open to him like a book; he could read where he liked on pages familiar to her and on pages which had remained long unturned. But at this moment, as sudden as some qualm of sickness, he was aware of a startling change in the quality of his perceptions. Fresh knowledge of Denys Bristow came into his mind, but he felt that it was coming not from her, but from some other source. Some odd buzzing sang in his ears, as when an anesthetic begins to take effect, and opening his eyes, he thought he saw a strange patch of light, inconsistent with the faint illumination of the red lamp, hovering over his breast. At the same moment he heard, though dimly, for his head was full of confused noise, the violent rapping of the electric hammer, and already only half-conscious, felt an impotent irritation with his sister for employing these tricks. He struggled with the oncoming of the paralysis that was swiftly invading his mind and his physical being, but he struggled in vain, and next moment, overwhelmed with the onrush of a huge, enveloping blackness, he lost consciousness altogether. The trance that he had often simulated had invaded him, and he knew nothing more.

HE came to himself again, with the feeling that he had been recalled from some

vast distance. Still unable to move, he sat listening to the quick panting of his own breath before he realized what the noise was. His face, from which the sweat poured in streams, rested on something cold and hard, and presently, when he opened his eyes, he saw that his head had fallen forward upon the table. He felt utterly exhausted and yet somehow strangely satisfied. Some amazing thing had happened.

Then as he recovered himself he began to remember that he had been reading Mrs. Gardner's, or Mrs. Forsyth's, mind when some power external to himself took possession of him, and on his left he heard Julia's voice speaking very familiar words:

"He is coming out of his trance," she said. "He will be himself again in a moment now."

With a sense of great weariness he raised his head, disengaged his hands from those of the two women, and sank back in his chair.

"Draw back the curtains," he said to Julia, "and open the window. I am suffocating."

She did as he told her, and he saw the red rays of the sun near to its setting pour into the room, while the breeze of sunset refreshed the air. On his right still sat Mrs. Forsyth, wiping her eyes, and smiling at him; and having opened the window, Julia came back to the table, looking at him with a curious, anxious intentness.

Then Mrs. Forsyth spoke.

"It has been too marvelous," she said. "I cannot thank you enough. I will do exactly as you, or, rather, as Denys, told me about the test; and if it is right, I will certainly leave my house to-morrow, taking my servants with me. It was so like Denys to think of them, too."

To Waghorn this meant nothing whatever; she might have been speaking Hebrew to him. But Julia, as she often did, answered for him.

"My brother knows nothing of what happened in his trance," she said.

Mrs. Forsyth got up.

"I will go straight home," she said. "I

feel sure that I shall find just what Denys described. May I telephone to you about it at once?"

"Yes, pray do," said Julia. "We shall be most anxious to hear."

Richard got up to show her out, but having regained his feet, he staggered, and collapsed into his chair again. Mrs. Forsyth would not hear of his attempting to move just yet, and Julia, having taken her to the door, returned to her brother. It was usual for him, when the sitting was over, to feign great exhaustion, but the realism of his acting to-day had almost deceived her into thinking that something not yet experienced in their séances had occurred. Besides, he had said such strange, detailed, and extraordinary things. He was still where she had left him, and there could be no reason, now that they were alone, to keep up this feigned languor.

"Dick," she said, "what 's the matter? And what happened? I could n't understand you at all. What did you say all those things for?"

He stirred and sat up.

"I 'm better," he said. "And it is you who have to tell me what happened. I remember up to a certain point, and after that I lost consciousness completely. I remember thinking you were rocking the table, and I told you not to."

"Yes; but I was n't rocking it. I thought you were."

"Well, it was neither of us, then," said he. "I was vexed because Mrs. Gardner—Mrs. Forsyth had said she did n't want that sort of thing, and I was reading her as I never read any one before. I told her about the locket and the black hair, I got her brother's name, I got her name and her nickname Queenie. Then she asked if Denys could really come, and at that moment something began to take possession of me. I think I saw a light as usual over my breast, and I think I heard a tremendous rapping. Did you do either of those, or did they really happen?"

Julia stared at him a moment in silence.

"I did neither of those," she said; "but they happened. You must have pressed

the breast-pocket switch and trod on the switch of the hammer."

He opened his coat.

"I had not got the breast-pocket switch," he said, "and I certainly did not tread on the hammer-switch."

Julia moved her chair a little closer to him.

"The hammer did not sound right," she said. "It was ten times louder than I have ever heard, and the light was quite different somehow. It was much brighter. I could see everything in the room quite distinctly. Go on, Dick."

"I can't. That 's all I know until I came to, leaning over the table and bathed in perspiration. Tell me what happened."

"Dick, do you swear that is true?" she asked.

"Certainly I do. Go on."

"The light grew, and then faded again to a glimmer," she said, "and then suddenly you began to talk in a different voice: it was n't Mentu any longer. Mrs. Forsyth recognized it instantly, and I thought what wonderful luck it was that you should have hit on a voice that was like her brother's. Then it and she had a long talk; it must have lasted half an hour. They reminded each other how Denys had come to live with her and her husband on their father's death. He was only eighteen at the time and still at school. He was killed in a street accident, being run over by a bicycle two days before her birthday. All this was correct, and I thought I never heard you mind-reading so clearly and quickly; you hardly paused at all."

Julia was silent a moment.

"Dick, don't you really know what followed?" she asked.

"Not in the smallest degree," he said.

"Well, I thought you had gone mad," she said. "Mrs. Forsyth asked for a test, something that was not known to her, and never had been known to her, and you gave it instantly. You laughed, Denys laughed, the voice that spoke laughed, and told her to look behind the row of books beside the bed in the room that was still known as Denys's room, and she would find tucked away a little cardboard box

with a gold safety-pin set with a pearl. He had bought it for her birthday present, and had hidden it there till the day came. He was killed, as I told you, two days before. And she, half sobbing, half laughing, said, 'O Denys, how deliciously secretive you used to be!'"

"And is that what she is going to telephone about?" asked Waghorn.

"Yes, Dick. What made you say all that?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I did n't know I said it. And was that all? She said something about leaving her house to-morrow and taking the servants. What did that mean?"

"You got very much distressed. You told her she was in danger. You said—" Julia paused again. "You said there was something coming, fire from the clouds, and a rending. You said her country house, which I gathered was down somewhere near Epping, would be burst open by the fire from the clouds to-morrow night. You made her promise to leave it and take the servants with her. You said her husband was away, which again is the case. And she asked if you meant Zepelins, and you said you did."

Waghorn suddenly got up.

"'You meant,' 'you said,' 'you did,'" he cried. "What if it 's 'he meant,' 'he said,' 'he did?'"

"It 's impossible," she said.

"Good Lord! what 's impossible?" he asked. "What if I really am that which I have so long pretended to be? What if I am a medium, one who is the mysterious bridge between the quick and the dead? I 'm frightened, but I 'm bound to say I 'm horribly interested. All that you tell me I said when I was in trance never came out of Mrs. Forsyth's mind. It was n't there. She did n't know about the pearl pin; she had never known it. Nor had I ever known it. Where did it come from, then? Only one person knew, the boy who died ten years ago."

"It yet remains to be seen whether it is true," said she. "We shall know in an hour or two, for she is motoring straight down to her house in the country."

"And if it turns out to be true, *who* was talking?" said he.

THE sunset faded into the dusk of the clear May evening, and the two still sat there waiting for the telephone to inform them whether the door which, as Waghorn had said, had seemed so often ajar, and never quite closed, was now thrown open, and light and intelligence from another world had shone on his unconscious mind. Presently the tinkling summons came, and with an eager curiosity, below which lurked that fear of the unknown, the dim, mysterious land into which all human creatures pass across the closed frontier, he went to hear what news awaited him.

"Trunk call," said the operator, and he listened.

Soon the voice came through.

"Mr. Waghorn?" it said.

"Yes."

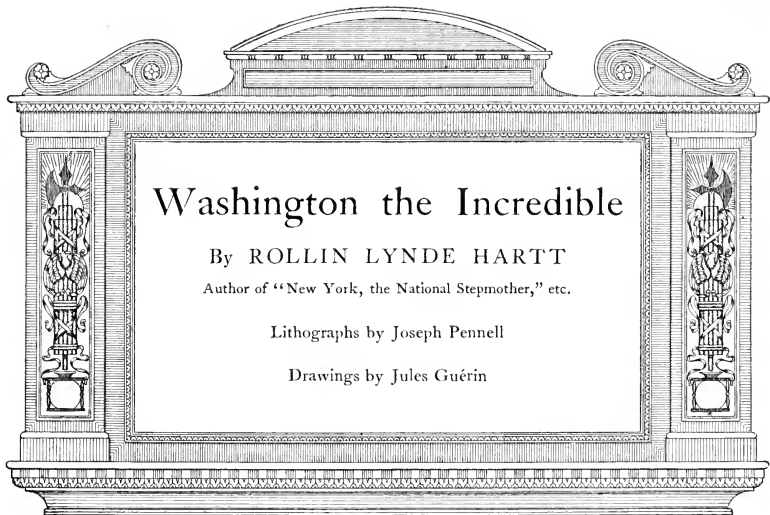
"I have found the box in exactly the place described. It contained what we had been told it would contain. I shall leave the house, taking all the servants away, to-morrow."

Two mornings later the papers contained news of a Zeppelin raid during the night on certain Eastern counties. The details given were vague and meager, and no names of towns or villages where bombs had been dropped were vouchsafed to the public. But later in the day private information came to Waghorn that Forsyth Hall, near Epping, had been completely wrecked. No lives, luckily, were lost, for the house was empty.

On the Wharves, Sunday Afternoon

By DEANE WHITTIER COLTON

THE harbor swell, that surge of long, gray miles,
 Eddies and sucks at the kelp on dockyard piles;
 A battered tramp of ancient, Old-World lines
 Against the string-piece shoves her nose and whines
 And frets for freedom. Nor can shadow hide
 The paint, which peeling open on her side
 In gaining sores, shows in the outer skin
 The sluggish inactivity within.
 Brown rust-paths, with their ever-trickling streams
 Of bilge, link port to wave. Senile, she dreams
 Of blue lagoons, of alien slips, world marts,
 While from some open hatchway faintly starts
 The smell of drying fruit. A rat, half seen,
 Gains by a rope the under-wharf's cool green;
 The wharf-planks, splintered by the rending feet
 Of great draft-horses, in the pulsing heat
 Of breathless noon begin to ooze black lines
 Of tar, which creep in wavering, strange designs;
 And everywhere the droning, high-pitched hum
 Of green-backed carrion-flies that loudly come,
 Zigzagging a crazy course in endless quest,
 To light and rise and finally sink to rest—
 A murmurous throng that films the overflow
 Of gum spilled on a truck two days ago.



Washington the Incredible

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Author of "New York, the National Stepmother," etc.

Lithographs by Joseph Pennell

Drawings by Jules Guérin

FLAGSTAFFS; three gilded eagles gleaming aloft; a ripple of red, white, and blue; a monument, half bell-like, half mound-like; yonder an open plain, and in the distance three pearly silhouettes of buildings, one supreme in its joyous, colonnaded immensity, thrusting heavenward the noblest and stateliest of all soaring domes—this is your first glimpse of Washington.

Framed in an archway of the station, what a picture! You barely suppress a cheer; for we go to Washington very much as we salute the flag or as we spring to our feet when a band plays the national anthem. Once there, we feel an exultance of anticipations more than realized. No other capital flings itself upon the visitor so instantaneously; no other city dramatizes itself with half this dazzling effectiveness.

Away spins your taxi. You have named your hotel, adding instinctively, "But first run past the Capitol." Nearer, taller, more exquisitely graceful looms the matchless dome. Your heart leaps. In America we have no monarch to link administration with administration; that dome is king.

Vistas; statuary; a profusion of shade-trees; broad avenues unmarred by trolley-

poles; majestic temples sheltering the departments; a sky-piercing, pale-gray obelisk, with peep-holes at its tip—all these you had foreseen, but not the headlong commercialism, or the little red school-houses on yellow wheels trundling sightseers hither and yon, or the hundred thousand negroes whose political riots led Congress to disfranchise the entire District, or the village-like atmosphere that wins and caresses you. Within fifteen minutes you feel that you have lived in Washington as many years, and strangers at the hotel seem convinced that you have, so intently do they stare, hoping to identify you with some statesman half-toned in the newspapers.

Now, since every patriot begins his more intimate explorations by going afoot from the Capitol to the White House, you set forth in high spirits; and, alas! here beginneth the second lesson. Pure marble in your fancy, the Executive Mansion screams with white paint, as only paint could hide the marks of fire after the visit of our attentive British cousins in 1814. Pennsylvania Avenue, in your expectation the Broadway of Washington, is more or less its Bowery, since proprietors, aware that the Government will soon



THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.
Lithograph by Joseph Pennell

take over their holdings, see no object in improving them. Dowdy hotels bid for lodgers at fifty cents a night; twenty-five, even. Shop-windows teem with souvenirs: the Capitol on brass slippers, the Capitol on silver puppies, the Capitol on patriotic dust-pans, the Capitol illumined with mother-of-pearl. Chop-suey resorts abound. On the way to his inauguration each new President passes a "home of burlesque," a penny arcade, a tattooist's studio, and the shrine where a "beautiful lady palmist" reveals your name. And yet at the end of this amazing thoroughfare rises the matchless dome that crowns the Capitol, which crowns a lordly eminence. There, surely, you will regain your first elation.

Do you, though? Fine old sycamores line the approach to a marble staircase. There are broken slabs on the landings, and green drip from bronze charmingly discolours the balustrades, while dense ivies and rich clusters of dark, glistening magnolias lend a grateful picturesqueness; but the façade above is white paint again, except for dull gray wings which, newer than the rest, failed of their share in the cousinly attentions bestowed a century

ago. The composition falls apart and disappoints, rousing a hot flutter of esthetic indignation. There was excuse for paint; but not the slightest for wings in Massachusetts marble, sure to turn gray and matching the paint no more in texture than in tone.

You go in by a painfully insignificant door; but this, you remember, is not the Capitol's front, and thereby hangs a tale; for Washington set out to grow eastward, fell among real-estate speculators, balked at their extortionate prices, wheeled right about face, and grew westward instead. Up yonder the statue of armed Liberty shows its back to the city.

Just within the entrance a doorkeeper in plain clothes lays a foot on his desk. You cross a vestibule, and the next moment stand beneath the ineffable dome, and could tear your hair and weep. In a vast and gaunt rotunda there lurks a dusty, gray-brownish sadness where radiance and glory and high splendor should be. Immense canvases display a style that was copied by chromo-lithography, and for which mankind banished chromo-lithography from the earth's surface. A colossal head of Lincoln, admirable, but misplaced,

rests upon a marble block, which rests upon the floor; inference, the guillotine. In the painted frieze you behold a personage with three arms, and question a stranger. Yes, he, too, sees it. Such calamities to happen here, of all places! Away with them! They are not yet sacred, for the dome itself reached completion only in 1865. At a word from Congress (speed the day!) its rotunda will glow with beauty and outrival the very Invalides.

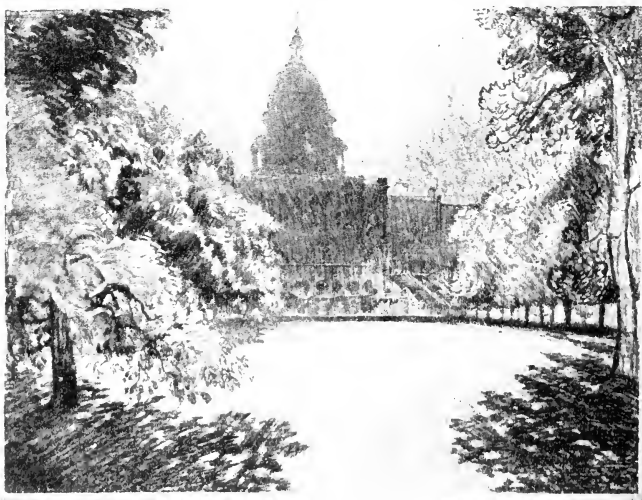
A corridor leads to what Washingtonians have conservatively christened the "Chamber of Horrors." State worthies in marble or bronze, in all sizes, all attitudes, all costumes, and surmounting pedestals of all colors, shapes, and sizes, throng the edges of an enormous semicircular room. Illinois immortalizes Miss Frances E. Willard. Virginia, with touching fidelity, erects a statue of Lee. At the general's feet lies a wreath of fresh flowers. So far, interesting; but the jumble of haphazard images suggests an auction, and you listen for "Going! going! gone!" And how your heart goes out to those manifestly unenticing effigies of Glick, Gorrie, Kirkwood, Curry, Collamer, and Shoup!

Poor America! Seeking the sublime, attaining the feebly ridiculous. But the corridor leads straight to the National House of Representatives, where solemnities are about to begin. With its reward at hand, why resent the preliminary hazing? You have blushed for your country; now, so you trust, will come thrills.

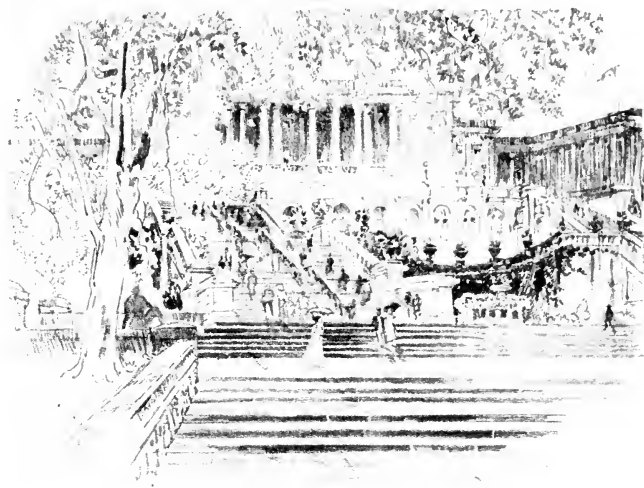
You mount to the gallery that frames an immense hall. Spectators sit waiting there, lost in admiration of its dismally stenciled walls, the crude little pictures in its glass roof, and its murky, demoded air of—shall I say?—boarding-house grandeur.

A dozen bitterly prosaic congressmen enter chattering. The sergeant-at-arms, nonchalantly coddling a rather small and rather sheepish-looking mace, enters. That bauble he sets more or less upright against a white marble tribune that rises in stages.

The Speaker enters unattended, wearing a business suit. He mounts the tribune, and stands at its summit beneath a magnificent, gold-starred United States flag, while the mace takes a loftier perch than at first, and officials in business suits range themselves upon the white marble stages



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL
Lithograph by Joseph Pennell



THE STEPS AND TERRACE OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.
Lithograph by Joseph Pennell

below. The mingling of pomp and tweeds recalls Mr. Chesterton's warning, "Give the king a crown, but don't give him half a crown."

The Speaker thumps mightily with a huge gavel, commanding order. During an extempore prayer by the chaplain the twelve congressmen stand, with heads bowed. Then to work amid pandemonium; the instant a member rises to address the House, it is a signal for loud-voiced conferences. This grows. Several additional congressmen arrive, vociferating as they come; the Speaker plies his gavel; demented urchins streak to and fro; and scarcely twenty intelligible words can you hear. But the orator takes it all in good part. What cares he for the four hundred empty seats or for the members who converse in heavy tones or for the few who unfold their newspapers? Years ago a statesman from Buncombe County, North Carolina, noticed that his fellow-congressmen were leaving while he spoke. "Leave, the whole pack of you," said he; "I 'm only talking for Buncombe." There are many Buncombes. Yonder silver-tongued orator hails from one, and it hears.

But the Senate, the suave, learned Senate, renowned for its decorum and more than unctuous courtesy, at least remains. Thither you hasten, to find the Vice-President arrayed in a ceremonious black cutaway and enthroned in solitary dignity upon a rostrum resembling a judge's, while order reigns throughout the chamber. Does it always? I quote from the "Congressional Record":

MR. VARDAMAN: "It is difficult to hear the senator. Would it be too great a strain upon his vocal cords to speak loud enough to be heard above the din?"

MR. KENYON: "I am willing to speak loud enough to be heard above an ordinary din, but not above the usual senatorial din."

At present, however, you count barely eleven senators. Are there more on the way? Should a bell ring—but a famous senator has explained this to a nicety in explaining a recent misadventure:

When the bell rings, I come down from my committee-room, where I work from six to eight hours a day attending to my

correspondence and other things for my constituents, and answer to my name if it is a roll-call and vote if it is a vote. I inquire of some senator upon whom I think I can rely as to what the question to be voted on is. In this instance I voted "No" when I wanted to vote "Aye."

Not long since a senator desired the Senate really to hear him. Complaining of no quorum, he demanded a roll-call, and in poured the absentees. While they were departing he gave them two paragraphs, then talked of other matters. Again he bewailed no quorum. A second roll-call fetched them back. During the next hejira he gave them two paragraphs more. By keeping that up, in a kind of serialized recession, he eventually said his entire say. But this morning's senator exhibits no such spunk. Like the congressman, he is "only talking for Buncombe." Enough of all that! You bolt.

Through unlovely corridors you go, beneath mediocre paintings in Brobdignagian frames, and past committee-rooms the mural wonders of which affront the intelligence no less than they affront the eye. In grim sincerity you could write:

"My dear Uncle Sam: I have seen your Capitol. *O my dear Uncle Sam!*"

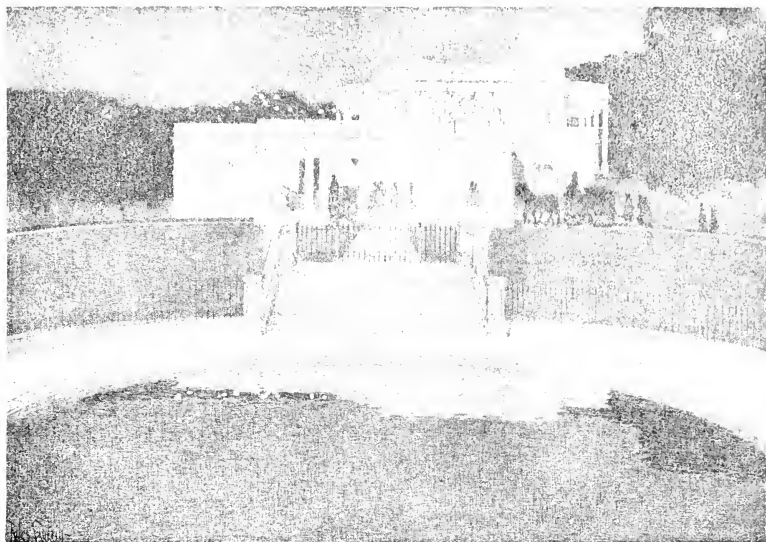
Sunshine, open air, then a visit to the Congressional Library, and a rebound from aggrieved dejection. What a palace! Devoid of fusing grace, it is true, and much too garish within, where chrome clashes with vermilion, and both with the chill bluish-white of gleaming marble, yet overflowing with exquisite details. Those Shirlaws! Those Alexanders! Those enchanted, gracious Vedders!

And now back through the city. Your Government made that. A planned city, it achieves what other *villes d'art* only strive for. Architecturally, it grows finer year by year, for taste improves wonderfully. You are proud of America, proud, and only the more so when an old acquaintance bobs up (Washington is the City of Long-lost Cronies) and takes you to lunch at the Cosmos Club. No matter how many clubs you may have known, in no

matter how many cities, there was never a club like this. It is an academy, an *institut*. By indirection your Government made it. Despite the dearth of genius on Capitol Hill, Congress has founded in Washington a colony of most charming savants. You call to mind the Scottish professor of divinity who ministered to a village kirk and, feeling indisposed one Sunday, sent a theologian as substitute; for then it was that Deacon Kiltie MacFarthing said of the professor, "He maun be a kight honest mon to turn oot preachers better than himsel'."

How strangely mercurial you become! Idealist, cynic, enthusiast, and then joker, you lean at last toward tolerance; thanks to good company and good cheer, you can almost forgive Congress. Are its eccentricities worse, really, than those of other parliaments? Members wear hats in the Commons. Members doze in the Lords. Members cry "Canaille!" in the Deputies. Members pull noses at Budapest. *Mr. Britling* was right: all governments, looked at closely, are incredible. In certain noteworthy respects our own has improved. It no longer pollutes mosaics with tobacco-juice. It seldom cracks a head. Not for years has a page carried that once-frequent message, "The Speaker's compliments to Mr. —, and will he please take down his feet?" Deserted seats there are, and uproar and "talking for Buncombe"; but consider. By preference the Senate performs its real work in committee-rooms; of necessity the House does. "Sir," quoth Bourke Cockran, "this House is organized for disorder and incapacity. Look at it. Distances are such that conversation is rarely regarded as an interruption. In the resulting confusion it is impossible to follow or understand the proceedings."

History relates that when Charles Lamb heard that no mother would allow her daughter to read "Rosamund Gray," he cried: "Hang the age! I 'll write for antiquity." In a like spirit a congressman, with salvos of unquenchable verbosity in him and no one to listen, might exclaim: "Hang the House! I 'll talk for Bun-



VIEW FROM THE TERRACE, LOOKING NORTH

Drawing by Jules Guérin

combe." Yet it is not by any means thus that he reasons, though he comes out at the same door. Observe him.

Within every congressman's breast flames a white-hot yearning for reflection. But fate has bound him hand and foot; immobilized at the Capitol, he cannot roam up and down his Buncombe, "pointing with pride," "viewing with alarm," and displaying his "famous vote-getting smile." Nor can he hope to mimeograph letters enough or sprinkle free seeds enough. Yet, behold! Custom bids him excogitate his campaign speeches at Washington, thunder them in the House, have them printed in the "Record," folded without charge, tucked into eleemosynary envelopes, and franked to his adorers. A merry old soul is old Uncle Sam, and a merry old soul is he, even encouraging representatives to brighten the "Record" with those "speechless speeches" that figure as appendices in the daily issue, but as addresses actually delivered before an awestruck House in the "home edition." If a congressman writes "applause" after a rounded period, then in goes "applause."

Strangely lifelike the "speechless speech" may appear. After a recent widows' pension bill had sped through without roll-call or debate and become irrevocably a law, congressmen voted themselves five legislative days in which to "extend their remarks in the 'Record.'" Result, an ex post facto outpouring of persuasiveness enriched with such heart-throbs as "Let us pass this bill and be just!" and "Mr. Speaker, coming now to the immediate bill before the House, let us pass it, not as partizans, but as patriots!" However, congressional ingenuity can outdo even that. When a member happens upon a poem, an article, or an editorial fore-ordained to wheedle votes, he imagines it his "extension of remarks," gives it an introductory, albeit speechless, puff, inserts it in the "Record," and has it distributed free throughout his bailiwick.

There is something deliciously small-boyish about an outsider's adventures in Washington. You feel like Old Sleuth. After a few weeks, you can actually construct a worm's-eye view of Washington as seen by some innocent congressman ex-

posed for the first time to the dangers of a great capital.

No doubt the immortal George and his high counselor Major L'Enfant would turn over in their graves at the bare suggestion of dangers besetting our precious innocent. How solicitously they took pains to protect him against violence, mob-pressure, and the wiles of foreign princes! With inspired prudence they established the Government at a place unpeopled by aliens and unlikely ever to be, a place remote from large and overweening centers of population, a place so planned that a few field-pieces on Capitol Hill could sweep radiating avenues with deadly fire. But there their foresight stopped. They failed to protect him against temptations that have come into being without blame to any one in particular and the abolition of which it is not the business of any one in particular to accomplish. In what follows I intend no rebuke to our innocent congressman; I merely bewail his circumstances.

He has a very questionable little something on his conscience by the time he reaches Washington. An ancient law, enacted in the days of stage-coaches and wayside inns, allots him twenty cents a mile for traveling expenses, and his wallet bulges with the overplus. Ought he not to return it? If so, then where is the grated window before which representatives form in a line to do the honest thing? None exists. With a distinct squirm of uneasiness, the congressman "keeps the change."

A much less ancient law allots him fifteen hundred dollars for clerk-hire. Some congressmen spend that and more, but the majority economize, and profit nobly thereby. With a straight face and in the House itself a famous congressman said recently of clerk-hire, "It is not the salary of a clerk; it is an allowance to the member."

But let that pass. An incomparably more subversive temptation assails him next. To his boiling disgust, he discovers that unless he surrenders his independence and "stands in with the machine" he is now and henceforth a helpless, hopeless, igno-

minious "mawsh" member. You know the pretty word? It derives from the initials of "might as well stay home."

Drop a tear for our innocent congressman. Morally, he cannot afford to stand in with the machine; politically, he cannot afford not to. Only thus will he enable the Speaker to recognize him and "get on good committees" and secure "a slice for his district" and feel confident of reelection. He wavers. He has come to Washington with a bill neatly drafted. It represents party pledges "back home." The campaign was fought on that issue. The bill must pass. And all the while he has the children on his mind, not to mention an ambitious dame known endearingly as "ma."

She, too, feels "mawsh." In society at Washington—or, at all events, in the society of officialdom—women shine by the light of men; and while a congressman as such is not impossible, he is quite definitely improbable. So "ma" desires her luminary to increase his candle-power. Congressmen have become senators; congressmen have been head-lined as "Presidential possibilities" and have been "groomed" and uproariously advertised. By dint of long service (and politeness to journalists) congressmen have attained such worldwide celebrity that even Washington unbent.

Then, too, there is daughter. She trots from the Corcoran to the Smithsonian, from the Smithsonian to the superb new National Museum. She has a private den at the library, drops in at the foreign book-store, takes lessons in Spanish, and dreams of entering the life class at Zolnay's. She haunts a feminist stronghold within view of the White House. Night before last she danced with an attaché of the Chinese embassy. She knows a Filipino, three Cubans, a Liberian, and a duelist who, when prodded, owns up to baronial ancestors. Although she scorns tuft-hunting, her letters home indicate a waving, wind-blown opulence of exceedingly nice tufts. It would break daughter's heart to leave Washington; it would break son's. It would break "ma's." Inciden-



VIEW OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM THE MALL

Drawing by Jules Guérin

tally, it would break our innocent congressman's.

He likes "glory," and while the invaluable "Hon." will stick to him through life, he dreads the anguish of hearing himself referred to before long as "former congressman." He likes his salary, and wonders where else he could count on seventy-five hundred a year, with office-rent free and clerk-hire and mileage thrown in. He likes the Capitol; he likes the city, so clean and burnished and radiant it looks, with its three hundred factories using gas engines or electricity, and its unspeakable tenements all cleverly hidden away in rear courts. How it thrills him to live in a show-town!

So the congressman capitulates. To get his bill through, he helps others get theirs through. He secures "a slice for his district" by rolling the harmless, necessary log. Tiny hamlets receive monumental post-offices; villages of no strategic eminence receive "forts." Our hero inserts

"jokers," skulks in committee-rooms when to vote would mean "going on record," and considers himself "paired" for the same heroic reason; yet he is boldly outspoken in his allegiance to a rivers and harbors bill that "approaches as near to perfect depravity as the infirmities of human nature will permit."

I pause to retouch his portrait, which has appeared a trifle too innocent from the first, since our congressman encounters nothing at Washington that he has not already encountered in miniature at home. He was a politician there. Long before his departure, gossip attributed to his genius the maxim, "For 'public service' read 'public serve us.'" Dogging his career, one might soon amass material for "The Life and Crimes of an Innocent Congressman," though personally I should christen it "Somehow Good." That fits. The vast bulk of legislation at Washington is neither frivolous nor depraved.

Nor can it be; for the day has ac-

tually arrived when party platforms have the dignity of contracts and when perfidy spells "Go." If one chamber sets out to pull down the starry heavens, the other takes fright and props them up again; if both would pull them down, then comes the Presidential veto. Moreover, there sits a court of nine black-robed justices, and Congress dreads the chance that, after all the aching drudgery of enacting a law, the nine irreproachables may find it unconstitutional. Moreover, from first to last Congress dreads the little gold gridirons in certain cravats at Washington. They represent the press. So Congress for the most part behaves. Fleeced extensively, humbugged a little, and now and then rasped, we sleep soundly o' nights, and by day there is business as usual.

Hence, a Washington unique among great capitals for its downright sensational placidity. Berlin has its Liebknecht, and shudders. Paris has its Orleanists, who post amazing handbills: "The hour has struck! Frenchmen, proclaim your king!" London has its coteries disgusted with those upstart "tons of soil," its multitudes disgusted with lordships who "have merely taken the trouble to be born." Yet all is quiet on the Potomac, where no one exclaims, "A fine morning; let us go out and overthrow the Government!" Washingtonians believe in their Government so implicitly that they feel free to poke fun at it or gently chide it.

Their faith abides, though sundry astonishing phenomena conspire to uproot it. They likewise have not forgotten the department of agriculture's illustrated report on mushrooms and toadstools, with every mushroom marked "Poison," every toadstool marked "Edible." They have not forgotten the embalmed beef of ninety-eight or the comment, "Be sicciry iv war if ye must, Hinnesy, but don't be sicciry iv a war." They recall an epoch when congressional pianos enjoyed free transportation by mail. The other day they read Mr. Morse's remarks on governmental bookkeeping: "No mortal knows what the Government owns or how much it is

worth. If Uncle Sam had been an individual, he would not now be in business." From month to month they peruse the "Searchlight on Congress." It tells of a committee that has not held a meeting for thirty-seven years. It tells of another that within seven days befriended four thousand private pension claims, all of which had previously been proved ridiculous by the pensions department. It calls Congress our "Supreme Court of Spoils." How can Washingtonians see what they see, hear what they hear, guess what they guess, and refrain from brandishing the red flag?

Your mirror will give you the answer, or at least a hundred millionth thereof. Washingtonians believe in our institutions because they believe in America. We wanted representative government. The Government we got represents us, and a Washingtonian is not at all seriously disturbed when critics from abroad seem skeptical. Nothing strikes him as funnier than a Frenchman's disparagement: "No negroes in your Senate! Ah, *messieurs*, we order these things better in the France. We have black senators—*toujours*. From the colonies," unless, perchance, there may gleam a more pleasing comicality in an Englishman's interrogation, "I say, how many bishops have you got in your House of Lords?"

Indeed, whole classes go unrepresented, if you accept the sample-case theory of representation. Not until 1916 was a woman elected to Congress. There are no Indians in the House. There is only half an Indian in the Senate. And yet the sample-case theory meets with a far too languid acceptance in England, where Sir Lionel of Market Benham stands for election in Stoke Pogis or Wormwood Scrubs. So Washingtonians talk back. Our representatives at least represent localities; and if foreigners berate our lack of a "responsible government," meaning a cabinet doomed to resign the instant it becomes odious, the Washingtonian has seen many a cabinet officer sent "kiting" and more than one chief magistrate "snowed under" in due course.

There are moments, to be sure, when the supreme luxury of being a Washingtonian appears to consist in owning a government and at the same time mildly despising it. With desperate seriousness the Sixty-second Congress changed the name of Sixteenth Street to "the Avenue of the Presidents"; with a seriousness as desperate the Sixty-third Congress changed it back. Washingtonians jeered. Then, too, they encounter obstacles whenever they would convince a President that, since charity begins at home, he should sacrifice the country at large to the private, economic whimsicalities of Washingtonians. Moreover, Washington teems with departmental clerks who cannot as yet read their titles clear to higher salaries and a Saturday half-holiday. They wail. All Washington hears them and vaguely sympathizes. Meanwhile it hears the slurring, disgruntled, sourly cynical term, "professional politicians."

Professionals, are they? A race apart? A caste? In the nature of things quite dismally unrepresentative? The next moment these same scoffers are crying, "Now you see what comes of being governed by amateurs!" This states the truth precisely. Americans blunder into politics. They begin as lawyers, reporters, schoolmasters, and what not; something happens. The amateur spirit lives on in them; after thirty years in Congress a country lawyer from Ohio is still a country lawyer from Ohio. Washingtonians know it; the more they see of Americans, the more they respect congressmen.

Living in our only non-sectional city, they view us through unprejudiced spectacles as all America streams past their doors: office-seekers, reformers, lobbyists, travelers, convention-goers, scientists, and men of affairs big and little. Seeing us as we are, Washingtonians never twit us with being ruled by our inferiors. Then, too, they see Europe. It comes to them. In summer, when Washington sizzles, European capitals invite, and Washingtonians have a passion for studying governmental systems abroad. They return with renewed admiration for ours. Even foreign-

ers have shared it. Said Münsterberg, "The number of powerful and striking countenances to be seen in the House is greater than in the German Reichstag."

Indeed, Washingtonians believe that, for better or for worse, Congress even represents us morally. In the wrong mood they describe us as a rabble of greedy, unprincipled communities eking out a shameful existence by robbing the coöperative clothes-line—robbing it by proxy at that, by making our honored deputies do the pilfering, and threatening them with political electrocution if they fail.

But Washingtonians are not uniformly as cross as all this. If they recognize our shallowness, our weakness, and our misguided selfishness, they recognize also our underlying honesty, and hold to a conviction that year by year we improve. For so we do.

And so do our representatives. When last year's rivers and harbors bill reached the Senate, a well-known voice shouted, "If the price of my seat is to vote for bills of this kind, then the seat may go!" In the House the Speaker actually broached a plan to abolish "talking for Buncombe" by abolishing the "Record." And there arrived in Washington that wonder of wonders, an independent congressman. He belongs to no party. He owns his soul. He will keep on owning it. In both wings of the Capitol he is envied.

For a new spirit has begun to pervade Congress. "Mr. President," declared a senator, "I am not a seventh son of a seventh son, but I risk the prophecy that there will never be another rivers and harbors bill like this of 1916." Members detest the policy of skinning Peter to tickle Paul. They detest log-rolling. They detest being mere attorneys for neighborhoods and men. They detest duplicity. They detest a system that reaches decisions in committees and debates them afterward "for Buncombe." The Senate, like the House, desires to become once more a deliberative body.

Your sojourn ends. You stand again within the creamy-white archway of the

station. As you turn and look back, is there mockery in the three gilded eagles gleaming against the sky? Or in the ripple of red, white, and blue? Or in the far-off, soaring dome? Not the least. You left home in a string-tie mood redolent of Webster's "Reply to Hayne." You arrived in a mood out-Fourth-of-Julying the most glorious of Fourths. You have had your emotional ups and downs

ever since. The real and wholly legitimate exultance comes now, for yonder a city is building. There is as yet no Washington; there is only a project. By the same token, there is as yet no America. Instead, there is a project, original, daring, momentous. We struggle toward democracy. We shall win.

What, then, have you seen? A hope, an experiment, and withal a great adventure.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND THE TERRACE AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

Drawing by Jules Guérin

The Graduate

By JOHN FLORANCE

OLD friend, where you and I were once at home,
 Autumn has given to another heir,
 And other feet come drumming up the stair
 Where oft I waited for your feet to come.
 We have gone by, and I shall never share
 The music of your samovar at night,
 Or on a morning full of April light
 Come striding through the door and find you there.
 But in the slow-returning dusk once more,
 Less eagerly, less certain of my part,
 I 'll come with an old music in my heart
 Down Holyoke to that familiar door.
 Knowing you have not entered it all day,
 I shall go very quietly away.

Jane Shore¹

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Author of "Silent Sam," etc

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

YOU know Jane Shore, of course.

You know her as you know Maude Adams or Ethel Barrymore. Or Julia Marlowe. You know her features better than you know your own. You have seen them oftener, on the bill-boards, in the frames and stands of the theater lobbies, in the dramatic columns of all the newspapers, on the magazine covers of most of the news-stands, in silver frames in jewelers' windows, in packages of cigarettes, with the flags of all nations and stage favorites in tights, in the advertisements of corsets and perfumes and talcum powders and cold creams and such products of the munition works of feminine preparedness, on the bands of "Jane Shore" cigars, in the handles of penknives and the bottoms of paper-weights and the tops of candy boxes. And you have read about her endlessly, everywhere, in the fictions of the press-agents, the competitive and dissenting judgments of dramatic critics, the special articles of monthly experts, the gossip of the stage-gossipy, and the attributed repartee of the anecdotal. And you have seen her in Thomas's "A Man's a Man," and Shaw's "Satan's Advocate," and Barrie's "A Window in Thrums," and Belasco's "Romeo and Juliet," and Channing Pollock's "The World, the Flesh, and Little Miss Montgomery," and Galsworthy's "The Quality of Mercy," and so forth. So that, all told, you know her as you know Cleopatra from what the poets have invented about her, or *Hamlet* from what the authorities have not decided in their disputes about him, or Sargent from the portraits of other people that he has painted.

That is to say, you do not know her at all.

And a closer acquaintance would not altogether supply the knowledge. You might have been making occasional notes on Jane Shore for more years than she would care to admit,—sketch-pad notes of moods and glimpses, memoranda of dates and anecdotes and biographical bits, jottings of character study and outlines of portraiture,—and she might have assisted you gaily, as she surely would, supplying a new and illuminating reminiscence or a more than ever intimate pose or a fresh contradiction, mischievously, as if adding another cryptic rhyme to a charade that you were trying to guess,—as interested as if *Jane Shore* were some stage rôle that you were helping her to study for the purpose of making clear and consistent her public exposition of it,—and still you would be puzzled. And so would she; as puzzled by herself, apparently, as you were, and asking: "Well, have you got me? Tell me, who *am* I?" And delighted when you answered: "No, you're nobody. You're not there. You've been badly written by a playwright who had no character sense."

We are all, no doubt, different with different people and at different times; but Jane Shore is wilfully so, particularly when she sees that she is being watched; and to study her unnoticed is to make flash-lights of a night-hawk asleep on its eggs. It is impossible to find any one story of her that gives her inclusively. It is difficult to choose an incident that seems wholly characteristic. The best you can do is to offer your portfolio of pencil

studies, and say: "Glance over these. You'll find one or two that you'll recognize."

(At one time I had a dozen photographs of her tacked up together over a book-case, and invariably the stranger would say: "Who are all the good-looking girls? I recognize Jane Shore, but who are the others?")

Take, for instance, the earliest anecdote that I have of her—the story of how, at the age of six, she rode her pony into a corner drug-store and demanded of the soda-fountain clerk that he serve her and her Shetland with ice-cream soda. She did it with childish seriousness, and the young clerk humored her by pretending to water the pony with fizzy drink while she had her glass in the saddle. And you might consider the incident typical of her imperious directness and unconventionality if there was not ground for suspicion that she knew exactly what she was doing, knew that the clerk would be amused by it, and knew that the story would be relished by her parents.

And the ground for this suspicion is found in the following consideration:

Once, when she was no more than eight, she was out driving with her father, behind the fastest and most vicious of the young horses that he delighted to fight and master, when the breeching of the harness broke, and the frightened animal, being butted into by the carriage, kicked back at the whippetree, broke one of the shafts, put a hoof through the dash-board, and then bolted, with the harness breaking anew at every plunge and the hanging shaft prodding him on. They were on a country road so deeply ditched that they could not turn out of it into a fence; they were approaching a bridge, and it was improbable that they would be able to cross it safely, the carriage was swinging so from side to side. "Well, young lady," her father said through his teeth, "I think we're done." She clung to her seat in silence. He saw a shallower part of the ditch ahead, where there was an open gate into the fields, fortunately on the opposite side from the broken shaft. He took a

single rein in both hands and pulled on it savagely. The horse leaped aside, the carriage swooped into the ditch, a front wheel dished and broke at the hub, and they overturned. They were saved from being kicked to a pulp by the tugs breaking and freeing the horse. When they picked themselves up from the mud, the girl, her face blazing with excitement, cried: "Daddy! Let's do it again!"

And the point is that she knew what she was saying and said it partly because she really had enjoyed the excitement, partly to reassure his anxiety about her, and largely for what you might call the dramatic effect. This she has admitted. That is to say, she has admitted that by some duality of mind, even at the age of eight and in such a moment, she was capable of a theatricality.

It is the more puzzling because she was evidently a frank and natural child. She was not precocious or self-conscious. Nor was she ever paraded in any public way by her parents. They were not stage people. Far from it. Her real name is Fanny Widgen. Her father was Matthew Widgen, a Philadelphia business man, a rice importer, of Quaker descent. Her mother was the daughter of a Calvinist minister, of an old Huguenot family. And unless you blame the French blood of the great-grandmother, there is no inheritance to account for temperament, artistry, and the stage.

Jane Shore herself gives a curious explanation of the origin of her career—more curious than credible. She says that just before her birth her mother developed an unaccountable passion for the theater, and the staid Matthew, forced to humor her, took a box at every possible performance and sat stonily in the public eye, with his wife concealed behind him. The future *Juliet* was all but born in that box. After her birth Matthew Widgen's aversion to the stage as one of the open gates to hell prevailed again in his family, unopposed. And when at the age of five young Fanny was found standing on a chair in front of a mirror whitening her face with flour, it was with horror that



"SHE OBEYED HIM RELIGIOUSLY, AND WITH EVERY LOOK SHE CALLED HIM MASTER."

T. R. S. 1866

her mother cried, "I 've marked her for the theater!"

That is all very dramatic; and it may be true, as far as it goes; but it omits to mention that Mrs. Widgen provided her daughter with lessons in singing and dancing and the parlor arts of water-color painting and piano-playing. It overlooks the encouragement that she gave her child in the imaginative games which they enjoyed together, secretly, in the attic—games that at one time included a miniature stage and elaborate costuming. It fails, in short, to explain what is quite evident in Jane Shore's recollections of her parents; namely, that her mother was a suppressed personality, kept pallid in the shadow of her husband's righteous domination, and making an unconscious revolt in the person of her daughter. If she "marked" her child for the theater, she did it, I believe, as the mother of three solemn sons, oppressed by the tight-mouthed Matthew, and turning involuntarily to the light and romance of the stage from the drab respectability of her smothered life. To understand her, you have only to see Jane Shore's photographs of her and her husband and their blank-windowed, white-brick house, with its black metal deer on each side of its entrance-steps and the metallic-looking black pines surrounding it. You will understand why, as long as she lived, she never allowed the girl to be checked in any natural impulse or the expression of it.

It happened, as it frequently happens, that the father admired a spirit in his daughter which he would have crushed jealously in his wife. Fanny had inherited his strength of will; he was proud of it in her, and she had her way with him. In fact, she did as she pleased with them all, including her horse-faced brothers, whom she named after the three bears of the fairy-tale. She began life with the dominating spirit of privileged youth, and it carried her far.

Her mother's death, when she was only fifteen, had an abnormal effect on her. It put a shadow permanently into the background of her mind, established a

peculiar tragic hinterland of thought into which she retires at her most lively moments, unaccountably, with an air of almost cynical detachment when you would least expect it. But that came later. As the immediate result of her mother's death, she was sent away from home, to the Misses Leslie's Select Boarding School for Young Ladies. There she remained for three years, chiefly distinguishing herself as a leader in various dormitory escapades and in the school's amateur theatricals, in which she generally played male parts, with a deep voice and a gallant stride. Her success in organizing mischief ended by the Misses Leslie demanding with firm politeness that her father take her home; and her success in the school theatricals gave her the idea of going on the stage. When her father received her, disgraced, in his library, she turned the flank of his wrath at her expulsion, characteristically, by announcing that she was done with school, anyway, that she was going to be an actress. He sat grasping the arms of his library chair, like a ruler enthroned, confident of his authority.

"Never!" he said. "No more of that. You 'll take your mother's place here—"

"Dad," she cut in, "you 've let me have my way too long to start bullying me now. I 'm going on the stage."

"Never!" he said, with a gesture of finality. "Never!"

She folded her hands. "If *you* wanted to do it, nobody in the world could stop you. And I 'm like *you*."

His face hardened in a cold fury.

"You 'll not disgrace my name."

"I 'll change it," she said cheerfully. "I 'm going to call myself 'Jane Shore.'"

"Not while I live," he shouted. "Not while I live."

"Well," she said, "you can spend the rest of your life fighting me if you want to, but I 'm going to do it."

And of course she did it. She took her mother's place as housekeeper for a month, and during that time she secretly pawned or sold everything that could be removed from the house without being missed. She

put into her own purse all the money that she could get for the household expenses and she paid no bills. She sent her trunk unnoticed to the railroad station, with the aid of a young gardener who was her slave, and having dressed herself for a drive, she took her satchel in her dog-cart, drove to an exchange stable where she was known, sold the cart and her little mare for two hundred dollars, and bought her ticket for New York. That night she settled in a studio room on Twenty-third Street, with a former classmate who was studying music. She had seven hundred dollars. She had left her father the pawn-tickets and a letter addressed to "Dear old Daddykins" and signed "Jane Shore." It informed him, gaily, that as soon as her money ran out she would be back for more.

She had chosen the name of "Jane Shore" because she had read Sir Thomas More's description of the original Jane in a history of famous court beauties which she had borrowed from a room-mate whose reading was secretly adventurous, and she thought that the description fitted her. So it did, somewhat; and at least it shows what she was ambitious to be.

It runs: "Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you would have changed but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Yet delited not men so much in her bewty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometimes taunting without displeasure and not without disport."

Her vitality, her will, and her high spirits carried her unwearied through the obscure hardships of her first four years of struggle as a chorus-girl, as a gay young widow in a musical comedy, as an ingénue in a Washington stock company, and finally as the mother of a kidnapped child in a vaudeville act. She made a hit in the last by virtue of one nerve-shattering, shrill scream with which she lifted the audience from their seats when she found that her baby had been stolen. She was

then engaged to take a similar part, with a similar scream, in a melodrama by an author whom I knew. It was his first accepted play. I went to hear him read it to the company, on the stage where they were to rehearse, and I was struck by the fact that in the semicircle of actors who sat around him only two seemed to listen to the play. The others listened to the speeches of their individual parts, coming forward to these with their interest, so to speak, like children to receive their presents from a Christmas-tree, and examining the lines that they received, invidiously, with one eye always on what the others were getting.

The two who seemed to be hearing the play as a whole were a little girl, who was evidently to take the rôle of the kidnapped child, and a young woman in a dark street gown, who listened with a consistent interest, her eyes always on the reader. She wore a sort of three-cornered hat, and she sat back in her kitchen chair, with one arm outstretched to rest her hand on the knob-handle of her parasol, in the attitude of a cavalier with his cane. She had an air of easy alertness, an air of intelligence, an air of personality. Her place near the middle of the semicircle indicated that she had only a small part in the play, for the principals sat at each extremity, near the footlights, by some stage convention of precedence, and the others had arranged themselves in order of importance in the arc. (The star, of course, was not present.) She did not strike me as remarkably beautiful—not until I saw her properly made up, in the glory of the pinks and ambers of the foots. But there was, as Sir Thomas More said, "nothing in her body that you would have changed but if you had wished her somewhat higher"; and greater height would have handicapped her in her beginnings on the stage, where the men are rarely tall and rarely willing to play opposite a woman who dwarfs them.

It was probably her hat that gave me the feeling that she was a horse-woman, and this impression was confirmed when the reading was finished and she rose to

walk about the stage with what used to be called a "lissome" carriage, a supple-waisted and firm-shouldered bearing that obviously came from horseback-riding. I remarked her to the playwright, using some phrase about her "carriage," and when he introduced me to her he repeated it as an excuse for the introduction.

"Yes," she said, regarding us gravely; "it got me my start in the profession." He was called away by the stage-director, and I remained to ask her, "How was that?" being already curious about her. She replied demurely, "I sold it for a hundred dollars," and left me puzzled.

It was not until I heard later of her selling her dog-cart to leave home that I understood the pert creature had been punning. She apologized for it then by explaining that she had been nervous.

"I was frightened to death," she said. "It was my first engagement with a regular company, and I did n't know how to behave." I do not believe a word of that. I do not believe that she was ever frightened in her life.

She left me, as I said, puzzled. She did not invite any further acquaintance, and I did not seek the invitation. My curiosity about her was lost for the time in a curiosity about the stage conditions that appeared to my astonished apprehension as the rehearsals progressed; and since those conditions have largely helped to make Jane Shore what she is, I should like to indicate them briefly.

In the first place, I had supposed that the rehearsal of a play by a stage-director and his company was like the rehearsal of a musical composition by an orchestra and its conductor. I expected to hear it studied, practised, faithfully interpreted. I imagined that the author would rise at impatient intervals and say: "No, no. That is n't what I meant. Take it this way."

Nothing of the sort. Quite the opposite. The author proved to be as little important at the rehearsals of his work as a father at the birth of his baby. He was lucky if they did not order him out of the house. The producer, who had put

up the money for the play, had the first right to say what should be in the play for which he had put up the money. The stage-director, hired to rehearse the production, began immediately to suggest changes in order to show that he was worthy of his hire. The star attempted not at all to subdue his personality to the part he had to play; he busied himself subduing the part to his personality. And not merely that. He did not care whether or not he was true to life; he considered only whether or not he was true to the sympathies of his audience. He was the hero, and he would not say or do anything that was not heroic. He had to dominate every scene in which he shared; the positions and the speeches of the other characters had to be arranged to show his dominance; and the whole play had to be remolded to that end.

It was one of those plays that have since come to be called "crook melodramas." The hero of it was a desperado who had stolen a child. He was in love with the *Faro Nell* of the gang. He contracted a salutary passion for the mother of the kidnapped girl, and under her influence he reformed and he converted his fellow-criminals. The author had been a police-court reporter before he became a theatrical press-agent, and his crooks were real and their lines true, though his plot was "bunk," as he admitted. It was supposed to show the saving influence of a "good, pure woman" upon the criminal mind.

The star had already objected to talking "thieves' slang," and his lines had been rewritten. Now he objected to the unrequited ending of his devotion to the child's mother; so she was made a widow; she fell into his arms at the final curtain, and *Faro Nell* had to cherish the only unrequited passion in the play. This, however, left him still a reformed criminal. The author improvised for him a noble motive of revenge upon a world that had done him wrong, but it was not sufficient. "I 'll lose them," he said of the audience. "I 'll lose them if I steal that child." The difficulty was overcome by making *Faro*

Nell take the actual guilt of the kidnapping, and he assumed the responsibility in order to protect her because she loved him. Poor soul, she loved him. And then, in the second week of rehearsals, he arrived glowing with an idea. The hero should not be a criminal at all. He should be an honest, though desperate, man whose child had been kidnapped and whose wife had died of grief. He had joined the criminal band to learn their secrets and betray them to the police. Great! Great idea! It was acted upon at once.

By this time the meaning of the play had been cheerfully obliterated. The curtains had all been changed. The characterization of the hero was a crazy-quilt. And the author was anxiously trying to add explanatory lines to account for actions that the recording angel himself could not have audited correctly. "That's all right," the star would say. "Don't worry about that. They won't think of it till they leave the theater."

To do the author justice, he was not greatly worried by what was going on. Above all else he wished his play to succeed, and these expert emendations were designed solely to achieve success. The producer seemed equally satisfied; he had seen such things done before; it was the way successes were written. And the actors, accustomed to the divine right and ruling egotisms of stars, accepted their losses and their gains—as the alterations either reduced or fattened their parts—with Christian humility and resignation when they stood in the eye of authority, and with a fierce contempt and jealousy among themselves.

Throughout it all Jane Shore was wonderful. Whatever folly the star did, whatever absurdity he said, she watched him and listened to him with a deep-eyed admiration that was so meek and so trustful it would make a sick dove blush for its arrogance. *Faro Nell* had no such art. She argued with the star at the third rehearsal, and when her part began to dwindle, she knew it was because he disliked her and wanted to keep her down. She began to scheme against him. She

even appealed to me as a friend of the author, and I began to discover, behind the outward seeming of the rehearsals, a concealed activity of intrigues, stage politics, personal ambitions, plots, and counter-plots. Parties had been formed; influences had been organized. The resulting struggle, with its alliances and compromises, its victories and its defeats, was called a rehearsal. A detailed account of it would read like a court memoir of the days of a grand monarch. And the welfare of the play that was to carry them all seemed to be consulted as little as the welfare of the country that supports a grand monarch's court.

Jane Shore was obviously of the star's party and high in his favor. He deprived her of some of her best lines—for various pretended reasons, but really because they competed with his own—and she merely said studiously: "I see. Then I take the next cue, do I?" He made her work down stage, with her back to the footlights, so that he might face the audience when he addressed her; and she said: "Just a minute. Let me mark the position on my part." He made her "noise up" her scenes with him, so that he might play at the top of his voice, which was his only way of expressing emotion, and she ranted diligently. He made her stand as motionless as a dummy while he spoke lines to her, because he wanted the audience's undivided attention for himself, and he moved and gestured as much as he pleased while she replied. She obeyed him religiously, and with every look she called him master. It was touching to see. When you consider that she knew exactly what he was doing and despised him for it, it was a masterpiece of art.

He took her out to luncheon with him. He took her home in a cab when it rained. They were seen together in a box at a benefit. They dined at his hotel. She was pointed out as his new leading woman and then as his latest affinity. He was already paying alimony to three others, and the company began to bet on whether Jane, by marrying him, was going to take the first step toward joining his Alimony

Club. They were a respectable lot of hard-working men and women, but they had no illusions about their star. He was a handsome bully, an egotistical cad, a bone-headed *matinée* idol, a strutting lady-killer, with all the delicate impulses of a caveman. Or, as *Faro Nell* summed it up, "He 's the lowest form of humanity I 've ever had to associate with."

While they were betting on Jane's chances for the Alimony Club it began to be evident that the producer had opened another competition. He had been seen at the opera with her. Some one whispered it about that he was calling on her in her apartment, which she still shared with her musical friend. He had not yet acquired the reputation that has since distinguished him, but he was not regarded as an ascetic bachelor. They began to watch Jane Shore with a new interest. What was her little game? How was she playing it?

As far as I could see, she was not playing it at all. At rehearsals she was entirely frank and natural, absorbed in her work, diligent and biddable. It was evident that she had real imagination; she read her lines in the correct emotion, without fumbling, and her voice was rich and true. She had a good stage presence and some of the authority of experience, despite the meekness that made her appear unaware of her art. Whatever game was being played, she seemed rather the innocent stakes than the chief player. She deceived me completely. She certainly deceived the star, and I think she deceived the producer.

He had been an East Side boy, out of the Ghetto, an office-boy in a theatrical agency, a messenger-boy and assistant in a box-office, where he finally became treasurer. While he was still behind the ticket-wicket he rented the theater for a Hungarian violinist who had come to this country unknown, in the steerage. The violinist startled the critics with a brilliant and poetical virtuosity, and charmed a fortune into his own pockets and his manager's. The production of my friend's play was to be the entrance of this coming theatrical magnate into "the

legitimate." Nothing less like a theatrical magnate could be imagined.

He was the embodiment of quiet, plaintive-looking, white-faced silence, with an unblinking eye and an impersonal voice. He is still that, although he now divides the control of the American stage with what is left of the Big Three. He is a study. I believe his success is due to the fact that he is so pathetic, so apparently trusting and so appealing, that the Big Three assisted him out of mere charity. As a matter of fact, he is as crafty in business as a society woman. He breaks contracts like a tearful widow when he is losing money by them. When it is the other party to the contract who is losing, he can be as chalkily indifferent and implacable as a Chinaman.

Jane Shore discovered in him the soul of a musician. It had been his first ambition to be a violinist. All that he could save from his earnings as an office-boy he had put into a fiddle, and he still played it secretly, with much melancholy feeling, but no technic. Hence his original venture with the Hungarian violinist whose art he had appreciated instantly when he heard him in an East Side café. Hence, also, his visits to Jane Shore's apartments, where her friend played the violin and Jane sang to the piano.

"He was in love with me, I know," Jane has since confessed; "but I found out that he was mad about his mother, and she was so orthodox that it would have killed her to have him marry a Christian. He 's really rather a dear. It 's his mother's fault—the way he 's going on now with chorus-girls."

There is no doubt that Jane Shore's beauty and culture and air of "class" reached some early marrow of subservience in his bones. When he was with her, as one of the company expressed it, "he looked as wistful as a sucked orange." Her success with the star was another matter.

"All he wanted," she says, "was a mirror," a flattering feminine regard before which he could pose and admire himself. "He never talked; he boasted. He

boasted of how much money he 'd made with his other plays; how much he 'd won on the stock-market; how he 'd picked a twenty-to-one shot on the races; how he 'd told Augustin Daly what he thought of him; how he 'd pulled Charlie Frohman's nose; what he said to a fireman who tried to stop him smoking behind the scenes; how he 'd thrashed a cheeky waiter and an elevator-man who insulted him and a cabman who tried to overcharge him; and even how he 'd silenced Maurice Barrymore with the superior brilliance of his repartee."

He never boasted to her of his previous conquests. No doubt they had been merely mirrors, as she said. As long as they gave him a flattering reflection he treasured them. As soon as one grew tarnished in the brightness of her complacency he tossed her into the matrimonial dust-box, paid for the breakage like a gentleman, and looked for another glass. An audience was a sea of mirrors to him, and the image that he saw reflected there was that of a fine, upstanding, robust hero who never did a human thing on the stage or said a true one. He was an actor by virtue of the fact that he "put across the footlights" the fictitious personality that had made him popular. And he did not know it was fictitious. Obviously not. He saw himself in the eyes of admiration only, and never suspected the truth about himself.

At the dress-rehearsal there began to appear one truth about him that few of us suspected: he could not act. He had almost no imagination. He had a certain easy grace, a confident manner, and a large voice. The rest had been done for him by good stage-directors. In this case the stage-director had been unable to control him because he owned a fifty-per-cent. interest in the play in lieu of salary, and the producer had let him have his way unchecked. As a consequence, he had been so busy telling every one else how to act that no one had noticed his own performance. It was taken for granted that when the moment arrived he would open out like a magic rose.

At the dress-rehearsal, when he opened out to nothing but a resonant vacuity, we could not believe our ears. "I need my audience," he explained. "I 'm dead without it," and we all accepted the explanation as sufficient—all except Jane Shore. She had endured much from him in the belief that though he was an egotistical and selfish bore, he *could* act. After her first scene with him at the dress-rehearsal she realized, with professional contempt, that "he was n't there." Confronting him, with her back continually to the footlights, she allowed a mild withdrawal of her admiration to appear in her face, and that discouraged him.

When they came to the big scene in the third act, the love-scene in which he returned her child to her, she suddenly let herself go. At sight of her little daughter coming through the door she uttered a scream of agonized joy so poignant that it stabbed into you instantly and struck tears. She fell on her knees and caught the girl to her in a sort of animal transport of maternal ecstasy; and instead of kissing the child on the face, she kissed it on the breast, so that you saw the adored little body naked from the bath, and her nuzzling it, panting inarticulate endearments hysterically, choked with heart-easing sobs. It was a truly dramatic moment, and it came upon the dull mediocrity of the rehearsal like a flash of genius. It frightened the little girl, who began to cry. It took the stage away from the star; he stood staring at her in jealous silence. Behind me I heard a quaint sort of nasal moan, and looked around, to see the little producer struggling to control the whimpering distortion of his face.

The star came down to the footlights and began to explain that the whole scene would be ruined if she overplayed it that way. It was a love-scene. The point of it was, did *he* get *her*, not did she get the child. Her emotion should be one of gratitude to him for returning the girl to her. This cat-fit over the kid would kill the whole movement of the plot.

Whereupon the stage-director said impatiently:

"Yes. Go ahead with the act. We'll fix it after the rehearsal."

The scene went on. The director joined the producer, behind me, and I heard him say:

"There 's nothin' else to it. She 's immense." And—though I did not appreciate at the moment what had happened—with those words Jane Shore was launched on her triumphant career.

After the rehearsal there was a long and angry conference between the star, the director, the producer, and the author. The star said a great deal, the author said nothing, the producer said little, and the stage-director said one thing over and over. It was this:

"It 's sure fire. We 've got to have it. It 's mother love, I tell you. It 's mother love. Broadway 'll fall for it with a yell. It 's sure fire. It never missed yet. Broadway 's always strong for its mother. Its wife 's a joke; but its mother! Oh, boy! It 's sure fire. We 've got to have it. It 's mother love, I tell you. It 's mother love." And he struck his breast argumentatively every time he said "mother love," to indicate the seat of the appeal. And every time he struck his breast the producer nodded solemnly.

It was evident that Jane Shore had chosen the right scene to steal.

"I knew it," she laughed. "I knew they 'd never let him take that away from me." She had seen the producer's face, as I had seen it, contorted with emotion. "He 's mad about his mother," she explained.

This was Sunday afternoon, in Atlantic City. The play was to open Monday night in a theater on the board-walk, and when the star failed to shake the power of mother love in the breast of the management, he hurried to Jane Shore's hotel in the hope of persuading her to give up the scene. She had expected him. She was out taking the air in a rolling-chair. She remained out till after dark, and he did not find her till he caught her at her dinner that evening, alone in a far corner of the dining-room, and far away from the music.

She rose as she saw him coming, and she greeted him rather excitedly.

"I 'm so glad you came!" she said in a low voice, clinging to his hand. "I 've had such a fright!"

"What is it?" he demanded, instantly protective. "What 's happened?"

"It 's all right now," she said. "A man 's been following me." And she moved her eyes to indicate an adjoining table, where a lonely diner sat reading his newspaper, or pretending to, and smoking a cigar.

Unfortunately for the decorum of the dining-room, as the star looked at him he lowered the paper and spied over the top of it at Jane Shore with an air of watching her from ambush. All the actor's rage at the stage-director instantly focused on this peeping Tom. And his rage was reinforced by policy: he wished to do something to put Jane Shore under grateful obligation to him. He crossed at once to the table and struck down the paper, with an oath. In doing so he uncovered the proportions of a man whom he would never have challenged if he had seen him first. The man rose to his feet and struck back. Jane Shore slipped quietly away. When the waiters rushed in to stop the disorder, the star was sitting on the floor, his nose bleeding and one eye closed, and the stranger was walking composedly to the door with his cigar in his mouth.

He overtook Jane Shore in the hall.

"You 've forgotten me, Miss Widgen," he said.

She looked at him with bright intentness.

"Oh, of *course*!" she cried. "I know! You 're Tom! From the drug-store!"

He nodded, smiling. She held out her hand, delighted. He was the clerk who had given her pony a drink of soda-water the day that she rode into the drug-store and demanded refreshment for herself and her horse. Evidently he was no longer a clerk, but she did not ask for any explanations.

"Why," she cried, "I did n't know you. Why did n't you speak to me?"

"I was n't sure it was you."



"NO MORE! NOT EVEN TO-NIGHT! TAKE ME AWAY!"

She took his arm and hurried him away from the dining-room, where the star, with his nose in a table-napkin, was explaining to a friendly head-waiter that it was nothing, a private affair, a gentlemanly misunderstanding.

"How strange," she said girlishly, "to see you here after all these years! What are you doing? Come up and sit on the porch with me."

She did not ask what he had done with the star. She guessed it from what she had seen over her shoulder as she passed out the door. And Tom did not make any guilty explanations. He had not been following her. He had been finishing his dinner when she sat down at a neighboring table, and he had stared at her only a little more than she was accustomed to being stared at in such circumstances.

"Who was that fellow who—who spoke to me?" he asked as they went up-stairs.

"Oh, he 's a crazy actor," she said. "I 'll tell you about him later. Tell me first about yourself."

And he told her, on the balcony, in the moonlight, looking out at the misted ocean, while the star was having his bruised face washed and bandaged by his valet in the bath-room of his suite. And what he told her was one of those fairy-tales of modern American business that put to shame the inventions of fiction. Briefly, he was no longer a druggist's clerk; a moment of prophetic thought had made him a millionaire. It had occurred to him, over a bottle of extract of pepsin, that the two American passions for chewing-gum and for patent medicine might be profitably combined if you put pepsin in the gum. He had sold the idea, on a royalty basis, to a chewing-gum manufacturer. And after successfully defending himself in court from an attempt to steal his rights, he was now devoting himself to his health, his leisure, physical culture, and the search for safe investments. He was not married. Fanny Widgen had been an unattainable ideal of his days behind the counter, and he still felt romantic about her. He did not say so; he did not need to. She knew it from his man-

ner of recalling her and her pony and the sight of her driving past the blue and crimson bottles of his window in her dog-cart.

She explained then about the star, laughing unblushingly.

"I did n't want to give him back the scene and I did n't want to talk to him about it. I could n't say I would n't, you know. That would have made too much trouble. So I let him think you 'd been annoying me. I had n't recognized you, of course. I knew I could escape if he 'd only start a row. And he 'd boasted so much about 'beating up' waiters and elevator-men that I thought he 'd jump at the opportunity to make a hero of himself for me. Did you hurt him?"

"I don't think so," he said modestly. "Not much. I may have blacked one of his eyes."

"Blacked his eye!"

"They must have been all elevator-boys that he 'd been beating up."

"He probably never fought any one in his life before," she said. And she added reflectively, "Blacked his eye."

That was serious. It was serious for everybody, the producer, the author, the whole company. How was he to play his part with a black eye? And if he could not play his part, how about the opening?

He kept his room all the following day, and we had to be satisfied with second-hand reports. He explained that he had tripped on the board-walk and fallen, with his face against the railing. Rumor promptly added that he had been drunk. Jane Shore did not contradict the rumor. She contented herself with telephoning to thank him for his gallantry and his silence.

"It was so kind of you," she said, "to protect me from gossip by not telling about that awful man. I suppose you nearly killed him." He replied, grimly:

"Well, he 'll never bother *you* again." (She repeated that to us, weeks later, with gurgles of delight, as if it were a piece of boarding-school mischief.)

He wanted to see her, to talk to her, and she invited him to be at the theater at seven. He was there. They had a

long conference. She had another with the producer. I heard from the author that the star had threatened to give up the play unless it was played the way he wanted it. There were more conferences, while the audience gathered in the theater and the orchestra struck up a rusty overture. They were still conferring when I went out front to find a vacancy in the back row, and the stage-director, as I passed him, was saying:

"I tell you, he's a four flush. You watch him to-night. Never mind her. Let her play to her limit. Watch *him*."

I watched him myself. When he came on the stage, for an entrance that had been carefully built to, the chill that quivered over the house was almost an audible expression of perplexity. He was made up very pale, with his eyes darkened,—both eyes,—and one of them bloodshot. He wore a wig that came low on his forehead to cover the lump of a bruise. He looked sinister, unwholesome, anything but the *matinée* idol that we had come there to see. And I offer it without apology: Jane Shore had done it. She had persuaded him that as a desperate man who had lost a wife and child, a tragic widower defying death among a band of criminals, he ought to be made up in this "interesting" manner. And it would conceal his bruises.

His failure was unqualified, as unqualified as her success. Everything heroic that he said was contradicted by his appearance, and any one who has worked in the theater will understand how the eye will overcome the ear in such circumstances. He was immediately aware that the house was cold to him, and not being able to see himself with the eyes of the audience, he did not know what was the matter; he thought that the part was "unsympathetic." He could not get any heart into it, and Jane Shore did not help him. She played in a low key, with repressed intensity, in a technic that he could not handle; and when they were on the stage together the audience went to her. Even with her back to them she dominated him. She clasped her hands behind her, and in

his emotional passages she opened and closed them, unknown to him; and they were as expressive as the dumb mouth of a gasping fish. She killed the biggest moment of one of his most thrilling speeches by dropping her handkerchief behind her, as if from fingers paralyzed with secret emotion. A shudder of her shoulders was more eloquent than his ranting, and when it came to the scene with the child, she took the stage away from him, took the house away from him, took the applause and the curtain away from him, and topped it all by receiving across the footlights an armful of roses, after a pretty play of girlish shyness and hesitation, as if to say: "For me? They can't be for me! Are n't they the star's?" until the audience had to authorize and enforce the tribute with an ovation of hand-clapping and gallery whistles and the pounding of imperative feet. (The hesitation was affected, of course. The roses were Tom's, and she had expected them.) She was almost compelled to make a speech. She did go so far as to shake her head in a refusal to make one.

"That finishes it," the author groaned in my ear. "He'll never play it again. Never."

The last act was entirely hers. The star sulked his way through it, saying mere words. The author left me. I supposed he had gone to throw himself into the surf. The audience crowded out, saying: "Who is she? Is n't she wonderful?" "Charming! Such grace!" "Well, she certainly takes that part off fine." Out of sympathy for the author I went back to the hotel and to bed without joining in the post-mortem. I had felt all along that the play was a conglomeration of fatuous nonsense, anyway. One always feels that way about a friend's play.

And next morning I found that, as usual, while I slept all the really important things of life had happened. The others had been up all night. The star had left for Florida with an incipient attack of press-agent's pneumonia, having broken his contract, abandoned his interest in the production, insulted Jane Shore,

and had his other eye blacked by a little property-man named Fritz Hoff who hated him. An unexpected millionaire had "bought in" on the play; and this was the same millionaire who had been guilty of the barrelful of American Beauty roses across the footlights. "Tom, the Gum-man," we came to call him. The author was busy rewriting again in order to make a star part for Jane Shore. The stage-director was helping by beating his breast like a gorilla and howling for more mother love. A young leading man, in answer to a wire from Jane Shore, was coming from Washington to rehearse the part in which the star had fallen down. A New York manager had agreed to take the Atlantic City theater off their hands for the latter part of the week, and the producer was leaving for Broadway and the booking-offices to arrange for an out-of-town opening for Jane Shore in "a new American drama" within the month.

Her success in that opening is so much a part of the history of our stage that I hardly need refer to it. There is an accurate account of it in one of William Winter's books. He hailed her, if I remember, as a young Madame Janaushek; for she played her cheap melodrama with such eloquence and distinction that comparisons with the old school were inevitable. She showed in her later plays that she was modern and naturalistic, and Mr. Winter felt that she was a noble promise unfulfilled. She shrugged her shoulders and went ahead. What her theory of her art is I do not know. I suspect that she is largely innocent of any. Virginia Tracy has written of her: "I don't believe she ever in her life gave two thoughts to anything except the smashing out of certain congenial dramatic effects quite unrelatively to anything but her will to put those individual effects across." And in that respect she is certainly the creature of the conditions on the American stage.

Her acting, I should say, is intuitional. It is not the result of any logical process of thought and study, although she pretends that it is. She acts with two lobes of her brain, one of which governs the

utterance of emotion with sincere convincingness, and the other watches the audience, the stage, and her own performance with critical detachment. You will see her come off from a big scene with her lower face working hysterically and her eyes unconcerned and cold. When enthusiasm crowds into her dressing-room to congratulate her, she receives it, like royalty at an audience, with a charmingly happy smile, but with a back thought showing, if you look for it, in the attentive scrutiny of her gaze.

However, it is not her art that I am concerned with. She is a great actress—perhaps. She is certainly a fascinating character. I have done her injustice in this account of her first success if I have not indicated that though she was incredibly crafty in her handling of the star, she was also impulsive, full of deviltry, a person of incalculable temperament. It was certainly an impulse of mischief that prompted her to start that dining-room fight, although she took excellent advantage of the results of it. She is tricky.

"Of course I'm tricky," she says. "Could any one who is not tricky get ahead in the theater?" She is deeply egotistic. "Well," she asks, "do you think it's possible to be as modest as a hermit-thrush and still make your living singing at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge during rush hours?" She has faults of pettiness that seem impossibly opposed to her large and generous qualities; but with all the disintegrating impulses of variable temperament and contradictory moods, she has a strength of will that gives her character and direction.

My friend the author fell insanely in love with her. She petted him and encouraged him amiably until it came to a question of marrying him.

"No," she said. "No. Never." Well, but why not? "Because it's impossible." She refused to see him. She would not answer his letters. He behaved like a lunatic, drinking and weeping in all the cafés of the Rialto. I went to her to speak in his behalf, and she listened to me, sitting bolt upright beside her reading-

lamp, with her hands on the arms of her chair, as unmoved as a judge. Then she said:

"I can't help it. That 's the way life is. He 'll have to get through it the best way he can." I begged her to see him. She shook her head. "I 'll never see him again." And she kept her word for years.

Tom, the Gum-man, came to a similarly violent end with her.

"He 's too possessive," she said. "He thinks he invented me. He 'll be in court next, defending his royalty rights in me." He went off in a rage and married the daughter of another prophylactic millionaire. She sent him a framed photograph of herself as a wedding present and apparently forgot him.

On the other hand, she never rested till she won her father back. As soon as she made her first success she sent him the seven hundred dollars that she had "borrowed" to leave home. He returned the check without a word. She sent it back, and he returned the letter unopened. She made out the check to her brother Ben, who had a saving habit, and she wired her father: "Have sent Ben the money. With thanks." She subscribed to a clipping bureau for him and ordered every printed word about her sent to him. He tried to countermand the order, but the bureau continued to fill it, and she paid the bills. The larger they were, the happier she was. "Send him everything," she ordered, "even the advertisements." She wired him good wishes on his birthday, on Christmas and New Year's, on holidays and holy days. On Lincoln's birthday she telegraphed, "Let us have peace." On Washington's: "Are you prouder than G. W.? He was the father of his country, and now look at the darn thing!" He wired, "Stop sending me silly telegrams." She wired back: "Letters did not seem to reach you. Am writing." She wrote without replies and sent him presents without acknowledgments, and finally she called on him in his office, when she was playing in Philadelphia, and laughed him out of his resentment. He went to see her in "Romeo and Juliet,"

and he was scandalized by the love-scenes, which she played with frank passion.

"All right, Dad," she said. "There was twelve hundred dollars in the house. You know, you have to be a bit scandalous to do that amount of business in a godly town like Philadelphia. Nothing has drawn as well as that here since 'The Black Crook.'"

"It 's a disgrace," he scolded. "A daughter of mine going on like that in public! A respectable girl!"

"Respectable!" she cried. "I 'm so respectable I can't get my name into the papers without paying for it."

Indeed, she was so respectable that whenever any one attacked the conditions on our stage, Mrs. Fiske, in replying, never failed to refer to the immaculate record and reputation of Jane Shore. With whatever abandon she played *Juliet* or the proposal scene in Shaw's "Satan's Advocate," she was always primly chaperoned off the stage by the inhibitions of her Calvinistic and Quaker ancestors. The nearest she ever came to scandal—

It was recently, at Madame Bernhardt's professional matinée in the Empire Theater on her last tour. Jane Shore was in the stage-box on the right-hand side with her old admirer, Tom, the Gum-man. (A wife and three children had not prevented him from returning to an apparently platonic devotion for his first love.) And from the rise of the curtain, from the first sight of Bernhardt as *Hecube* on her throne, Jane Shore wept quietly, continuously, without a word of explanation, without a movement of applause. She wept not at the tragedy of the queen or the soldier mortally wounded on the "field of honor" or *Camille* dying in her lover's arms; she wept for the greater tragedy of that indomitable artist, pinned down by bodily infirmity, with nothing left to her but her head and her hands, struggling, and with such heart-rending success, with the voice of a young, unconquerable spirit, with an art that ought to be eternal—struggling to hold her little circle of light and brilliance

against the dark stifle of oblivion that was closing in on her, that was creeping up on her, that had risen already to her throat. Here, after such a career as Jane Shore could never hope for, here was the visible end. When that voice ceased, when that unsubmerged, defiant head sank under that silence, what would be left of the fame and the triumphs even of Sarah Bernhardt?

"What 's the matter?" he asked her in the automobile on their way home. "Don't cry like that. You 'll make yourself ill."

She shook her head. She reached out and took his hand blindly. They drove in silence through the evening drizzle.

She did not speak until they were in her front room. She was dry-eyed and tragic-looking.

"Come here," she said, holding out her hand to him. He sat beside her on the sofa. (It was the sofa from the proposal scene of "Satan's Advocate.") She said, "Take me away from all this."

"What?"

"Take me away. You want me. You 've always wanted me. Take me away, out West somewhere, where you can get your divorce."

"But, my dear girl," he said, "do you know what you 're saying? Do you know what it means?" He had released her hand, blank with amazement.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "I know. I want to end it all. No more! Not even to-night! Take me away!"

He rose slowly.

"But," he said—"but—"

She flung up her hands.

"I know. I know. The talk—the scandal—I don't care. I don't want ever again to see their silly faces over the foot-lights. It 's all—it does n't matter. It 's nothing. You 've wanted—you 've always wanted me. You 're unhappy. We 're both unhappy. I want to end it. I want to get—whatever there 's left for me to get—before I 'm old and—and pitiful. I don't want to be alone *then*—now—ever any more." And she began to weep again, bitterly.

"My God!" he said. "If you 'd done this ten years ago!"

"I know," she sobbed; "but I *did* n't!"

He began to walk up and down the room.

"I would n't care for myself," he explained, "but I can't take advantage of a mood like this to rush you into a position— You 'd blame me. You 'd hate me. You don't appreciate what you 're doing. With the people waiting for you and the seats sold, running away like this with a married man—and all the publicity and the scandal."

She sat up, staring at him. He was a big, dark man, black-mustached, and he stood uncomfortably, with his hands deep in his pockets, his head down, blinking at the floor, and talking in a rumbling, grumbling voice. "He looked," she said afterward, "like a fat boy who was being tempted to play hookey from school." And suddenly, in the midst of his perfectly reasonable remonstrances, she began to laugh.

He started as if she had struck him. He turned on her, red, ridiculous.

"Have you been playing some damn game with me?" he demanded.

"N-no," she shouted at the top of hysterical peals of laughter. "*No!* I was se-se-serious!"

"Then what have I done?" he cried, "What have I said?"

She was too hysterical to explain.

"There I had been," she told of it, "for years pursued by these ravenous monsters, men. And you 've no idea what a nuisance they are to an actress. They see you all beautifully made up, in the romantic stage lights, being everything sweet and noble and heroic that a playwright can make a woman out to be, and of course they go crazy about you, and come around offering to leave wife and family and home and mother and business and good name for you, and threatening to throw themselves into the Hudson if you don't instantly throw yourself into their arms. Why, they 'd plagued me like a lot of wolves. The maiden pursued! And here, now, when I turned on the

most ferocious one of them all—and you 've no' idea what a scene he 'd treated me to only the day before—and when I turned on him and said: 'Well, take me, then! Here I am! Take me!' he began to make excuses. Funny! I laughed so hard I nearly fainted from exhaustion."

He grew more and more angry. He stormed and swore. She could only stammer, "It 's—it 's so funny!" And at last he stamped out of the house enraged, humiliated.

"And he 'll never come back," she said. "Never. Because he knows that if he ever does come back I 'll never be able to look at him with a straight face."

And some of that explains one thing that seems to have greatly intrigued her public—why Jane Shore has never married. Her suitors, she thinks, have not been in love with her; they have been in love with Shakspeare's *Juliet* or Shaw's *Patricia Beauchamp* or Barrie's *Grizel* or some other ideal that is not Fanny Widgen. And they bore her.

She will not marry an actor. "I won't marry one," she says, "for the same reason that I won't co-star with one. There is n't room for two of *our* egos in one house." The fact is, she will probably end by marrying Fritz Hoff, the property-man who blacked the star's other eye for her in Atlantic City.

He has served her like an adoring watch-dog ever since that first defense of her. He was her property-man and stage-manager in her first success. It was his

skill as a stage carpenter that made her house so deliciously picturesque and theatrical with its window-seats and diamond panes and Belasco lights and Juliet hangings. He went with her when the most famous of her managers took her, and it was about Fritz that they had their quarrel, I understand. (I know nothing about it. All I know is that after her last performance under his management, I asked her: "Well, how do you feel about it, now?" And she answered: "Feel!"—raising her arms to draw a long breath—"I feel like a wax figure escaped from the Eden Musée.") Fritz became her personal manager, watched the men in the box-office like a prison guard, exercised her bad-tempered little Pekingese, tacked up dodgers for her in prohibited places, quarreled with her company for her, accepted summonses for bills he would not let her pay, let her scold and rage at him serenely whenever anything went wrong for which he was not responsible, and stood out across the street from the theater as his only apparent reward, and enjoyed the reflected glory of her name in electric lights over the entrance.

It is Fritz Hoff who has made possible her whole later career. And she will marry him. She will have to if he ever has sense enough to say, "I 'll leave you if you *don't*." And in the purely practical world in which Jane Shore has to live—the world of the theater—it would be the best thing that she could do.



Economic Imperialism

Germany's Self-revelation of Guilt

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

Author of "A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," etc.
Formerly United States Ambassador to Germany

IN the discussion of international questions it is a common oversight to lay the principal stress on political organization, to the neglect of economic facts and aspirations. It is evident that if all nations were living under a truly constitutional régime and were disposed to apply the principles of constitutional states in their dealings with one another, it would not be difficult to establish a world organization with a settled code of law, a court of arbitral justice, and perhaps a council of conciliation to propose methods of adjusting controversies arising from a conflict of national policies. But such an organization would provide only a set of institutions; it would not reach the national motives that move the world to action.

Among the causes of conflict the most difficult to control are the economic motives; for it is these that are at present the most influential in determining the ambitions of nations, which are not merely "bodies politic," but economic corporations, seeking to acquire and possess the resources of the world. Regarded from this point of view, the external aim of national existence is efficiency rather than justice. Its purpose is not alone the protection of rights, but the augmentation of power. As long as competition in industry and trade seems to the great powers more advantageous than coöperation in the utilization of the earth's resources, war will appear to be a natural, and to some a justifiable, method of national development.

Modern imperialism is, in fact, far more actuated by economic than by politi-

cal motives. Politically, imperialism is merely a dynastic interest; but economically, it is made to appear that territorial expansion and extended domination are in the people's interest. In this representation there are, however, two abuses of the people's confidence: for, while a few special interests may profit by an imperial policy, the average person is not rendered richer or happier by imperial triumphs; and, if he were, it would still be a criminal act to seduce a people into partnership in a policy of plunder on the ground that advantages may be obtained for them through the power of the state which could not be procured by private persons. When a government embarks upon a policy of imperial aggression, it virtually says to the nation, "Provide us with the necessary power, and we shall win for you increased advantages in which you will all share." A people thus deluded are the victims not only of deception, but of corruption. By becoming shareholders in a joint-stock operation the object of which is illicit gain, they furnish the capital for a predatory enterprise, only to discover in the end that they do not share in its fruits. Even when these are obtained by conquests and annexations. On the contrary, they find themselves burdened with public debt, impoverished by the neglect of their business, and saddened by the loss of their sons killed or maimed in battle. It may well be doubted if, when the balance is struck, any nation, though victorious in war, has on the whole been to any important extent enriched by imperial aggression. New territory may have been obtained, new accessions may have been

made to the mass of the population, wider political control may have been acquired, but rarely, if ever, has the sum of happiness been thus increased.

To most civilized peoples the thought of aggressive war for purposes of gain, involving as it necessarily does every variety of crime,—robbery, murder, outrage, and sacrilege,—is revolting to the conscience and repellent to intelligence; but in reality imperial aspirations are never so repulsively presented to the mind. They are invariably disguised for the great mass of the people under a mask of virtuous pretenses. Alleged defense against intended invasion, the undoing of historic wrongs, the attainment of "natural boundaries," the unification of divided peoples, the restoration of suppressed nationalities, the extension of the benefits of a higher culture to lower races—all these are the reasons set forth in public proclamations and diplomatic apologies for schemes of aggression, while the advantages to be gained are represented as merely incidental concomitants of these lofty purposes.

It would, of course, be unreasonable to deny that long-obstructed national aspirations and a desire for equality of privilege with other nations may be perfectly legitimate,—as, for example, the unification of Germany and of Italy,—or a determination to put an end to exclusion from markets and waterways over which unfair monopolies have been established. In cases where whole peoples have by force been rendered economically dependent there may be, no doubt, just grounds for demanding changes; but in the main these are fit subjects for negotiation and transaction, in accordance with legitimate business methods, rather than for the exercise of military force. Resort to violence for the attainment of national ends has not only been customary in the past, but it has seemed to follow as a logical corollary from the absolute theory of the state. If that theory is still to be maintained, then there is no escape from the perfect legitimacy of wholesale conquest, limited only by the power of a state to attain its ends by force. Every existing empire in the

world has been created by military power. To those who accept the absolutist theory of the state there is nothing reprehensible in the spirit of conquest and imperial domination. Why should any nation holding this theory refrain from extending its power as far as possible? It is, in truth, certain that it will not do so; but it follows with logical necessity that as long as this theory is held the conflict of nations will continue.

The whole future of civilization turns upon the decision whether the state is to be henceforth a creation of force or a creation of law. If it is to be considered merely a creation of force, then preparation for war is the only wisdom; for only the strong state can survive, and it must be at all times ready to fight for its existence. But if, on the other hand, the state is rightly to be conceived as a creation of law, then all states accepting this theory are menaced by the existence of strong embodiments of power which refuse to be governed by the rules of law. As long as they exist, as long as they arm themselves for aggression, as long as they devise and entertain schemes of conquest, so long the truly constitutional states must be prepared to defend themselves and even to defend one another.

Considered by itself, mere dynastic imperialism is not at present a menace to the world's peace. There is probably no nation so devoted to a dynasty and to the dynastic conception of government as to endanger the peace of its neighbors for purely dynastic reasons. Mankind has passed that point. But territorial expansion, the extension of political control for economic reasons, the lust for markets, the quest for resources, the command of great waterways, supremacy on the sea—these are the driving and compelling forces that make imperialism a terror in the world. In the hands of an efficient, irresponsible, and remorseless great power, these ambitions would render this planet a place of torture to every law-respecting people.

Beyond dispute it was economic imperialism that caused the present war, and plunged all Europe into it. No one can

fail to see the opposition of interests that led up to it. They were real, they were obvious; but it was an anachronism to fight about them. They were primarily business interests—markets, resources, trade-routes. These were the issues. To settle them advantageously, the sword was thrown into the scale, great armies were mustered and despatched upon their errand of hewing their way to the heart of opposing nations. Has it been a good method of transacting business? It was easy to begin it, but it is difficult to end it. It can never be ended by mere fighting. The lesson of it must be learned and accepted by all; and, whoever wins on the battle-field, no real victory can be attained that does not result in the triumph of principles of justice and the renunciation of material advantages as mere spoils of war. Unless the victory resulting from this war is a triumph for humanity, whoever the victor may be at the making of a treaty, it will not be a peace, but the seed of future conflicts.

Herein, then, lies the foreshadowing of a new Europe, that hereafter the stronger may not profit by his superior strength. It sounds, indeed, like a new doctrine, and it will be hard to live by; but it has its apostolate. It is explicitly announced as a creed. Whatever sympathy the Entente Allies have received in America has been given to them because they were the first to announce it, and because it is believed that they are sincere in proclaiming that law is to be respected and the right of the stronger is to be denied. They have opened a great issue, and they will be held to it. The small states, the weak peoples, the submerged races, they affirm, must henceforth receive from the powerful just consideration. The state is no longer to be regarded as an entity existing only for its own augmentation of power, above the law, defiant of humanity, and responsible to no one for its action. There is to be a society of states in a true sense, in which international law is to be respected. In brief, there is to be an end of economic imperialism. It is to be a different world.

For the historian at least it is difficult to accept these high resolutions as certain to endure. History has never been an advance in a direct line toward the fulfilment of great ideals. There are frequently reactionary movements, but they are seldom complete. Human nature does not radically change, but in great crises men see a new light; and, having seen it, it is never quite so dark as it was before.

At all events, a new standard has been raised. Let us, therefore, rally to it. Let us make it easy to perform acts of penitence and contrition. Let all who believe in the constitutional state, who base it upon the rights of the person, who would subject it as far as possible to moral law, and who wish to banish from the earth the shadow of the sword, unite in accepting this standard. At least one step of progress has been made since the conferences at The Hague. Then no one dared to raise the deeper issues. No one in those conclaves ventured to question the prerogatives of government. No one felt that the moment had arrived to discuss the real causes of war or to rebuke the greed of the great powers. There was of necessity an atmosphere of courtesy, but it was breathed through a veil of mutual suspicion. The very fact that there were subjects that could not be frankly considered rendered impossible perfect confidence.

There can be among really constitutional states no discrimination based on mere forms of government. These grow out of the exigencies of every nation, and by its own principles every constitutional state is prohibited from dictating its form of government to any other. Monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, all and equally may enter into the family of nations as long as they accept and respect the principles of law. But economic imperialism is a spirit and not a form. Until that is renounced there can be no society of states, because it is anti-social, predatory, and based on arbitrary force. As long as nations, whatever their form of government, resort to military power in order to subordinate other nations and extort from

them economic advantages, so long civilization will find itself face to face with a dangerous enemy.

If the Entente Allies are sincere in this war, they are prepared to make an end of forceful exploitation, and to enter into solemn engagements to keep the faith. They have appealed to the conscience of mankind. They have defined their own conceptions of right and wrong. They have professed to be ready to die for them. They have insisted upon the sanctity of treaty obligations. They have proclaimed the rights of defenseless peoples. They have asserted that humanity and national morality are to be preferred to empire. In this they have risen to a great height from which it would be humiliating ever to descend. To all who believe in their sincerity they have spoken with a divinely prophetic voice.

What, then, is the attitude of the Central powers, Germany and Austria, toward this standard? Are they also ready to accept it?

If the German Empire has an authorized champion and apologist, entitled by position and attainments to be heard and credited, it is the former imperial chancellor, Prince von Bülow. In the first sentence of his book on "Imperial Germany," published just before the war began, he says: "Germany is the youngest of the Great Powers of Europe; an unwitted and unwelcome intruder when it demanded its share in the treasures of the world." The reason is frankly stated. "This union of the states of the Mid-European continent," he says, "so long prevented, so often feared, and at last accomplished by the force of German arms and incomparable statesmanship, seemed to imply something of a threat, or at any rate a disturbing factor."

It may well be doubted if, at the time of the establishment of the German Empire, it was regarded by the world at large as a "disturbing factor," much less as a "threat." German unity having been attained, Bismarck's avowed policy was to guard it from danger from any possible coalition of adverse powers. So long

as that régime lasted, no disturbance of the peace was looked for from Germany. Prince von Bülow himself quotes Bismarck as saying: "In Serbia I am an Austrian, in Bulgaria I am a Russian, in Egypt I am English." At the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, all Europe except Russia was willing to accept the great chancellor at his own valuation as an "honest broker," interested chiefly in the peace of Europe; and as regards Russia, that was in Bismarck's mind "the wild elephant" that "was to walk between the two tame elephants, Germany and Austria."

But Prince von Bülow's own interpretation of the meaning of German unity is, it must be confessed, somewhat disquieting. The voluntary and spontaneous movement of the German people, he affirms, could never have created the empire. It was only through a struggle with the rest of Europe, he explains, that the Germanic spirit could be evoked. "The opposition in Germany itself could hardly be overcome," he continues, "except by such a struggle. By this means national policy was interwoven with international policy; with incomparable audacity and constructive statesmanship, in consummating the work of uniting Germany. Bismarck left out of play the political capabilities of the Germans, in which they have never excelled, while he called into action their fighting powers, which have always been their strongest point."

These are illuminating words by the former chancellor of the empire, uttered in a spirit of historic truth; and it is in the same spirit that they are here cited. The world would have no fear of the German people, although unified and strong, if their old-time qualities were in control; but almost against its will, it seems, Germany became an imperial power and entered international politics, for which Prussian domination opened the way, and centralized military ascendancy furnished the means of action. Prince von Bülow does not permit the German people themselves or their neighbors to forget that it was not the political capabilities of the constituent states, but Prus-

sian military prowess alone, that created and can further extend the empire.

"The German Empire of medieval times," the former chancellor writes, "was not founded by the voluntary union of the tribes, but by the victory of one single tribe over the others, who for a long time unwillingly bore the rule of the stronger." And in order to leave no doubt of the indebtedness of the German people to Prussia, but rather to show them their complete dependence upon its force of arms, he continues: "As the old empire was founded by a superior tribe, so the new was founded by the strongest of the individual states. . . . In a modern form, but in the old way, the German nation has, after a thousand years, once again, and more perfectly, completed the work which it accomplished in early times, and for whose destruction it alone was to blame."

It is precisely this return to the past, this frank revival of the methods in use a thousand years ago, this acceptance of a theory of the state that civilization has everywhere rejected, and this frank emphasis upon the intrinsic superiority of "fighting powers," that have made Europe afraid of Germany, and created a distrust of the use intended to be made of its tremendous energies.

And this distrust is not removed by the picture which Prince von Bülow paints of the intellectual state of Germany. "German intellect," he says, "had already reached its zenith without the help of Prussia. The princes of the West were the patrons of German culture; the Hohenzollerns were the political teachers and taskmasters." There is as yet, he affirms, no fusion between the Prussian and the German spirit. Representatives of German intellectual life, he assures us, sometimes regard the Prussian state as a "hostile power," and the Prussian at times considers the free development of the German intellect as a "destructive force." "Again and again," he declares, "in Parliament and in the press accusations are leveled against Prussia in the name of freedom, and against the undaunted Ger-

man intellect in the name of order." Between them, he assures us, there is as yet no real reconciliation.

It does not admit of doubt that, if Germany were to-day in the mood it was when the German universities and cultivated classes voiced their sentiments in 1848, there would be a vigorous movement for internationalism. Instead of this, on its cloistered side, the German nation conceives of itself as a universal spirit of righteousness—humanity inspired by divinity—working for incarnation in mankind through its superior forms of culture. In other countries, it is assumed, individual men are seeking only their own private happiness. They have no sense of universality or principle of organization. The German state cares for all its own. It alone, therefore, has the secret of ultimate victory. It alone can save the world from degeneration and decay. For this overwhelming reason it ought to conquer, dominate, and reconstruct the world!

Dies ist unser! so lass uns sagen und so es behaupten.

Considered by itself, this *Weltanschauung* would be entirely harmless, a form of innocuous spiritual pride; but, taken in connection with the Prussian military organization, to which it looks as a means of action, it has become portentous. Like the faith of Islam, with which Pan-Germanism unconsciously compares itself, it has kindled a fire of fanaticism that does not shrink from extremes; and thus, to the pride of culture, is added the zeal of religion:

Wir sind des Hammergottes Geschlecht
 Und wollen sein Weltreich erobern.

This spirit reaches its full flower in the Pan-German movement, the publications of which, widely scattered in cheap popular editions, have done vast damage to the reputation of the empire. Among these publications the most elaborate is the book entitled "Gross-Deutschland," published at Leipsic, in 1911, by Otto Richard Tanenberg.

Here is recited and interpreted ethno-

logically, statistically, chartographically, and prophetically the German dream of *Welt-politik*. With erudition that has involved years of research, and with a definiteness and perspicuity that leave nothing unexplained even down to the definitive treaties of peace after the Great War shall have accomplished its purposes, we have in this elaborate work a complete exposition of economic imperialism as contemplated by the Pan-Germanists—an exposition sown broadcast among the people.

There is here no question of diffusing German culture for the benefit of other nations, and no attempt to prove the moral value of superior organization; there is nothing, in fact, but a world empire, produced by the vivisection of civilized nations under the edge of the sword.

This urgent exhortation to prompt military aggression, with incredible frankness, makes no pretense of anything forced upon Germany, but declares it to be both expedient and practicable to acquire new territory, expel its occupants, and enjoy its resources, without the slightest recognition of any rights or any law. Being strong, numerous, and well prepared, it insists that the time has come for Germans to strike for world dominion. "The period of preparation," Tannenberg declares, "has lasted a long time (from 1871 to 1911)—forty years of toil on land and sea, the end constantly in view. The need now is to begin the battle, to vanquish and to conquer; to gain new territories—lands for colonization for the German peasants, fathers of future warriors, and for the future conquests. . . . 'Peace' is a detestable word; peace between Germans and Slavs is like a treaty made on paper, between water and fire. . . . Since we have the force, we have not to seek reasons."

Once brought within the fold of the Greater Germany, there would be in Europe, aside from the Balkans, eighty-seven millions, contributed by Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, and the Baltic provinces of Russia, originally of German stock. That some of these populations have ceased to speak German does

not signify; it is an affair of ethnic unity, the restoration of long-lost brothers. That other races occupy these territories also, sometimes exceeding in numbers the German occupants, does not render this less necessary. "If all the German tribes existed to-day," writes Tannenberg, "and had the force of the Low Saxons, there would be neither Latins nor Slavs. The frontiers of Europe would be the frontiers of Germany in Europe."

But this scheme of Germanic expansion does not end with the unification of the Teutonic race in Europe. There would be other Germanies, all definitely outlined and marked on the map: an African Germany, stretching across the dark continent from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean; a near Asiatic Germany, covering the whole of the Ottoman Empire; a far Asiatic Germany, embracing the greater part of China; an oceanic Germany, including all the Dutch islands in the Pacific; and even an American Germany, covering the whole of the southern half of South America. Such are the Teutonic ambitions and the Teutonic plans of conquest as delineated upon Tannenberg's future map of the world.

Wherever there are Germans, wherever Germans go, there the standard of the imperial eagle should be set up. "We are eighty-seven millions of representatives of German nationality on our continent," runs this exhortation to universal dominion. "Our country is the most populous, the best organized. The new era is at hand. We shall fight and we shall conquer. . . . If in the time of the great migrations a man of mental and military strength had arisen to group the formidable, unnumbered, and innumerable mass of the German people, to give it one will, one thought, in politics or in religion, that admirable force, perhaps the greatest that has ever existed, would not have been dissipated by an insensate individualism. The movement would have united to the force of Islam the German tenacity. . . . The culture of Europe would to-day be purely German, and with it the entire world."

How terrific this incorrigible spirit of

tribalism is can be realized only when we stop to reflect what the culture of the time of the great migrations was, and what this unchained brute force and tenacity would have inflicted upon Europe, if it had never been tempered and ameliorated by the Latin influences that gave it the first semblance to civilization.

"In the good old time," writes Tannenberg, "it sometimes happened that a strong people attacked a feeble one, exterminated it, and expelled it from its patrimony. To-day, these acts of violence are no longer committed. The little peoples and the debris of peoples have invented a new word, 'international right.' At bottom it is nothing but a calculation based upon our stupid generosity. . . . Some one should make room; either the Slavs of the West or the South, or ourselves! As we are the strongest, the choice will not be difficult. . . . A people can maintain itself only by growing. . . . Greater Germany is possible only through a struggle with Europe. Russia, France, and England will oppose the foundation of Greater Germany. Austria, powerless as she is, will not weigh much in the balance. At all events, Germans will not march against Germany."

Of course none of these aspirations is put forth with official authority, but not being officially suppressed they appear to have a certain sanction. Certainly they have never been disavowed by the imperial German Government. Prince von Bülow, for example, writes: "We have carefully cultivated good relations with Turkey and Islam, especially since the journey to the East undertaken by our Emperor and Empress. These relations are not of a sentimental nature, for the continued existence of Turkey serves our interest from the industrial, military, and political points of view. Industrially and financially, Turkey offered us a rich and fertile field of activity . . . which we have cultivated with profit"; and he concludes by expressing the reliance of Germany upon Turkey in the event of a general European war, while for Austria Turkey is described as "the most convenient neighbor possible." For Prince von Bülow, as he admits, Bis-

marck's opinion that Turkey and the Balkans were not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier was no longer to be entertained. It was, in fact, to the East that his vision turned.

"No sensible man," he declares, "will ever entertain the idea of recovering either national or political influence over the lands in the South and West which were lost so many centuries ago." For these losses, he admits, "compensation has been granted by Providence in the East." "Those possessions," he concludes, "we must and will retain."

If there has, in fact, as German statesmen profess, been an "encirclement" of Germany, is it to be wondered at, in view of the frank proclamation of German plans of territorial expansion? No part of the world has been considered immune from attack. "For us," says Tannenberg, "it is a vital question to acquire colonial empires which will enable us to remain independent of the good-will of our competitors, offer us a market for our products and our industry, and give us the possibility of procuring the raw materials so necessary and so precious which now are wanting. I mention, for example, only the need of cotton. It may be to us of no importance at whose expense it shall be taken. It is essential that we have these colonies, and that is why we shall have them. Whether it be at the cost of England or of France, it is only a question of power, and perhaps also of a little risk."

How much risk it would be advisable to run may be inferred from Tannenberg's complaint that Bismarck's policy was "senile," because as early as 1885 it did not reach out for Cuba and the Philippines, especially Cuba, "the pearl of the Antilles," as large as Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Alsace united, as he informs us; which, Tannenberg asserts, "was well worth a little war"! And he could not drop this subject without adding an insult to the citizens of German origin in the United States by saying: "The position of Cuba relative to North America would have created a new relation between the German people and the ten

millions of German emigrants domiciled in the United States; and, besides its situation, would have given us the preponderance in the Gulf of Mexico."

"After all," runs this outspoken exhortation to aggression, "politics is a business," a statement that recalls Prince von Bülow's observation that "politics is a rough trade in which sentimental souls rarely bring even a simple piece of work to a successful issue." "Justice and injustice," continues Tannenberg, "are notions which are necessary only in civil life." And yet, he pleads, it is "unjust" that small states, like Belgium and Holland, should possess rich colonies and enjoy nearly double the per capita wealth enjoyed by subjects of the German Empire, "only because these two countries do not bear arms, as we do." "For that reason," he says, "they capitalize what they save, and laugh in our faces." But why should not Germans do the same? Is economic imperialism, after all, an unprofitable business?

It would be easy, Tannenberg declares, to make it profitable. Think of Luxemburg, with a total military strength of only 323 soldiers and officers, only one man to a thousand of the population! And Belgium, rich in colonies, a great center of industry and commerce, with its coal and iron, and only a paper protection! "Yet Belgium," he reminds us, "was once a part of the German Empire."

A subject that awakens very serious reflection is presented in the appendix to this remarkable work, which contains the text of the treaties to be concluded when the war for European conquest is ended. By the imaginary treaty of Brussels, drawn up in 1911, France cedes to Germany the Vosges, with Epinal; Moselle and Meuse, with Nancy and Lunéville; the town of Verdun; and the Ardennes, with Sedan. France further gives asylum to the inhabitants of this territory, and establishes them elsewhere within her own borders, in order to make room for German settlers; declares its assent to the incorporation of Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg,

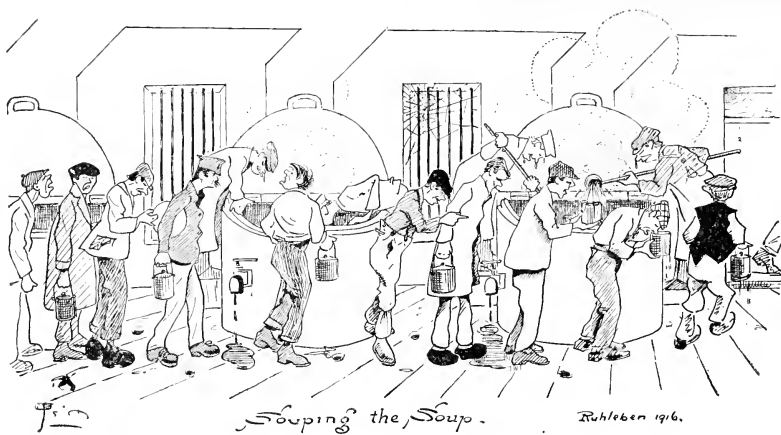
and Switzerland into the German Empire; cedes to Germany the twelve milliards of francs lent to Russia; renounces all colonies; and pays to Germany a cash indemnity of thirty-five milliards of marks. By the supposititious treaty of Riga, also drawn up in 1911, Russia cedes vast territories to Germany; creates a kingdom of Poland on its own soil, where the Prussian Poles, to be expelled from Prussian Poland, may reside; and accepts the incorporation of Austria, ceded by the Hapsburgs to the Hohenzollerns, into the German Empire. As an inducement to Great Britain to sanction these proceedings, the French and Portuguese colonies are by these treaties to be divided between the two empires on the assumption that British neutrality could be thus insured.

In citing these documents, so frankly disclosing the Pan-German dream of expansion, there is no intention to insist, as André Chéradame has asserted, that these specific plans were originated by the highest official authorities of the German Empire; but it is a disturbing reflection that, as he points out, ninety per cent. of the whole program of the Pan-German propaganda, so far as the continent of Europe is concerned, has, despite unexpected opposition, actually been carried into temporary effect.

What is most discouraging from the point of view of international society is the fact that the official philosophy of Prussia, which, as Prince von Bülow reminds us, "attained her greatness as a country of soldiers and officials . . . and to this day is still in all essentials a state of soldiers and officials," has taken command of German intelligence and industry. That philosophy is explicitly stated by the former imperial chancellor in the following words:

"It is a law of life and development in history that, where two national civilizations meet, they fight for ascendancy. In the struggle between nationalities one nation is the hammer and the other the anvil; one is the victor and the other the vanquished."

(The foregoing paper is the author's third article in the series on the reconstruction of Europe.)



In Ruhleben Prison Camp

By PETER MICHELSON

Illustrated with pictures made by British artists in Ruhleben

IF you had been in the historic city of Spandau, Germany, on the sixth day of November, 1914, you would have witnessed strange and stirring scenes. Spandau, where the war indemnity wrung from France in 1871 is guarded in a medieval tower, was finding an unusual opportunity of displaying that rage toward England which the entire nation was just then feeling with characteristic German efficiency.

You would have noticed the little group of men that stepped off the Berlin local and hurried quickly across the station, avoiding so far as possible contact with the populace, who closed in about them. It did not need the shouted taunts of the crowd to tell you that these were hated "Englishers." You knew that they were not only Englishmen, but Englishmen of refinement and distinction, and if you had been long in Germany, you would have recognized the two men in citizens' clothes who formed a human shield between them and the angry crowd as members of Berlin's secret police. The Englishmen were,

in fact, British civilian residents of Germany. They were being taken as prisoners to Ruhleben Race-track, which would be their prison until the war was over. In this first group to arrive were a number of distinguished men. At another time they would have been welcome guests in the best homes in Berlin.

Curiosity might have impelled you to go to the sidewalk. There you would have listened to a controversy between the Englishmen and their guards. How far was Ruhleben? It was about a mile. How were they to get there? Walk. Walk, indeed! They were Englishmen. They would ride in taxis. Who would pay? One of the prisoners promptly produced a well-filled pocket-book. The taxis were ordered. The prisoners got in, heads erect, and the taxis started, followed by the crowd, hooting at them as they speeded away. Last to drop off was an old man with white hair who held a dictionary in his hand in which he was constantly searching for fitting expletives to apply to these latest enemies of the fatherland.

All day long the trains brought more prisoners amid such scenes as this. Sometimes they were sailors out of the deep-sea ships; sometimes clerks or a group of students. Occasionally you detected the scholarly mien of a college professor or a noted British scientist. Beneath the carelessly slanted hat, above the black string-tie, you noted the pale, sensitive face of the artist. If you had been a policeman, you would have been interested in two men who slunk toward the center of one group, evidently just as well satisfied not to be noticed. Finally, strumming their banjos and crooning their melodies, came the negroes, happy-go-lucky roustabouts, hailing from nowhere, bound for nowhere, but "Henglish, seh, Henglish," to the core. It was as motley a throng of prisoners as has ever been brought together. Altogether, there were in Germany at the outbreak of the war about six thousand Englishmen. Of these many got safely across the frontier, and others were held for a time in other camps, so that the number at Ruhleben never exceeded four thousand at one time.

Conspicuous among the early arrivals was John Balfour, nephew of Britain's foreign minister, and Matthew Prichard, former curator of the Boston Museum of Art. Others were Joseph Powell, manager of the Eclair Motion Picture Company of Vienna; George Fergusson, the singing

master who had many American pupils; C. H. Horsfall, whose portrait of Kitchener has recently been hung in the British Museum; Tooley of the Munich Academy; and Wiggin, the painter of Belgium. Captain Fryatt of the *Brussels* was brought there after his capture, and in fact spent his last hours before his execution in Ruhleben. With the exception of Fryatt, all of these men had been visitors or residents of Germany prior to the war. Only the accident of war made them hated foes, to be carted away like criminals in the first patrol-wagon.

This is the first modern war in which non-combatant enemies have been imprisoned. Austria was the only one of the early belligerents to keep her sense of what was due the stranger within her gates, and to this day Englishmen are free to walk the streets of Vienna unmolested. President Wilson has announced that the United States will not imprison German citizens who observe the laws of this country. Speaking for the leading Englishmen in Ruhleben camp whom I saw in Berlin and whose views I know, this broad policy will receive their unqualified indorsement.

They know the senseless cruelty, not dictated by any military need, that compels law-respecting men to spend two or more of their best years in a prison camp. Even an ideal prison, if there can be such a thing, is not the place one would choose



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to spend two years, and no makeshift prison can be made ideal on an instant's notice. The stories of hardships suffered by the unfortunate British civilians during their first six months in Ruhleben rival those that came out of the concentration camps of our own Civil War.

The German officials themselves are authority for the statement that during those first six months Ruhleben was "not fit for swine." Ruhleben was an old race-track that was converted into a prison camp by the simple procedure of stretching three lines of barbed wire above its board fence. It is a literal fact that the prisoners spent their first night in the barns that had been vacated by the horses only that morning. Vermin soon made its appearance. A rascally contractor is accused of having made away with large quantities of meat, so that the chief diet was a watery soup. The men were generally undernourished, and pneumonia and other sicknesses found them easy victims. The prisoners them-

selves had to organize a committee to take care of the young boys and old men, and it was largely due to the effort of this committee that more deaths were not reported. Although there was a mile square of race-track, the men were confined for their exercise to the narrow space directly in front of the grand stand. On rainy days, or when some one disregarded one of the *verbotens* that in those days were as many as the wooden splinters in their beds, the entire camp was confined to the dark, gloomy barracks. What this meant to four thousand men as fond of the outdoors as the Britisher is I leave to

the imagination of the reader. Added to the physical discomfort was their mental worry over the sufferings of their families. All their property had been seized, and their families were dependent upon the bounty of the German overseer. Of course this property will have to be returned after the war. It is just one more instance of war hatred venting its fury on the innocent.

I visited Ruhleben camp in November, 1916, two years after its organization. Every facility for inspecting the camp was afforded me by the military authorities. I even had opportunities of talking to the prisoners alone and when there was no reason for them to be circumspect or guarded in their statements; I therefore feel that I can give a very accurate and impartial account of the camp. I have heard the statement made that the Germans maintain Ruhleben as a sort of "show-camp" to parade before the neutral world. This may possibly be true. How-

ever, to me Ruhleben is important as showing how a prison can be made to serve the ends of humanity. Clothe a blind, unreasoning fury in the uniform of military necessity, drag useful men from useful work to a prison, if you must; but at least give them a chance to continue to be useful to the world while they pay the penalty vengeance demands.

Although I had asked to visit Ruhleben when I first arrived in Berlin early in October, it was

nearly six weeks later before I received the desired permission. Then one stormy morning the telephone in my room at the Hotel Adlon rang, and a deep-bass voice



fired a perfect volley of directions at me in German. I risked jail by replying in English. The man on the wire apologized, and in perfect English instructed me to be ready to leave at one o'clock. One o'clock accordingly found me aboard the overhead steam railroad, accompanied by a young lieutenant from the crack Berlin regiment, the regiment that marched through Belgium and dashed itself to pieces in the mass attacks during the early days of the war. Our conversation was entirely in English. The only other occupant of our first-class carriage was a young woman of the middle class. She suddenly interrupted our conversation, and said something to the young lieutenant, who colored up to his eyebrows. He afterward explained that she had expressed surprise that he, an officer in the imperial army, should be speaking the language of the enemy. At Spandau we left the railway for a trolley. Half an hour's ride through a pleasant, rolling country, divided into miniature vegetable gardens, with here and there a trench for training the new recruits, mostly small, under-developed men, brought us to Ruhleben.

From the outside Ruhleben did not look any more like a prison than do the Polo Grounds. The three lines of barbed wire might have been stretched above the six-foot fence as a discourager to over-ambitious small boys. When we knocked at the gate, a small door, such as I have seen used by the lookout in a Chinese gambling-den, slid back, and the eye of the

German guard regarded us from within. After the lieutenant had given his message, the door closed, and we waited. A few minutes later the gate opened wide, and we found the German commander, Count Schwerin-Wolfshagen, and his entire staff waiting for us inside. With them was an English prisoner, bare-headed, with a shock of curly, brown hair, with broad shoulders set on the frame of an athlete, and the agreeable smile of an English gentleman. As a protection from the rain, the prisoner had drawn the collar of his threadbare coat up over his neck. This man was Joseph Powell, whom the camp has chosen as its captain or mayor. He had been, as already

stated, the manager of the Eclair Motion Picture Company in Vienna, and was one of the organizers of the Consular Academy at Vienna.

Passing through the gate of Ruhleben, one walks in upon a city even stranger than the imagination of a Stevenson could have pictured. The whole thing is so like a scene from a tale of adventure that one would not be surprised to be told that it had been set up overnight for a great moving-picture spectacle. To our left, as we stood inside the gate, lay Fleet Street, with its quaint shops built of rough pine boards. Decorative signs told us that here was a shoemaker, there the tobacconist, here again the barber or the jeweler. There were the church, the synagogue, the Y. M. C. A., the theater, the motion-picture house, and the post-office. It was a city complete in itself, a little crude, perhaps,



A RUHLEBEN, CHRISTMAS-CARD

but nevertheless a city. A rain, which was little more than a London fog, cast a haze over the street. Grizzled seamen in oilskins lounged about its doorways, smoking their pipes, and evidently taking their imprisonment with stolid indifference. Young men, with whiskers too new to be described as grizzled, generally hatless and collarless, and with a cord hitched about the waist-line in lieu of suspenders, hurried up and down its narrow lane. From beyond came the tinkle of banjos and the merry shouts of negroes at their games. Directly at the end of the street was a cheese-box

structure, with a huge smoke-stack that threatened to uproot it. A long line of men, each with a pitcher in his hand, stood patiently waiting at its entrance, apparently indifferent to the rain. This was the tea-house. It had two immense boilers, each

rain nor imprisonment is permitted to interfere with the national custom.

Directly in front of us was the athletic field. It had been the center of the race-

track, and had been rented by the prisoners from the race-track association.

It was laid out into a golf-course, running-track, and cricket-ground. I do not believe there ever was a crazier golf-course. It zig-zagged back and forth like the trail of a fancy skater, and only the most vivid imagination could have cleared its imaginary barriers. The race-course proper had been divided into tennis-courts. De-

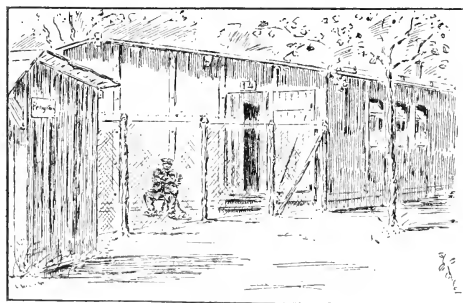
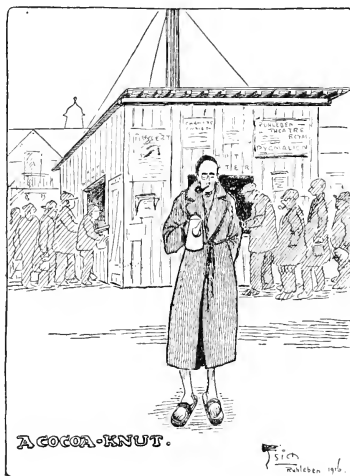
spite the rain, the prisoners were scattered over the field in every conceivable costume from spotted tennis flannels to union suits.

One of the German officers, who acted as spokesman, pointed to the stone barracks to the right.

"That is where the Pro-Germans live," he said.

I looked my disbelief, but I found it to be a curious fact that even this camp of Englishmen is divided on the question of the war. The Pro-Germans are Englishmen, most of whom have spent their lives in Germany. Some of them are sons of German mothers. They frankly lean toward the side of Germany. One inmate of the Pro-German barracks is the man without a coun-

try. He is an old German who had lived in England for fifty years and whose two sons are fighting with the Allies. England deported him because he



THE "BIRD-CAGE".

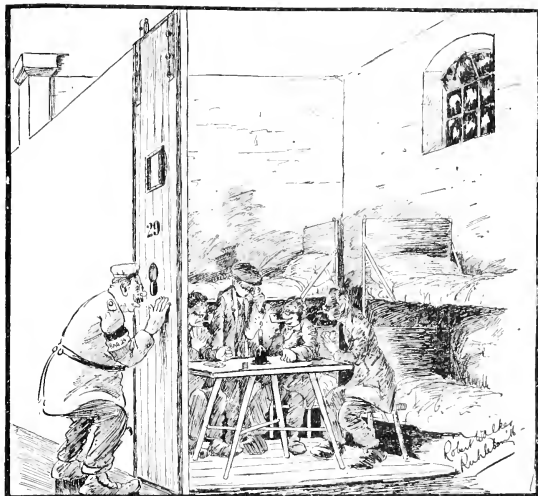
holding a thousand quarts of water, always kept at the boiling-point, for the purpose of keeping the Englishman supplied with his favorite beverage. Neither

was German, and Germany promptly interned him because his sons were fighting with the English. It was intimated to me that before the Pro-Germans were segregated several intensely interesting arguments had developed, in which the German guard had been compelled to take an active part. In the illustration drawn by Egremont, which accompanies this article, the Pro-Germans are seen goose-stepping behind a banner reading "Home, Sweet Home."

Ruhleben is the one prison camp in the world that enjoys self-government. Freedom, at least such freedom as is possible within a prison, came to the camp in quite an unusual way. Two days after their internment, each barracks—that is, each dormitory—had organized its own committee for the purpose of keeping the quarters clean. These captains had come together in a larger committee known as the captains' committee, and had chosen one of their number, Joseph Powell, to be captain of captains. The purpose of this committee was to take care of the weaker prisoners, and to protest to the German authorities as often and as effectively as it could. After the committee had been protesting on an average of once every twenty-four hours over a period of six months, Powell was aroused one morning by a loud tattoo on his door, and was informed that his presence was desired at the office of the commander. Not knowing whether he was to be court-martialed or to be told that the camp must suffer some new restriction, he hastily dressed, and presented himself at headquarters. He found Count Schwerin-Wolfshagen, a bluff old Prussian officer

with a reputation that would do justice to a railroad gang boss, in a particularly amiable mood.

Powell was almost bowled over by Count Wolfshagen's proposal. It was nothing more or less than that the prisoners themselves should run the camp without hindrance from the German authorities, and the German guard should be



PEERING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE OF "BAR 29"

placed outside the fence. There were no strings attached to the proposition except that the committee of captains should promise to report any missing prisoners without delay. Powell immediately called his committee together, and, needless to say, the proposition was accepted.

We know so much about the autocratic Prussian that it is rather pleasant to present this other side of his character. No possible harm could come of this experiment in democracy. On the contrary, a lot of good could come, indeed, did come, out of it. If it did nothing more, it gave the men an interest in their prison and it kept them cheerful. The happiest man over its success was the Prussian commander himself. He has allowed the principle of self-government to be applied

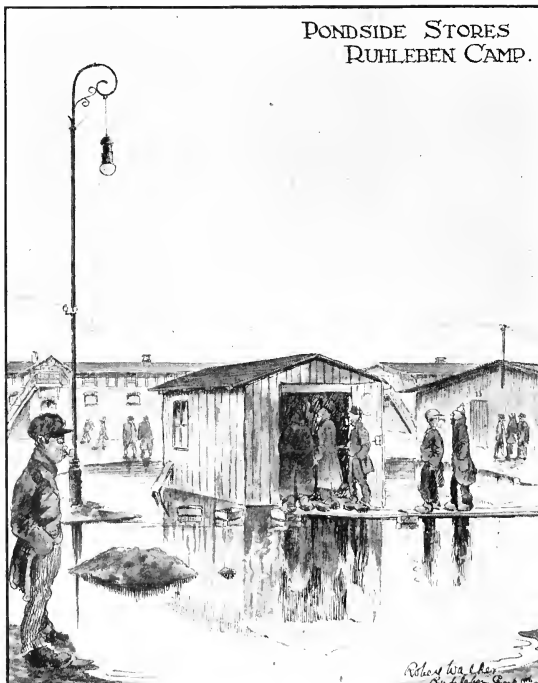
so far that the general kitchens, maintained at the expense of the German Government, are under the supervision of British inspectors. State socialism is the form of government chosen by the prisoners as most practical for their needs. This is rather curious, too, when one considers that this is not a community of idealists, but of men drawn from every rank of life from stevedores to masters of industry and even from the British nobility itself. Under this scheme of government there is a uniform wage-scale for all kinds of labor, brain or brawn, the maximum wage amounting to ten marks a week. All the shops are owned by the community; but there is no effort to show a profit, which would be easy enough, as the community has a monopoly of everything. The profits from the stores, in fact from all paying enterprises, are used to cover the losses of other departments or are applied to public

improvements, as, for example, the athletic field.

An intricate system of accounts is in force. The books of every department are audited by a chartered accountant. They are audited a second time by the camp treasurer, who certifies them to the committee of captains. Until the severance of diplomatic relations, they were then turned into the American embassy, and audited a fourth time before being forwarded to England, where they are kept as a public record.

The most remarkable feature of Ruhleben is the school and the laboratories for scientific research. Imagine walking into a prison which only a few months before had been a race-track, and finding there a complete school system. Its full significance does not come to you all at once. You walk up-stairs to the loft of one of the converted stables. You walk into the

first class-room, and you are forced to blink in the unaccustomed semi-darkness. Then you begin to distinguish objects: a pine bench, a rough desk, a teacher's platform, a blackboard. You see three men stooped over desks. Perhaps they are ships' stokers, the toughest men in the world, who spend nine tenths of their lives beneath the water-line. Two of them may be young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, the third an old sea-dog of sixty. They are learning to read. In the next room a class is studying German. In the third room is a nautical school. Beyond are classes in advanced mathematics, physics,



French, Celtic, even Sanskrit. You are told the amazing fact that here in this prison camp, where living has been reduced to the crudest, is a school that credits its students to Glasgow University. Just to reproduce its printed course of study would require a page of this magazine.

In order to give the reader an idea of the wide scope of the school and its democratic qualities, I have taken the following from the school prospectus:

In issuing this special Prospectus the Committee of the Ruhleben Camp School wishes to draw the attention of students to the following points:

1: The School Premises are now simply but adequately equipped.

2: The Laboratory arrangements enable satisfactory practical work to be done.

3: A good library dealing with a wide variety of subjects is already in Camp and further volumes can be procured easily from England.

4: Public examinations are being arranged for: those of the Royal Society of Arts have already been held.

5: The Board of Education has arranged a scheme for Recording Study which may be used 1: as a testimonial. 2: in connection with certain examinations (Permitting the student in the Ruhleben School to use his credits in established schools and universities.)

6: In most subjects, the tuition provided by the School, ranges from that required by absolute beginners to that required by Advanced University Students.

The Autumn Term begins September 11th: the enrollment of all students, old and new, in all Departments takes place in the *Loft of Barrack 6*, on Monday and Tuesday the 4th and 5th of September, 9 to 11 A.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.

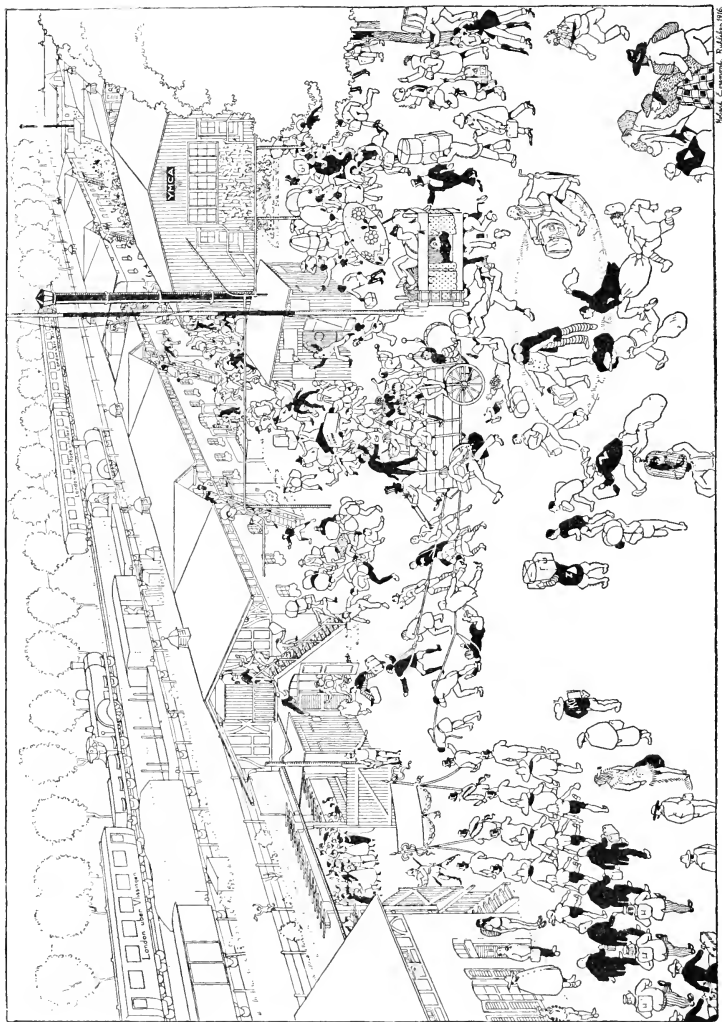
Before enrollment, every Student must obtain personally at the Office, a Card of Membership which admits to all Classes and Lectures. For purpose of obtaining Membership Cards, the Office will be open daily (Sunday excepted) from the 1st of September (9 to 11 A.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.) When getting this card the Student is expected to

subscribe to the School Funds. The expenses of the School will be met if every Student subscribes at least 25 Pfennigs per week. The term consists of 14 weeks and the total subscription of 3.50 marks (about 60 cents) should be paid in advance.

This school is just one evidence of what prisoners can do for themselves under enlightened prison management. It is a remarkable fact that the school has been made entirely self-supporting. Destitute students are allowed to work out their tuition by performing labor in the camp. The amount of their wages is diverted to the school fund from the funds of the department for which they have worked.

The faculty heads and their assistants are either college professors or men whose position in the business world has given them a thorough and practical knowledge of their subject. Dr. E. W. Pachett, head of the foreign-language department, for example, was an exchange professor at one of the German universities. Dr. J. W. Blagden, head of the physical science department, is a recognized authority, and only by chance was in Germany on a vacation when England declared war. S. A. Henriksen of the nautical department, on the other hand, is not a college man, but a sea-captain well qualified to educate practical seamen. On the staff are a great many accountants and correspondents formerly employed by German firms. These men are required to have a practical knowledge of different languages. In the camp school they teach business French, business German, and business Russian. The school is an excellent example of efficient mobilization, every man to the job he is best able to perform. At the end of the war, many young men, and some old men, too, will graduate from Ruhleben with an equipment that will fit them for better positions than they ever held.

The custom of interning law-abiding enemy civilians is the exercise of a barbaric instinct. It satisfies the savage demand for vengeance on the innocent, but it may also work out as an act of Providence. This thought came upon me as I



A PROPHETIC BIRD'S-EYE
VIEW OF RULBEN
PRISON CAMP WHEN
THE WAR ENDS
DRAWING BY HOBART
EGREMENT, ONE OF
THE INTERNED

stumbled into the dark little cubbyhole that Dr. Erick Higgins calls his laboratory. Dr. Higgins, be it known, is a scientist who was brought to Germany by German capital to perfect a process, which he had discovered, for hardening fat. Stumbling about Dr. Higgins's laboratory, I was guided to where the scientist was standing by occasional blue flashes in the semi-darkness. The blue flashes came from a delicate little instrument that Dr. Higgins has invented since his imprisonment and which he calls a quadrant electrometer. It will measure the rays of electricity finer than any other instrument in the world. I asked the inventor if he had had much difficulty in getting the material he needed.

"A little," he said modestly.

A shining piece of metal on the electrometer caught my eye. I looked more closely. It was a shaving-soap tube. Dr. Higgins informed me that he had obtained some of his materials from England, but for the rest he had had to depend upon odd bits that he could pick up around the camp. As I stood there, marveling that such a piece of work could be brought out under such conditions and indignant at a world that locked its genius in a hole like this, I suddenly realized that if the circumstances had been different, Dr. Higgins would have been fighting in the trenches. Then it seemed almost providential that he had been imprisoned at Ruhleben.

There was plenty of food for such speculation. In his own laboratory not far from the school I found George Squires, an Australian engineer, to whom his fel-

low-prisoners affectionately refer as "Young Edison." At the outbreak of the war Squires was employed by electrical works in Berlin as a consulting engineer. Since his internment he has been assigned to the task of superintending the big dynamos that supply light to the camp and electricity for the moving-picture theater. He also recharges the small pocket lights with which many of the prisoners have supplied themselves. Squires, in his laboratory, a block away from his dynamos,

can work on his inventions and still know that all is well in the dynamo-room. An automatic sounder warns him if he is required at his post. Over his head is an electric clock that regulates all the other clocks of Ruhleben. Its swinging pendulum represents a new principle in clock-making.



When the pendulum is interrupted, it automatically races to catch up with time, as do all the other clocks in Ruhleben. Squires's clock, like Higgins's electrometer, has been built largely with scraps picked up about the camp.

In the rear of the school and laboratory is a tiny building with a quaint garden of red geraniums. This is the Ruhleben Art Studio. Conditions at Ruhleben have been particularly favorable for the development of art. While such men as Horsfall, the Royal Academician; Charles Tooley, of the Munich Academy; and John Wiggins, the landscape artist from Belgium, have found their work curtailed by imprisonment, other men whose work in other professions has required all their effort now find time to develop their art. Some of these men show remarkable tal-

ent. Egremont, whose whimsical fancy finds expression in cartoons and silhouettes, and Wade, whose caricatures rank with the best, are both new-comers. Exhibitions by the artists of Ruhleben have been sent to Stockholm and London, and have met with remarkable success. The Knoedler Gallery in New York is showing the work of the Ruhleben artists.

The post-office is another remarkable institution organized on efficiency lines. As many as forty thousand parcels pass through this office in a day. All money and parcels from home come this way. Besides the usual functions performed by post-offices, it acts as purchasing agent to bring food from Switzerland. It collects the money needed, which it forwards to the Swiss merchants, together with the order. When he pays for this food in advance, every prisoner is given a numbered card. When the mail arrives, the prisoner calls for his number, receives his parcel, opens it in the presence of the German guard, and moves on to make room for the next man. Due to this system, there is less confusion than one would ordinarily find in the average branch post-office in the United States.

While the German Government has established kitchens, now under the supervision of the prisoners, it necessarily cannot supply better food than is served in Berlin. The food which the prisoners themselves bring from Switzerland and from England makes their lot a happier one than that of the Berliner under blockade conditions. When we were in Berlin, we had several treats of coffee and white bread given us by the British prisoners. For their own convenience the prisoners have established their own cook-house, where special dishes are prepared.

Money issued under the authority of the committee of captains is the only recognized currency. It is printed on pink and blue slips, like the transfers in Mark Twain's persistent verse, "A pink slip goes with a two-cent fare, A blue slip goes with a five-cent fare." One pays eighty pfennigs for a book of tickets that has a value of one mark at the barber's. You

can get shaved for a fifteen-pfennig ticket. A book of fifty tickets, costing seventy-five pfennigs, will buy one hundred quarts of boiling water at the tea-house. You pay for beer at the casino in camp currency. When the plate is passed at church service, you pay in blue slips. On pay-day you receive the maximum wage, ten marks, in camp currency. Up to date there has been no counterfeiting discovered.

The one feature of the camp most to be condemned is the sleeping-quarters. The choice beds are in the stalls formerly occupied by the race-horses, and they are not very choice. Five men are quartered in a stall thirteen by twelve feet. Upstairs in the hay-lofts, which are two hundred and sixty by twenty-seven feet, bunks for one hundred and twenty men have been installed. The bunks are built in tiers, like the berths in the Chinese quarters of an Alaska packer. The frames are of wood, and the mattresses are made of wood wool, which is nothing more than chips of wood. Ventilation and lighting are bad. Complaint of these conditions has been made, but the German authorities say that the only way the overcrowding can be remedied is by moving some of the men to a new concentration camp. The men have elected, however, to remain in Ruhleben.

Ruhleben is a world unto itself. Of the great events happening in the world beyond its six-foot fence it knows only what the German censor wishes it to know. A few copies of the London newspapers find their way into the camp. Officially no one knows how they get there; no one wants to know. The ragged, thumb-marked paper, after its round of the camp, speaks eloquently of how eagerly this news is sought. But, then, the camp has news of its own, and news, after all, is only relative to the Ruhlebenite; a scrap in the barracks might be of as lively interest as a debate between Carson and Redmond. A visit from Ambassador Gerard might be likened to King George's review of the overseas troops. Orders for lights out at nine o'clock is the subject for debate on the rights of free-born Englishmen, while

an escape from Ruhleben—and there have been escapes—is as thrilling as the retreat from the Marne.

There are three magazines published in Ruhleben, and one daily newspaper, which give the camp news. "In Ruhleben Camp" is a monthly magazine. It is a bright, cheerful little periodical, filled with clever stories and amusing illustrations, reflecting to a certain degree the spirit of the camp. The other magazines are published in French and Italian respectively. The daily newspaper is a bulletin of news briefly translated from the German dailies.

It is a remarkable democracy. Living on terms of exact equality are men from every walk of life. Every one has sufficient to keep him alive; few, if any, have more than they need. One Ruhlebenite is a thief wanted in three continents, but his fellow-prisoners ignore that fact. He is simply "Jones" of Barracks 10, and as long as he behaves himself, no one cares about his past.

There are no slackers. Captain Powell has had men who have led a silk-stockinged existence at home apply for jobs on the work gang. Every one wants to do his share. Here is the way the war has changed the vocations of a few of the British prisoners: George Fergusson, the singing teacher who is particularly well known to Americans, and Richard Carrad of a well-known type-writer company are kitchen inspectors. Chief of Police Butchardt is none other than the golf champion. His assistants, Alcides and Stewart, are sea-captains. You would never recognize, in the program-boy at Ruhleben Theater, Fred Winter, the kaiser's former jockey.

Ruhleben has a circulating-library of eight thousand books and a reference library of two thousand. The librarian is J. H. Platford, a partner in the firm of Cooper & Cooper, chartered accountants of London. His income is said to run

into five figures, but when an effort was made to get him to relinquish the librarianship, which pays him nothing, he was ready to declare war. He said that he had been librarian when the library had consisted of ten paper-back novels, and now that it was a real library, he would like to see the man who was big enough to do him out of his job.

Ruhleben is not a camp de luxe, nor is the Ruhleben prisoner the most contented person on earth. If I have given this impression, I have overdrawn the picture. Participation in his government has had the stimulating effect that democracy always has. It has kept him cheerful.

How does Ruhleben compare with the Allies' prison camps? I put this question to Powell. I did n't expect him to answer it, but he did.

"I think," he said, "that England feeds her prisoners better and that in England the housing is better, but for freedom this camp leads the world."

It was a remarkable demonstration of that quality with which we have always believed our Allies especially endowed—fair play. It was an Englishman's love of fair play that made him give his enemy his due. And yet Powell is one of the most loyally patriotic men I ever knew. This patriotic spirit was so fervid in Ruhleben that the camp had refused to allow its charity fund to be used to bring supplies from Switzerland, which would have been a decided advantage, because some of those supplies might go to the Germans in exchange for presents of tobacco. That would have been trading with the enemy, an unpatriotic act. On the other hand, you could argue all day with an Englishman without convincing him that it was in any way unpatriotic to give an enemy credit where credit is his due. Another form of British bull-headedness, I suppose.

The Man from America

By ALDEN BROOKS

Illustrations by Harry Townsend



IN those days the hospital at Neuilly had some of the aspects of a boom-town, and we of its ambulance considered ourselves true pioneers as we stalked about the mud of its yards and tried to build up an efficient service. And, for that matter, we were something new. Khaki had not then spread through Paris as it has since, and our uniforms excited continual comment. Moreover, there was a rumor that these speedy little ambulances, flap-

ping the Stars and Stripes, were possibly the forerunner of something else. Of course we never ventured to express a definite opinion; but we always looked wise.

Meanwhile the work went on, and slowly we established the foundations of the present service. To be sure, there were wrangles among us, and in consequence a more or less steady flow of resignations; but many new men were ever

joining up, and all in all we were endowed with a fine vitality.

It was in these circumstances that I became acquainted with the man of whom I wish to write a few words here, William S. Lincoln. In passing, let me warn the reader that this is not a story in any sense, but merely a few facts, briefly recorded, concerning a personal friend.

I first met Lincoln in the ambulance headquarters. I happened to be on duty at the time, and he came in, a tall, angular fellow with deep-set eyes, and asked me to accept his application for membership. We had recently had trouble over the problem of whether new members of the ambulance were to pay for their uniforms or not, and rightly or wrongly it had been decided that, pending definite advice from New York, all men were to be asked to contribute as much as they could to their expenses. After I had explained the situation to him as best I could, Lincoln answered that he had been guaranteed in New York that all his expenses would be paid; and with



***"Clarence blows in
and asks for some
light reading"***

that he went on to affirm that in any case he was "absolutely broke." This was the usual cry, and I was somewhat tempted to doubt his word, though I passed along his application. Incidentally, a day or two later, I learned that his financial status was what he said it was and for a rather curious reason.

It seemed that he had worked his way over on the *Lusitania*,—gone down with her, that is,—and, on being pulled out of the water stiff and unconscious, had promptly come to life in order to wager every cent he had with him that America

would surely be at war with Germany within a fortnight.

It must have been the knowledge of these wild bets that fastened upon him for a time the nickname of "Lusitania Bill"; but once in uniform, he relapsed into so severe a silence and so occupied himself with learning the routine of service that he forthwith dropped from public notice and became simply one more member of our unit. It was only just before many of us were off to the front once more that I obtained another glimpse of Billy's political fiber as I listened to him arguing with a fellow-compatriot, one Koenig, a would-be portrait-painter. Koenig had launched into a rather wholesale approval of our Government's conduct during the war when Billy suddenly interrupted him with an unexpected outburst of caustic remarks.

To my mind such arguments generally end about where they begin, so I said nothing and let them toss their opinions back and forth. But shortly both grew very earnest over the matter, and finally Koenig said:

"Look here, Lincoln, you want to be careful how you go around calling people cowards just because they happen to disagree with you. Coward is a pretty strong word."

"Sure," answered Billy, dryly; "that 's why I use it."

"Well, if you 're so full of fight, why don't you do something yourself?"

Billy looked disgusted.

"Ah, what 's that got to do with what we 're talking about? What 's my personality got to do with the way the Government at Washington is conducted?"

It was Koenig's turn to be contemptuous. He turned to me and said, with a little laugh:

"You see! They all short-skate just like that when you pin them down."

Billy was silent for a second; then he twisted his long body about nervously in his chair and said rather awkwardly:

"Well, do you call working with the ambulance doing nothing?"

"The ambulance!" Koenig almost shouted. "What are you talking about?

What 's the ambulance? Just a three-months' joy-ride along the front, with a thrill of danger thrown in. And you know it. If that 's your idea of doing something,—just bringing in wounded Frenchmen who have done the real work,—then say so, and there 's no argument. I agree with you. We Americans ought to help to alleviate the suffering as much as we can on all sides; and we are. But when you were calling people cowards I took you at your word and thought you meant something else. I see now that you were only talking through your hat."

While Billy sat there scowling, apparently a trifle nonplussed, Koenig rose from his chair and prepared to leave us.

"Come back here," said Billy. "Where you going?"

"Home," answered Koenig. He gave us a curt wave of his hand, like a man who has serious work awaiting him. "So long. Some other day—when you know something more about European politics."

I looked at Billy and laughed. He twisted back into place and, stretching out his legs, said with a gloomy, mysterious shake of his head:

"How that gets my goat!"

WE went to the front on different squads, Billy and I, and a month or so later I resigned from the ambulance and left France and drifted out of the run of ambulance affairs. But on my return from Italy next autumn, one of the first persons I met on the boulevards was Billy Lincoln, towering above every one else and dressed again in civilian clothes. He, too, had resigned.

"Interesting work," he said, with a scowl, "and mighty useful work; but, you know—and—well, I 've got something better up my sleeve. The real thing this time."

During lunch together I tried to obtain a little insight into his plans. He was unnaturally modest and bashful, but eventually I won from him the word "Aviation." Yet that was all.

"No," he insisted. "Never mind the rest. I 'm not talking till I get the job."

Unfortunately, he never obtained "the

job." I know Paris is filled with Americans who were refused by the Aviation Corps or whose mothers at the last minute cabled back a positive refusal; but it is only fair to Billy Lincoln to say that he did his level best to get accepted, and that his size, weight, and poor eyesight all spoke against him. In fact, for days afterward he was almost ridiculously depressed and moody. Then some time passed, and I saw nothing more of him. I had begun to think that he had returned to America without a word to any one when one morning I received a note from him. I say note; there was just this one sentence, "Can you help me out?" The address was la Conciergerie, Palais de Justice. He was in prison.

As I hurried along in a taxi I tried to imagine why he had been arrested. Not a question of money surely, for I knew he had recently received some from America. Billy in prison! It was incredible.

"Monsieur," answered the *commissaire* of police in charge of the case, "your friend is held for assault and battery upon a fellow-citizen."

"A fellow-citizen!" I said and scowled.

"Yes, Monsieur; a fellow-citizen, a fellow-citizen of the heroic land of Wilson."

While I stood there speechless and stared blankly at him, the *commissaire* leaned back in his chair, lifted his chin over his collar, and said to a colleague:

"Rather than fall upon the Germans for killing their women, here are the Americans fighting among themselves."

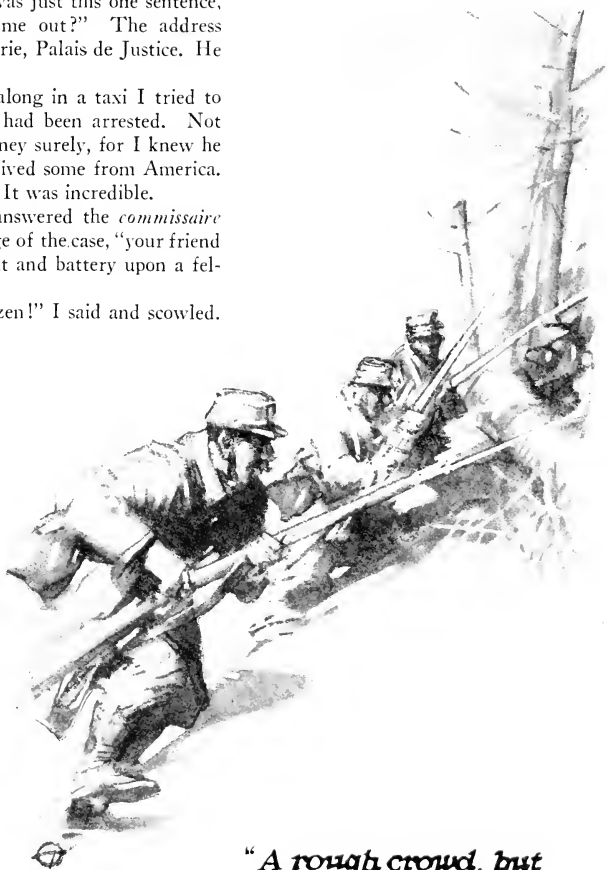
The colleague smiled benevolently and shook his head.

"I don't understand it," he said.

"Less dangerous," said a myopic little man over a desk near the window as he went on writing.

So Billy had got into a fight of some sort. How silly of him! Without doubt his opponent was Koenig. How silly of Koenig! As if he could find nothing better to do than call a gendarme!

"Might I have the name of the gentleman who wishes to prosecute?" I asked.



**"A rough crowd, but
all die-hards"**

Without answering, the *commissaire* unpinned a card from some papers, and laid it before me. I glanced at the card. "Clarence Goodrich," I read. I had never heard of the name before.

"This is the gentleman that says my friend struck him?"

"He not only says so, but he proves it with his person," I was told.

"It 's very regrettable," I muttered.

"Is n't it?" replied the *commissaire*, icily.

Though I spoke on for a few minutes, and tried to lessen the severity of Billy's crime, I met with little success. Eventually, however, I managed to get to Billy himself, or, to be more correct, we met half-way in a sort of waiting-room. He was very disheveled and rumped, but apparently perfectly happy.

"Got a tooth-brush on you, by any chance?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Nor a pocket comb?"

"Neither."

"Well, then, give me a cigarette."

I gave him a cigarette. He waved it at the gendarme who stood guard over us. The gendarme smiled his permission. So Billy took the package from me and offered the gendarme a cigarette also. Still smiling, the gendarme took one and put it away into his dolman.

"Well," said I, "what 's the dope?"

"The dope is simply this. I wish some kind friend—you, for instance—would go to my hotel in the rue des Trois-Petits-Anges, pay my bill, for which I 'll give you the money, and pack everything up."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I don't know. But one thing is certain, if they fine me, I 'm not going to pay a red cent; just go straight through with it, even though it be a life imprisonment."

"Well, let 's hear your crime first. Who is this Clarence Goodrich? Where did you run into him?"

"Oh, it was nothing at all, absolutely nothing. I was down at one of those English book-stores on the rue de Rivoli,

looking over some books on modern artillery and explosives, when this Clarence blows in and asks suddenly for some light reading. He wore spats, carried a cane, and had a little dog on the end of a leash, and every one had to get out of his way or else get a good shove in the back. I took that shove in silence because by nature I 'm a peaceful man, as you know, and I was interested in what I was reading. By and by, after Clarence had stamped about importantly for a little while, as if he owned the whole shop, the head clerk came back with a fistful of literature and spread the books out on a counter, and Clarence tried them on one by one. But none of them fitted him, and he was getting just real impatient and peevish, when the clerk, an aged Englishman, deftly pushed another book before him. 'What 's the title?' Clarence grumbled. "'America Revisited,' sir," said the clerk. With a howl of disgust Clarence let the book drop and screamed: 'Take it away! I don't want to revisit that damned country. I don't ever want to see it or hear of it or read about it again. I 'm through with it once for all. Nothing but a dirty land of crooked money-makers, unwashed immigrants, and half-baked politicians.' The clerk stood there a little embarrassed during all this. 'It 's strange to hear an American talk like that, sir.' Just about then I turned around and said to the clerk, 'Oh, don't think everything you see with a mouth and a stomach is an American.' 'Mr. Goodrich is, nevertheless, an American,' answered the clerk. Then Clarence cut the rest short by coming forward and shoving me aside. 'Don't pay any attention to this man,' he bawled out. 'Pay attention to me.'

"Well, that shove kind of took me by surprise at first and I stepped back a second; then all of a sudden I saw that I 'd have to soak him one on principle; and since I suspected there might be some legal come-back like this, I made it a good one while I was about it."

I bent my shoulders under the news.

"And you call that nothing! Billy, you 're crazy."



"Maybe; but no frog-eyed coupon-cutter can spit with impunity at our country while I 'm round. What 's more, if—"

"Still," I interrupted, "he hit you first, did n't he?"

"Hit me first! He did not."

"Now, wait a minute. You just said he shoved you away with his hand."

Billy was displeased.

"Why, my dear man, he only just touched me on the shoulder. Believe me, if that bundle of silk underwear had ever really hit me, they 'd be busy cleaning him up out of that store yet."

"Still," I persisted, "as far as the law is concerned, he hit you first, and that 's a great point. So stick to it and forget the rest and brush yourself up a bit and look rational again, and perhaps we can save you yet."

The sequel to Billy's arrest is a long, tiresome story; but the fact of the matter is that for several reasons Clarence Goodrich finally decided not to prosecute, and Billy left the Conciergerie a free man.

A FEW days later he had made up his mind to join the Foreign Legion. I ac-

knowledge that I tried to dissuade him; so did my friend Williams. We had nothing to say against the legion except that no one joined the legion now unless under very exceptional pressure, and that to do so in any case was simply to go courting death in a blunt, straightforward way.

"You 're not telling me anything new," Billy replied with his usual nonchalance; "I 've no rosy dreams about it. But the legion is the only thing I can join up with now. I 've tried everything else. They won't look at Americans. Just those three openings for us: aviation, ambulance, or the legion."

"What do you have to join up at all for?" asked Williams.

"Oh, I know it 's different with you fellows. You 're married men, with children, responsibilities, preoccupied with your work; but I 've got nothing to do, and—"

"It is n't a question of our being married or preoccupied; it 's a question of our being Americans."

Billy smiled at us.

"Well?" he queried.

"Well, when a man goes out to fight

of his own free will, if he goes out with any sincerity, he goes out prepared to sacrifice his life, does n't he?"

"Sure."

"Well, then, if your life is worth anything, since you 've got only one life to give, you give it in defense of your own country."

"Right again," answered Billy.

There was a little silence.

"Well, has America declared war yet?"

"No; but war has been declared upon America."

"That 's a statement that 's open to doubt."

"Oh, sure," Billy replied; "everything in this world is open to doubt, if you want to doubt it bad enough. I say that war has been virtually declared upon us, and—"

"Yes, Billy," I put in; "but even so, we 've got to wait for the hundred millions over there. There 's such a thing as concerted action, you know."

"Sure. I understand, and I don't say you 're not right; but I 'm going to join up with the legion just the same. It 's too strong for me. I 've got to do it." He hesitated a moment, then he said quietly, with a droll expression, "I suppose I lack that moral courage we Americans are now so renowned for."

Both Williams and I had to laugh despite ourselves.

"Laugh away," said Billy. "I don't mind."

"We 're not laughing, Billy; on the contrary, we admire your courage and spirit. You 're only illogical, unreasonable."

"Oh, I have my reasons."

"You have n't told us one good one yet."

"Well, I 'll tell you just one," he suddenly said, flaring up. "When that ship went down, the *Lusitania*—you remember, don't you?"

We remembered.

"Well, when that ship went down, and I was floating round in the water, clinging to my American passport and a bit of board, I saw American women and chil-

dren floating around in the water, too. I tried to help some of them, but it was n't much use. I was pretty well banged up myself. Still, that sight sort of got my goat. And it does still. I hear that the answer is, 'We should worry,' that little things like that no longer count. Well, perhaps they don't with some people, but they still do with me. They count a great deal. And another thing. You two know as well as I do how we stand in the eyes of every other nation in the world. You know the motto they 've pinned on to our backs, 'Peace, Prosperity, and Dishonor.' Well, that 's why I 'm joining the legion, that there may be one American the less who is too proud to fight."

So Billy joined the legion, and a few weeks later we heard that he had gone into bankruptcy again with the torpedoing of the *Sussex*—another series of wild bets that America would be at war with Germany within a fortnight. Poor Billy! Of course that was easy money for all those Greeks, Spaniards, Swiss, Poles, and what not out there; and they cleared him out even to his watch.

THE next I heard of Lincoln was that he was wounded, and in a hospital near Dijon. As I was just going to Switzerland, I made it a point of stopping off on the way and paying him a visit. Stretched out in bed there, one of a long row of pale, silent faces, he seemed glad to see me. He was wounded in the chest and thigh. The thigh was nothing, but the chest-wound was serious. In fact, the trim little nurse who led me to his bed warned me that I could not stay long—just a few words to cheer him up, and that was all. She stood there a moment longer and smiled at him.

"Are you comfortable as you are?" she asked.

Billy looked up at her and smiled back.

"Very," he muttered.

After she had left us alone we talked together without finding at first much to say. The rest of the invalids in the room had stopped talking and were listening to our conversation, and it was all a little

embarrassing. Presently one of them said in a loud voice:

"Oh, yess—veary well—tankoo—ale-right."

With that everybody burst out laughing, including ourselves, until Billy hurled back some trench witticism. His French had improved considerably. So the laugh was now turned upon the other fellow, and soon the hum of conversation resumed its normal level, and we felt more at home together.

Billy let his head sink back deeper into the pillow; then he said queerly:

"I suppose you must think I 'm a damned fool."

"Heavens, no! What on earth have I done or said to make you think that?"

"Oh, you have n't said or done anything, but I can see it in your eyes."

"Hallucinations of a sick man, Billy. Forget it. What do you think I came down here to see you for, then?"

"Oh, well, for that matter, there are times when I think I 'm a damned fool, myself. Yes, now and then one gets pretty well fed up with this business; it *is* a hell, and no mistake. And they do play us in the star part all right, always where it is hottest. You can count on it. Still, I suppose some one had got to lead the way, and it might as well be us. We 're used to it. A rough crowd, but all die-hards. And between ourselves, that 's the kind of man I like."

"So do I."

"Oh, and I 'm proud of belonging to the legion." He smiled weakly. "I don't say that if you don't lie awake nights, you won't lose everything you own, even to a collar-button; but once out there under the shells, it 's a great sensation feeling at your elbow something that is the life-size imitation of a man."

"At any rate, you 've done more than your share. You can rest on your laurels now. And with that bullet in you, you 're out of the trenches now for a long spell, perhaps for good."

There was a moment's silence, then Billy muttered:

"Yes, it was a near thing." There was

another silence, and he said, "Get laid out on your back like this once or twice, and you lose a whole big lot of your zeal, you know, and you worry less about things." Then after still another pause he went on, his voice growing a little stronger: "However, the way I look at life is this: a man has got to go the way he feels he ought to go, no matter what happens. And, after all, it 's easy enough to know how you feel if you don't stop and let your stomach argue you out of it. What I mean is—well, we men are like compasses. We may twist about and wobble around a bit; but if we are any good, when the time comes, we respond to the call of the spirit and point true north."

As I was thinking over his words the little nurse returned and warned me that I could have only five minutes more. Again she came to the bedside a moment and asked Billy if he was comfortable. Again Billy looked up and smiled back his contentment.

"She certainly has you under her eye," I said afterward.

"She 's a great little kid." For a few seconds he lay there, a pleased, happy expression on his face; but presently I could see he was turning something over in his mind. Suddenly he said, as if despite himself, "To look at her, you would n't think she was in great sorrow, would you?"

"No."

"Well, she is. Her fiancé, a naval officer, has just been killed at sea. This is between ourselves. You must n't let on I told you. You see, she 's a little Breton girl. Yes, he was killed about ten days ago. He must have been a good sort, the right kind. She showed me the last letter he wrote her. I 've no business telling you all this; for, you see, I 'm the only one that 's allowed to know it around here. I don't suppose she would ever have told me anything, but I was so near done up when they brought me in, and she 's had to nurse me along, almost night and day, and be such a sort of second sister, mother—well, I don't know what you would call it, that we became sort of pretty good

friends, and so when late one night she leaned over me, and I caught tears in her eyes, I knew there was something wrong. So little by little she told me her secret. But, to look at her, you would never suspect anything, would you?"

"Never."

"She knows how to carry a stiff upper lip, does n't she?"

"Yes."

Another of those pauses, then Billy said:

"I like that kind of girl."

A minute later she entered the room with a tray and some instruments, and I rose from my chair. For a few minutes all three of us chattered together.

"I see he 's in good hands," I said as I turned to go.

She bowed her head a little and, starting at the floor, muttered:

"Merci."

Before leaving the hospital I ventured upon a visit to the surgeon-in-chief, and asked him a frank opinion of Billy's condition. He was a stout, rosy man, wearing iron spectacles, something more like a German than any Frenchman ever ought to be; but he was very affable. Yes, Billy was out of danger; but he was much sicker than he looked, and in need of great care. As for his ever returning to the front, it was out of the question. For a year or more he would not be really well. Henceforth he would be classed as "reformed."

IN these days events succeed one another so rapidly that one forgets a great deal and overlooks much one should n't, and I confess that in the stress of personal matters I thought no more about Billy Lincoln until the sight of the station at Dijon in the dim light of an early morning weeks afterward brought him suddenly back to mind. On the spur of the moment I decided to get out and wait over a train on the chance of finding him still at the hospital in the suburbs.

He was not there, but the little Breton nurse was.

"So you cured Billy, after all?"

She nodded her head and smiled. I

saw her eyes for the first time. There was a very lovely sadness in them.

"Not really cured him," she said, "but did much better by him than we hoped."

"Splendid! And what 's his address now? Do you know?"

"His address!"

"Yes."

"Why, he 's at the front."

"With the legion?"

"With the legion."

"What! He has gone back again!"

"Yes."

"But I thought he was to be classed as 'reformed'?"

"He was, but he would n't hear of it."

She smiled, and in her voice there was a sudden joyous note as she added, "There was no stopping him."

"Back at the front!" I could only repeat. "That is a surprise."

"Yes," she went on; "and *we* received another card from him this morning. He must be on the Somme."

So saying, she drew from her apron top a postal card, and, after glancing at it herself an instant, handed it to me with a stiff little gesture.

"There you are."

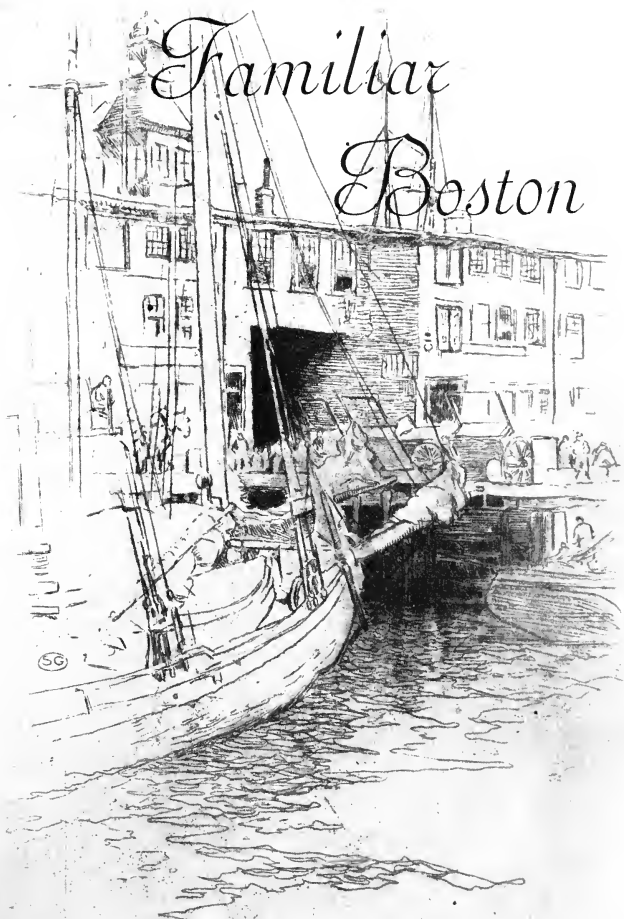
It was a postal card of a group of German prisoners. Upon the back was written: "On les aura. Billy."

I returned the card to her without finding anything to say. In silence she replaced the card behind her apron, then looked up and said suddenly:

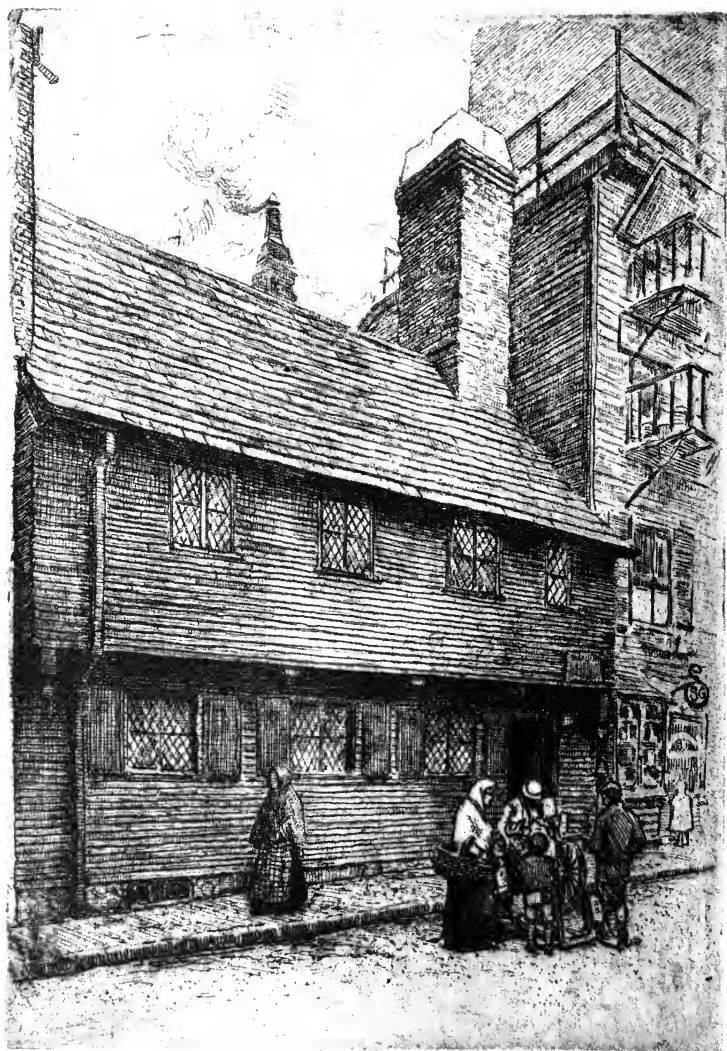
"He 's a man, our friend Billy, is n't he? And a real American."

I acknowledged that he was.

AND that 's all. Billy is dead now. He died out there in the Somme, in the vanguard of the attack on Combles. No doubt to many of those who knew him he will always be an eccentric, quixotic fellow who threw his life away needlessly; but there was a very likable something about him. And, for my part, I confess to feeling always a strange uneasiness whenever I think of him, outstretched there upon the battle-field, pointing north up to the last.



*Eight Etchings
by Sears Gallagher*



Paul Revere House

Paul Revere House

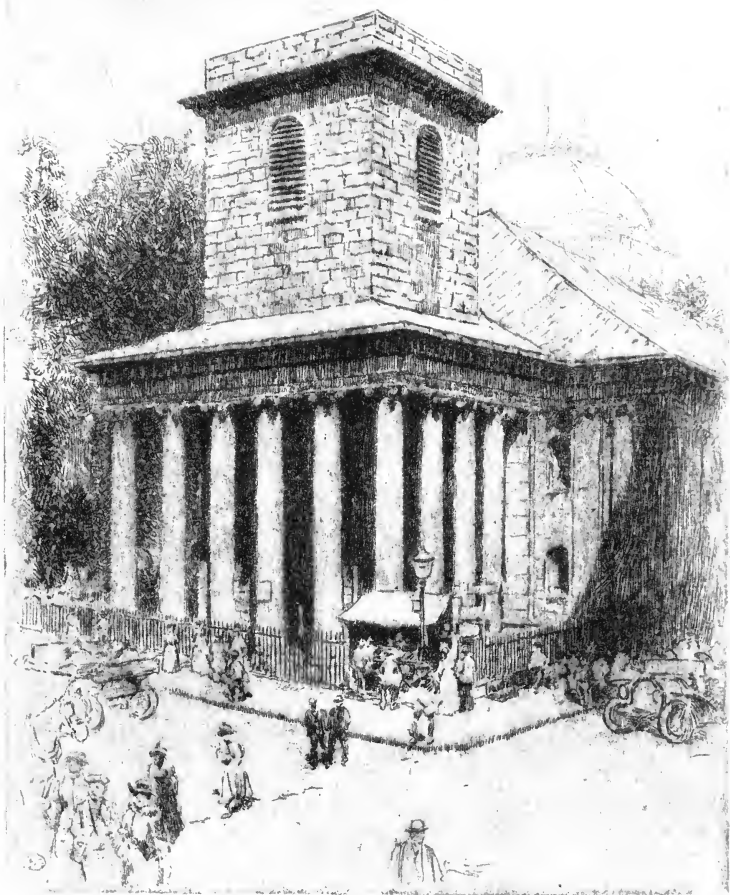


J. H. H. H.

Somerset Club



Old State House



Edw. Bull. 1870

Bing's Chapel

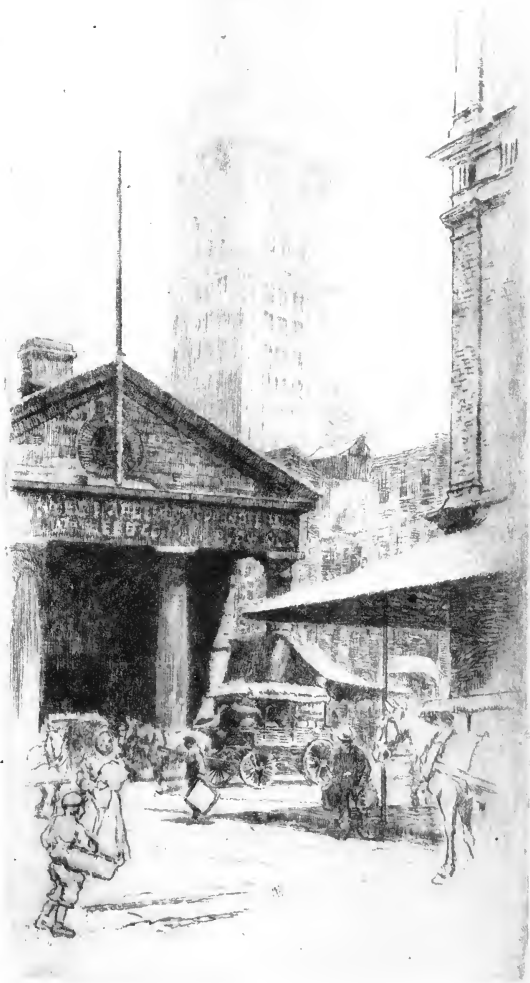


St. Paul's Cathedral



nears Malaga

T-wharf and custom-house tower



Boston old and new

New Lamps for Old

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "On the Altar of Friendship," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

RODDY IVOR sat between his Aunt Judith and a large matron with the face of a bewildered child. There might have been other men present at this suffrage meeting, but he saw none save those forming a background for the speaker, a stout little lady in black, who was assuring him that he, Roddy, otherwise the young man at his majority, was the most perfect and important and beautiful of human beings. This in itself was enough to rivet any young man's attention, and Roddy hearkened, riveted, until the protecting gentlemen on the platform bore the lady away to well-merited refreshment and rest.

Afterward a local suffrage leader rushed dramatically forth and parted the audience from a good deal in cash and promises before it had time for reflection. Later a youthful rabbi with a face like *Daniel Deronda's* spoke fervently in praise of the speaker of the evening. When he had finished, he invited questions. Several were handed up, and one was, "Will not woman lose her bloom and charm?" So there must have been another man somewhere back of Roddy.

But to Roddy, glancing involuntarily about the hall, it seemed as if few women there had any bloom to lose, whatever might be true of the charm. He received the impression that they had stopped caring much about their bloom, that they were even disdainful of it, perhaps, as the cause of their age-long undoing. His thirty-five-year-old Aunt Judith, who had undoubtedly been brought up to consider her bloom of the utmost importance, appeared absolutely indifferent to it now. She did her hair in a convenient, but un-

becoming, high twist, and wore dark blue where she should have worn two-shaded brown. He did not believe Judy cared about anything in the world except ideas. He felt that even her husband and children were to her merely delightful and whimsical flesh-and-blood ideas of her own originating, which naturally made them more interesting to her than any others.

She turned her brilliant eyes, so much like his father's, only darker and more alive, on Roddy.

"We'll get out ahead of the crowd," she said. "Women push so."

She was always talking like that, he noticed, as if she were not one of them.

In the cold of the door stood a pale, pale girl in the late twenties. If she had no bloom, she at least had charm. Even before she spoke Roddy felt it. Her long, light eyes, with their spreading pupils and thick, black lashes, were, he thought, responsible for it, or that corner of her pale mouth which nestled in dimples.

"How are you going to use your vote?" she demanded of Roddy.

At the sound of her voice Judy, holding on to Roddy's arm, cried:

"Wilsy Lieber, you look frozen. Come straight home with me and get warm."

"Oh," said the pale girl, peeping around Roddy, "is he your man, Judy? Where on earth did you get him?" She smiled at Roddy, and made it sound like a joke.

"He is my nephew," said Judy.

Wilsy, who had begun to come along with them, now stopped dead.

"Your what?"

Judy smiled indulgently.

"My nephew, from the South."

"Oh," said Wilsy.

Roddy seemed exhaustively accounted for to her. Neither she nor Judy paid further attention to him. They discussed the probable effect on local suffrage affairs of the speech they had just heard, and Roddy walked by them in silence like a little boy who had been brought along. He flushed a bit. He had had a good many sensations in his life, but he had never before had the sensation of feeling perfectly negligible.

Late as it was, his two small cousins, under their brother Clifford's presumed care, were playing all over the living-room. Roddy, turning to offer Wilsy a chair, discovered her seated on the floor with little Ju in her lap.

"Who is that?" asked Wilsy of little Ju, indicating Roddy.

"Yoddy," said little Ju, instantly and trustfully.

"Edie," said Wilsy, again indicating Roddy, "who is that?"

"Woddy," said Edie, reluctantly and suspiciously.

"Is n't that queer?" asked Wilsy. She added, "Do take that chair yourself."

Roddy obeyed, smiling.

"But is n't what queer?" he asked. He kept at this because it was the first sign she had given that she considered him not negligible.

"Why," said Wilsy, taking off her hat, and startlingly revealing a premature streak of gray in the dark abundance of her hair, "the way Ju turns R to Y while Edie turns it to W."

"Yes," said Judy's husband, Mark, entering in slippers and one of the old coats he was saving up against the time he went out on the farm he was buying, "you can easily see how odd changes in language come about. Suppose Queen Elizabeth had turned her R into W. Every one would have been saying 'Your Woyal Highness' in no time."

He laid aside his eye-glasses and drew up a chair, and he and Wilsy were having a very good time developing this absurdity when Judy came up the steps from the basement kitchen bringing them an oyster stew. As Roddy sprang to help her with

the tray, Margie, Judy's high-school daughter, entered, having been to a movie with her mates. Her eyes were dreamy, and she passed through the room with the aloofness of one beholding visions.

"She's in a trance," said young Cliff to Roddy.

He instantly became the screen hero of the visions. Mark and Wilsy went off into fits of laughter; Cliff was certainly uncommonly like. Margie gazed at Cliff.

"Idiot," she said calmly. She disappeared through an inner door.

"Poor little thing!" said Judy. She went after her with a bowl of soup.

"Now, why is *she* a poor little thing?" asked Cliff of his father.

"You should n't tease your sister," said Mark in a conversational tone to Cliff.

"Well," said Cliff, in a nice, reasonable way, "you should n't laugh at me for doing it."

"That's true," Mark admitted at once.

Roddy listened with an open mind and almost with an open mouth. He himself had not been brought up that way; still, Cliff was a very fair fourteen-year-old, and no "fresher" than most kids of his age.

He lifted little Ju to his knee, and she had her soup on the broad arm of his chair. After that she went to sleep, looking like the lowest angel in a popular group of five, with her little pointed chin and the wide space between the eyes. Edie went to sleep likewise, her small brunette countenance showing even greater decision sleeping than waking, her long, brown hair streaming heavily across her father's supporting arm.

In this manner they sat on, the children like islands of sleep in the stream of talk which swirled by Roddy, exciting to him, but only half clear. Names over which they flamed were only names to him, ideas turned familiarly by them scarcely more than newspaper gibes, movements of which he had been only vaguely aware were, it seemed, tidal urges of human feeling beating at and changing long-fixed shore-lines of life.

Wilsy, standing up to go, and arousing

belatedly to her duty to the stranger within Judy's gates, asked Roddy if he meant to stay long.

"Why, no," said Roddy, with a not unbecoming touch of masculine superiority. "I've got to get home in time to vote."

The wicked corner of Wilsy's mouth would misbehave slightly.

"How did you like our speaker?" she asked hastily, to get it straight again.

"He ought to like her," put in Judy, stooping to lift little Ju; "she told him he was the most wonderful and beautiful thing in the world." With that she carried off her infant, leaving Roddy getting red in a most annoying manner, and Mark grinning at him unsympathetically.

"Well," said Wilsy, with her adorable smile, "I think she was perfectly right about *that*."

Her eyes on Roddy were frankly admiring. He might have been little Ju. Roddy had taken a good deal from Wilsy. He stopped coloring, and asked in an impressive manner if he might escort her home.

She lived close at hand in a house about as big and cheerful as the city building directly opposite, not at all the sort of place Roddy would have imagined her living in. Cliff, who had come with them, got Wilsy's key from her and ran up the steps ahead of his companions. As the door swung on its guarding chain Roddy glimpsed an imposing stretch of velvet hall carpet and monumental hall furniture.

"Ho, Warder!" said Cliff. He loosed the chain, and it fell, clanking.

Wilsy vanished, desperately suppressing laughter and a cough, and Roddy and Cliff descended to the street between strange stone beasts that sat on their haunches and peered outlandishly through the fog.

When they got back, Judy was sitting on Mark's knee discussing Wilsy.

"I'll give that girl five years," said Judy. "They are fighting her at home. Her father's taken to keeping her short of money this campaign."

Roddy thought she meant five years for Wilsy to lose her political enthusiasm; but

Mark knew what Judy meant, and he was thinking that he would n't give her two, and that she ought to be in southern California that minute instead of around on North Street in an absurd replica of some Austrian castle in the shadow of which old Lieber's forefathers had starved for generations. Wilsy was no scion of a decadent aristocracy, reflected Mark. In her veins flamed the discontents of the downtrodden of the ages. Wilsy gave the old man away.

Though they sat up late and talked much where Roddy came from, this was his first experience of a place where day and night slid, the one into the other, in so unnoticed a manner, and were utilized mainly for the purposes of talking and hearing talk. It chanced to be a Presidential year, and Judy, as was natural in the wife of a philosophic anarchist who was the editor of a Democratic labor paper with a large Socialist following, liked to find out what they all had to say for themselves, and she took Roddy with her, knowing well that he had heard only roosters crowing all his young life. Despite the lateness of the hour he lay awake for a considerable time thinking over what the stout little lady in black had had to say for herself, and wondering about Wilsy and her queer stone beasts.

She accompanied them next day on an excursion into the wet State across the river, where they paid a quarter apiece to hear a Presidential candidate. After the speech Judy said:

"Wilsy, we include as a matter of course what you are working for. Why don't you come all the way?"

"I have n't got time," said Wilsy, though her eyes were shining, and she had no smile to make it a joke; "I want to work for something I can get while I'm alive."

As they went out, Judy's face took on a look as if she were sorry she had said that to Wilsy. They walked along to a small park where they meant to wait for the car, and here Wilsy dropped to a bench and asked Roddy what he thought about it.

Roddy looked at her in perplexed silence.

"I don't know," he replied at last; "I never heard anything like it before. I'll have to take time to find out what I really do think."

"That 's right," said Wilsy in the funniest, school-teacher sort of tone, and Judy said, laughing:

"How old do you feel, Roddy?"

"About ten," answered Roddy, smiling; but though he looked so tall and confident, it was nearly the truth he spoke, his eye wandering to Wilsy's little, swinging foot. To a man it appeared shod in an unutterably foolish fashion for a foot which had to support its owner for hours of every day while she handed out literature or spoke to her ebbing and flowing street-corner audiences. Its sole was wearing paper thin, and its silly heel was inches high. He wondered why she did not buy herself suitable shoes.

They got their car at length, and flew homeward between miles of steel mills, beneath a sky so beautiful with strange-colored smokes that it made you want to write poetry or cry, and came into the clearer air of their own town, and climbed the hilly home street to Judy's door. Here they confronted Margie, very indignant over the lateness of the hour.

"Don't ever ask me to keep your babies again," she said to her mother. She added coldly, "I'd like some dinner."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mark. "Why did n't you have dinner ready for your mother? You are a thoroughly selfish little girl."

"You should have brought me up better," countered Margie in a spirited tone. She sat down on the arm of a chair as if willing to discuss the matter. Judy sat down on the other arm of the chair.

"That 's what we get for treating our children as rational human beings," she said to Mark. Dinner appeared a remote contingency.

"I'll take Rod to a restaurant," said Mark.

"Do," said Judy, enthusiastically, "and Cliff and Margie, too."

Edie was gazing at her mother with a frown.

"Can't me and Ju have any dinner?" she demanded.

"Wait a minute, Mark," said Judy, refastening her coat. "We'll all go with you."

Roddy saw Wilsy every day after that, and the more he got to knowing and liking her, the more the extreme inappropriateness of her footgear annoyed him. He had been meditating over it the evening he encountered Wilsy in front of suffrage headquarters, turning a suffrage folder. She looked ready to drop. Her nose was pink with cold, and she was squinching her toes in their idiotic shoes in a vain effort to restore circulation as she wondered why Emma Wells, whose turn it was at the folder, did not put in an appearance.

"I just came from the auditorium," Roddy told her.

"I wanted to hear that," said Wilsy.

"I guess you did n't need to hear it," returned Roddy, unsmilingly. "Can't you let that thing go and come somewhere and get warm?"

But Wilsy shook her head.

"It's too near election day to let anything go."

"I'll turn for you, then," offered Roddy. "Does a spiel go with it?"

"If you like," said Wilsy, giving way to him in a matter-of-fact manner, and going off to a dairy lunch-room across the street. She knew Roddy would look rather remarkable turning that suffrage folder, but she was so tired and cold that she did n't care.

In five minutes there were such a number of high-school girls in front of headquarters that it resembled the entrance to a movie. No boy from Roddy's State ever objected to a crowd of girls. He began to improvise a "spiel," gathering material as he turned. Older young ladies, with reluctant escorts in their wake, joined the crowd. A frivolous blonde was overheard to murmur, "Gy-r-rl, gy-r-rl," as if imprinting Roddy's method of pronouncing that delightful word forever on the



"HOW OLD DO YOU FEEL, RODDY?"

tablets of memory. A mature gentleman in a car just drawn up at the curb said to look at that young ass, and an anti, turning a folder two doors below, wondered scornfully what the brazen things were up to now.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that a severe-looking person addressed Roddy.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Roddy, looking caught, explained meekly. Emma Wells, a high-school teacher of twenty years' standing, was not a person with whom it was possible to be debonair.

"You are very kind," said Emma Wells, dispersing the girls with half a glance, "but we can dispense with your services now." She appeared waiting for Roddy to go, and he went immediately to find Wilsy.

"It was great fun," said Roddy, "but

some one told me to run along now. Are you warm? Could n't we take a little walk, and find out what becomes of this interesting street?"

"It dies hard," said Wilsy, "about three miles down the river; but we can go out on the bridge and look at the lights across the river."

It was a Saturday-night crowd, and he said:

"Had n't you better hold on to my arm in this jam?" But Wilsy answered, laughing:

"Oh, I could n't lose *you*."

Close by the bridge-end a shoe-store window entranced Roddy. In the glass case out in front stood the brown shoes Wilsy should have had on, indestructible, low-heeled, with leather strings as soft as silk to lace them up their eleven inches or so. Roddy could n't be torn from the contemplation of those shoes, and Wilsy began to look at them herself.

"They do look comfortable, don't they?" said Wilsy. Her feet were cold again, and she was squinching her toes, and the personal note was evident in her voice.

It was this that loosed Roddy of the conventions, and made him say:

"Do go in there and put them on."

"We 've no account here," said Wilsy, regretfully, "or I just would." She added belatedly, "And I have n't a cent with me."

She was moving on, but Roddy stood still, and said in a voice of the most urgent entreaty:

"See here, do borrow it of me!" He was unobtrusively pressing something into her hand.

Wilsy halted, holding Roddy's bill-book laxly, gazing up into his eager face with the smile he had come to think of as expressing her more than anything else.

"I just will," she said suddenly.

"And wear them home," pressed Roddy.

She nodded, going past him with her light step and her smile.

He spent the time he waited for her return in watching the faces streaming by, many of them dark and foreign in a dozen different ways. Eyes glittered up at him as if from strange lairs. Voices ascended to his ears like the sound of waters rushing from unknown jungles. He kept noticing a group on a corner, the man holding a two-year-old child in his arms, his wife pressing close to him. Neither man nor woman would have reached to Roddy's shoulder. Their short, large-eyed faces, which might have been charming lit by the suns and laughers of their own land, were merely puzzled and heavy beneath the harsh lights of an alien night. They shrank together, and spoke gently and gutturally in their own tongue. The child rolled its dusky, ringleted head across its father's shoulder, and fastened the dark, sad, deprecating gaze of a puppy on the tall young man. It wore a triangle of scarlet shawl and a wee brown petticoat, the costume of a little peasant woman. Few colored faces passed; but to one of these, an old man's,

Roddy involuntarily spoke, and was answered with a curious, backward yearning of the old African's eyes and a wistful, "Howdy, howdy, Boss," as if Roddy's greeting had given him a homesick pang.

When Wilsy reappeared, Roddy's glance flew to her feet, and he thought to himself, "Thank goodness! that 's off my mind."

"Eight," said Wilsy in a businesslike tone. She handed him the bill-book.

Leaning together later over the railing at the crest of the steel bridge, he asked of Wilsy's profile:

"Is it worth while?"

"Is what?" asked Wilsy.

"What you do? Is it worth giving up whatever it is you do give up for it?"

Wilsy answered him with a parable.

"Is it better," she asked, "for the river there to stand still or to go flowing on to the sea? Is it better for the trees on the bank to be stunted into strange shapes or to grow and spread? Is it better to hurry living to death or to hold back half alive?"

She spoke with passion and energy, without her smile. Her face, lit by the colored bridge lights, flamed palely on him.

"You never thought about any of these things before in your life, did you?" she said to Roddy.

"They were never real to me before," said Roddy. He turned her about. "Here, this wind 's too raw for you. You 've got a cold."

Wilsy's smile came back.

"It 's some cold," she said lightly.

When they reached Judy's they found the living-room firelit and empty, and they lingered in its warmth, talking of the things that had never seemed real to Roddy before.

"Something hurt me this morning," said Roddy, presently. "When you live in the country, you don't see things like it. I suppose there 's no reason for them happening."

Wilsy's eyes musingly questioned him. She leaned her pale cheeks between her

palms, and looked up at him across her chair-arm.

"I chanced to be at my window this morning when a huckster's wagon stopped

sounded like a groan, sometimes it sounded like a curse; but once it sounded as if he were remembering something."

Roddy stopped abruptly, hands tightly



"RODDY STOPPED ABRUPTLY. . . . WILSY'S EYES DWELT GRAVELY, YET SOMEWHAT IRONICALLY, ON HIS DISTURBED FACE"

below, and I saw an old man standing there reach out and take an apple. The young man driving turned round and cursed him, and made him put it back, and told him to pay what he owed before he made so free; and he slunk off, his head down, like a dog that 's been kicked."

Wilsy made no comment.

"And yesterday an old chap came to the door in that icy rain. He was a professional tramp, I suppose; but he was old and sick and terrible, a shell for suffering. He sat by the dining-room fire nearly all day; Judy could n't deliberately turn him out. She fed him and gave him a little money. He said hardly anything but 'My God!' now and then. Sometimes it

squeezed together between his knees. Wilsy's eyes dwelt gravely, yet somewhat ironically, on his disturbed face. He continued, not looking up:

"And it set me thinking of what must become of old fellows like that. I suppose they crawl off like old animals, and die in a hole somewhere—alone."

In the ensuing silence Wilsy gazed enviously at Roddy. He was Spring standing at the door of the Year's treasure-house, and looked it. She was twenty-seven, and should have been in southern California that minute, and looked it. It was rather dreadful to find your work and feel your passion for it, only to have it all end sooner or later in southern California. She jumped up, her feet feel-

ing funny in their low heels, and stood in one of her boyish, swaggering attitudes, her eyes on Roddy's forward-leaning head. He glanced up.

"The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told," quoted Wilsy, a bitter ring in her voice.

"Yes," said Roddy; "I should n't have understood that—before I came up here." His eyes returned to the fire.

"Well," said Wilsy, a trifle hardly, and as if to all blundering mankind, "mind out how you use that vote."

"Where do they all come from?" asked Roddy, encountering Wilsy the next afternoon as she watched a parade from the steps of the city building.

"It's a miners' protest parade," answered Wilsy, rather vaguely; but Roddy got a vivid picture out of her answer—of men streaming upward from dark holes in the ground and blinking in the light. Some parades march with shouting; but this parade, though it carried shrieking banners, marched in a silence oppressive and astonishing. For the first time Roddy felt the meaning of the phrase "an army of industry." Here was literally an army of industry. It had none of the cheerful accessories of an army of destruction. It made industry appear extremely uninviting to necessity's recruits.

"What do they want?" asked Roddy in a low tone, as if he would not be overheard by the parade.

"Not much," said Wilsy. "Just to appoint their own check weigh-man and to get paid for all the coal they dig."

Her voice was light and scornful. She had little faith in the ability of men to get what they needed. She turned away, and Roddy walked up the street with her. He was to leave on the evening train, and Wilsy said:

"I'll see you at Judy's before you go." She gave a perfectly intentional glance at the brown shoes.

Roddy looked annoyed, made as if to speak; but with Wilsy's firm, amused eyes on his face remained as silent as the passing parade. It had an end, it seemed.

for the street-cars were resuming normal activities, and Wilsy said, peering both ways:

"Do you see a Shadyside car anywhere? I've got to speak to a woman's club out there this afternoon."

Even as she asked it one came in sight, and Roddy, having put her on it, walked off, so absorbedly engaged in rearranging a foolish world on a sensible working basis that he gazed astonished when confronted with the unexpectedness of Judy's front door.

He found Judy in, sitting on the floor, idling over a pile of dusty little books out of her special bookcase.

"I do wish you did n't have to go," she said, caressing "Tales of a Grandfather."

"Going to give them to Edie to read?" asked Roddy.

"Poor kid!" said Judy.

She and Roddy laughed companionably together, and Judy sighed, putting away her little books.

"I'd like you to stay over election, but I suppose your father would make a row. He'd come from the ends of the earth to vote, himself, if he's the same old Roderick."

"He's exactly the same, I imagine," said Roddy.

"Then you'd better go," said Judy. "I wonder if Wilsy will find time to see you off."

She was wondering this again as she stood with Roddy at the window where he was buying his ticket home, and was answered by the appearance of Wilsy, looking very small on the vast expanse of station floor as she ran up to them.

"The power gave out and made me late," she told them, breathlessly. She fumbled in her purse as she spoke, and produced a five-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill, and a one-dollar bill. These she wadded together and offered to Roddy.

He stood looking down at her, coloring slightly, unable, apparently, to put out his hand, and Wilsy, looking up into Roddy's face, presently said:

"You want to give them to me, don't you?"

"You don't know how much!" declared Roddy, with intense earnestness. There was a spreading silence. He broke it by saying in a mournful voice:

"And I could give you fifty silly roses at a dollar apiece."

"So you could," admitted Wilsy in a musing tone.

A few yards away a very small newsboy was crying an extra.

"Do look at that child's toes!" said Wilsy, suddenly.

She beckoned him to her and bought a paper.

The newsboy carefully smoothed out the five-dollar bill and the two-dollar bill and the one-dollar bill that Wilsy had pressed into his palm.

"You give me the wrong hand," said he, grinning.

"It 's to buy you a new pair of shoes with," said Wilsy in a kind-lady voice. She handed Roddy the extra.

Immense relief radiated from Roddy's face.

"You 've got *sense*," he said. "Well, good-by." He stooped and kissed her on the corner of her mouth, the one which nestled in dimples.

"Good-by," said Wilsy, touched laughter in her voice, "and—mind out how you use that vote."

"Sure," said Roddy, kissing Judy, "and you want to mind out how you neglect that cold you 've got."

"It 's some cold," said Wilsy. She blinked her eyelashes at Judy.

After the delay caused by the episode of the newsboy Roddy had to hustle for his train. The doors clanged shut on him. They waved to him through the cage of stairway, and ran out and waved to him again at his window. The train pulled out into the red glare of the mills up the river. As it vanished in the dusk, Wilsy turned.

"Judy," she said, "I don't see how you can stay away from such dear people."

"I 'd forgotten how dear they were," said Judy, wistfully. "You see, we 're so out of the way up here. We should n't have had Roddy now except for the ac-

cident of his taking Susy, his sister-in-law, you know, up North to visit her people."

They stood on without further speech, staring after the rear of Roddy's vanished train. Judy roused herself first.

"Are n't you coming home with me?" she asked.

"No," said Wilsy; "I 'll have an evening at my own home for a change."

She went off into the dusk with her shoes and her kiss and her cough and her smile which made a jest of them all.

When she got home she climbed an imposing stairway, opened a door, and stepped into a different life.

An erect, tiny *Mütterchen* sat in a small rocker by a bright fire of coals and sewed a braided rug of blue and white.

Her face was small and neat and well colored and filled with a kindly homeliness, and above it her gray hair was meekly parted. She wore an ample lace cap which somehow suggested a starched hood. On the floor by her side was a large willow work-basket overflowing with blue and white strips of cloth yet to be braided. Her small, blunt fingers moved cleverly and with decision—the fingers of a woman who must still be about something, were it only to braid useless rugs of rags.

Wilsy took a child's splint-bottomed rocker opposite, and watched her mother's rhythmic fingers.

"That 's a pretty rug," she said.

Her mother smiled, shrugging her shoulders and looking about her.

"But where will I put eet?" she asked.

Wilsy, too, glanced about. There did n't seem to be a place for any more home-made rugs in the room.

She merely smiled for answer as she let down her dark hair, and came and sat on one of the rugs at her mother's knee. The plume-like white streak flowed to the floor with the dark, half veiling her face. The old woman laid away her work in the basket, and sat silently guarding the head on her knee. Wilsy shook with her little cough. The mother's face showed a trouble.

Wilsy was tired. After a stupid afternoon with dull, petted suburban women

it was hard to believe in a glorious victory on the morrow. She closed her eyes, and lulled her brain to inactivity with one word, endlessly repeated. "Nothing," murmured Wilsy's brain; "nothing." It became the merest velvety vagueness. "Nothing." It was a darkness, a deep wherein consciousness drowned. She slept against her mother's knee. An hour later she sat up, startled.

"Oh," she cried with compunction, "why did n't you shake me?"

"Sleep was good for you," said her mother. "Now I will braid the hair."

She braided the hair, and thought as she braided of a tall little daughter who would never stand still.

The white streak of hair now looked like a white silk ribbon plaited in. Wilsy rose and stood before the ancient, yellow dresser with rose garlands painted on it, and wound the long braids twice around. After being wound so, the white streak ceased being a silk ribbon, and became instead tiny white roses thrust at intervals in Wilsy's crown-like coiffure. Her mother, watching, saw her shiver as she stood there, and went to a hinged chest and took from it a long, knitted scarf of pink, which she placed across her girl's shoulders. It gave color to the pale cheeks.

"It 's nice and warm," said Wilsy, patting it. She turned, hugging it to her, as a maid entered. "A gentleman to see me," repeated Wilsy, wonderingly. She glanced at the clock, which recorded past ten. Mina assured her that such was truly the case, and Wilsy descended, thinking that Judy must have sent Mark around about something. At the entrance-arch she paused with a startled expression.

"Oh, I 'm real," Roddy assured her. He advanced to meet her. A foot away he halted and brutally asked her a question.

"I 've had it," said Wilsy, defiantly, "for a year. I supposed you knew."

"You are wicked," said Roddy, very pale—"wicked." He walked away a few steps, came back, and put it to her.

"What," he demanded, "do you mean by trying to kill yourself? What do you mean by standing on street corners in the

deadliest river town in the United States offering fools something they don't want? Don't you like to live? Have n't you got any feeling for the persons who love you? How can a girl with your sense act like an idiot? And I was another not to understand sooner."

"What made you now?" asked Wilsy.

"I don't know. It struck me all of a sudden between here and Fenwood. I kept hearing you say, 'It 's some cold.' I got off there, and caught the next train this way. I had to come back to see about you myself. I could just see you killing yourself by yards."

"I do believe you are fond of me," said Wilsy, smiling.

"Me? I 'm devoted to you. Now will you tell me why you are trying to commit suicide?"

"Oh," said Wilsy, "I suppose this is a murderous old town; but it 's my home, and I thought I might as well stay here and help get suffrage as live a few extra years at a sanatorium. And, anyway," added Wilsy, "this house is almost as big and cold as a sanatorium." She hugged the pink scarf tighter and appeared to be pondering.

"I 'll take you up to the magazine-room," she said. She led him up several flights of steps into a cheerful little tower room whose shelves of magazine files gave it name.

Here, just within the door, she stopped, struck by a sudden thought.

"Why," she cried, "I 've made you miss your vote!"

"That 's all right," said Roddy. "I don't know enough about anything in the world to cast an intelligent vote, anyway." He turned, offering her a chair. "Now," he said, "let 's settle it."

"Have one yourself," said Wilsy, indicating a second chair. But Roddy, it seemed, preferred to stand, with his hands tautly clasped behind him.

"Let 's settle it," he repeated.

Wilsy's face became inquiring.

"You are not going on this way, you know," said Roddy, impatiently.

"No?" asked Wilsy.



"HOW CAN A GIRL WITH YOUR SENSE ACT LIKE AN IDIOT?"

"No," said Roddy. "Why do you think I came back here? To take it out in *talking?*"

Strangely enough, a hope began to lift green leaf wings in Wilsy's heart. She warned herself that Roddy was an impossible, blessed, wildly absurd boy, and that she was a goose to sit there and watch a ridiculous magic plant grow; but she sat silent, gazing up at Roddy with fascinated eyes.

"I've never said anything to you about my home," said Roddy, smiling down at her, for she looked like a little girl listening to a fairy-tale, "but it's on a hill above a river, and back of it is the highest mountain in the State. Every cabin on every bench of it looks down on the most beautiful country in the world. There's one cabin I'm thinking of where they have a room for men who come to hunt and fish. You could have it and do anything you liked with it." He was looking at her questioningly.

"Millions for defense," murmured Wilsy.

"I thought so," said Roddy. "Now, won't you come up there and get well?"

Wilsy, who thought she knew all about it, asked this simpleton of a boy who knew nothing whatever about it:

"Oh, do you think that I could?"

"You just come and ask old Wayne that," said Roddy.

"Old Wayne?"

"Our doctor, my father's cousin. He does wonders. He claims that he can take a patient, a cow, and ten chickens up—but there, you come, and let old Wayne do the talking. I'll give you the chickens and the cow."

Wilsy began to laugh and choke. She was seeing herself climbing a mountain trail with ten chickens and a cow, a tottering, white-haired medicine-man leading the way. Roddy looked at her, distressed. Wilsy ceased coughing by a heroic effort.

"I just believe I will," she said with swift resolution. "Could you rent me that cabin next spring?"

"I can rent it for you next week," said

Roddy. His eyes dared her to say different.

Wilsy sat silent, clasping her knees boyishly, her gaze on the gas flame. To the eye she was in a steam-heated, electric-lighted replica of the presumed castle of her ancestors; but in reality she was in a cabin on a mountain bench, wrapped to the eyes in a rabbit-skin, perhaps, her feet in the fire of logs, and her face toward the snow-laden forest thrusting its arms in at her open door.

"Would you be afraid of the woods?" asked Roddy, watching her.

"Roddy," said Wilsy, "I'm going to tell you a secret, a deep, dark, beautiful secret. My grandfather was a charcoal-burner in the Black Forest. I don't believe I'll be afraid of the woods. But what shall I do for months up there?"

"What you do here. There's my father,—he's going into politics again if I know the signs,—get him. Get old Wayne. Set every simple mountain home by the ears. Only come. And—is n't there anything else in the world you like to do?"

"I used to like my camera," acknowledged Wilsy.

Roddy's face lighted.

"The very thing. You can get no end of pictures. Then you can write stuff to go with 'em and sell 'em to magazines. I see lots of stuff like that in magazines. Of course it won't be as exciting as standing on Market Street of a Saturday night turning a suffrage folder; but think how much healthier it's going to be. And I promise that you sha'n't get lonesome. Old Wayne and I will see to that."

"Old Wayne?" said Wilsy, thoughtfully.

Roddy's head went back in one of his gay bursts of laughter.

"Oh, he's only thirty or so. We call him that because we like him so much. And, then, he's a rather lonely chap; lives all by himself since his mother died."

"I see," said Wilsy.

"Bring everything interesting you can think of," said Roddy, "and everything warm. You'll like it fine." He walked

away to her window and stood staring down on the lights and smokes of the long, roaring town which lay along the river. When he turned his face was grave. He took the chair in front of her, leaning over.

"I don't feel half as cheeky as I talk," said Roddy. "I know I 'm asking a lot of you—asking you to leave your friends and your comfortable home and your work, which seems to be more than your life to you; but you 've the courage to do it, have n't you? And if ever you lose your nerve for just a minute, any old night, why, the mountains will give it back to you. I 'd have been the biggest sort of coward half a dozen times that I can think of if those old mountains had n't put the fear of myself into me, Wilsy. You can trust to them to stiffen you up if you ever do lose your nerve for just a minute any dark night."

"Roddy," said Wilsy, "are there many persons in your State at all like you—and your old Wayne?"

"Hundreds of thousands," said Roddy,

promptly. "We 're nothing; just average chumps. Will you come?"

"Nothing in the world could keep me from coming," said Wilsy.

When he had gone to catch his later train Wilsy went back to her mother's room and sat in her child's rocking-chair and watched her mother sewing a strip of blue around a strip of white. On the morrow she meant to amaze the family by announcing that she had decided to be sensible and try to get well; but to-night she sat there contentedly, hugging the scarf which made her cheeks look pink, watching the rug grow, seeing it beneath her feet on the puncheon floor of a log cabin.

"*Mütterchen*," she said abruptly, "give me that rug."

The old woman glanced toward the door as if seeing through it into Wilsy's velvet-carpeted room.

"But where will you put eet?" she asked, smiling at her pale girl's whim.

"Oh," said Wilsy, smiling back, "I 'll find a place to *put* it."

Sancta Ursula

(After Carpaccio)

By WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

THIS is her room; this is her narrow bed
Whereon each night her golden hair is spread.
This is her glass wherein each morn she looks;
These are her pictures; these are all her books.
These are her trinkets, trophies girlish, gay;
These are the toys she touches every day.
This is her desk whereat she sits to write
Letters that make the day that brings them bright.
These are her fish that swim in water clear;
This is her wingèd Love she most holds dear.
This is her rug her eager feet have pressed;
This is her chair wherein she sinks to rest
When wearied with some simple task or pleasure.
This is her clock whose hands her young hours measure;
These are her walls that hold her heart at home.
These are her windows, tempting her to roam.
This is, in fine, her world; no world more wide,
Since all her dreams start here or here abide.

The Spirit of Montparnasse

By MARICE RUTLEDGE

Illustrations from photographs by the well-known American painter Harry B. Lachman

AT twilight from out quaint doors and old courtyards troop the models, suddenly enlivening street corners. During lean months, tragic months, these bright children of the quarter have kept Montparnasse young by upholding its traditions. Not even closed academies, deserted studios, and attendant privations have altered their philosophy. It is their rôle to be comradely, their privilege to share the artist's estate. They are even now symbols of happier days when art and romance filled familiar haunts: the Luxembourg Garden, the cafés, the beloved little streets that wind in and out of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail.

Beneath their smile, their light manner, their gay silhouette lies, nevertheless, a grim knowledge of what life contains even in times of peace. They know the long hours when with aching back and muscles they must stand in a given pose, offering their immobility to students or to trained masters. It is not an easily acquired profession. To pose successfully, one must have imagination as well as a disciplined body; one must be able to become the tangible expression of an esthetic idea. They know that the artist who uses them bids them farewell and goes his way. They know the seasons when work is scarce. They realize the cost of bread, the cost of finery. Their standards are modest enough. One certainly cannot become very rich or reckless by posing; but, then, one does not associate wealth with artists, or, for that matter, with any form of serving them. The better-known schools—the Beaux-Arts, Julian's, Colarossi's, and Ranson's, for instance—pay on an average of twenty francs, or four dollars, a week. As a part of their routine the models present themselves regularly

at these schools, and are engaged according to requirements. The general classes usually select the model of the week on a vote of the students, led by their *massier*, a student appointed by his fellows to act as a kind of monitor and business manager. But in the Croquis classes, where a new model is used every day and paid five francs for an afternoon *séance*, the director of the school is apt to arrange for the sittings. Unless they are popular favorites in the quarter, the models must come up for inspection, all too frequently risking a refusal spiced with harmless or even humiliating pleasantries. Out of the number constantly seeking engagements many are thus left unemployed for an indefinite period. Here is where small rivalries sometimes develop between the older, professional models and volatile young creatures who occasionally drift into the work without a full understanding of its laws of fellowship. Posing for a *particulier*, as the independent artist is called, brings the greatest satisfaction. It may mean steady work through a season, although, except in rare cases, even then the earnings amount only to between five and ten francs a day. The difference arises because these kind-hearted children of Montparnasse adjust their demands to the artist's pocket-book. They know that, whenever he is able, he will share with them whatever good comes to him. He will give them small gifts,—a coveted ribbon, a new hat, a pair of slippers,—he will invite them to dinner or offer a round of *apéritifs* at the little café on the corner, often he will treat them to a day in the country. No price is too high or too low for the fellowship involved.

Instinct has banded them together, has brought them from dull and loveless homes, from the lowest ranks of the wage-

earner, from country villages where art is considered ungodly, from parents who in their day were also models, to meet and mingle in this special world on the left bank of the Seine. It is a larger world now than it once was. The Latin Quarter summons up happy pictures of classic backgrounds stretching, mellow, familiar, from the Place St.-Michel next to the *quais*, on up the "Boule Miche," around the Sorbonne, the rue des Ecoles, the Panthéon, the Place Médicis, opening out on the threshold of garden gates and the Bal Bullier of dancing days, the hospitable doors of which have been closed since the war. But the spirit of the Latin Quarter is romantic and venturesome. Youth has carried it afield, over the garden; past the round fountain where in summer toy boats with colorful sails dodge the spray and bob on the glistening water just out of reach of little boys' hands; past brilliant terraces; through long alleys peopled with trees and children; past the Carrousel; along the lively rue Vavin, to join the Boulevard Montparnasse, and there to spread and branch out in numberless haunts mellow, familiar. So the spirit travels, jealously claimed by everything, every one, it touches, leaving in its wake varied groups of students: fellows from the Sorbonne studying philosophy and medicine, fellows from the Beaux-Arts, from Julian's; models and flower-girls and children, ever moving and flitting over trodden paths, ever united in impulse of creative youth.

To Paulette, Suzanne, and Marie the artist was not a mysterious being complicated by moods and humors; he was a friend who needed their collaboration to make him famous; often he was a teacher. Under his facile influence their hearts and minds expanded, took on new aspects, inquired, and evolved. Paulette discovered a talent for drawing and, encouraged by her friends, entered into a happy experiment of alternate posing and sketching. Suzanne developed a gift for dressmaking. Several painters had praised her clothes, had even made suggestions and designs, which she had carried out suc-

cessfully. She set the fashion in the quarter, counseled her comrades on subtle manners of combining ribbons and chiffons. Marie found that she had a voice worth cultivating; found, also, a generous American lady who would help her pay for lessons. Nanon could dance. She told every one proudly that a manager once offered her a conspicuous position in a ballet, and that she refused because at the time she was posing for Mercié, the great French sculptor. And so it went. Those with the busiest minds and imaginations wove plans that occasionally sent them out into a more ambitious world of accomplishment. But more often they were content to remain within the boundary-lines of an established zone between St.-Germain des Prés, the Luxembourg, the Gare Montparnasse, and the Place Denfert-Rochereau. The old streets, the old schools, the studios, were their heritage.

July, 1914, found Montparnasse on its holiday. Paulette, Suzanne, Marie, fancifully decked, were daily to be met with their student playmates, lounging in bright circles beneath the leafy shelter of the Luxembourg or trotting up lazy little streets that led to Ranson's, Colarossi's, and the Café du Dôme. Grave issues were still remote. The charming young creatures had matters to gossip about other than politics and European crises. Would René Bonheur's picture of Louise be accepted for the autumn Salon? Should such good fortune come to him, he had promised to give a party and crown the lucky Louise queen of the revels. Would the English lady, as she had hinted, take Rosette to her villa near Fontainebleau for the month of August, there to pose in a certain sunny garden? The English lady had very little talent and a great deal of money. Perhaps a month in the country would cure Rosette of the racking cough caught last winter when she posed for Stanislas Podowski in his fireless studio. Would Nanon's American painter sail back to his country in September? Nanon had vowed that she would kill herself when he left, but no one believed her. She was always primed with romantic no-

tions. Was it true that the blonde Simone was shortly to marry Giuseppe Nenni, the Italian sculptor? A bad thing for Simone if she took such a man. Among other disadvantages, Giuseppe was over-fond of absinthe. Many an evening the poor girl had coaxed him away from the little café on the corner, scolding him gently as if he were a disobedient child instead of a wild fellow who would come to no good.

War was to solve these questions all too grimly. There would be no Salon that tragic year. René Bonheur, who had brilliantly painted Louise's colorful youth, put on a uniform and marched away, never to return. The English lady, in a panic of fear, fled from Paris, leaving Rosette to cough her frail body into a hospital eight months later. Nanon's American painter went off to drive an ambulance in the Vosges. But although Nanon wept for many a day, she did not kill herself. Giuseppe, the Italian sculptor, caught in a mesh of little debts, appealed to his consul and, with a batch of chattering compatriots, was packed back to Italy, prom-

ising Simone to claim her after the war.

Then indeed was the city shaken out of its fair summer. Light-hearted plans were shattered, pretty romances ended, habits of good fellowship abruptly renounced. War and its somber consequences took no account of dreaming artists and their models. Thousands of stoic families drew closer, awed by common disaster, linked by a common loss, marshaling resources to tide them over dreadful days. There was an exodus of uniforms, taking with them all joy, all peace of mind. A number of Americans, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks abandoned the well-beloved place that long had harbored their aspirations. Paulette, Suzanne, Marie, and the others were left to exist as best they could under new and relentless conditions. Sobered little spirits of youth, they drifted from familiar haunt to haunt, foregathering in old trysting-spots to talk over what had befallen them. With the schools closed, their means of livelihood were suspended. The outlook was discouraging.



POSING FOR A SCULPTOR



A CUP OF TEA BETWEEN WORKING HOURS

But almost immediately their valiant philosophy accepted a state of affairs that in different ways was affecting every class of society.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, things are not what they were!" sighed an old vendor of roast chestnuts to Louise.

"What would you? There are others less happy. One lives as one can," she answered, with an upward look that shamed his gloom. She spoke for her comrades.

Bound in a cult of fellowship, dimly they perceived that at some later time art and aspiration, reviving, would seek them out again. Meanwhile they offered one another kindly help. Paulette and Suzanne agreed to share Louise's room under the eaves. The room was tiny, stifling in summer, freezing in winter, but it was gay with souvenirs of pleasanter days, and there was always a pot of flowers on the window-sill. Paulette and Suzanne were grateful for this hospitality, since they owed rent they could no longer pay. Nanon, whose American painter had been generous, from time to time gave Rosette money for medicines, and later, when she

was in the hospital, visited her once a week. Marie loaned the poor coughing girl her own warm coat for the winter. Their good-will increased with the demands put upon it; yet they could not hope for much work until the war was ended. It was true that a few artists remained, but they, also, were facing bleak days. Art was at a standstill.

"I will pose for nothing," declared the blonde Simone. "It is useless to be idle. We can always arrange ourselves."

Accordingly a gaunt Russian anarchist and a patient Armenian whose family had been murdered by the Turks in Constantinople took heart again, while Simone, trotting up and down their shabby stairs, scolded and mothered them, mended their clothes, posed for them, and cooked their supper, often supplying the provisions. After all, she was happiest when she was working. She belonged to studios as much as did the easels, the paint-boxes, the sketches on the high walls. Once, a long time ago, before the graceless Giuseppe Nenni's day, a very nice young man wished to marry Simone. He was not an artist.

however. His father had been a naval officer, and the son intended to become a civil engineer. Should he marry Simone, she would have nothing to do but sit at home and be waited on by one servant, possibly two. She would inherit a family, as is the custom in France: the nice young man's mother, his grandmother, and all his cousins and aunts would have the right to overlook carefully her manners and to advise her intimately as to her prospective children. Simone worked hard preparing such a trousseau as had never been seen in Montparnasse; but when it came to the date of the wedding, with her future snugly assured, and a pretty apartment chosen by the bridegroom far out of range of Montparnasse, its studios, its little cafés, its good fellows, Simone suddenly flew into a panic, and dismissed the bewildered young man.

"I am not a bourgeoisie," she said. "There is no use; your family and I would never get on. I can take care of a house when I don't have to, I can mend and cook as well as any one; but I will not give up my freedom. I will not give up my artists for you or any one. How would I be feeling if I could no longer visit the comrades or pose in the studios? No, I am better off as I am."

Fortunately for the Russian and the Armenian, Simone was free and could care for them; otherwise it might have gone ill with them during the war.

"Indeed," said Simone, "I would rather starve in a studio than eat my head off in a palace. And there you are!"

Soon canteens cropped up to relieve the increasing distress of artists and models. For a few sous or for nothing, as the case may be, from twenty to fifty meals a day were served in studios transformed into informal restaurants. The atmosphere of these studios, directed by artists, was made up of sociable intentions—a blend of moral and material sustenance, tendered without a hint of charity. Here the children of the quarter could enter confidently and find the welcome of their kind. To such canteens came gladly the little Paulettes and Nanons, setting a cus-

tom of housewifely service in return for a saving hospitality. Nanon washed dishes, Marie passed deep bowls of soup, Paulette pared the vegetables, kept the flowers fresh, the oilcloth cover glistening. And all the while their ready wit flashed signals of courage and good humor aptly aimed to uphold the spirits of the company. Nothing escaped them. It even happened that treachery to the nation was averted by the keen detective work of one model, Geneviève. It was in this way. In the first year of the war there came to a canteen a plausible young woman in deep mourning who proved, with necessary documents, to be the daughter of a French sculptor and who was herself an artist. She appeared to be in serious need of help. Therefore Mademoiselle X—, as we shall call her, was taken in with the other comrades and made welcome. She sat next to Geneviève at table. Was it an incautious chance word, a look, an ambiguous manner that first roused the little model's suspicions? Whatever it was, Geneviève, with the skill of a diplomat, set to work to win the confidence of this Mademoiselle X—. She accomplished her end by insinuating subtly that her own sympathies were not entirely given over to France. She was soon invited to Mademoiselle X—'s studio, where, in the course of an artfully directed conversation, Mademoiselle X— confessed that she had lived in Germany for some time before the war and that she was exceedingly friendly with a certain German princess who, for services rendered, could be generous. She went so far as to show Geneviève letters from this princess. Geneviève, in turn, hinted that she represented the Austrian Government. Meanwhile, having communicated with the French secret police, the astute model told Mademoiselle X— that she was anxious to introduce into the canteen a friend of hers, a German who was in possession of Swiss papers. It was Mademoiselle X— herself who, falling into the trap, went to the director of the canteen and asked permission to present a worthy artist, thus paving the way for the supposed spy; and it was Mademoiselle



MODELS

X—— who wrote a letter to Geneviève that later served as proof against her. In the letter she said: "I have done your work. You are free to bring the kaiser himself into the canteen, if you wish." The story ends here; for Mademoiselle X—— was found, upon investigation, to be an important servant of the enemy, and was arrested with a band of accomplices. The canteen knows her no more.

Even with the canteens crowded to their utmost capacity, there was always Père Bretelle, Mère Rosalie, or Leduc's to fall back on, places of convivial reunions warm with memories of work and play before the war. Many a night had Père Bretelle sheltered one of his clients whose room and possessions had been held by a heartless landlady as forfeits for unpaid rent. Père Bretelle knew the value of well-timed kindness, discriminated humanly and wisely between the habitual drifter and the model who, through unavoidable circumstance, had fallen on jobless days.

His was a sympathetic ear, ready to receive confidences. There was not an owner of a napkin-ring in his establishment whose history, sad, glad, or bad, he had not heard.

Many a meal had Mère Rosalie, the mother of Italian models, given to Maria or Anna without marking the debt on her slate. The skies of Italy beamed from Mère Rosalie's indulgent eyes. Her restaurant was quickened by the gestures and the cadences of Italy. The olive-tinted girls who lined her tables looked ripened by the sun. They smiled easily, wept easily: they were Madonnas in the making.

Many a time had gentle Mme. Leduc provided for the sick girl Mimi, whose peaked, childish face, surmounted by the Gipsy head-dress she affected, was almost a fixture in a warm corner of the homelike restaurant on the Boulevard Raspail. This was her haven. Even the inquiring cat with molting fur took her for granted. The world's drama held nothing new for

Mimi. She lingered through the seasons, knowing that, whatever came, Mme. Leduc would not let her starve.

But it was not enough to be fed. As the heavy months of war went by, each laden

allowance they counted on. Her skill for costuming held possibilities. An American painter had told her that there was a market for French toys, and that he could find her orders if she would consider handling them. Suzanne was not backward in profiting by such a chance. She set to work making rag-dolls. They were quaint dolls, decked in brilliant bits of stuff that daringly offset their humorous, painted faces. Suzanne fancied the modern school of decoration. She experimented audaciously in cut and color, turning out whimsical play-beings the original appearance of which brought delight to young and old alike. They were taken at once by an influential Frenchwoman who sent them over to America.

Paulette, on the advice of this same painter, started embroidering cushions after his designs. Her brother, a boy of twenty, was in the trenches, and wrote wistfully of small comforts which might help to soften a bitter winter. Loyal Paulette undertook to send him packages. Every sou she earned thereafter went to ease his soldier's lot. No more ribbons, no more finery to re-

garnish a frayed wardrobe. Her reward was an increasing pile of letters, scribbled in a boyish hand, containing embarrassed requests for this and that, and gratitude for what he had received. It was a great day for Paulette when her brother came to Paris on leave. Before the war she had seen little enough of him. He was a country lad, brought up to simple tasks in the fields; certainly he did not belong to Montparnasse, this sturdy, pink-cheeked boy, with the clear, blue eyes and the guileless smile of a peasant. But every three months now, in his faded, ill-fitting uniform, a battered helmet perched rakishly on his blond head, he



A MODEL IN COSTUME

with suffering, Paulette and her young friends fretted against enforced idleness. With accumulating rent, thinning wardrobes, and, in many cases, people dependent on them, they could not afford to be idle. Suzanne's mother and father, existing scantily in a Basque village, looked to her for support. The lively girl, so quick of eye and tongue, with Spanish grace of movement, had faithfully sent the old couple part of her earnings ever since the day she came to Paris with an American lady to pose for her, and later to become known as one of the best models in the quarter. Even under present stress she could not let them go without the slim



AN ARTIST SHARING HIS MEAL WITH A MODEL.

climbed the steep stairs to the tiny room shared with Louise by Suzanne and his sister. He knew what a chattering welcome awaited him. He knew that Paulette would put on her last year's hat and her best blue dress and that together they would go proudly forth arm in arm. Paulette would lead him to the canteen, where he would be much admired; she would also take him to see the kind lady who at Christmas had sent him a beautiful muffler and a dozen packages of cigarettes. He was not accustomed to such fine company, and stood first on one leg and then on the other, blushing, and stammering his gratitude. He was more at his ease when, still arm in arm, they wandered through the beloved city, Paulette forsaking her quarter in order to show him the sights. Perhaps they would walk along the *quais* to Notre Dame, beside the prune-colored Seine; perhaps they would cross the bridge, pass the stately Louvre, and follow glittering shop-windows on to the boulevards, where crowds, brightened with uniforms, surged back and forth in endless procession; perhaps they would sit in a café and sip vermouth while he told her tales of the valiant little *poilus*. More than likely they would end in a moving-picture show on the rue de la Gaîté, near the Gare Montparnasse. And when the holiday was over, he could be sure that Paulette would hand him a bit of pocket-money or a few provisions for himself and his *copains*. So back he went to the trenches, and back she went to her work on the cushions, embroidering far into the night.

Yvette, once a model of Whistler's, a strapping girl with milky skin, and brown hair coiled in disks over her ears, went to nurse in a military hospital. She paid for her training out of a modest sum already laid aside, the nucleus of savings with which she had intended some day, years from then, to buy a small inn near Paris. She had pictured the inn as the favorite resort of artists, herself a popular hostess. But now she delved cheerfully into the economies of three years, spending the time and money required by the Red

Cross, in order that she might be fitted to nurse the men of France.

In the spring of 1915 one by one the schools opened. Back to the old courtyards and big studios brightly flocked the models, Paulette, Suzanne, and the others. What did it matter that students were rare, that American and English artists had for the most part left the city, that there was not work enough to go round? A semblance of the old life was renewed with the season, so swiftly does youth revive. Once more in the garden groups gathered under budding trees. The elements of these groups were the same, though many familiar figures were lacking. Poor Rosette was at last in a hospital, coughing her life away. Every week Nanon and Marie visited her; every week they managed to bring her a few flowers or a magazine. Perched on the edge of her little white bed, very gravely at first, but warming to liveliness, they told her the news of the quarter. Rosette, after all, was only a child. She brightened; she, too, chattered. She told of her longing for the country, for the healing glory of sun and hills. But there was no way of changing matters. The sanatoriums were crowded with soldiers; even the hospitals had limited space for civilians. She could not hope to be received anywhere else. So she smiled bravely at her fate and said: "I am finished. I never shall go out again except head first. What would you? I have been very happy." Nanon turned away to hide the tears, and Marie cried, "No! no! we will cure thee!" But Rosette shook her head and smiled. "We must all pass by there. It is not so terrible, after all," she said, adding wistfully, "The garden must be beautiful now." So they told her about the garden and who was missing: the Red Cross had sent Yvetté to Calais; René Bonheur was dead; Henri Le Breton was dead; Jean Senlis was wounded; Jacques Lormand was blind; Reggie Norse, the American, had gone to Salonica; Giuseppe Nenni was back in Italy.

Yet, despite the missing ones, once more in the little cafés, between classes at the



TYPES OF MONTPARNASSE MODELS

schools, models and students mingled and chattered; once more on the narrow streets winding in and out of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail jaunty silhouettes passed among women in black, among crippled *poilus*. What would you? Every one has his profession. Not that pocket-books jingle with silver or that hearts are lighter; not that the problems of living are solved or that banished felicity has entered again into its kingdom;

but that Montparnasse has decided to take new heart, has resolved to resume habits of work in order that the spirit of life may triumph over death and disaster.

From now on, through uncounted seasons of sacrifice, it will be the privilege of the children of Montparnasse to uphold their traditions, to keep the precious spark of art, of youth, of fellowship in trust for the dreaming youth of the world. It is a great trust.



A MODEL AT REST

My Impressions of America

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

IN the course of my lecture tour throughout the United States I have met many interviewers. Ninety-nine per cent. of them asked me, as a first question, "What do you think of America?"

Now that I have spent five consecutive months in this country, and have seen California and the whole breadth of the land between there and New York, I may perhaps risk a few general observations on my impressions. I beg my readers not to be offended if any of my remarks are not altogether flattering. They should credit me with genuine gratitude for their welcome, and believe that my thoughts are imbued with the deepest sympathy for the people of this great democracy.

When we tried to give a reasonable answer, I found that both my brother and I were misquoted. I receive letters which criticize my replies. These replies may be misunderstood because of the difficulty to find in English the exact shade of words. That is why I wish to take this opportunity to speak at leisure and clearly. We are all agreed that constructive criticism is always worth while, and that it is the only one permissible between friends. I can therefore trust that my remarks will be taken in the same spirit that I am making them.

I am speaking of the country as a whole, trying to take in at one glance the chief characteristics of the nation, to take in both the qualities and the faults. I am also speaking as a Russian who belongs to a nation that is very old in comparison with the United States of America, but very young in democratic life.

In order to gain a better hearing, I shall begin with the qualities. The first thing that strikes a Russian observer in the United States is the activity of the people. This activity is often due to the urgent desire to make a living. I mean not only

the need to earn the necessities of life, but also the veneration which is felt here for money. That has made of America one of the most productive nations of the world. The technic and the ease with which the people make use of its power are truly astounding. The impression made on the foreigner is that there are no insurmountable obstacles. They will build with equal facility edifices of sixty stories, railroad bridges in places where the very idea of building a bridge seems impossible, electric railroads, automobiles of different makes by the hundred thousand, and all types of machinery, from the smallest in size to the most huge. This development of industrial machinery, together with the great wealth of the land and the vast natural resources, tend to enlarge the external life of the country toward incalculable limits.

But we should not forget that all these natural gifts, and a high standard of living or civilization, are not the aims of life. They are only arms in the hands of man. It is not enough to be armed. One should know why one takes up the arms. To amass millions is not enough; we should know why we do it. Money is an arm that sometimes proves more dangerous than high explosives. Frankly, does a man gather millions in order to spoil his child with toys, each of which costs more than a whole family needs to live on for many years?

Arms should only be intrusted to hands that can wield them, and that can wield them to a good effect; otherwise the strength and power thereof will be turned back on those who hold them. They act like a boomerang. In this consists America's greatest peril.

Roughly speaking, I may say that the level of the cultural development of the American people does not correspond to

the height of the lofty buildings that I have admired here.

I can well praise the number of schools which America possesses. I can praise the elementary schools, the high schools, and the universities. All these institutions are large, broad, well established, richly endowed. The Government and private persons rival one another in their constant attention to these means of education. This combination of institutions tends to bring the standard of instruction to a good average. In the whole land there are few Americans who lack elementary education. But—

Here I begin to fear that I am offending some of my friends; yet I promised myself to speak my mind in all candor. This average education of which I spoke, and as shown by the quality and the sum of information gathered by students, is very low. This is a fact the people should know; they should be told the truth. A young man who leaves the high school must know that he is only then ready to begin his education. One who leaves the university should realize that there are in the world many other universities where the standard of science is much higher.

One of the advantages of industry is to bring out in large quantities standardized products. Millions of pieces are turned out all on the same pattern. I have an impression that America standardizes not only her industrial output, but also the school training of her young men and girls. They are all educated in the same way. All are molded exactly alike; all are trained on the same model.

Now, individuality is the wealth of forms with which we are endowed at birth. Individuality is like the innumerable rays that emanate from the splendor of God. Therefore this individuality is the most precious treasure of mankind.

I am not referring to America alone,—the life of the whole world levels men down to a common pattern,—but in America the result is more apparent than anywhere else. That is the most striking impression I am carrying back with me to Russia. I cannot say that there are no

exceptions; there are many of them. But a man must be gifted with a very strong personality in order to avoid this disastrous common leveling which prevails here, and is unavoidably linked with the standardization of life.

I sometimes think that it is I who perhaps err, and that I may be on the wrong path, while America is right. It may be that the cause lies in the fact that I belong to another race, imbued with another culture. The outlook on life is altogether different in America and in Russia. The pulse of external life does not run so fast in my country. Therefore man has more time to ponder at leisure over the more vital points of human life. Again, if his mind does not work in the same channels as those of his fellow-men, he survives, nevertheless, and can pursue his own life. Here he would perish, buried under the mass of average thought. That is why, in Russia, we can remain original and enjoy our own point of view. Our outlook, our tastes, may differ. The originality of our Eastern race springs out, forces itself upon the world in our art, our music, our monuments, our literature. Thus is mankind benefited.

I do not want to speak without advancing proofs. In my country, as in the other parts of Europe, nobody need have any difficulty in finding book-stores in small towns or in large cities. Here one can find a cigar-store, a drug-store, all kinds of shops where luxuries can be purchased, but the seeking of a book-shop is often a very hard quest. Even in New York it is hard to find a real book-store where the attendants know their authors and can help one select the books that one needs on any subject. There are *some*, but none too many. They can be counted on the fingers of one's hands. In smaller cities the task of finding books is a hopeless one. There are a few stores where books are sold; but what books? Novels mostly, the average ephemeral romance; magazines with too many ill-conceived articles containing little upbuilding criticism of public life, much ill-digested information; and newspapers which afford little of in-

tellectual value, being mostly mediums of advertising. American literature is yet poor. The good magazines are few when compared with European reviews. The inheritance of mankind, the universal literature, is hardly known here. There are translations in sets, richly bound, but cheaply produced, and too often done by hack writers who do not even understand what they translate. They are bad translations, as a rule, but costly. Poor people are not able to buy them.

Even in Russia, in the country which Americans think uncivilized, we have translations of all the world's great writers. These editions are appropriate to the means of the people. They can be bought for prices from one to five cents. It is the same in England. The result is that the people read only newspapers and magazines. In Russia, for the same price, we can build a library of great books. The best works of Pushkin, Dickens, Shakspeare, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Tolstoy, Heine, Victor Hugo, and countless others are at the disposal of the poorest.

These are the two different paths on which the two nations proceed in the building up of their culture. The future will show which gives the happier results. True freedom means the freedom of the soul, liberty of conscience, the liberty of forming independent opinion—a liberty which is built not upon laws, but upon the foundations of life itself. It is not an outward freedom; it is an inner prerogative. Again I can make a comparison with Russia. There, even under the late autocratic régime, I felt freer than here in my inner life. In Russia I had to face only the question whether an act was allowed by the police or not, but I could speak my mind aloud without any diffidence about my neighbor's own views. Here this is not the case. In America public opinion can cause more suffering to a man than the most arbitrary police. The most dangerous thing in America is to go against the tide of public opinion. Whatever a man's social position, he must swim with the current or inevitably perish. Try, for instance, to speak against the

women's movement. Nothing will bring a swifter retribution than public opposition to this stormy movement. I have no wish to do it myself. I would leave beforehand to women all fields of activity they may care to enter. If a woman desires to show her great talent as a writer, I am prepared to hand over my fountain-pen to her with much pleasure. Let her write; I am only too willing to retire. Does she want to become an artist? Here are my paints and brushes. Does she want to shine in science? I am in favor of having every door in the whole wide world open to her—museums, hospitals, libraries, or laboratories. Politics, jurisprudence, let them take it all, if they feel themselves able to tread those paths.

But let me warn them that they will have to think less of dresses, dancing, and trivial amusements. Sometimes it does happen even in America that a woman will bear children. Young children must be brought up. They are apt to remind one of that necessity. They represent the future generation of humanity. It seems to me difficult to make these opposed activities fit in with one another.¹

But if any woman considers she has enough force, talent, and time to be successful in all those fields, they are hers so far as I am concerned. I would gladly change place, transform myself into one of those drones whom the bees turn out of the hive when they have served their purpose by the fecundation of their queen. It can be seen that I am not attacking feminism. I am prepared to grant women

¹ Count Tolstoy has obviously misunderstood the feminist movement in this country. In Russia the intellectual women, though a small class, have long since possessed a freedom of thought, a wide influence socially and politically, even a place in industry that has not needed the vote to establish. The count's implication that in America most women would be inclined to go in for politics at the expense of the future generation is not borne out by the facts. In this country women require the vote, which they are getting in one State after another, largely because public opinion accepts nothing without a familiar label, as the count himself points out, and the vote is the label that will authenticate and thereby release these mighty social forces which are needed to equilibrate our lopsided development. Such women as are inclined to follow politics as a profession may not be best fitted to be mothers, just as certain professions seem to unfit men to be satisfactory fathers.—THE EDITOR.

everything they seek or desire, including my admiration and my love.

But I was dealing with the subject of slavery before public opinion. That is one of the serious dangers of the United States. It is so serious that it darkens the very idea of liberty. The second yoke is the reign of King Dollar in this country. The slavery from which America suffers under this rule is no less serious. There is great danger that this country may become an oligarchy ruled by a few capitalists.

The same capitalism which I consider is endangering the liberty of the people contributes, of course, to the standardization of trade. This may be no evil in itself, but it contributes to the standardization of the lives of the people. The sameness, the lack of originality and local color throughout the land and from sea to sea, is truly striking. Not only do you find everywhere the same few brands of cigarettes, for instance; but you cannot find, or you can find only with great difficulty, the variety of brands that is obviously needed. Yet it is evident that all smokers do not like the same blend of tobacco.

There is only one type of hotel. When I enter my new room in almost any city of the United States, I can close my eyes and find everything exactly as it was in the room I occupied in the last town where I stayed. The bath, the bed, the windows, the telephone are all in the same corners. Every newspaper throughout the country is like unto the others in its shape, type, and general appearance. It contains the same telegrams. There may be advantages in this standardization of news, but I can see also a great danger in this molding of public opinion by capitalized news agencies. The leading articles are virtually the same.

Even in the political life I find America virtually divided into two main parties, Republicans and Democrats. They afford little scope for personal development. In Russia the number of political parties is almost inexhaustible. Socialists, for instance, are of at least five or six different

hues. Constitutionalists have four parties. The monarchists have no less. The revolutionists are also divided. Thus is originality preserved.

All this lack of individuality tends, I am sure, toward the destruction of the inner sense of beauty. It kills the joy of life, it hampers the artistic feeling of mankind.

As to the character of the American people, I wish to emphasize the fact that it has made a deep impression on me. Americans show excellent heart, great kindness, much courtesy, and amenity. Sometimes I wish they were less polite. I could bear without pain the same kind of criticism which I have attempted to make. It is the criticism of a friend, nay, of an admirer. I hope it is helpful criticism.

One of the happiest features which struck me here was the spirit of democracy. In America one does not meet that spirit of servility, of slavery, to which one is accustomed in Europe. I am not used to this equality. It was therefore most pleasant to me. I feel it to be a great creative force. There may be a little too much subjection to public opinion, but that is not a permanent feature. In Russia we had, before the Revolution, less freedom between persons, but more liberty in the face of public opinion. The reverse is the case here.

To sum up, I wish to add that I am leaving the United States with the best and kindest feeling for the American nation. I am more than grateful for the many acts of kindness bestowed upon me everywhere. I hope for myself and for my country that the best relations will prevail between Russia and America. Our two nations can derive only profit from mutual intercourse and friendship. America will help us to develop our enormous material resources, and this will be most beneficial to her also. Our economic field is open to you. Russia can perhaps contribute some of her latent spiritual greatness to the culture of America. Both together will be greatly benefited, and this entails the general progress of mankind.

The Very Human Newspaper

By DEEMS TAYLOR

Author of "The Fable of the Three Artists," etc.

LAST February, Representative McCall declared on the floor of the House that a portion of the American press was in the pay of the munitions interests. A week or so later one of our senators accused a group of newspapers of forming a cabal to hound the country into war. Sensational as these charges were, they were not particularly novel. One of the favorite occupations of our statesmen, aside from indorsing the public utterances of the fathers, is accusing the public prints of bribery, corruption, and mendacity, with intent to prevaricate. As for the average citizen, what time he is not quoting his favorite newspaper with the air of one who cites scripture, he is canceling his subscription, and vowing never, never again to believe anything he sees in print.

Probably the main reason why we scold our press so much is that we take it so seriously. We read more newspapers than any other nation on earth. Thousands of us depend upon them not only for news, but for amusement, art, science, criticism, and advice upon every subject under the sun from religion to dressmaking. No wonder that when our oracles prove fallible, as they frequently do, we wail "Treason!" and spurn them with a fervor equaled only by our previous devotion.

Not that our newspapers make any heroic efforts to render our faith in them less abject. Has some important event taken place? It happened "as exclusively predicted" in the columns of the "Morning Augur." Has a good measure been enacted or a bad one repealed? That came "as a result of the vigorous campaign" waged by the "Evening Crusader." Was a favorite candidate defeated? He should have heeded "the solemn warning uttered early in the campaign" by the "Daily Cas-

sandra." This naïve oracular assumption is seldom questioned by the average reader, but it leads him to expect too much. Sooner or later he is frightfully shocked by the discovery that even a newspaper can be wrong.

Of course our newspapers are not oracles or bulwarks or palladia. They are sheets of paper upon which are set forth sundry statements of fact and opinion gathered, written, and edited by sundry highly fallible human beings. Nine tenths of the shortcomings of the press are due to the fact that it is a human product.

According to congressmen, cabinet members, corporation officials, and others who from time to time come into more or less violent collision with newspapers, the chief of these shortcomings is wilful misrepresentation. The charge is not literally true. Our papers seldom lie; that is, it is rare that they knowingly print statements that are not at least poor relations of the truth. In the first place, competition among newspapers is too keen. Let one of them print one little falsehood, and its jealous rivals are in full cry at once, bay-ing virtuously upon its trail and screaming the real facts at the top of their head-lines. Facts themselves are explosive enough, and scatter plenty of libel suits in their wake as it is, without a paper's deliberately hunting for trouble by printing fiction. Usually, when an absolute misstatement has appeared in a newspaper, the paper's chief offense is in having believed an untrustworthy source, a contingency difficult to guard against, since any paper is more or less at the mercy of its out-of-town correspondents and news agencies. Any correspondent can fool any paper once; but it is to the credit of editors that an over-imaginative correspondent rarely gets a

second chance to exercise his talents. After all, the principal reason why our press does not print lies is that newspaper men as a class are honest, conscientious beyond the average, and, according to their code, strictly honorable. Certain things may be permitted by that code that strike the layman as peculiar, but deliberate mendacity is not one of them.

Does our newspaper man, then, tell the whole, unvarnished truth? Emphatically he does not. He does practise the negative

too late for him to get back and write his story before press-time. So he telephones the office, and tells his facts to a rewrite man. The latter in turn may misunderstand something or fail to catch an important detail. The story written, the rewrite man turns it over to the copy-reader, who edits it and writes a head-line for it. In recasting a sentence or in shortening a paragraph he may leave out a fact the omission of which alters the complexion of the whole story. The head-line is a fresh

46 AMERICANS REACH ZURICH

Several U. S. Consuls Complain
Over Enforced Delay in Their
Departure From Germany.

ZURICH (Via Paris, Feb. 21).—A score of United States consuls and government agents, with their families reached Zurich last night after having spent a more or less anxious week awaiting permission to leave Germany. The arrivals consisted of forty-six persons who had gradually

The party arrived in two sections, the first warmly praising their treatment by the Germans, and the second containing members who complained bitterly over the enforced delay in their departure, and also of having had to leave behind them papers which the German authorities desired to submit to a more rigid censorship. The majority of the travellers, however, reported that they had received studiously courteous treatment, and declared that the stringent regulations enforced were nothing more than what was to be expected in view of the situation.

In several instances the arrivals

"PLAYING UP" SEPARATE HALVES
OF THE NEWS. EACH SUBHEAD
IS HALF TRUE, AS THE
CENTER PARAGRAPH
SHOWS

46 AMERICANS REACH ZURICH FROM GERMANY

Many More U. S. Consuls and
Families Safe in Switzerland
—Several Laud Treatment.

Zurich, via Paris, Feb. 21.—A score of United States consuls and government agents, with their families, reached

virtue of not lying; on the other hand, whether innocently or to further his own ends, he frequently colors and distorts the truth, and presents facts in such a way that their real significance is totally altered.

A certain amount of distortion or "coloring" of the news is inevitable. The men who make a newspaper face one of the hardest tasks in the world—that of telling facts. Considering the fact that of five intelligent, impartial witnesses of any happening no two will exactly agree in their subsequent accounts of what took place, the wonder is, perhaps, that the truth ever gets into print at all. Added to the initial difficulty is the peculiar organization of a newspaper staff, resulting from the necessity of gathering, writing, and printing approximately a hundred thousand words of news every twenty-four hours.

A reporter goes out to gather the facts of a certain happening. Being fallible, he may not get them all, or he may misunderstand the significance of those that he does get. His assignment completed, it may be

source of trouble. It must be set in a certain-sized type and must contain a fixed number of letters and spaces. The words that exactly convey the essential facts of the story may not fit, and others must be found that are of the right length, even though they tend to make the heading misleading. Suppose the item concerns the rejection of a lighting company's estimates. The copy-reader writes "LIGHT BIDS REJECTED," finds that the line is one letter too long, and finally substitutes "spurned" for "rejected." It is not a good synonym; it is too violent. However, work is piling up on the copy-desk, and the time is growing short. The copy-reader lets "spurned" stand rather than rewrite the entire head.

The linotyper may contribute his mite of distortion. Ordinarily the proof-room will correct his errors; but the hour may be so late that the story must go to press for the first edition with only the hastiest proof-reading or even with none at all. "The company's uniform rates for service" may turn into "the company's unfair

rates for service." Lastly, the make-up editor, when he comes to assign the story its place on the page, may find it too long, and so leave off the last paragraph. If the story is properly built from a newspaper point of view, this should not matter. On the other hand, that last paragraph may have contained additional facts the retention or omission of which makes all the difference between a fair and an unfair presentation of the case.

The very typographical layout of a

ing of reporters and constant vigilance on the part of editorial staffs. The pity is that while taking all sorts of elaborate precautions to guard against distorting or coloring news by mistake, many papers have few scruples against deliberately tinting their news all the colors of the rainbow when they happen to find it expedient to do so.

The commonest form of such distortion is the "doctoring" of facts for the sake of so-called news interest. It results from

ANTHRACITE MINERS WIN WAGE INCREASE

Pay Put Up from 11 to 35 Per Cent. Without Any Threat of a Strike by the Union.

CALLED A TRIBUTE TO UNION

Leaders of Mine Workers Declare Settlement Proves the Value of Collective Bargaining.

The 175,000 anthracite coal miners won a wage increase of approximately \$80-900,000 under an agreement with the operators which was signed last night at 145 Liberty Street after a conference lasting five days. On Tuesday of last

GRANT ANTHRACITE MINE WORKERS 20 P. C. INCREASE

Operators Recognize Demands Based on High Cost of Living.

HOW ONE WORD CAN ALTER THE MEANING OF A NEWS ITEM. ACCORDING TO THE HEADS AT THE LEFT, THE MINERS DEMANDED AND WON A WAGE INCREASE. IN THE TWO RIGHT-HAND HEADS THE WORDS "VOLUNTARY" AND "VOLUNTARILY" LEAD THE READER TO BELIEVE THAT THE OPERATORS GAVE THEIR MEN A RISE WITHOUT WAITING TO BE ASKED

MORE PAY FOR MINERS

175,000 Anthracite Workers Get Voluntary Wage Increase. New York, April 25.—Voluntary wage increases of approximately 20 per cent. are granted to 175,000 miners

HARD COAL MINERS GET PAY BOOST

20 Per Cent Raise Given 175,000 Men Voluntarily

NEW YORK, April 25.—Voluntary wage increases of approximately 20 per cent. are granted to 175,000 miners

newspaper tends to produce a false impression of the relative values of events in that it frequently entails giving certain items greater prominence than they deserve. There must always be so many front-page stories, under heads of appropriate or inappropriate size, every day, regardless of the state of the news market. So many activities are suspended on Sunday that in normal times Monday is a poor day for news. Nevertheless, there must be "big" stories to go under Monday's front-page head-lines, the result being that unimportant news is often blazoned forth with an emphasis grotesquely disproportionate to its real significance. By dying on Sunday afternoon, many a worthy citizen has achieved a front-page eulogy and a portrait, whereas if he had waited until Wednesday he might have had trouble squeezing into the obituary column on page eleven.

Thus it is at best no easy task for a newspaper to keep its contents accurate and impartial, and the task is successfully accomplished only through careful train-

ing of reporters and constant vigilance on the part of editorial staffs. The pity is that while taking all sorts of elaborate precautions to guard against distorting or coloring news by mistake, many papers have few scruples against deliberately tinting their news all the colors of the rainbow when they happen to find it expedient to do so.

The commonest form of such distortion is the "doctoring" of facts for the sake of so-called news interest. It results from

the desire to extract the maximum of dramatic interest from the day's happenings. In attempting to prove that truth is stranger than fiction the newspaper man often proves merely that a fact can be made a stranger to the truth. The fact that a news item is called a "story" is fairly significant. A good news story should tell of something hitherto unknown or something unexpected, out of the ordinary, foreign to the habitual. It must have "punch," and its construction is dictated chiefly by this requirement.

First comes the opening paragraph, or lead, upon which the story pivots. Here the reporter is supposed to state the essence of what happened, so writing his lead that all the rest of the story could be omitted and still leave a reasonably complete summary of the events he is describing. The remaining paragraphs are simply amplifications of the various elements of the lead. The copy-reader builds his head-lines from the lead, still further summarizing its contents. Such a form of construction naturally leads to distortion

through exaggeration, false generalizing, and over-emphasis. The risk is at its lowest in the case of stories of action, of simple crime or catastrophe. If a man murders his wife or a family is robbed of its silver or a factory burns or the Germans invade Belgium, you need only say so, and there's your lead. But how about the countless other events where nothing nearly so definite occurs? Suppose a reporter has to cover a public dinner. It is an important event, attended by many well-known people; but beyond the fact that the usual speakers say the usual things, nothing happens. Obviously, the reporter cannot say this. He cannot write: "There was a banquet last night at the Hotel Expensive. A lot of people were present. It was a good meal. The following spoke"—and let it go at that. It is not exciting enough. So he listens more or less attentively to one or two of the speakers until one speech, or even a passage from one speech, appeals to him as furnishing material for a good story. Back to the office he hurries without waiting to hear the rest of the speakers. The next morning the startled diners read an exciting yarn that leads the reader to believe that the whole evening centered about this one portion of a speech. Heard in relation to its context and the other addresses, it might not sound very impressive; emphasized by a snappy lead and a four-bank head, it dazzles even its author.

Let me give a specific instance of this sort of thing, for it is the essence of yellow journalism. On February 27 the New England Iron and Hardware Association held its annual banquet in Boston. One of the speakers was Leslie M. Shaw, who said in the course of his remarks:

Japan will also have a seat at the treaty table. She will have won it at slight cost to herself. She will be justified, however, in claiming rewards. She may go further and demand neutrality while she adjusts with the United States the supremacy of the Pacific. Whatever ensues, the Monroe Doctrine will have to be vindicated or abandoned. The period of tacit acquiescence will have ended.

Now, in the first place, there is no particular reason why the utterances of a former secretary of the treasury upon foreign affairs should carry any tremendous weight. In the second place, those utterances were not very warlike. The yellow newspapers say much unkindlier things than that about Japan at frequent intervals without arousing any excitement whatsoever. However, the reporter for a Boston paper did not feel that way about the matter. Here is the head to his story:

THINKS U. S. SOON TO WAR WITH JAPAN

Shaw Looks for Some Trouble After President Conflict

The lead that followed was a bit more moderate in tone, but still disturbing enough to have plenty of punch:

That this country may become involved with Japan after the European conflict is ended was suggested last night by Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of Treasury, in his speech before 200 members of the New England Iron and Hardware Association at their annual banquet at the Somerset last night.

Last of all came Mr. Shaw's actual words as quoted above. This is a typical example of the yellowing process. Notice how intensity increases in proportion to the degree of concentration: first, the speaker's statement of a carefully qualified possibility; then the lead, omitting the qualifications, but still retaining the conjectural quality of the original statement;

PRESS CENSORSHIP PASSES SENATE BY 43 TO 33

President Given Broad Authority to Curb Newspapers or Individuals

[By ~~Wire~~ Leased Wire]

WASHINGTON, April 20.—The senate recorded itself today in favor of press censorship during the war.

A censorship clause of the administration's espionage bill, after decid-

Severities.

AIMS BLOW AT PRESS.

*Senate Favors the
Censorship.*

*Most Radical Curb on Liberty
of Speech in the History
of Our Nation.*

HOW TWO LOS ANGELES PAPERS HEADED THE SAME DESPATCH. AT THE LEFT, A DISPASSIONATE SUMMARY OF THE FACTS. THE HEAD-LINES AT THE RIGHT, HOWEVER, EXPRESS A DECIDED OPINION AS TO THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THOSE FACTS

lastly, the head, in which "become involved with" becomes "war with," and in which the possibility is stated as an imminent probability. Notice, too, that the actual facts are not violated. Nobody can prove that the lead says anything that Mr. Shaw did not say; nor, considering the head, can it be proved that Mr. Shaw does not think that we are "soon to war with Japan."

News is not merely the unknown or the unusual; it is the unusual in which the average person is likely to be interested. This average person is the cause of much distortion of news values. A great many things go on in the world that are important and deserving of record, but in which the average man is not interested at all. So the newspaper, realizing the importance of these things on the one hand, and knowing the restricted interests of its average reader on the other, contrives to make its accounts of such happenings interesting by laying all the emphasis upon what few dramatic features they may possess. The result is an utterly false picture, albeit a lively one. Thus in covering a meeting of some scientific body a reporter will devote much less of his story to the announcement of a revolutionary discovery in analytical

chemistry than to the account of a squabble over the presidency of the organization. Few people are passionately interested in chemistry, but everybody likes a row.

Public interest in a subject may suddenly increase through various causes. Items bearing upon this topic immediately assume great newspaper importance, and are given corresponding prominence. The result is often a totally wrong impression of what is actually happening. "Crime-waves," for instance, are generally newspaper-born. Some spectacular case arouses public interest; at once every crime story, down to the most insignificant police-court case, is faithfully played up for all it is worth. Crime is probably no more prevalent than it ever was, but it is temporarily more interesting. During the weeks that followed Germany's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, the papers, especially those of New York and Boston, were full of detailed accounts of all sinkings of merchant ships by the U-boats. A torpedoed thousand-ton bark was good for a front-page "streamer" head. As a matter of fact, the total tonnage of ships sunk in December, 1916, was nearly as great as of those sunk in February; but U-boats and

their doings were more interesting in February.

Yellowing the news to make it interesting is reprehensible enough, but it is partly our own fault. The majority of us, unfortunately, would rather have our news exciting than accurate. Then, too, Americans are always after results. We would rather snatch a hasty, over-simplified view of an event by reading half a dozen lines of display type than dig into the fine print underneath to get at the real facts. The printing of news items that show bias, however, even when it is done to express the newspaper editor's sincerest convictions, has no honorable justification. The distinction between the news and editorial departments of a newspaper has been drawn for many years, and by this time any reader takes it for granted that expressions of editorial opinion will be confined to the editorial page. He accepts a news story as a statement of simple fact, and any display of partizanship, or even a distortion of the relative proportions of incidents, is a betrayal of his confidence. Therein lies the public's most just grievance against American newspapers. They do not play the game. They let us assume that they are giving us the unadorned truth; yet sometimes they give us less than the whole truth and sometimes a good deal more.

The commonest place for partiality to show is in the head-lines. Derogatory adjectives and adverbs are the usual symptoms: "PRISONER SULLENLY REFUSES TO TALK"; "WILSON PEEVISH AT CRITICISM." Another slightly less crude method of influencing the reader is to present only part of the story in the head. Last winter, for example, when food prices were high in New York, Mayor Mitchel was asked if it would not be possible for the city to buy food to resell to the poor at cost. He replied that although he thought the city ought to do this, he had not the power to authorize it; that he had vainly asked the state legislature to grant him just such power several times in the past. Reporting the interview, one New York news-

paper's head-line was, "MAYOR REFUSES PLEA FOR CITY HELP." In order to strengthen a story that is otherwise pure gossip, a copy-reader will often write a head that puts an accusation in the form of a question: for example, "GOVERNOR TO SURRENDER TO SALOON INTERESTS?" The question-mark will probably be overlooked by most readers, and it avoids libel suits.

Another effective way of making the reader see a thing "in the right light" is to begin a story with an editorial lead in which the significance of events is explained. Here is a sample, from a New York paper:

Dr. T. Iyenaga's almost open warning of war between Japan and the United States was regarded today by some of those who heard his address to the World's Court League as inspired. Dr. Iyenaga is regarded as the semi-official spokesman for the Japanese government.

A lead like this is unpardonable. It is none of a reporter's duty to explain that a speech is an "almost open warning of war." His job is to reproduce the alleged threat and let the reader judge for himself. If the reader lacks the brains to judge for himself, there is always the omniscient editorial page to enlighten him. Furthermore, who were the people that regarded this warning as inspired? "Some of those who heard the address" means nothing. It might refer to the editorial staff of the paper in question or to the waiters at the banquet. The last sentence of the extract is likewise unwarranted unless accompanied by corroborative evidence in the form of names of people who so "regard" Dr. Iyenaga.

There are other ways of getting expressions of editorial opinion into the news columns. One of them is a judicious use of "fillers." What more effective means of furthering your cause than to reprint a stirring editorial from a contemporary at the top of one of your news columns? Especially if you print it under a regular summary head-line, so that the only clue

MODIFIED SPY BILL REACHES THE HOUSE

Would Now Punish Attempts to
Obtain Information with
Intent to Hurt Defense.

WIDE POWERS TO PRESIDENT

House Measure Permits Him to Use
His Judgment in Defining
Forbidden Information.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—The Administration Spy bill, somewhat softened in the provisions that apply to newspapers and publicity generally, was introduced in the House today with a favorable committee report by Chairman Webb of the Judiciary Committee.

"WHEN ORACLES DISAGREE." TWO DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED INTERPRETATIONS OF THE PROVISIONS OF THE SAME BILL, AS EXPRESSED BY TWO NEW YORK PAPERS

to its real character is an obscure "says the Bordeaux Tageblatt" tucked away near the end of the lead. Signed articles are useful, too. A signed article is a good thing, but it is not news. When run under a news head, as it usually is, instead of under a title or label head, it has the effect of leading the reader to believe that he is reading facts rather than an expression of personal views. Phrases like "it is generally believed" or "opinion seems to be unanimous" abound in signed stories by correspondents. They are "generally regarded" to mean that the correspondent is guessing, and wants to make his guess sound like fact.

Then there is the old and tried device of the rubber-stamp interview. The editor of a Republican newspaper wishes to express his disgust at some act of a Democratic chief executive. The editorial writers are already preparing something hot for to-morrow's issue. But one editorial is not enough; four would be better. So a reporter is despatched to interview four prominent citizens. They are Republicans. They were born Republicans,

Press Restrictions Are Broadened in House Spy Bill

Measure, as Reported, Re-
garded as More Drastic
than Amended Sen-
ate Act

Washington, April 25.—Wider powers to gag the press and free speech than are conferred in the present draft of the espionage bill pending in the Senate are conferred in the bill reported to-day by the House Judiciary Committee.

The censorship section of the House bill follows:

and when they die they want to go to a Republican heaven. To them the mere fact that a man is a Democrat is prima-facie evidence that he must have fallen out of his cradle when young and done something to his brain. Naturally each considers the President's act a Dastardly Deed, and says so to the tune of half a column. The next morning behold four important interviews! The average reader, scanning the raucous head-lines,— "PRESIDENT'S COURSE AN OUTRAGE, SAYS FOOZLE"; "IS PRESIDENT INSANE? ASKS EX-GOV. JOBBLE"; "INCREDIBLE AND CRIMINAL BUNGLING—BEASELY"; "COL. TOOTLE CALLS PRES. AN ABYSSINIAN PARASANG,"—is deeply impressed to find such unanimity of opinion among the leaders of the nation. Can it be that his approval of the President's action was hasty and ill advised? The beauty of this method is that it cannot easily be attacked. You cannot deny an editor the right to publish interviews even when he knows beforehand what the opinions of those interviewed will be. The

fact that the views expressed are all on one side of the controversy might even be proof that there is no other side.

Perhaps it is a bit inhuman to expect our papers to maintain a lonely and awful impartiality in the face of the incorrigible partizanship of the rest of the world. Certainly it is no sin for a journalist to have strong convictions; and convictions tend disconcertingly to make for mental color-blindness, causing upright men to see yellow where there is truly white. It is doubtful whether any newspaper run by mere human beings could present facts absolutely uncolored by prejudice and bias. Unfortunately, the newspaper is the last to admit that it is a human institution. If we ask too much, it is because newspapers encourage our asking. Regard for a moment the editorial page, the one place in the paper where personal opinion finds legitimate expression, where the reader might expect to find some hint that, after all, news is handled by men and not by forces of nature. What do we find? At the top of the first column a few names—the officers of the corporation that owns the paper; possibly the editor-in-chief. In the last columns a few more names—the signature of you and me, who have written to the paper. Between, a dreary waste of unsigned editorials, thoughts plucked from the air, apparently, written by no human hand, dictated to the linotyper by unseen voices, for all the evidence to the contrary. The whole affair is as impersonal as a seed catalogue save for an occasional “we” thrown in to give the thing a chatty touch. Somewhere on the editorial page you will find a notice which announces in some form or other that “No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.” I know of no American newspaper that could logically publish its own editorials if that rule were enforced to the letter.

Read the editorials, and the oracular illusion is complete. For here opinions are offered not as opinions at all, but as facts. “We,” whoever he be, never opines, never conjectures, never wonders. He knows. “The President’s duty” is always “mani-

festly clear,” just as “the true significance of this act” is of course “instantly apparent.” The fact that the President’s duty

EXTRAVAGANT DEAL FOR SCHOOL ANNEX UP FOR HEARING

Real Estate Scheme Savoring
of Old Regime Confronts
Council.

FEW EXPECT IT TO PASS

HELPING THE READER TO MAKE UP HIS MIND, THIS
“NEWS” HEAD WOULD MAKE A GOOD OPENING
PARAGRAPH FOR AN EDITORIAL

and the significance of the act are equally manifest to the rival oracle up the street as something quite different never for a moment shakes our oracle’s faith in itself; for no newspaper was ever known to be wrong in its opinions or mistaken as to its facts. Why are bodies of men so much less likable than the individual men who compose them? If any American man were as cock-sure, intolerant, boastful, ungenerous, jealous, and unsportsmanlike in his utterances as the average American newspaper—but perhaps he, too, would be looked up to as a “molder of public opinion.”

The American press has a heavy responsibility during this troubled year of soul-searching and trial for America. Now, if ever, men need to know the simple truth of events, need the counsel that comes of sober thought well considered. Our newspapers do their work under fewer restrictions than those of any other nation. By giving us a respite from rumor

and guessing, by forgetting for a time the little squabbles and bickerings of politics, by helping us search for the truth instead of trying to prove their case, they have a chance to prove that their freedom is well deserved.

We who read the papers must learn to be a little less blind in our faith. If newspapers might be more conscientiously written, they might also be more intelligently read. It is hardly correct to say that we read our papers at all; we skim them. The American summary head-line is essentially an advertisement of the news—a few choice facts put in the show-case in the hope of inducing the reader to come inside the story to seek particulars. It is a characteristic institution of a people too much in a hurry, a people with so little intellectual curiosity that what it consents to read at all must not only be interesting, but must look it. We should not find it hard to sift truth from rumor and innuendo if we would only analyze what we do read. By ignoring the head-lines and discounting the leads one can free the truth from the reluctant clutches of even the yellowest of journals.

We should have a much clearer conception of what goes on in the world if we were all less unwilling to listen to what we do not want to hear. Our fa-

vorite newspaper is naturally and inevitably the one that most nearly sees things from our own point of view. Once in a while we may grudgingly glance through the columns of the organ of the other side, but our patience is short-lived. Unable to understand how any approximately human beings could hold such views as those expressed therein, we hurl aside the opposition sheet in disgust, and return anew to the Narcissus-like contemplation of the reflection of our own prejudices. The attitude of most of us toward opinion that differs from our own is almost exactly, "I never drink lemonade because, if I did, I might get to like it, and I hate the stuff."

If some of our newspapers tend to lapse from strict impartiality in reporting news, if their editorial reasoning is less incandescent than it might be, it is largely because a majority of the readers of any newspaper approach it already convinced. That is what makes them its readers. And one is likely to grow careless in a debate where there is no rebuttal. If the average American would make a point of regularly reading not only those newspapers that he liked and agreed with, but also those that he detested, he might ruin his temper beyond repair, but he would also emerge from the fray with a broadened outlook, a madder and wiser man.

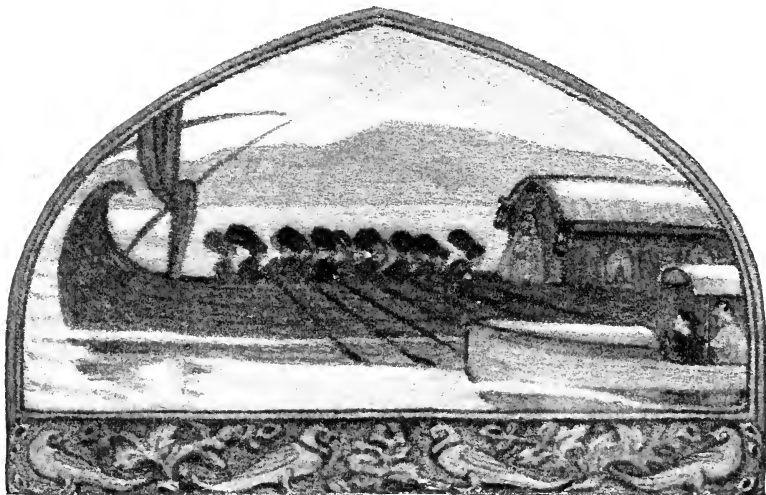


The Emperor of Elam

By H. G. DWIGHT

Author of "Like Michael," etc.

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones



I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

—ECCLESIASTES: ix. 11.

THE first of the two boats to arrive at this unappointed rendezvous was one to catch the eye even in that river of strange craft. She had neither the raking bow nor the rising poop of the local *mehala*, but a tall, in-curving beak not unlike those of certain Mesopotamian sculptures, with a windowed and curtained deck-house at the stern. She carried a short mast in the bow. The lateen sail was furled, however, and the galley was propelled at a fairly good gait by seven pairs of long

sweeps. They flashed none too rhythmically, it must be added, at the sun, which had just risen above the Persian mountains. Although the slit sleeves of the fourteen oarsmen, all of them young, and none of them ill to look upon, flapped decoratively enough about the handles of the sweeps, they could not be said to present a shipshape appearance. Neither did their black felt caps, fantastically tall, and knotted about their heads with gay-fringed scarfs.

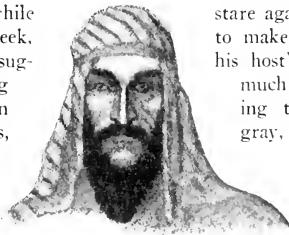
This barge had passed out of the Ab-i-Diz, and was making its stately enough way across the basin of divided waters below Bund-i-Kir, when from the mouth of the Ab-i-Gerger, the easterly of two turbid threads into which the Karun above this point is split by a long island, there shot a trim, white motor-boat. The noise

that she made in the breathless summer sunrise, intensified and reëchoed by the high clay banks that here rise thirty feet or more over the water, caused the rowers of the galley to look around. Then they dropped their sweeps in astonishment at the spectacle of the small boat cutting swiftly toward them without any effort on the part of the four men it contained, as if blown by the breath of jinn. The word *firingi*, however, passed around the deck—that word which in one form or another describes for the people of western Asia the people of Europe and their cousins beyond the seas. Among the friends of the jinn, of whom, as it happened, only two were Europeans, there also passed an explanatory word. But although they pronounced the strange oarsmen to be Lurs, they caused their jinnee to cease his panting, so struck were they by the appearance of the high-beaked barge.

The two craft drifted abreast of each other about midway in the sunken basin. As they did so, one of the Europeans in the motor-boat, a stocky, black-mustached fellow in blue overalls, wearing in place of the regulation helmet of that climate a greasy, black *béret* over one ear, lifted his hand from the wheel and called out the Arabic salutation of the country:

"Peace be unto you!"

"And to you peace!" responded a deep voice from the doorway of the deck-house. It was evident that the utterer of this friendly antiphon was not a Lur. Fairer, taller, stouter, and older than his wild-looking crew, he was also better dressed, in a girdled robe of gray silk, with a striped-silk scarf covering his hair and the back of his neck in the manner of the Arabs. A dark beard made his appearance more imposing, while two scars across his left cheek, emerging from the beard, suggested or added to something in him which might on occasion become formidable. As it was, he stepped forward with a bow, and addressed a slim young man who sat in the stern of the motor-boat.



"Shall we pass as Kinglake and the Englishman of the desert did in 'Eothen,' " asked the stranger, smiling, in a very good English, "because they had not been introduced? Or will you do me the honor to come on board my—ark?"

The slim young man, whose fair hair, smooth face, and white clothes made him the most boyish-looking of that curious company, lifted his white helmet and smiled in return.

"Why not?" he assented. And becoming aware that his examination of this surprising stranger, who looked down at him with odd, light eyes, was too near a stare, he added, "What on earth is your ark made of, Mr. Noah?"

What she was made of, as a matter of fact, was what heightened the effect of remoteness that she produced—a hard, dark wood unknown to the lower Karun, cut in lengths of not more than two or three feet, and calked with reeds and mud.

"'Make thee an ark of gopher wood,' " quoted the stranger; "'rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.' "

"Bitumen, eh?" exclaimed the slim young man. "Where did you get it?"

"Do you ask, you who drill oil at Meidan-i-Naft?"

"As it happens, I don't," said the slim young man, smiling.

"At any rate," continued the stranger, after a scarcely perceptible pause, "let me welcome you on board the ark." And when the unseen jinnee had made it possible for the slim young man to set foot on the deck of the barge, the stranger added, with a bow, "Magin is my name, —from Brazil."

If the slim young man did not stare again, he at least had time to make out that the oddity of his host's light eyes lay not so much in the fact of their failing to be distinctly brown, gray, or green as that they had

a translucent look. Then he responded briefly, holding out his hand:

"Matthews. But is n't this a long way from Rio de Janeiro?"

"Well," returned the other, "it 's not so near London. But come in and have something, won't you?" And he held aside the reed portière that screened the door of the deck-house.

"My word! you do know how to do for yourself!" exclaimed Matthews. His eye took in the Kerman embroidery on the table in the middle of the small saloon, the gazelle skins and silky Shiraz rugs covering the two divans at the sides, the fine Sumak carpet on the floor, and the lion-pelt in front of an inner door. "By Jove!" he exclaimed again, "that 's a beauty!"

"Ha!" laughed the Brazilian, "the Englishman spies his lion first!"

"Where did you find him?" asked Matthews, going around the table for a better look. "They 're getting few and far between around here, they say."

"Oh, they still turn up," answered the Brazilian, it seemed to Matthews, not too definitely. Before he could pursue the question further, Magin clapped his hands. Instantly there appeared at the outer door a bare-footed Lur whose extraordinary head-dress looked to Matthews even taller and more pontifical than those of his fellow-countrymen at the oars. The Lur, his hands crossed on his girdle, received a rapid order, and vanished as silently as he came.

"I wish I knew the lingo like that," commented Matthews.

Magin waved a deprecatory hand.

"One picks it up soon enough. Besides, what 's the use, with a man like yours? Who is he, by the way? He does n't look English."

"Who? Gaston? He is n't. He 's French, and he does n't know too much of the lingo; but the blighter could get on anywhere. He 's been all over the place—Algiers, Egypt, Bagdad. He 's been chauffeur to more nabobs in turbans than you can count. He 's a topping mechanic, too. The wheel has n't been invented that the beggar can't make go round. The only trouble he has is with his own. He keeps

time for a year or two, and then something happens to his mainspring, and he gets the sack. But he never seems to go home; he always moves on to some place where it 's hotter and dirtier. You should hear his stories; he 's an amusing devil."

"And perhaps not so different from the rest of us," threw out Magin. "What flea bites us? Why in the world should you come here, courting destruction in a cockle-shell that may at any minute split on a rock and spill you to the sharks, when you might be punting some pretty girl up the back-waters of the Thames? Why do I float around in this unseaworthy old ark of reeds and bulrushes, like an elderly Moses in search of a promised land, who should be sitting at home in the slippers of middle age? What is it? A sunstroke? This is hardly the land where Goethe's *Citronen blühen*."

"Damned if I know," said Matthews, laughingly. "I fancy we like a bit of a lark."

The Brazilian laughed, too.

"A bit of a lark!" he echoed.

Just then the silent Lur reappeared with a tray.

"I say!" protested Matthews, "whisky and soda at five o'clock in the morning in this weather!"

"Why not?" demanded Magin. "Are n't you an Englishman? You must n't shake the pious belief in which I was brought up, that you are all weaned with Scotch. Say when. It is n't every day that I have the pleasure of so fortunate an encounter." Rising, he lifted his glass, bowed, and said, "Here 's to a bit of lark, Mr. Matthews!"

The younger man rose to it, but inwardly he began to feel a little irked.

"By the way," he asked, taking a Turkish cigarette from the box on the tray, "can you tell me anything about the Abi-Diz? I dare say you must know something about it, since your men look as if they came from up that way. Is there a decent channel as far as Dizful?"

"Ah," uttered Magin, slowly, "is that where you are going?" He considered the question and his guest with a flicker in his

lighted eyes. "Well, decent is a relative word, you know. However, wonders can be accomplished with a stout rope and a gang of natives even beyond Dizful. But here you see me and my ark still whole, after a night journey, too. The worst thing is the sun. You see, I am more careful of my skin than you. As for the shoals, the rapids, the sharks, the lions, the nomads who pop at you from the bank, et cetera, you are an Englishman. Do you take an interest in antiques?" he broke off abruptly.

"Why, interest is a relative word, too, I imagine."

"Quite so," agreed the Brazilian. "I have rather a mania for that sort of thing, myself. Wait; let me show you." He went into the inner cabin. When he came back he held up an alabaster cup. "A Greek kylix," he cried—"pure Greek! What an outline, eh? This is what keeps me from putting on my slippers. I have no doubt Alexander left it behind him. Perhaps Hephæstion drank out of it, or Nearchus, to celebrate his return from India. The people who have come and gone through this country of Elam! I have discovered—but come in here." He pushed wider open the door of the inner cabin.

Matthews stepped into what was evidently a state-room. A broad bunk filled one side of it, near the head of which the visitor could not help remarking a second interior door. But his eye was chiefly struck by two, three, no, four, chests, which took up more of the narrow cabin than could be convenient for its occupant. They seemed to be made of the same mysterious, dark wood as the "ark," clamped with copper.

"My word! those are n't bad!" he ex-



claimed. "More of the spoils of Susa?"

"Ho! my trunks? I had them made up the river, like the rest. But I wonder what would interest you in my museum. Let 's see." He bent over one of the chests, unlocked it, rummaged under the cover, and brought out a broad metal circlet, which he handed to Matthews. "How would that do for a crown, eh?"

The young man took it over to the port-hole. The metal, he then saw, was a soft, antique gold, wrought into a decoration of delicate spindles, with a border of filigree. The thing was beautiful in itself and astonishingly heavy; but what it chiefly did for Matthews was to sharpen the sense of strangeness, of remoteness, which this bizarre galley, come from unknown waters, had brought into the familiar, muddy Karun.

"As a matter of fact," went on the Brazilian, "it 's an anklet. But can you make it out? Those spindles are Persian, while the filigree is more Byzantine than anything else. You find funny

things up there, in caves—"

He tossed a vague hand, into which Matthews put the anklet, saying:

"Take it before I steal it."

"Keep it, won't you?" said Magin.

"Oh, thanks; but I could hardly do that," Matthews replied.

"Why not?" protested Magin. "As a souvenir of a pleasant meeting. I have a ton of them." He waved his hand at the chests.

"No, really; thanks," persisted the young man. "And I 'm afraid we must be getting on. I don't know the river, you see, and I 'd like to reach Dizful before dark."

The Brazilian studied him a moment.

"As you say," he finally conceded; "but you will at least have another drink before you go?"

"No, not even that; thanks," said Matthews. "We really must be off. But it's been very decent of you."

He felt both awkward and amused as he backed out to the deck, followed by his imposing host. At sight of the two the crew scattered to their oars. They had been leaning over the side, absorbed in contemplation of the white jinn-boat. Matthews saw his Persian servant hand up to Magin's butler a tray of tea-glasses, among which stood a bottle. In honor of that bottle Gaston himself stood up and took off his greasy cap.

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," he said. "I have tasted nothing so good since I left France."

"In that case, my friend," rejoined Magin in French as good as his English, "it is time you returned." And he abounded in amiable speeches and ceremonious bows until the last *au revoir*.

"*Au plaisir!*" shouted back Gaston, having invoked his jinnee. Then, after a last look at the barge, he asked over his shoulder: "Who is this extraordinary type, Monsieur Guy? A species of an Arab who speaks French and English and who voyages in a galley from a museum!"

"A Brazilian, he says," imparted Monsieur Guy, whose surname was beyond Gaston's Gallic tongue.

"Ah, the uncle of America! That understands itself. He sent me out a cognac, too. And did he present you to his *dame de compagnie*? She put her head out of a port-hole to look at our boat. A Lur, like the others, but with a pair of blistering black eyes, and a jewel in her nose."

"It takes you, Gaston," said Guy Matthews, "to discover a dame of company."

AFTER the white motor-boat had disappeared in the glitter of the Ab-i-Diz, Senhor Magin, not unlike other fallible human beings when released from the necessity of keeping up a pitch, appeared to lose something of his gracious humor. So,

it happened, did his decorative boatmen, who had not expected to row twenty-five miles up-stream at a time when most people in that climate seek the relief of their *serdabs*. But when Brazilians command even a Lur may obey. Before nightfall the barge had reached the point where navigation ends. There Magin sent his majordomo ashore to procure mounts, and at sunset the two of them, followed by a horse-boy, rode northward six or seven miles till the city of Shuster rose dark above them in the summer evening, on its rock, which cleaves the Karun in two.

The bazaar by which they entered the town was deserted at that hour save by dogs that set up a terrific barking at the sight of strangers. Here the horse-boy lighted a vast white-linen lantern, which he proceeded to carry in front of the two riders. He seemed to know where he was going, for he led the way without a pause through long, blank, silent streets of indescribable filth and smells. The lampless gloom was deepened by jutting balconies and by innumerable *badgirs*, or air chimneys, that cut out a strange, black fretwork against amazing stars. At last the three stopped in front of a gate in the neighborhood of the citadel. This was not one of the gateways that separate the different quarters of Shuster, but a door in a wall, recessed in a tall arch, and ornamented with an extraordinary variety of iron clamps, knobs, locks, and knockers.

Of one of the latter the horse-boy made repeated use until some one shouted from inside. The horse-boy shouted back, and presently his lantern caught a glitter of two eyes at a slit. The eyes belonged to a cautious doorkeeper, who, after satisfying himself that the visitors were not enemies, admitted the Brazilian and the Lur into a vaulted brick vestibule. Then, having looked to his wards and bolts, he lighted Magin through a corridor, which turned into a low, tunnel-like passage. This led them into a sort of cloister, where a covered ambulatory inclosed a dark pool of stars; thence another passage brought them out into a great open court.

Here an invisible jet of water made an illusion of coolness in another larger pool, overlooked by a portico of tall, slim pillars. Between them Magin caught the glow of a cigar.

"Good evening, Ganz," his bass voice called from the court.

"Heaven! is that you?" replied the smoker of the cigar. "What are you doing here, in God's name? I imagined you at Mohammerah by this time, or even in the gulf." This remark, it may not be irrelevant to say, was in German, as spoken in the trim town of Zurich.

"And so I should have been," replied the polyglot Magin in the same language, mounting the steps of the portico and shaking his friend's hand, "but for—all sorts of things. If we ran aground once, we ran aground three thousand times. I begin to wonder if we shall get through the reefs at Ahwaz with all the rubbish I have on board."

"Ah, bah! You can manage, going down. But why do you waste your time in Shuster, with all that is going on in Europe?"

"H'm!" grunted Magin. "What is going on in Europe? A great family is wearing well-cut mourning, and a small family is beginning to turn green. How does that affect two quiet nomads in Elam, especially when one of them is a Swiss and one a Brazilian?" He laughed, and lighted a cigar the other offered him. "My dear Ganz, it is an enigma to me how a man who can listen to such a fountain and admire such stars can perpetually sigh after the absurdities of Europe.

Which reminds me that I met an Englishman this morning."

"Well, what of that? Are Englishmen so rare?"

"Alas! no, though I notice, my good Ganz, that you do your best to thin them out. This specimen was too typical for one to be able to describe him. Younger than usual, possibly;

yellow hair, blue eyes, constrained manner, everything to sample. He called himself Mark or Matthew. Rather their apostolic air, too, except that he was in the oil company's motor-boat, though he gave me to understand that he was not in the oil company."

"Quite so."

"I saw for myself that he knows nothing about archæology. Who is he? Lynch? Bank? Telegraph?"

"He 's not Lynch and he 's not bank and he 's not telegraph. Neither is he consul or even that famous railroad. He 's—English." And Ganz let out a thin chuckle at the success of his own characterization.

"Ah, so?" exclaimed Magin, elaborately. "I hear, by the way, that that famous railroad is not marching so fast. The Lurs don't like it. But sometimes even the English," he added, "have reasons for doing what they do. This one, at any rate, seemed more inclined to ask questions than to answer them. I confess I don't know whether it was because he had nothing to say or whether he preferred not to say it. Is he perhaps a son of papa, making the grand tour?"

"More or less. Papa gave him no great letter of credit, though. He came out to visit some of the oil people, and he 's been here long enough to learn quite a lot of Persian."

"Indeed! So he starts this morning, I take it, from Sheleilieh. But why the devil does he go to Dizful by himself?"

"And why the devil should n't he? He 's out here and he wants to see the sights, such as they are. So he 's going to look at the ruins of Susa and at your wonderful unspoiled Dizful. Then, the twenty-first, you know, is the coronation. So I gave him a letter to the Father of Swords, who—"

"Thunder and lightning!" Magin's heavy



voice resounded in the portico very like a bellow. "You, Ganz, sent this man to the Father of Swords? He might be one of those lieutenants from India who go smelling around in their holidays so pink and innocent."

"What is that to me?" demanded the Swiss, raising his own voice. "Or to you either? After all, Senhor Magin, are you the Emperor of Elam?"

The Brazilian laughed.

"Not yet. But for a man who perpetually sighs after Europe, Herr Ganz, and for a Swiss of the north, you strike me as betraying a singular lack of sensitiveness to certain larger interests of your race. However, what concerns me is that you should have informed this young man that Dizful is still 'unspoiled.' If Dizful is unspoiled, he might spoil it."

"Bah! He likes to play tennis and shoot. You know these English boys."

Magin considered those English boys in silence for a moment.

"Yes, I know them. This one told me he liked a bit of a lark. I know myself what a lark it is to navigate the Ab-i-Diz at the end of July. But what is most curious about these English boys is that when they go out for a bit of a lark they come home with Egypt or India in their pocket. Have you noticed that, Ganz? That's their idea of a bit of a lark. And with it all they are still children. What can one do with such people? Well, you will perhaps make me a little annoyance, Mr. Adolf Ganz, by sending your English boy up to Dizful to have a bit of a lark. However, he'll either give himself a sunstroke or get himself bitten in two by a shark. He asked me about the channel, and I had an inspiration. I told him he would have no trouble. So he'll go full speed, and we shall see what we shall see. Do you sell coffins, Mr. Ganz, in addition to all your other valuable merchandise?"

"Naturally, Mr. Magin," replied the Swiss. "But you have n't explained to me yet why you give me the pain of saying good-by to you a second time."

"Partly, Mr. Ganz, because I am tired of sleeping in an oven, and partly because

I—the Father of Swords has asked me to run up to Bala Bala before I leave."

"Speaking of the Father of Swords," said the Swiss, "did you give him an order?"

"I gave him an order. Did n't you pay it?"

"I thought twice about it; for unless you have struck oil up in that country of yours where nobody goes, or gold—"

"Mr. Adolf Ganz," remarked the Brazilian, with some pointedness, "all I ask of you is to respect my signature and to keep closed that many-tongued mouth of yours. I sometimes fear that in you the banker is inclined to exchange confidences with the chemist, or even with the son of papa who cashes a check. Eh? Never mind, though, Adolf. As a matter of fact, I have a high opinion of your discretion, so high that when I found the Imperial Bank of Elam I shall put you in charge of it. And you did me a real service by sending that motor-boat across my bow this morning; for in it I discovered just the chauffeur I have been looking for. I am getting tired of my galley, you know. You will see something startling when I come back."

"But," Ganz asked after a moment, "do you really expect to come back?"

"But what else should I do? End my days sneezing and sniffing by some polite lake of Zurich, like you, my poor Ganz, when you find in your hand the magic key that might unlock for you any door in the world? That, for example, is not my idea of a lark, as your son of papa would say. Men are astounding animals, I admit; but I never could live in Europe, where one can't turn around without stepping on some one else's toes. I want room; I want air; I want light. And for a collector, you know, America is, after all, a little bare. While here—"

"O God!" cried Adolf Ganz out of his dark Persian portico.

As Gaston very truly observed, there are moments in Persia when even the most hardened chauffeur is capable of an emotion, and an unusual number of such

moments enlivened for Gaston and his companions their cruise up the Ab-i-Diz. Indeed, Matthews asked himself more than once why he had chosen so doubtful a road to Dizful when he might much more easily have ridden there and at night. It certainly was not beautiful, that river of brass zigzagging out of sight of its empty hinterland. Very rarely did anything so visible as a palm lift itself against the blinding Persian blue. Konar-trees were commoner, their dense, round masses sometimes shading a whitewashed tomb or a black tent. Once or twice, at sight of the motor-boat, a native canoe took refuge at the mouth of one of the gullies that scarred the bank like sun-cracks. Generally, however, there was nothing to be seen between the water and the sky but two yellow walls of clay, topped by endless thickets of tamarisk and scrub. Matthews wondered, disappointed, whether a jungle looked like that, and if some black-maned lion walked more softly in it or snoozed less soundly, hearing the pant of the unknown creature in the river. But there was no lack of more immediate lions in the path. The sun, for one thing, as the Brazilian had predicted, proved a torment against which double awnings faced with green were of small avail. Then the treacheries of a crooked and constantly shallowing channel needed all the attention the travelers could spare. And the rapids of Kaleh Bunder, where a rocky island flanked by two reefs threatened to bar any farther progress, afforded the liveliest moments of their day.

The evening of that day, nevertheless, found our sight-seer smoking cigarettes in Shir Ali Khan's garden at Dizful and listening to the camel-bells that jingled from the direction of certain tall, black, pointed arches straddling the dark river. When Matthews looked at those arches by sunlight, and at the queer, old, flat-topped, yellow town peering through them, he regretted that he had made up his mind to continue his journey so soon. However, he was coming back. So he packed off Gaston and the Bakhtiyari to Sheleilieh, where they and their motor belonged, and

he himself, with his servant Abbas and the *charvadar* of whom they hired horses, set out at nightfall for the mountain citadel of Bala Bala. For there the great Salman Taki Khan, otherwise known as the Father of Swords, chieftain of the lower Lurs, was to celebrate, as became a redoubtable vassal of a remote and youthful suzerain, the coronation of Ahmed Shah Kajar.

It was morning again when, after a last scramble up a trough of rocks and gravel too steep for riding, the small cavalcade came to the edge of a village of black tents pitched in a grassy hollow between two heights. The nearer and lower was a detached cone of rock crowned by a rude castle. The other peak, less precipitous, afforded foothold for scattered scrub-oaks and for a host of slowly moving sheep and goats. Below them the plateau looked down on two sides into two converging valleys. And the clear air was full of the noise of a brook that cascaded between the scrub-oaks of the higher mountain, raced past the tents, and plunged out of sight in the narrower gorge.

Here an old Lur, putting his two hands to the edge of his black cap, saluted Guy Matthews in the name of the Father of Swords. The Lur then led the way to a trail that zigzagged up the lower part of the rocky cone. He explained the quantity of loose boulders obstructing the path by saying that they had been left there to roll down on whoever should visit the Father of Swords without an invitation. That such an enterprise would not be too simple became more evident when the trail turned into a cave, from which a succession of courts and corridors and stairs brought them into what was evidently a room of state. It contained no furniture, to be sure, save for the handsome rugs on the floor. The room did not look bare, however, for its lines were broken by a big, pillared alcove and by a continuous succession of niches. Between and above the niches the walls were decorated with plaster reliefs of arabesques and flowers. Matthews wondered if those black hats were capable of that. But what chiefly

caught his eye was the terrace opening out of the room, and the stupendous view.

The terrace hung over a green chasm where the two converging gorges met at the foot of the crag of Bala Bala. Matthews looked down as from the prow of a ship into the tumbled country below him, through which a river flashed sinuously toward the far-away haze of the plains. The sound of water filling the still, clear air, the brilliance of the morning light, the wildness and remoteness of that mountain aery, so different from anything he had yet seen, added a new strangeness to the impressions of which the young man had been having many.

"What a pity to spoil it with a railroad!" he could not help thinking as he leaned over the parapet of the terrace.

"Sahib!" suddenly whispered Abbas behind him.

Matthews turned, and saw in the doorway of the terrace a personage who could be none other than his host. In place of the *kola* of his people this personage wore a great white turban, touched with gold. The loose, blue *aba* enveloping his large figure was also embroidered in gold. Not the least striking detail of his appearance, however, was his beard, which had a pronounced tendency toward scarlet. His nails were likewise reddened with henna, reminding Matthews that the hands belonging to the nails were rumored to bear even more sinister stains. The bottomless, black eyes peering out from under the white turban lent surprising credibility to such rumors. But there was no lack of graciousness in the gestures with which those famous hands saluted the visitor and pointed him to a seat of honor on the rug beside the Father of Swords. The Father of Swords furthermore pronounced his heart uplifted to receive a friend of Ganz Sahib, that prince among the merchants of Shuster. Yet he did not hesitate to express a certain surprise at discovering in the friend of the prince among the merchants of Shuster one still in the flower of youth, who at the same time exhibited the features of good fortune and the lineaments of prudence. And he inquired as

to what sorrow had led one so young to fold the carpet of enjoyment and to wander so far from his parents.

Matthews, disdaining the promptings of Abbas, who stood apart like a statue of obsequiousness, each hand stuck into the sleeve of the other, responded as best he might. In the meantime tea and candies were served by a black hat on bended knee, who also produced a pair of ornate pipes. The Father of Swords marveled that Matthews should abandon the delights of Shuster in order to witness his poor celebrations of the morrow in honor of the coronation. And had he felt no fear of robbers during his long night ride from Dizful? After this he asked if the young *firengi* was of the company of those who dug for the poisoned water of Bakhtiyari-land, or whether perchance he was of the people of the chain.

These figures of speech would have been too dark for Matthews if Abbas had not hinted something about oil rigs. He accordingly confessed that he had nothing to do with either of the two enterprises. The Father of Swords then expatiated on those who caused the Lurs to seize the hand of amazement with the teeth of chagrin by dragging through their valleys a long chain, as if they meant to take prisoners. These unwelcome *firengis* were also to be known by certain intriguing inventions on three legs into which they would gaze by the hour. Were they warriors threatening devastation, or were they magicians spying into the future and laying a spell upon the people of Luristan? Their own account of themselves the Father of Swords found far from satisfactory, claiming, as they did, that they proposed to build a road of iron whereby it would be possible for a man to go from Dizful to Khoramabad in a day. In one day! For the rest, what business had the people of Dizful, too many of whom were Arabs, in Khoramabad, a city of Lurs? Let the men of Dizful remain in Dizful, and those of Khoramabad continue where they were born. As for him, his white mules needed no road of iron to carry him about his affairs.



"THE FATHER OF SWORDS STROKED HIS SCARLET BEARD"

Matthews, recalling his own thoughts as he leaned over the parapet of the terrace, spoke consolingly to the Father of Swords concerning the people of the chain. The Father of Swords listened to him, drawing meditatively at his water-pipe. He thereupon inquired if Matthews was acquainted with another friend of the prince among the merchants of Shuster, himself a *firengi* by birth, though recently persuaded of the truths of Islam; and not like this visitor of good omen, in the bloom of youth, but bearded and hardened in battles, bearing the scars of them on his face.

Matthews began to go over in his mind the short list of Europeans he had met on the Karun, till he suddenly bethought him of that extraordinary barge he had encountered—could it be only a couple of days ago?

"Magin Sahib?" he asked. "I know him, if he is the one who travels in the river in a *mehala* not like other *mehalas*, rowed by Lurs."

"That is a musk which discloses itself by its scent, and not what the perfumers impose upon us," quoted the Father of Swords. "This man," he continued, "our friend and the friend of our friend, warned me that they of the chain are sons of oppression, destined to bring sorrow to the Lurs. Surely my soul is tightened, not knowing whom I may believe."

"Rum bounder!" said Matthews to himself. He began to find more in this interview than he had expected. He was tickled at his host's flowery forms of speech, and after all rather sympathized with the suspicious old ruffian. Yet it was not for him to fail in loyalty toward the "people of the chain." Several of them he knew, as it happened, and they had delighted him with their wild yarns of surveying in Luristan. So he managed no more than to achieve an appearance of slightly offended dignity.

Considering which out of those opaque eyes, the Father of Swords clapped those famous hands and commanded a responsive black-hatted servant to bring him his new chest. At that Matthews pricked up

interested ears indeed. The chest, however, proved to be nothing at all like the one out of which the Brazilian had taken his gold anklet. It was small and painted green, though handsomely enough provided with triple locks of beaten iron. The Father of Swords unlocked them deliberately, withdrew from an inner compartment a round tin case, and from that a roll of parchment, which he pressed to his lips with great solemnity. He then handed it to Matthews.

He was one to take things as they came and not to require, even east of Suez, the spice of romance with his daily bread. But it was not every day that he squatted on the same rug with a scarlet-bearded old cutthroat of a mountain chief. So it was that his more or less casual lark visibly took on a new and curious color as he unrolled a gaudy emblazonment of eagles at the top of the parchment; for below the eagle he came upon what he darkly made out to be a species of treaty, inscribed neither in the Arabic nor in the Roman, but in the German character, between the Father of Swords and a more notorious war lord. And below that was signed, sealed, and imposingly paraphed the signature of one Julius Magin. This was indeed a novel aspect for a Brazilian, however versatile, to reveal.

Guy Matthews permitted himself a smile.

"You do not kiss it?" observed the Father of Swords, as it were with a shade of fatherly admonition.

"In my country—" Matthews began.

"But it is, may I be your sacrifice," interrupted the Father of Swords, "a letter from the shah of the shahs of the *firengis*!" It was evident that he was both impressed and certain of impressing his hearer. "He has promised eternal peace to me and to my people."

The Englishman in Matthews permitted him a second smile.

"The Father of Swords," he said, "speaks a word which I do not understand. I am a *firengi*, but I have never heard of a shah of the shahs of the *firengis*. In Islam are there not many who rule? And among

them what *firengi* can say who is the great-est? So also is it in Firengistan. As for this paper, it is written in the tongue of a king smaller than the one whose subject I am, whose crown has been worn by few fathers. But the name at the bottom of the paper is not his. It is not even a name known to the *firengis* when they speak among themselves of the great of their lands. Where did you see him?"

The Father of Swords stroked his scarlet beard, and looked at his young visitor with more of a gleam in the dull black of his eyes than Matthews had hitherto noticed.

"Truly is it said, 'Fix not thy heart on what is transitory, for the Tigris will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of califs is extinct.' You make it clear to me that you are of the people of the chain."

"If I were of the people of the chain," protested Matthews, "there is no reason why I should hide it. The people of the chain do not steal secretly through the valleys of Pusht-i-Kuh, telling the Lurs lies and giving them papers in the night. I am not one of the people of the chain, but the king of the people of the chain is also my king. And he is a great king, lord of many lands and many seas, who has no need of secret messengers, hostlers and scullions of whom no one has heard, to persuade strangers of his greatness."

"Your words do not persuade me," cried the Father of Swords. "A wise man is like a jar in the house of the apothecary, silent, but full of virtues. If the king who sent me this letter has such hostlers and such scullions, how great must be his khans and vizirs! And why do the Turks trust him? Why do the other *firengis* allow his ships in Bushir and Basra? Or why do not the people of the chain better prove the character of their lord? But the hand of liberality is stronger than the arm of power. This king against whom you speak heard me draw the sigh of affliction from the bosom of uncertainty. He deigned to regard me with the eye of patronage, sending me good words and promises of peace and friendship. He will

not permit the house of Islam to be troubled. From many indeed we have heard it."

"Ah," exclaimed Matthews, "now I understand why you have not kept your promises to the people of the chain!" He rubbed his thumb against his forefinger in the gesture of the East that signifies the payment of money.

"Why not?" demanded the Father of Swords, angrily. "The duty of a king is munificence, or why should there be a way to pass through my mountains? Has it ever been said of the Lur that he stepped back before a stranger? That is for the shah in Teheran, who has become the bondman of the Russian. Let the people of the chain learn that my neck does not know how to bow. And what guest are you to sprinkle my sore with the salt of harsh words? A boy who comes here no one knows why, on hired horses, with only one follower to attend him!"

Matthews flushed.

"Salman Taki Khan," he retorted, "it is true that I come to you humbly, having no beard, and your beard is already white, and you can call out thirty thousand men to follow you. Yet a piece of gold will make you believe a lie! And know that whether I give you back this paper to put into your chest, or whether I spit on it and tear it in pieces and throw it to the wind of that valley, it is one!"

To which the Father of Swords made emphatic enough rejoinder by snatching the parchment away, rising to his feet, and striding out of the room without a word.

THE festivities in honor of the shah's coronation took place at Bala Bala with due solemnity. Among the black tents there was much plucking of plaintive strings, there was more stuffing of mutton and *pilau*, and after dark many little rock-ets, improvised out of gunpowder and baked clay, traced brief arabesques of gold against the black of the underlying gorges. The castle celebrated in the same simple way. The stuffing, to be sure, was more prolonged and recondite, while dancers imported from Dizful swayed and snapped

their fingers, singing for the pleasure of the Father of Swords.

The eyes of the Father of Swords glimmered perceptibly when they rested on the unannounced visitor for whom he fished out, with his own hennaed fingers, the fattest morsels of mutton and the juiciest sweets, a personage not unknown to this record, whether as Senhor Magin of Brazil or as the emissary of the shah of the shahs of Firengistan. For not only had he felt impelled to say good-by a second time to his friend Adolf Ganz, prince among the merchants of Shuster; he had even postponed his voyage down the Karun long enough to make one more journey overland to Bala Bala. And he heard there, not without interest, the story of the short visit and the sudden flight of the young Englishman he had accidentally met on the river.

As for Matthews, he celebrated the coronation at Dizful in bed. And by the time he had slept off his fag, Bala Bala and the Father of Swords and the green chest and the ingenious Magin looked to him more than ever like figures of myth. He was too little of the timber out of which journalists, romancers, or diplomats are made to take them very seriously. So he remained in Dizful.

The moon of those Arabian nights was nearing its first quarter when Dizful treated Matthews to a fresh discovery. It contained, Abbas informed him with some mystery after one of his prolonged visits to the bazaar, another *firengi*. This *firengi's* servant, moreover, had given Abbas explicit directions as to the whereabouts of the *firengi's* house, in order that Abbas might give due warning, as is the custom of the country, of a call from Matthews. Whereat Matthews made the surprising announcement that he had not come to Dizful to call on *firengis*. The chief charm of Dizful for him, as a matter of fact, was that he there felt himself free of the social obligations under which he had lain rather longer than he liked. But if Abbas was able to resign himself to this new proof of the eccentricity of his master, the unknown *firengi* apparently was

not. At all events, Matthews soon made another discovery as to the possibilities of Dizful. An evening or two later, as he loitered on the bridge watching a string of loaded camels, a respectable-looking old gentleman in a black *aba* addressed him in French. French in Dizful! And it appeared that this remarkable Elamite was a Jew who had picked up in Bagdad the idiom of Paris! He went on to describe himself as the "agent" of a distinguished foreign resident who, the linguistic old gentleman gave Matthews to understand, languished for a sight of the new-comer, and was unable to understand why he had not already been favored with a call. His pain was the deeper because the new-comer had recently enjoyed the hospitality of this distinguished foreign resident on a little yacht on the river.

"The unmitigated bounder!" exclaimed Matthews, unable to deliver himself of that sentiment in French, and turning upon the stupefied old gentleman a rude Anglo-Saxon back. "He has cheek enough for anything."

He had enough, at any rate, to knock the next afternoon, unannounced, on Matthews's gate, to follow Matthews's servant into the house without waiting to hear whether Matthews would receive him, to present himself at the door of the dim underground *serdab* where Matthews lounged in his pajamas till it should be cool enough to go out, to make Matthews the most ceremonious of bows, and to give that young man a half-amused, half-annoyed consciousness of being put at his ease. The advantage of position, Matthews had good reason to feel, was with him. He knew more about the bounder than the bounder thought, and it was not he who had knocked at the bounder's gate. What annoyed him, what amused him, what despite himself impressed him, was to see how the bounder ignored advantages of position. Matthews had forgotten, too, what an imposing person Magin really was. And measuring his tall figure, listening to his deep voice, looking at his light eyes and his two sinister scars and the big shaved dome of a head which

he this time uncovered, the young man wondered whether there might be something more than fantastic about this navigation of strange waters. It was rather odd, at all events, how he kept bobbing up, and what a power he had of quickening—what? A school-boyish sense of the romantic or mere vulgar curiosity? For he suddenly found himself aware that what he knew about his visitor was less than what he desired to know.

The visitor made no haste, however, to volunteer any information. Nor did he make of Matthews any but the most perfunctory inquiries.

"And Monsieur— What was his name? Your Frenchman?" he continued.

"Gaston. He 's not my Frenchman, though," replied Matthews. "He went back long ago."

"Oh," uttered Magin. He declined the refreshments which Abbas at that point produced, even to the cigarette Matthews offered him. He merely glanced at the make. Then he examined, with a flicker of amusement in his eyes, the bare white-washed room. A runnel of water trickled across it in a stone channel that widened in the middle into a shallow pool. "A bit of a lark, eh? I remember that *mot* of yours, Mr. Matthews. To sit steaming, or perhaps I should say dreaming, in a sort of Turkish bath in the bottom of Elam while over there in Europe—"

"Is there anything new?" asked Matthews, recognizing his caller's habit of finishing a sentence with a gesture. "Archdukes and that sort of thing don't seem to matter much in Dizful. I have even lost track of the date."

"I would not have thought an Englishman so—*dolce far niente*," said Magin. "It is perhaps because we archaeologists feed on dates. I happen to recollect, though, that we first met on the eighteenth of July, and to-day, if you would like to know, is Saturday, the first of August, 1914." The flicker of amusement in his eyes became something more inscrutable. "But there is a telegraph even in Elam," he went on. "A little news trickles out of it now and then. Don't

you ever catch, perhaps, some echo of the trickle?"

"That 's not my idea of a lark," said Matthews, and laughed.

Magin regarded him a moment.

"Well," he conceded, "Europe does take on a new perspective from the point of view of Susa. I see you are a philosopher, sitting amidst the ruins of empires and wisely preferring the trickle of your fountain to the trickle of the telegraph. If Austria falls to pieces, if Serbia reaches the Adriatic, what is that to us? Nothing but a story that in Elam has been told too often to have any novelty, eh?"

"Why," asked Matthews, quickly, "is that on already?"

Magin looked at him again a moment before answering:

"Not yet. But why," he added, "do you say already?"

His voice had a curious rumble in the dim stone room. Matthews wondered whether it was because the acoustic properties of a *serdab* in Dizful differ from those of a galley on the Karun, or whether there really was something new about him.

"Why, it 's bound to come sooner or later, is n't it? If it 's true that all the way from Nish to Ragusa those chaps speak the same language and belong to the same race, one can hardly blame them for wanting to do what the Italians and the Germans have already done. And, as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires, would n't you say yourself that Austria has bitten off rather more than she can chew?"

"Very likely I should." Magin took a cigar out of his pocket, snipped off the end with a patent cutter, lighted it, and regarded the smoke with a growing look of amusement. "But," he went on, "as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires, I should hardly confine that observation to Austria-Hungary. For instance, I have heard"—and his look of amusement verged on a smile—"of an island in the Atlantic Ocean not much larger than the land of Elam, an island of rains and fogs, whose people, feeling the need of a little more sunlight perhaps, or

of pin-money and elbow-room, sailed away and conquered for themselves two entire continents, as well as a good part of a third. I have also heard that the inhabitants of this island, not content with killing and enslaving so many defenseless fellow-creatures, or with picking up any lesser island, cape, or bay that happened to suit their fancy, took it upon themselves to govern several hundred million unwilling persons of all colors and religions in other parts of the world. And, having thus procured both sunlight and elbow-room, those enterprising islanders assumed a virtuous air and pushed the high cries, as our friend Gaston would say, if any of their neighbors ever showed the slightest symptom of following their very successful example. Have you ever heard of such an island? And would you not say, as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires, that it had also bitten off rather more than it could chew?"

Matthews, facing the question and the now open smile, felt that he wanted to be cool, but did not altogether succeed.

"I dare say that two or three hundred years ago we did things we would n't do now. Times have changed in all sorts of ways. But we never set out like a Cæsar or a Napoleon or a Bismarck to invent an empire. It all came about quite naturally. Anybody else could have done the same; but nobody else thought of it at the time. We simply got there first."

"Ah?" Magin smiled more broadly. "It seems to me that I have heard of another island, not so far from here, which is no more than a pin-point, to be sure, but which happens to be the key of the Persian Gulf. I have also heard that the Portuguese got there first, as you put it. But you crushed Portugal, you crushed Spain, you crushed Holland, you crushed France—or you meant to. And I must say it looks to me as if you would not mind crushing Germany. Why do you go on building ships, building ships, building ships, always two to Germany's one? Simply that you and your friends can go on eating up Asia and Africa and perhaps Germany, too."

Matthews noticed that the elder man ended, at any rate, not quite so coolly as he began.

"Nonsense! The thing's so simple it is n't worth repeating. We have to have more ships than anybody else because our empire is bigger than anybody else's and more scattered. As for eating, it strikes me that Germany has done more of that lately than any one. However, if you know so much about islands, you must also know how we happened to go into India or Egypt. In the beginning it was pure accident. And you know very well that if we left them to-morrow there would be the devil to pay. Do we get a penny out of them?"

"Oh, no," said Magin, laughingly; "you administer them purely on altruistic principles, for their own good and that of the world at large—like the oil-wells of the Karun!"

"Well, since you put it that way," said Matthews, and laughed in turn, "perhaps we do."

Magin shrugged his shoulders.

"Extraordinary people! Do you really think the rest of the world so stupid? Or is it that the fog of your island has got into your brains? You always talk about truth as if it were a patented British invention, yet no one is less willing to call a spade a spade. Look at Cairo, where you pretend to keep nothing but a consul-general, but where the ruler of the country can't turn over in bed without his permission. A consul-general! Look at your novels! Look at what you yourself are saying to me! A man ought to say things out, and stick by them," Magin continued. "He is less likely to get into trouble afterward. For example, it would have been not only more honest, but more advantageous for your country, if you had openly annexed Egypt in the beginning. Now where are you? You continually have to explain, and to watch very sharply lest some other consul-general tell the khedive to turn over in bed. And since you and the Russians intend to eat up Persia, why on earth don't you do it frankly, instead of trying not to frighten the Persians, and

talking vaguely about spheres of influence, neutral zones, and what not? I'm afraid the truth is that you're getting old and fat. What?" He glanced over his cigar at Matthews, who was regarding the trickle of the water beside them. "Those Russians are younger," he went on. "They have still to be reckoned with. And they are n't so squeamish either in novels or in life. Look at what they have done in their 'sphere.' They have roads, they have Cossacks, they have the shah under their thumb. And whenever they choose they shut the Bagdad trail against your caravans—yours, with whom they have an understanding! A famous understanding! You don't even understand how to make the most of your own sphere. You have had the Karun in your hands for three hundred years, and what have you done with it? Why, in heaven's name, did n't you blast out that rock at Ahwaz long ago? Why have n't you made a proper road to Ispahan? Why don't you build that railroad to Khoramabad that you are always talking about, and finish it before the Germans get to Bagdad? Ah, if they had been here in your place, you would have seen!"

"It strikes me," retorted Matthews, with less coolness than he had yet shown, "that you are here already—from what the Father of Swords told me." And he looked straight at the man who had told him that an Englishman could n't call a spade a spade. But he saw anew how that man could ignore an advantage of position.

Magin returned the look frankly, humorously, quizzically. Then he said:

"You remind me, by the way, of a question I came to ask you. Would you object to telling me what you are up to here?"

"What am I up to?" queried Matthews, in astonishment. The check of the boulder was really beyond everything. "What do you mean?"

Magin smiled.

"I am not an Englishman. I mean what I say."

"No, you're not," Matthews threw

back at him. "No Englishman would try to pass himself off for a Brazilian."

Magin smiled again.

"Nor would a German jump too hastily at conclusions. If I told you I was from Brazil, I spoke the truth. I was born there, as were many Englishmen I know. That makes them very little less English, and it has perhaps made me more German. But to return to our point: what are you doing here?"

"I'm attending to my business, which seems to me more than you are doing, Mr. Magin."

Matthews noticed, from the reverberation of the room, that his voice must have been unnecessarily loud. He busied himself with the bowl of his pipe. As for Magin, he got up and began walking to and fro, drawing at his cigar. The red of it showed how much darker the room had been growing. It increased, too, the curious effect of his eyes, making them look like two empty holes in a mask.

"Eh, too bad!" sighed the visitor at last. "You disappoint me, do you know? You are of course much younger than I, but you made me hope that you were perhaps—how shall I put it?—a spirit of the first class. I hoped that without padding, without rancor, like true philosophers, we might exchange our points of view. However, since it suits you to stand on your dignity, I must say that I am very distinctly attending to my business. And I am obliged to add that it does not help my business, Mr. Matthews, to have you sitting so mysteriously in Dizful, and refusing to call on me, but occasionally calling on nomad chiefs. I confess that you don't look to me like a spy. Spies are generally older men than you, more cooked, as Gaston would say, more fluent in languages. It does not seem to me, either, that even an English spy would go about his affairs quite as you have done. Still, I regret to have to repeat that I dislike your idea of a lark. And not only because you upset nomad chiefs. You upset other people as well. You might even end by upsetting yourself."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded

Matthews, hotly. "The Emperor of Elam?"

"Ha, I see you are acquainted with the excellent Adolf Ganz," laughingly replied Magin. "No," he went on in another tone; "his viceroy, perhaps. But as I was saying, it does not suit me to have you stopping here. I can see, however, that you have reason to be surprised, possibly annoyed, at my telling you so. I am willing to be reasonable about it. How much do you want—for the expenses of your going away?"

Matthews could hardly believe his ears. He got up in turn.

"What in the devil do you mean by that?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Matthews," answered the other slowly, "that my knowledge of your language does not permit me to make myself clear to you. Perhaps you will understand me better if I quote from yourself. I got here first. Did you ever put your foot into this country until two weeks ago? Did your countrymen ever trouble themselves about it, even after Layard showed them the way? No; they expressly left it outside of their famous 'sphere,' in that famous neutral zone. And all these centuries it has been lying here in the sun, asleep, forgotten, deserted, lost, given over to nomads and to lions, until I came. I am the first European since Alexander the Great who has seen what it might be. It is not so impossible that I might open again those choked-up canals which once made these burned plains a paradise. In those mountains I have found—what I have found. What right have you to interfere with me, who are only out for a lark? Or what right have your countrymen? They have already, as you so gracefully express it, bitten off so much more than they can chew. The gulf, the Karun, the oil-wheels, they are yours. Take them. But Bagdad is ours. And if you will exercise that logical process of which your British mind appears to be not altogether destitute, you can hardly help seeing that this part of your famous neutral zone, if not the whole of it, falls into the sphere of Bagdad. You know,

too, that we do things more thoroughly than you. Therefore I must very respectfully, but very firmly, ask you, at your very earliest convenience, to leave Dizful. I am quite willing to believe, however, that your interference with my arrangements was accidental. And I dislike to put you to any unnecessary trouble. So I shall be happy to compensate you, in marks, *tomans*, or pounds sterling, for any disappointment you may feel in bringing this lark to an end. Do you now understand me? How much do you want?"

He perceived, Guy Matthews, that his lark had indeed taken an unexpected turn. He was destined, far sooner than he dreamed, to be asked of life, and to answer, questions even more direct than this. But until now life had chosen to confront him with no problem more pressing than one of cricket or hunting. He was therefore troubled by an unwonted confusion of feelings. For he felt that his ordinary vocabulary, made up of such substantives as "lark," "cheek," and "boulder," and the comprehensive adjective "rum," fell short of coping with this extraordinary speech. He even felt that he might possibly have answered in a different way but for that unspeakable offer of money. And the rumble of Magin's bass in the dark stone room somehow threw a light on the melancholy land without, somehow gave him a dim sense that he did not answer for himself alone; that he answered for the tradition of Layard and Rawlinson and Morier and the Sherleys, of Clive and Kitchener, of Drake and Raleigh and Nelson, of all the adventurous young men of that beloved foggy island at which this pseudo-Brazilian jeered.

"When I first met you on the river, Mr. Magin," he said quietly, "I confess I did not realize how much of the spoils of Susa you were carrying away in your chests. And I did n't take your gold anklet as a bribe, though I did n't take you for too much of a gentleman in offering it to me. But all I have to say now is that I shall stay in Dizful as long as I please, and that you had better clear out of this house unless you want me to kick you out."

Magin laughed.

"Heroics, eh? You obstinate little fool, I could choke you with one hand!"

"You 'd better try!" cried Matthews.

He started despite himself when a muffled boom suddenly answered him, jarring even the sunken walls of the room. Then he remembered the sunset gun, that voice of the drowsing city, bursting out with the pent-up brew of the day.

"Ah!" exclaimed Magin, strangely, "the cannon speaks at last! You will hear, beside your fountain, what it has to say. That, at any rate, you will perhaps understand—you and the people of your island." He stopped a moment. "But," he went on, "if some fasting dervish knocks you on the head with his mace or sticks his knife into your back, don't say I did n't warn you!"

And the echo of his receding stamp in the corridor drowned for a moment the trickle of the invisible water.

THE destiny of some men lies coiled within them, invisible as the blood of their hearts or the stuff of their will, working darkly, day by day and year after year, for their glory or for their destruction. The destiny of other men is an accident, a god from the machine or an enemy in ambush. Such was the destiny of Guy Matthews, as it was of how many other unsuspecting young men of his time. It would have been inconceivable to him, as he stood in his dark stone room listening to Magin's receding stamp, that anything could make him do what Magin demanded. Yet something did, the last drop of the strange essence Dizful had been brewing for him.

The letter that accomplished this miracle came to him by the hand of a Bakhtiyari from Meidan-i-Naft. It said very little. It said so little, and that little so briefly, that Matthews, still preoccupied with his own quarrel, at

first saw no reason why a stupid war on the Continent, and the consequent impossibility of telegraphing home except by way of India, should affect the oil-works, or why his friends should put him in the position of showing Magin the white feather. But as he turned over the Bakhtiyari's scrap of paper the meaning of it grew, in the light of the very circumstances that made him hesitate, so portentously that he sent Abbas for horses. And before the Ramazan gun boomed again he was well on his way back to Meidan-i-Naft.

There was something unreal to him about that night ride eastward across the dusty, moonlit plain. He never forgot that night. The unexpectedness of it was only a part of the unreality. What pulled him up short was a new quality in the general unexpectedness of life. Life had always been, like the trip from which he was returning, more or less of a lark. Whereas it suddenly appeared that life might, perhaps, be very little of a lark. So far as he had ever pictured life to himself he had seen it as an extension of his ordered English country-side, beset by no hazard more searching than a hawthorn hedge. But the plain across which he rode gave him a new picture of it, lighted romantically enough by the moon, yet offering a rider magnificent chances to break his neck in some invisible nullah, if not to be waylaid by marauding Lurs or lions. It even began to come to this not too articulate young man that romance and reality might be the same thing, romance being what happens to the other fellow and reality being what happens to you. He looked up at the moon of war that had been heralded to him by cannon, and tried to imagine what, under that same moon far away in Europe, was happening to the other fellow. His own experience had an extraordinary air of having happened to some one else, as he went back in his mind to his



cruise on the river, his meeting with the barge, his first glimpse of Dizful, the interlude of Bala Bala, the return to Dizful, the cannon, Magin. Magin! He was extraordinary enough, in all conscience, as Matthews tried to piece together the various unrelated fragments his memory produced of that person—connoisseur of Greek kylixes and Lur nose-jewels, quoter of Scripture and secret agent. The bounder must have known, as he sat smoking his cigar and ironizing on the ruins of empires, that the safe and settled little world to which they both belonged was already in a blaze. Of course he had known it, and he had said nothing about it. But not least extraordinary was the way the bounder, whom, after all, Matthews had seen only twice, seemed to color the whole adventure. In fact, he had been the first speck in the blue, the forerunner, if Matthews had only seen it, of the far more epic adventure into which he was soon quickly to be caught.

At Shuster he broke his journey. There were still thirty miles to do, and fresh horses were to be hired. But he was not ungrateful for a chance to rest. He discovered in himself, too, a sudden interest in the trickle of the telegraph, and he was anxious to pick up what news he could from the few Europeans in the town. Moreover, he needed to see Ganz about the replenishing of his money-bag; for not the lightest item of the traveler's pack in Persia is his load of silver *krans*.

At the telegraph office Matthews ran into Ganz himself. The Swiss was a short, fair, faded man, not too neat about his white clothes, with a pensive mustache and an ambiguous blue eye that lighted at sight of the young Englishman. The light, however, was not one to illuminate Matthews's darkness in the matter of news. What news trickled out of the local wire was very meager indeed. The Austrians were shelling Belgrade; the Germans, the Russians, and the French had gone in. That was all. No, not quite all; for the bank-rate in England had suddenly jumped sky-high—higher, at any rate, than it had ever jumped before.

And even Shuster felt the distant commotion, in that the bazaar had already seen fit to put up the price of sugar and petroleum. Not that Shuster showed any outward sign of commotion as the two threaded their way toward Ganz's house. The deserted streets reminded Matthews strangely of Dizful. What was stranger was to find how they reminded him of a chapter that is closed. He hardly noticed the blank walls, the archways of brick and tile, the tall *badgirs*, even the filth and smells. But strangest was it to listen to the hot silence, to look up at the brilliant stripe of blue between the adobe walls, while over there—

The portentous uncertainty of what might be over there made his answers to Ganz's questions about his journey curt and abstracted. Yet he found himself looking with a new eye at the anomalous exile whom the Father of Swords called the prince among the merchants of Shuster, noting the faded, untidy air as he had never noted it before, wondering why a man should bury himself in such a hole as this. Was one now, he speculated, to look at everybody all over again? Ganz was not the kind of man to interest the Guy Matthews who had gone to Dizful, but it was the Guy Matthews who came back from Dizful who did n't like Ganz's name or Ganz's good enough accent. Nevertheless, he yielded to Ganz's insistence, when they reached the office, and the money-bag had been restored to its normal portliness, that the traveler should step into the house to rest and cool off.

"Do come!" urged the Swiss. "I so seldom see a civilized being. And I have a new piano." He threw in as an added inducement, "Do you play?"

He had no parlor tricks, he told Ganz, and he told himself that he wanted to get on; but Ganz had been very decent to him, after all. And he began to perceive that he himself was extremely tired. So he followed Ganz through the cloister of the pool to the court where the great basin below the pillared portico glittered in the sun.

"Who is that?" exclaimed Ganz, sud-

denly. "What a tone, eh? And what a touch!"

Matthews heard from Ganz's private quarters a welling of music so different from the pipes and cow-horns of Dizful that it gave him a sudden stab of homesickness.

"I say," he said, brightening, "could it be any of the fellows from Meidan-i-Naft?"

The ambiguous blue eye brightened, too.

"Perhaps. It is the river music from 'Rheingold.' But listen," Ganz added, with a smile. "There are sharks among the Rhine maidens."

They went on, up the steps of the portico, to the door which Ganz opened softly, stepping aside for his visitor to pass in. The room was so dark, after the blinding light of the court, that Matthews saw nothing at first. He stepped forward eagerly, feeling his way among Ganz's tables and chairs toward the end of the room from which the music came. They gave him, the clattering tables and chairs, after the empty rooms he had been living in, a sharper renewal of his stab. And even a piano! It made him think of Kipling and the "Song of the Banjo":

"I am memory and torment—I am
Town!

I am all that ever went with evening
dress!"

But what mute inglorious Paderewski of the restricted circle he had moved in for the last months was capable of such parlor tricks as this? Then suddenly he saw. He saw, swaying back and forth against the dark background of the piano, a domed, shaven head that made him stop short—that head full of so many astounding things! He saw, traveling swiftly up and down the keys, rising above them to an extravagant height, and pouncing down upon them again, those predatory hands that had pounced on the spoils of Susa! They began, in a moment, to flutter lightly over the upper end of the keyboard. It was extraordinary what a ripple poured as if out of those hands. Magin himself

bent over to listen to the ripple, partly showing his face as he turned his ear to the keys. He showed, too, in the lessening gloom, a smile Matthews had never seen before, more extraordinary than anything. Yet even as Matthews watched it, in his stupefaction, the smile changed, broadened, hardened. And Magin, sitting up straight again, with his back to the room, began to execute a series of crashing chords.

After several minutes he stopped and swung around on the piano-stool. Ganz clapped his hands, shouting, "*Bis! Bis!*" At that Magin rose, bowed elaborately, and kissed his hands right and left. He ended by pulling up a table-cover near him, gazing intently under the table.

"Have you lost something?" inquired Ganz.

"I seem," answered Magin, "to have lost half my audience. What has become of our elusive English friend? Am I so unfortunate as to have been unable to satisfy his refined ear? Or can it be that his emotions were too much for him?"

"He was in a hurry," explained Ganz. "He is just back from Dizful, you know."

"Ah?" uttered Magin. "He is a very curious young man. He is always in a hurry. He was in a hurry the first time I had the pleasure of meeting him. He was in such a hurry at Bala Bala that he did n't wait to see the celebration which you told me he went to see. He also left Dizful in a surprising hurry, from what I hear. I happen to know that the telegraph had nothing to do with it. I can only conclude that some one frightened him away. Where do you suppose he hurries to? And do you think he will arrive in time?"

Ganz opened his mouth; but if he intended to say something, he decided instead to draw his hand across his spare jaw. However, he did speak, after all.

"I notice that you at least do not hurry, Majesty. Do you fiddle while Rome burns?"

"Ha!" laughed Magin. "It is not Rome that burns. And I notice, Mr. Ganz, that you seem to be of a forgetful

as well as of an inquiring disposition. I would have been in Mohammerah long ago if it had not been for your son of papa, with his interest in unspoiled towns. I will thank you to issue no more letters to the Father of Swords without remembering me. Do you wish to enrich the already overstocked British Museum at my expense? But I do not mind revealing to you that I am now really on my way to Mohammerah."

"H'm," let out Ganz, slowly. "My dear fellow, have n't you heard that there is a war in Europe?"

"I must confess, my good Ganz, that I have. But what has Europe to do with Mohammerah?"

"God knows," said Ganz. "I should think, however, since you are so far from the gulf, that you would prefer the route of Bagdad, now that French and Russian cruisers are seeking whom they may devour."

"You forget, Mr. Ganz, that I am so fortunate as to possess a number of valuable objects of virtue. I should think twice before attempting to carry those objects of virtue through the country of our excellent friends the Beni Lam Arabs!"

Ganz laughed.

"Your objects of virtue could very well be left with me. What if the English should go into the war?"

"The English go into the war? Never fear. This is not their affair. And if it were, what could they do? Sail their famous ships up the Rhine and the Elbe? Besides, that treacherous memory of yours seems to fail you again. This is Persia, not England."

"Perhaps," answered Ganz. "But the English are very funny people. There is a rumor, you know, of pourparlers. What if you were to sail down to the gulf and some little midshipman were to fire a shot across your bow?"

"Ah, bah! I am a neutral. And Britannia is a fat old woman. Also a rich one, who does n't put her hand into her pocket to please her neighbors. Besides, I have a little affair with the sheik of Mohammerah—objects of virtue, indigo,

who knows what? As you know, I am a versatile man." And swinging around on his stool, Magin began to play again.

"But even fat old women sometimes know how to bite," objected Ganz.

"Not when their teeth have dropped out," Magin threw over his shoulder, "or when strong young men plug their jaws."

Two days after the abrupt departure of Guy Matthews from the house of Ganz, the galley and the motor-boat whose accidental encounter brought about the events of this narrative met again. This second meeting took place in the Karun, as before, but at a point some fifty or sixty miles below Bund-i-Kir. And now the moon, not the sun, cast its paler glitter between the high, dark banks of the stream, when Gaston, rounding a sharp curve above the island of Umm-un-Nakhl, caught sight of the sweeps of the barge flashing in the moonlight. The unexpected view of that flash was not disagreeable to Gaston; for, as Gaston put it to himself, he was sad. And spying the flash of those remembered oars, he bethought him of the seignior of a Brazilian whose hospitable yacht, he had reason to know, was not destitute of cheer.

When he was near enough the barge to make out the shadow of the high beak on the moonlit water he cut off the motor. The sweeps forthwith ceased to flash. Gaston then called out the customary salutation. It was answered, as before, by the deep voice of the Brazilian. He stood at the rail of the barge as the motor-boat glided alongside.

"Ah, *mon vieux*, you are alone this time?" said Magin, genially. "Where are the others?"

"I do not figure to myself," answered Gaston, "that you derange yourself to inquire for my sacred devil of a Bakhtiyari. As for Monsieur Guy, the Englishman you saw the other time, whose name does not pronounce itself, he has gone to the war. I just took him and three others to Ahwaz, where they meet more of their friends, and all go together on the steamer to Mohammerah."

"Really! And did you hear any news at Ahwaz?"

"The latest is that England has declared war."

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed Magin. His voice was extraordinarily loud and deep in the stillness of the river. It impressed Gaston, who sat looking up at the dark figure in front of the ghostly Lurs. What types, with their black hats of a theater! He hoped the absence of Monsieur Guy and the Brazilian's evident surprise would not cloud the latter's hospitality. He was accordingly gratified to hear the Brazilian say, after a moment: "And they tell us that madness is not catching! But we, at least, have not lost our heads. Eh? To prove it, Monsieur Gaston, will you not come aboard a moment, if you are not in too much of a hurry, and drink a little glass with me?"

Gaston needed no urging. In a trice he had tied his boat to the barge and was on the deck. The agreeable Brazilian was not too much of a seignior to shake his hand in welcome or to lead him into the cabin where a young Lur was in the act of lighting candles.

"It is so hot, and so many strange beasts fly about this river," Magin explained, "that I usually prefer to travel without a light. But we must see the way to our mouths. What will you have? Beer, Bordeaux, champagne?"

Gaston considered this serious question with attention.

"Since monsieur has the goodness to inquire, if monsieur has any of that *fine champagne* I tasted before—"

"Ah, yes; certainly." He gave a rapid order to the Lur, then he stood silent, his eyes fixed on the reed portière. Gaston was more impressed than ever as he stood, too, *béret* in hand, looking around the little saloon, so oddly, yet so comfortably fitted out with rugs and skins. Presently the Lur reappeared through the reed portière, which aroused the Brazilian from his abstraction. He filled the two glasses himself, waving his attendant out of the cabin, and handed one to Gaston. The other he raised in the air, bowing to his

guest. "To the victor!" he said. "And sit down, won't you? There is more than one glass in that bottle."

Gaston was enchanted to sit down and to sip another cognac.

"But, Monsieur," he exclaimed, looking about again, "you travel like an emperor!"

"Ho!" laughed Magin, with a quick glance at Gaston. "I am well enough here. But there is one difficulty." He looked at his glass, holding it up to the light. "I travel too slowly."

Gaston smiled.

"In Persia who cares?"

"Well, it happens that at this moment I do. I have affairs at Mohammerah. And in this tub it will take me three days more at the best, without considering that I shall have to wait till daylight to get through the rocks at Ahwaz." He lowered his glass and looked back at Gaston. "Tell me: why should n't you take me down, ahead of my tub? Eh? Or to Sablah, if Mohammerah is too far? It would not delay you so much, after all. You can tell them any story you like at Sheleilieh. Otherwise I am sure we can make a satisfactory arrangement." He put his hand suggestively into his pocket.

Gaston considered it between sips. It really was not much to do for this uncle of America who had been so amiable. And the Brazilian would no doubt show a gratitude so handsome that one could afford to be a little independent. If those on the steamer asked any questions when the motor-boat passed, surely the Brazilian, who was more of a seignior than any employee of an oil company, would know how to answer.

"*Allons!* Why not?" he said aloud.

"Bravo!" cried the Brazilian, withdrawing his hand from his pocket. "Take that as part of my ticket. And excuse me a moment while I make arrangements."

He disappeared through the reed portière, leaving Gaston to admire five shining napoleons. It gave him an odd sensation to see, after so long, those coins of his country. When Magin finally came back, it was through the inner door.

"Tell me, how much can you carry?" he asked. "I have four boxes I should like to take with me, besides a few small things. These fools might wreck themselves at Ahwaz and lose everything in the river. It would annoy me very much, after all the trouble I have had to collect my objects of virtue. Besides, the tub will get through more easily without them. Come in and see."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Gaston, scratching his head when he saw. "My boat won't get through more easily with them, especially at night." He looked curiously around the cozy state-room.

"But it will take them, eh?" inquired Magin. "If necessary, we can land them at Ahwaz and have them carried around the rapids."

The thing took some manœuvring; but the Lurs, with the help of much fluent profanity from the master, finally accomplished it without sinking the motor-boat. Gaston, sitting at the wheel to guard his precious engine against some clumsiness of the black-hatted mountaineers, looked on with humorous astonishment at this turn of affairs. He was destined, it appeared, to be disappointed in his hope of cheer. That cognac was really very good, if only one had had more of it. Still, one at least had company now, and he was not the man to be insensible to the fine champagne of the unexpected.

When the fourth chest had gingerly been lowered into place, Magin vanished again. Presently he reappeared, followed by his majordomo, to whom he gave instructions in a low voice. Then he stepped into the stern of the boat. The majordomo, taking two portmanteaus and a rug from the Lurs behind him, handed them down to Gaston. Having disposed of them, Gaston stood up, his eyes on the Lurs who crowded the rail.

"Well, my friend," said Magin, gaily, "for whom are you waiting? We shall yet have opportunities to admire the romantic scenery of the Karun!"

"Ah, monsieur takes no—other object of virtue with him?"

"Have you so much room?" said Ma-

gin. "It is a good thing there is no wind to-night. Go ahead."

Gaston cast off, backed a few feet, reversed, and described a wide circle around the stern of the barge. It made a strange picture in the moonlight, with its black-curved beak and its spectral crew. They shifted to the other rail as the motor-boat came about, watching silently.

"To your oars!" shouted Magin at them. "Row, sons of burnt fathers! Will you have me wait a month for you at Mohammerah?"

They scattered to their places, and Gaston caught the renewed flash of the sweeps as he turned to steer for the bend. It was a good thing, he told himself, that there was no wind to-night. The gunwale was nearer the water than he or the boat cared for. She made nothing like her usual speed. However, he said nothing. Neither did Magin until the dark shadow of Umm-un-Nakhl divided the glitter in front of them.

"Take the narrower channel," he ordered then. And when they were in it he added: "Stop, will you, and steer in there, under the shadow of the shore? I think we would better fortify ourselves for the work of the night. I at least did not forget the cognac, among my other objects of virtue."

They fortified themselves accordingly, the Brazilian producing cigars as well. He certainly was an original, thought Gaston, now hopeful of experiencing actual cheer. That originality proved itself anew when, after a much longer period of refreshment than would suit most gentlemen in a hurry, the familiar flash became visible in the river behind them.

"Now be quiet," commanded the extraordinary uncle of America. "Whatever happens, we must n't let them hear us. If they take this channel, we can slip down, and run part way up the other. We shall give them a little surprise."

Nearer and nearer came the flash, which suddenly went out behind the island. A recurrent splash succeeded it, and a wild melancholy singing. The singing and the recurrent splash grew louder, filled the

silence of the river, grew softer; and presently the receding oars flashed again, below the island. But not until the last glint was lost in the shimmer of the water, the last sound had died out of the summer night, did the Brazilian begin to unfold his surprise.

"*Que diable allait-on faire dans cette galère!*" he exclaimed. "It 's the first time I ever knew them to do the right thing. Let us drink one more little glass to the good fortune of their voyage. And here, by the way, is another part of my ticket." He handed Gaston five more napoleons. "But now, my friend, we have some work. I see we shall never get anywhere with all this load. Let us therefore consign our objects of virtue to the safe keeping of the river. He will guard them better than anybody. Is it deep enough here?"

It was deep enough. But what an affair, getting those heavy chests overboard! The last one nearly pulled Magin in with it. One of the clamps caught in his clothes, threw him against the side of the boat, and jerked something after it into the river. He sat down, swearing softly to himself, to catch his breath and investigate the damage.

"It was only my revolver," he announced, "and we have no need of that, since we are not going to the war. Now, my good Gaston, I have changed my mind. We will not go down the river, after all. We will go up."

Gaston stared at him.

"Up? But, Monsieur, the barge—"

"What is my barge to you, dear Gaston? Besides, it is no longer mine. It now belongs to the Sheik of Mohammerah—with whatever objects of virtue it still contains. He has long teased me for it, and none of them can read the note they are carrying to him. Did n't I tell you I was going to give them a little surprise? Well, there it is. I am not a man, you see, to be tied to objects of virtue. Which reminds me: where are my portman-teaus?"

"Here, on the tank."

"Fie! and you a chauffeur! Give them

to me. I will arrange myself a little. As for you, turn around and see how quickly you can carry me to the charming resort of Bund-i-Kir, where Antigonous fought Eumenes and the Silver Shields for the spoils of Susa, and won them. Did you ever hear, Gaston, of that interesting incident?"

"Monsieur is too strong for me," replied Gaston, cryptically. He took off his cap, wiped his face, and sat down at the wheel.

"If a man is not strong, what is he?" rejoined Magin. "But you will not find this cigar too strong," he added amicably.

Gaston did not. What he found strong was the originality of his passenger, and the way that cognac failed, despite its friendly warmth, to cheer him. For he kept thinking of Monsieur Guy and the others as he sped northward on the silent, moonlit river.

"This is very well, eh, Gaston?" uttered the Brazilian at last. "We march better without our objects of virtue." Gaston felt that he smiled as he lay smoking on his rug in the bottom of the boat. "But tell me," he went on presently, "how is it, if I may ask, that you did n't happen to go in the steamer, too, with your Monsieur Guy? You do not look to me either old or incapable."

There it was, the same question, which really seemed to need no answer at first, but which somehow became harder to answer every time! Why was it? And how could it spoil so good a cognac?

"How is it?" repeated Gaston. "It is, Monsieur, that France is a great lady who does not derange herself for a simple vagabond like Gaston, or about whose liaisons or quarrels it is not for Gaston to concern himself. This great lady has naturally not asked my opinion about this quarrel. But if she had, I should have told her that it is very stupid for everybody in Europe to begin shooting at one another. Why? Simply because it pleases *ces messieurs* the Austrians to treat *ces messieurs* the Serbs *de haut en bas!* What have I to do with that? Besides, this great lady is very far away, and by the time I arrive she will

have arranged her affair. In the meantime there are many others, younger and more capable than I, whose express business it is to arrange such affairs. Will one *piou-piou* more or less change the result of one battle? Of course not. And if I should lose my hand or my head, who would buy me another? Not France. I have seen a little what France does in such cases. My own father left his leg at Gravelotte, together with his job and my mother's peace. I have seen what happened to her, and how it is that I am a vagabond, about whom France has never troubled herself." He shouted it over his shoulder, above the noise of the motor, with an increasing loudness. "Also," he went on, "I have duties not so far away as France. Up there, at Sheleilieh, there will perhaps be next month a little Gaston. If I go away, who will feed him? I have not the courage of monsieur, who separates himself so easily from objects of virtue. *Voilà!*"

Magin said nothing for a moment. Then:

"Courage, yes. One needs a little courage in this curious world." There was a pause as the boat cut around a dark curve. "But do not think, my poor Gaston, that it is I who blame you. On the contrary, I find you very reasonable, more reasonable than many ministers of state. If others in Europe had been able to express themselves like you, Gaston, Monsieur Guy and his friends would not have run away so suddenly. It takes courage, too, not to run after them." He made a sound, as if changing his position, and presently he began to sing softly to himself.

"Monsieur would make a fortune in the *café-chantant*," commented Gaston, who began to feel at last, after the favorable reception of his speech, a little cheered. He felt cooler, too, in this quiet, rushing moonlight of the river. "What is it that monsieur sings? It seems to me that I have heard that air."

"Very likely you have, Gaston. It is a little song of sentiment, sung by all the sentimental young ladies of the world.

He who wrote it, however, was far from sentimental. He was a fellow-countryman of mine—and of the late Abraham—who loved your country so much that he lived in it and died in it." And Magin sang again, more loudly, the first words of the song:

"Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

Gaston listened with admiration, astonishment, and perplexity. It suddenly came back to him how this original Brazilian had sworn when the chest caught his clothes.

"But, Monsieur, I thought—are you, then, a German?"

Magin, after a second, laughed.

"But, Gaston, am I, then, an enemy?"

Gaston examined him in the moonlight.

"Well," he answered slowly, "if your country and mine are at war—"

"What has that to do with us, as you just now so truly said? You have found that your country's quarrel was not cause enough for you to leave Persia, and so have I. *Voilà tout!*" He examined Gaston in turn. "But I thought you knew all the time. Such is fame! I flattered myself that your Monsieur Guy would leave no one untold, whereas he has left us the pleasure of a situation more piquant, after all, than I supposed. We enjoy the magnificent moonlight of the south, we admire a historic river under its most successful aspect, and we do not exalt ourselves because our countrymen, many hundreds of miles away, have lost their heads." He smiled over the piquancy of the situation. "Strength is good," he went on in his impressive bass, "and courage is better; but reason, as you so justly say, is best of all. Wherefore," he added, "allow me to recommend to you, my dear Gaston, that you look a little where you are steering."

Gaston looked. But he discovered that his moment of cheer had been all too brief. A piquant situation, indeed! The piquancy of that situation somehow com-

plicated everything more darkly than before. If there were reasons why he should not go away with the others, as they had all taken it for granted that he would do, was that a reason why he, Gaston, whose father had lost a leg at Gravelotte, should do this masquerading German a service? All the German's amiability and originality did not change that. Perhaps, indeed, that explained the originality and amiability. The German, at any rate, did not seem to trouble himself about it. When Gaston next looked over his shoulder, Magin was lying flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, with his hands under his head and his eyes closed. And so he continued to lie, silent and apparently asleep, while his troubled companion, hand on wheel and *béret* on ear, steered through the waning moonlight of the Karun.

The moon was only a ghost of itself, and a faint rose was beginning to tinge the pallor of the sky behind the Bakhtiyari Mountains, when the motor began to miss fire. Gaston, stifling an exclamation, cut it off, unscrewed the cap of the tank, and measured the gasolene. Then he stepped softly forward to the place in the bow where he kept his reserve cans. Magin, roused by the stopping of the boat, sat up, stretching.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed. "Here we are!" He looked about at the high clay banks inclosing the tawny basin of the four rivers. In front of him the konar-trees of Bund-i-Kir showed their dark green. At the right, on top of the bluff of the eastern shore, a solitary peasant stood white against the sky. Near him a couple of oxen on an inclined plane worked the rude mechanism that drew up water to the fields. The creak of the pulleys and the splash of the dripping goatskins only made more intense the early morning silence. "Do you remember, Gaston?" asked Magin. "It was here we first had the good fortune to meet, not quite three weeks ago."

"I remember," answered Gaston, keeping his eye on the mouth of the tank he was filling, "that I was the one who wished you peace, Monsieur, and that no

one asked who you were or where you were going."

Magin yawned.

"Well, you seem to have satisfied yourself now on those important points. I might add, however, for your further information, that I think I shall not go to Bund-i-Kir, which looks too peaceful to disturb at this matutinal hour, but there, on the western shore of the Ab-i-Shuteit. And that reminds me. I still have to pay you the rest of my ticket."

He reached forward, and laid a little pile of gold on Gaston's seat. Gaston, watching out of the corner of his eye as he poured gasolene, saw that there were more than five napoleons in that pile. There were at least ten.

"What would you say, Monsieur," he asked slowly, emptying his tin, "if I were to take you instead to Sheleilieh, where there are still a few of the English?"

"I should say, my good Gaston, that you had more courage than I thought. By the way," he went on casually, "what is this?"

He reached forward again toward Gaston's seat, where lay Gaston's knife, an odd, curved knife of the country, in a leather sheath. Gaston dropped his tin, and made a snatch at it. But Magin was too quick for him. He retreated to his place at the stern of the boat, where he drew the knife out of its sheath.

"Sharp, too!" he commented, with a smile at Gaston. "And my revolver is gone!"

Gaston, very pale, stepped to his seat.

"That, Monsieur, was given me by my Bakhtiyari brother-in-law—to take to the war. When he found I had not the courage to go, he ran away from me."

"But you thought there might be more than one way to make war, eh? Well, I at least am not an *Apache*. Perhaps the sharks will know what to do with it." The blade glittered in the brightening air and splashed out of sight. Magin, folding his arms, smiled again at Gaston. "Another object of virtue for the safe custody of the Karun."

"But not all!" cried Gaston, thickly,

seizing the little pile of gold beside him and flinging it after the knife.

Magin's smile broadened.

"Have you not forgotten something, Gaston?"

"But certainly not, Monsieur," he replied, putting his hand into his pocket. The next moment a second shower of gold caught the light. And where the little circles of ripples widened in the river a sharp fin suddenly cut the muddy water.

"Oho! Mr. Shark loses no time!" cried Magin. He stopped smiling, and turned back to Gaston. "But we do. Allow me to say, my friend, that you show yourself really too romantic. This is no doubt an excellent comedy which we are playing for the benefit of that gentleman on the bluff; but even he begins to get tired of it. See? He starts to say his morning prayer. So be so good as to show a little of the reason which you know how to show and start for shore. But first you might do well to screw on the cap of your tank, if you do not mind a little friendly advice."

Gaston looked around absent-mindedly, and took up the nickel cap. But he suddenly turned back to Magin.

"You speak too much about friends, Monsieur. I am not your friend. I am your enemy. And I shall not take you there, to the Ab-i-Shuteit. I shall take you into the Ab-i-Gerger—to Sheleilieh and the English."

Magin considered him, with a flicker in his lighted eyes.

"You might perhaps have done it if you had not forgotten about your gasoline, and you may yet. We shall see. But it seems to me, my—enemy, that you make a miscalculation. Let us suppose that you take me to Sheleilieh. It is highly improbable, because you no longer have your knife to assist you. I, it is true, no longer have my revolver to assist me; but I have two arms, longer and, I fancy, stronger than yours. However, let us make the supposition. And let us make the equally improbable supposition that I fall into the hands of the English. What can they do to me? The worst they can do is to give

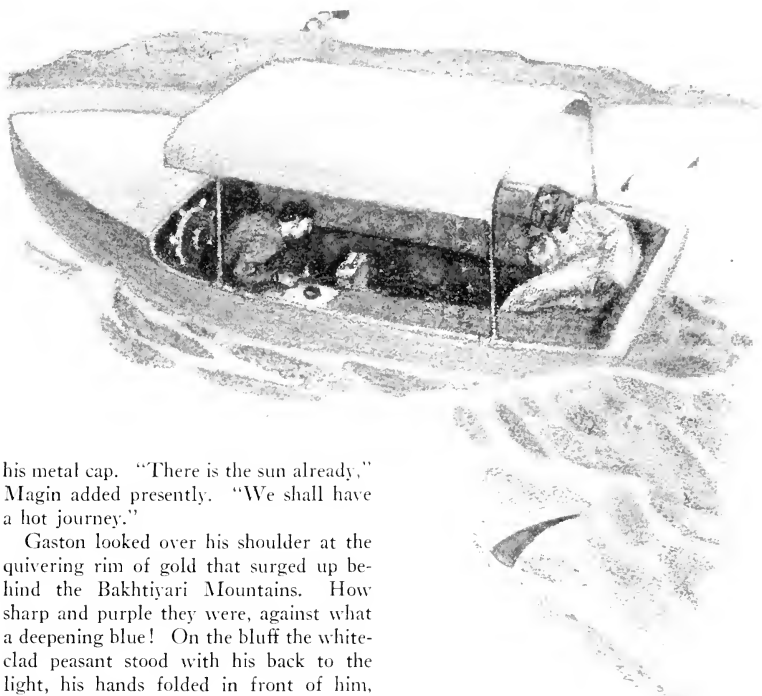
me free lodging and nourishment till the end of the war. Whereas you, Gaston—you do not seem to have reflected that life will not be so simple for you after this. There is a very unpleasant little word by which they name citizens who do not respond to their country's call to arms. In other words, Mr. Deserter, you have taken the road which in war-time ends between a firing-squad and a stone wall."

Gaston evidently had not reflected on that. He stared at his nickel cap, turning it around in his fingers.

"You see?" continued Magin. "Well, then, what about that little Gaston? I do not know what has suddenly made you so much less reasonable than you were last night; but I at least have not changed. And I see no reason why that little Gaston should be left between two horns of a dilemma. In fact, I see excellent reasons not only why you should take me that short distance to the shore, but why you should accompany me to Dizful. There I am at home. I am more than any one else emperor. And I need a man like you. I am going to have a car, I am going to have a boat, I am going to have a place in the sun. There will be many changes in that country after the war. It is evident that your heart, like mine, is in this part of the world. So come with me. Eh, Gaston?"

"Heart!" repeated Gaston, with a bitter smile. "It is you who speak of the heart and of— But you do not speak of the little surprise with which you might some day regale me, Mr. Enemy! Nor do you say what you fear—that I might take it into my head to go fishing at Umm-un-Nakhl!"

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Magin, impatiently. "However, you are right. I am not like you. I do not betray my country for a little savage with a jewel in her nose. It is because of that small difference between us, Gaston, between your people and my people, that you will see such changes here after the war. But you will not see them unless you accept my offer. After all, what else can you do?" He left Gaston to take it in as he twirled



his metal cap. "There is the sun already," Magin added presently. "We shall have a hot journey."

Gaston looked over his shoulder at the quivering rim of gold that surged up behind the Bakhtiyari Mountains. How sharp and purple they were, against what a deepening blue! On the bluff the white-clad peasant stood with his back to the light, his hands folded in front of him, his head bowed.

"You look tired, Gaston," said Magin, pleasantly. "Will you have this cigar?"

"No, thank you," replied Gaston. He felt in his own pockets, however, first for a cigarette and then for a match. He was indeed tired, so tired that he no longer remembered which pocket to fumble in or what he held in his hand as he fumbled. Ah, that sacred tank! Then he suddenly smiled again, looking at Magin. "There is something else I can do."

"What?" asked Magin as he lay at ease in the stern, enjoying the first perfume of his cigar. "You can't go back to France now, and I should hardly advise you to go back to Sheleilich, at least until after the war. Then there will be no more English there to ask you troublesome questions."

Gaston lighted his cigarette, and, keeping his eyes on Magin, he slowly moved his hand, in which were both the nickel

cap and the still-burning match, toward the mouth of the tank.

"This!" he answered.

Magin watched him. He did not catch the connection at first. He saw it quickly enough, however. In his pale, translucent eyes there was something very like a flare.

"Look out, or we shall go together, after all!"

"We shall go together, after all," repeated Gaston. "And here is your place in the sun!"

Magin still watched as the little flame flickered through the windless air; but he did not move.

"It will go out; and you have not the courage, *Apache!*"

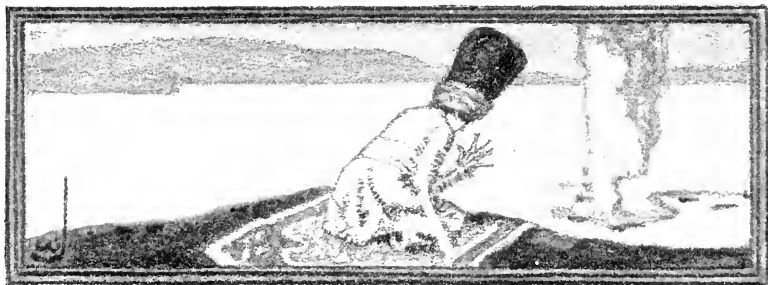
"You will see, Prussian!" The match stopped at last above the open hole; but

the hand that held it trembled a little, and so did the strange, low voice that said, "This at least I can do—for that great lady far away."

THE peasant on the bluff, prostrated toward Mecca, with his forehead in the dust, was startled out of his prayer by a roar in the basin below him. There where the trim, white jinn-boat of the *firengi* had been was now a blazing mass of wreckage, out of which came fierce cracklings, hissings, sounds not to be named. As he stared at it the wreckage fell apart, began to disappear in a cloud of smoke and steam that lengthened toward the southern gateway of the basin. And in the turbid water, cut by swift sharks' fins, he saw a sud-

den bright trail of red, redder than any fire or sunrise. It paled gradually, the smoke melted after the steam, the current caught the last charred fragments of wreckage, and drew them slowly out of sight.

The peasant watched it all silently, as if waiting for some new magic of the *firengi*, from his high bank of the Karun, that snow-born river bound for distant palms that had seen so many generations of the faces of men, so many of the barks to which men trust their hearts, their hopes, their treasures, as it wound, century after century, from the mountains to the sea. Then at last the peasant folded his hands anew and bowed his head toward Mecca.





Victory

By MARION PATTON WALDRON

MANY and many are weeping for their lovers;
For the shallow graves in Flanders they are weeping,
For the lovers heaped with earth who cannot come to them,
While I—I have my lover back again!

First, word that he lay upon a narrow bed
As in a grave without the grave's release.
Death had despoiled his body, claimed his soul;
Yet those who tended would not give him up
To the earth's rest, and I who waited could not.
By that brave magic which proves man a god
Only less cunning than a modern gun
The surgeons mended bit by broken bit;
Patiently blew to spark the reluctant ashes,
Built with their will upon his power of anguish,
While I compelled his spirit with my spirit
Moment by moment, holding, drawing him back.
They wrote at last that he was coming home!

It was at dusk they brought him back to me
And laid him gently down and covered him;
Lingered, wanting to speak, yet silent, troubled,
Till awkwardly they left me with my living.

He lay so still, so still beneath the covers,
It was as if they had said, "Your soldier 's dead."
But when I laid my hand on him I felt
The warm blood beating, and he spoke. His voice—
His voice it was—and he was calling me!

All night I crouched with my head against his arm
To feel its warmth. It was as if I doubted
The miracle. I dared not lift his shroud,
But watched beside him as a wife beside
Her husband laid in death—a wife who, turning
As in old griefs to her old comforter,
Longing to cower against him, and yet fearing
Lest he should shut her from him, *he* be cold
When most she needs him, *he* be stone to her,

Suddenly hears his answers fill her silence,
 Feels the touch of the dead healing her pain.
 Such was my miracle.

O lover's body with its man's grave beauty,
 O lover's eyes in which I launched my soul!
 I shall be hands and feet to him, and eyes!
 And he can never see me if I falter;
 No, and he cannot see me. God forgive me
 If I shrink and sicken when I look at him
 Before I learn to bear it! There will be years,
 There will be years and years to learn. Even now
 I can laugh when he makes jests about the fingers
 He left to fight for him while he ran home!

Through the long, useless hours what are his thoughts?
 What is he thinking all the idle days?
 Sometimes he hides his marred face close against me
 Like a tired child. That 's easier, almost sweet,
 Till I mind me of the old times when I teased him
 Because he was so big, and called him little,
 Half vexed, half pleased him calling him my baby,
 He who planned always how he 'd care for me
 With his great strength, how he would always spare me.
 My man, my man that 's turned a poor stale joke;
 But I can't think of any other now,
 So I keep silent, thinking out my thoughts.

They say the lame child is his mother's dearest.
 He *is* my child now, yes, *our* child, *our* child.
 Not like the son we dreamed of long ago;
 No, but the child of our renunciation,
 Born of his beautiful body that went away,
 Born of my spirit that sent him forth and waited.

What though the fruit of us be blighted and broken?
 We have fought with death, the odds against us, and conquered!
 (Hush! What was that echo of terrible laughter?
 Who laughed? I fancied a far-off, cynical mocking.)

Many and many are weeping for their lovers;
 For the shallow graves in Flanders they are weeping,
 For the lovers heaped with earth who cannot come to them,
 While I—I have my lover back again!





Inside Russia

By STEPHEN GRAHAM

Author of "Russia in 1916," etc.

IT was made possible by the great war strain. Two and a half years of struggle with Germany wore out the system. It was so weak at last, and the revolutionaries were so skilful, that there was no "bloody revolution." The czar was removed almost as it were by magic or sleight of hand. Suddenly the most mighty and mysterious monarch of the world found himself running about the streets of a wretched provincial town, unattended, unreverenced, and without mien or bearing, looking like a bewildered townsman who had lost his way. He went into a church full of peasants praying, fell on his knees, wept, prayed ardently aloud, and then through his tears asked forgiveness of the worshipers. But they for their part appeared stupefied, not quite able to understand who he was or what he meant. He went out into the street again. A company of soldiers was passing. Once they had been czar-worshippers, making the sign of the cross after singing the national anthem, "God Save the Czar!" The emperor saluted them. "Hail, my fine fellows!" But they did not return his salute or answer his words.

The czar was a gentle and religious monarch; but even had he been an Ivan Grozny or a Nero, one would have thought that the spectacle of the "sacred person" abased would have evoked partisanship, the impulse of devotion, at least

in some; that his tears would have started into armed men, and such a force risen behind him that the handful of daring idealists and socialist agitators in Petrograd would have been swept away. But no. Fate, the circumstances of the time, the addition of war sorrows, and a strange, glimmering light of new destiny intervened, making the peasant more stupid, blinder, deaf, divided in himself. The revolution was accomplished without even the birth of a royalist movement, and there is no prospect that the poor little boy Alexis will be a Russian Prince Charles.

In 1902, Tolstoy wrote in a sort of valedictory letter to Nicholas II that however good and wise a czar may be, he cannot rule one hundred and thirty million subjects. The rule was bound to pass out of his hands into those surrounding him. A czar could not choose disinterested and able helpers, for he knew only a few score men who through chance or intrigue had got near him and were careful to ward off all who might supplant them. Autocracy was in reality an obsolete form of government.

And yet it served in time of peace, and the czar did find and use Stolypin, Sazonov, and Bark. It needed two and a half years of war to show that the system would not really work well, was unfitting for the time, was, in fact, obsolete, because of the very defects which the ancient Tol-

stoy adumbrated to his "brother," as he called him.

In the first splendor of the opening of the war the czar never stood higher; he apparently obtained complete forgiveness for errors in the past. He could dispense with his enormous body-guard and the "ten thousand soldiers" to guard him. On the impulse, the anthem was sung everywhere and by all classes. There was no hint of revolution. Fortune smiled on Russian arms, and her victories and the heroic deeds of individual soldiers cast a glamour upon the throne from all Russia. At the same time the remarkable vodka prohibition appealed to Russian intelligence. Both heart and mind acclaimed the czardom, and who could have surmised that these splendors were evening splendors, that a melancholy twilight would succeed them, and then suddenly the night shut in?

Yet so it happened. The diminuendo of incapacity set in. Defeat in Poland shed a lurid light from the western horizon upon Petrograd, and showed the little, incompetent men of office more and more dwarfed, more and more helpless. Then the strange Siberian peasant gained stature and importance.

The czardom became so weak that it could not look after its own elementary interests. It could not find representatives to go to London and Paris, but let its enemy Miliukof stand for Russia. It could not influence the British and French press, but let all manner of dangerous and anti-dynastic rumors, true and untrue, go unanswered. For months only revolutionary opinion regarding Russia was printed in the British press. Its strongest Conservative organs made the word "reactionary" serve instead of "conservative" as far as Russia was concerned. Our populace became of the opinion that the czar was making tremendous efforts to secure a separate peace. Rasputin was written up in various papers, and even the empress was not spared. There was not a word of remonstrance from official Russia. The details of the plot to depose the czar and obtain a regency, with a constitutional

system, were openly talked of in London, and there was a general assent both official and unofficial. On the other hand, news of pacifists and pro-Germans in the revolutionary camp was carefully eliminated by censors or interested editors. Excepting the swiftness of the success of the rebellion, this testifies more than all else to the impotent state to which the Government had been reduced.

Last summer in Russia I often heard the opinion expressed that the old army had passed away, and the new one was taken from a different class of people. It contained far more artisans and middle-class people. There was a different spirit in it, and propaganda made great progress. This partly, though not entirely, explains the military support with which the revolutionary change was carried out. Furthermore, the conservatives—persistently called reactionaries abroad—freely backed the revolution, and some, like M. Purishkevitch,—"Right of the Right," as he called himself,—gave passionate force to their backing, and led the aristocrats against the throne. They did so not to establish a republic, but a constitutional monarchy. Without their aid M. Krensky and M. Miliukof would not be where they are. The British and French governments also backed the political conspiracy, believing in the moderation of its objects.

Beyond all these things, one must suppose that the time had come. All the forces in Europe tended one way; revolutionary idealism in Russia, military necessity in Germany, business instinct in England, the money and hate of the Jews, America's need to reconcile half her alien population to the Allied cause. So it was easy at last, and Russia, which talks and talks and yet never does, at last was silent for three days and *did*.

The czardom has gone, and there is little prospect of its return. Nicholas II is not a conspirator by nature, not ambitious, and his child has no future. If he had wished to regain power, the voluntary writing of his own decree of abdication was most unlikely. That resignation lib-

erates the thought and will of loyal Russia. There is no question of the Constituent Assembly voting whether they will have a czar. They will decide, or try to decide, what form of democratic system Russia will adopt. Although the fifteen million or so Old Believers are said to be in favor of a limited monarchy, it is highly unlikely that a monarchy of any kind will be established. Russia does not care for compromise. Despite her admiration of England, she has none of the English love of caution and half-measures. One of her grievances against Nicholas II was that he was moderate in the use of his great power. Russia seems bound to plunge to the other extreme—democracy.

Russia is free, and what she is free *for* is a much more interesting question than what she is free *from*. It is not a leisure time in history, when we can afford to concern ourselves long with what has been and will be no more. It is a time of increasing destruction, and the future which we keep in view is a future of the rebuilding of civilization. Russia's hour has come, and she is put at large. All eyes are upon her, expectant of various things—of gain, of interest, of inspiration, of revenge. What, then, is to be her future?

One of the first results will be a general rise in wages and an increase in the value of house property in the great cities. No discrimination is to be made in the rates of wages paid to Chinese and other alien laborers. The war wage is higher than has ever been known in Russia, a ruble and a half, two, and even three rubles a day being paid upon occasion for unskilled labor. The old sixty-copecks-a-day wage has vanished. Henceforth the Russian working-man will be paid at the same rate as his brother laborers in other European countries; and with the rise of Russian industry after the war, his wage should rise above even that level.

One of the first meanings of free Russia is that Russia has become free for commercial exploitation. There is no longer the drag on business imposed by the old régime. It will be possible to get the coal out of the ground, to lay the necessary

rails, to run whole new forests of timber to the rivers. Capital will be forthcoming for the development of the butter industry on a hitherto undreamed-of scale. Russian sugar will undersell all other European sorts. Russia will begin to supply herself with all the raw cotton she requires: the mills will capture almost the entire market of Asia. Discoveries of gold in Siberia will multiply; and swarms of diggers will follow. Great companies like that of the Lena and Kishtim will be formed for the exploitation of Russia's marvelous wealth of copper, zinc, lead, silver, platinum, asbestos, naphtha, etc. A frozen-meat and canning industry will be established, and express itself in Chicagos of the East. The wool and horsehair of the innumerable herds of the nomads will find better markets. In commercial significance what land can compare with Russia? Virginal America did not offer a richer return. Without a czar, Russia is the land of opportunity, and not only the land of opportunity for Russians, but for all enterprising peoples, British, Germans, Belgians, Americans, Japanese. It is there, after the war, that the vultures will be gathered together.

Of a surety, despite Russia's present wretched material state, she will become prosperous without parallel within ten years of the coming of peace, attracting all speculators and investors and fortune-seekers, the commercial counterbalance in the East of America in the West.

Possibly she may be more than that. If Russia decides to be free for all commercial enterprise, she should offer greater attractions than America. The flow of European migration to the United States should turn the other way into Russia, and a great cosmopolitanization of certain parts of it will set in, America being fed merely from the British Isles and colonies, and thus obtaining the necessary leisure to crystallize nationally and achieve her own cultural and spiritual ideals.

Russia, if she chooses, can become a great business republic, at first thought an even greater one than that of the United States, because her population is better

spread over a vaster area, and she has ready access to the millions of China and less prejudice against them. But one result of the revolution will be to draw back population from the remote parts of Asiatic Russia, and cause an emptying in vast regions.

What sort of Russia would that be? It would be gay and thrilling, very immoral, very extravagant. The music-halls of Moscow would outshine, with their star-constellations, the Coliseum and the Palace of London and all the shows of Broadway in New York. There would be bosses and trusts and Tammany and graft, and conflicts against them, though the problems would be always greater and more complex. A certain Anglo-Saxon genius for simplicity has stood America in good stead. But there is no genius for simplicity in Russia. The people love complexity. Russian psychology must be taken into account, and first and foremost comes this instinct for complexity, and with it an anarchic temperament that loves to escape from its own imbroglis by extreme action. There are, too, an extreme curiosity and wish to experience new things, an adventuresomeness with regard to Providence, lack of the power of moral restraint, and a Tatar instinct for spending a long time over business. It will be a Russia that will attract materialists, not a Russia that will attract idealists. The czardom, putting itself first, the army second, the church third, and commerce fourth or fifth, at least exhibited to foreigners the ideal side of the Russian people, and drew pilgrims from the West; but the business republic would attract seekers after real, not after spiritual, gold.

The choice of taking this prosperity would seem obvious to the Western world. And possibly Russia, seeking to identify herself with the West, will take it. Great pressure will be brought on her to take it. Only the foundations of this material prosperity would be laid by foreigners. They could lay them, and start Russia on the road, and it would be an immense advantage to them personally. Russia's huge debts, moreover, place her in a subjective

state where she can be reasonably argued with. But the Russian people as a whole do want something better, and especially those idealists whose voice has arisen. They did not pull down the fruitless czardom to install Mammon in its place. They want a more spiritual kingdom. The Russia which is now vocal is not middle-aged Russia. "Men" and "women" of the age of twenty are to have a vote. It is young Russia, unmarried Russia; and earnest youth is always a seeker of the ideal rather than of the material. The Russia of ideals and dreams, religious Russia, is more than ever to the fore. The great coming clash is not of the "old régime," or royalism with liberals and radicals. That old scenery can be swept from the arena. The clash will be between business and idealism, between middle-aged Europe and young Russia, but in any case between business and idealism.

The Orthodox Church swings free of the state. The new procurator of the Holy Synod is turning out all the corrupt bishops and priests and bringing in the earnest spiritual reformers. "The cornerstone of my policy," says M. Vladimir Lvoff, "is the freedom of the church. The church will be disentangled from the political system, and the state cease to have power to interfere in the church system. The church must and will become free to arrange its own life." In brief, disestablishment.

There lies no terror in disestablishment. The church would lose some adherents to other sects, but its great natural strength would be free to develop. The puritan sects rise into prominence, though it should be borne in mind that the present revolution is not in any way due to them. They are too slight. But they have a root in Russia, and their chapels will now spring into being in every town. Literature, music, and fine art, with their source in national religion, ought to develop strongly, especially literature, which at this moment is in a poor way and rather below the general world standard. The opinions of men like Prince Yevgeny

Trubetskoi, Merezhkovsky, and Bulgakof ought to count for more than they have done in the past. And the change which the revolution has wrought in the destinies of mankind brings to the fore the work of the great philosopher Vladimir Solovyof, with his vision of a united humanity and a universal church.

Russia has always wished to fashion something new, to be something new in humanity. Even its most ardent reformers have urged that they did not wish to follow simply the example of the republics of the West. They wished a new synthesis.

Now the political idealists are flocking to Petrograd. There is a general amnesty to all who have suffered for the cause. Prison doors have opened, and every provincial jail in Russia has discharged sufferers. The penal prisons of Siberia, including the famous Alexandrovsky Central, about which how many songs have been composed, have been broken up. Great numbers of *vetchniki*, or those serving life-sentences, have been redeemed. The exiles from the fringes of the tundra, beyond the arctic circle, and from all parts of Siberia, are to come home. Red-Cross trains await them at the nearest railway stations. Finally, all those languishing through political fear in England, France, Switzerland, America, and elsewhere have their passages paid. Lenine and his brother-socialists obtain a free pass from the kindly Germans that they may more swiftly pass to Petrograd to work for peace. Russian socialists interned in Germany may also obtain release. The voices of all these will count, for they have suffered. And they have not suffered in order that Russia may become a business republic, with commercial slavery or a militant empire enslaving other nations. They have suffered for *freedom*, an almost mystical word in their hearts and souls. I do not think they merely want revenge. They are idealists, and their force will be ranged against material ambitions and vulgar conceptions. But they are bound to cause another great storm in Russian opinion and public life next autumn, if not before.

The new synthesis will be worked out by individual men, but necessarily also by nations. The collective voice of subject peoples will be heard. Finland may become separate and cease to count as Russia, but the other races cannot easily be eliminated or obtain complete independence. There is no suggestion as yet from the Russian side of a complete liberation of Poland. The Ukraine—that is, Little Russia—is too much of one flesh with Greater Russia to be separated. And what of Letts, Lithuanians, Armenians, Jews, Georgians, Persians, Ingooshi, Ossetines, Kirghiz, Turkomans, Sarts, Tatars, Bashkirs, Zirians, Samoyeds, to mention only a few of the scores of races in the empire? What of Siberia as a separate interest, of the Caucasus as a separate interest, of central Asia as a separate interest?

Russia as a republic may be profitably compared with the United States. There are as many varying races; and now that the czardom has gone, these races can no longer be looked upon as conquered or subject peoples. Their voices have full value. The difference is that in America there is an assumption that the diverse Europeans entering the country are ready to give up their particular national feeling and sink everything in the common term America. But in Russia there is no such readiness to sink all in the common term Russia. The nations have geographical associations; some have language and culture. They are proud of their distinctions. The territory of Russia is wide enough, not a little plot like Great Britain where Scots and Welsh and English easily mingle. The smaller peoples, moreover, live together; they are not spread over the land and lost collectively as in the United States. The future of the Russian republic is therefore one in which nations as well as individual men speak. Even if a United States of Russia be realized, it could not be a United States as in America, but must rather be a United Nations.

How much anxiety the Russian Revolution caused to those who knew Russia!

But what a strange and unexpected exhilaration followed—a sort of relief from war depression! The most precious inheritance of the past was endangered in Russia, but for Europe a new vision and promise was vouchsafed. Then for the first time one definitely understood that death-sentence had been passed upon the old Europe; nothing could be patched up and allowed to revert to pre-war conditions; the old had to pass away. It meant almost inevitably the eventual fall of kaiserdom, also. Vast and potential Russia had suddenly become material free to be shaped, attendant upon creative destiny. It promised, and does promise, that all Europe shall come to that same humble and subjective state, ready to be recast as something new. There becomes possible a new vision for humanity, not simply a vision of safety, for we do not really deeply care for safety, but a vision of a new and greater unity.

The problems of the new Russia are monitions of the problem of the new Europe. There is the hope that after the war it may be possible for all our nations to think of Europe in a new way, to find in the idea and name of Europe a common spiritual and material interest to which all can be loyal. As the peoples of Russia come to be to Russia, so may the peoples of Europe, including Finland and Ireland, be to Europe.

The first days of the war saw the great affirmation of the sacredness of nationality. There followed a radical movement against nationality, inspired possibly by the non-Zionist Jews, whose natural ideal is cosmopolitanism, mixed nationality, implying a mongrelization of races, one type, one state, and everybody speaking Esperanto, much business, and no war. But the idea of making Europe or Russia a melting-pot for races was distasteful, and could not have won its way. It was also not practicable. The nations of Europe care too much for their national culture and ideals to efface themselves, even were this war ten times the material calamity it is. The conception, however, had attraction for some. Its abortive expression was that

of the "League of Peace," which has now given way to the much more promising formulation of the "League of Nations." At the same time a ferment of republicanism threatens all the thrones in Europe. It is generally realized that the barriers which keep nations apart must be removed. But at the same time, owing to the example of affairs in Russia, it is realized that the nations are intent on keeping their nationhood. The unity to which we are going forward is the unity of the recognition and toleration of difference, love of difference, not the unity of reducing all to standard types.

It may be remarked now how ill suited is the average British or German intelligence to the new task of accommodating the new elements and expressing them in all their complexity to make a great unity. The Teutonic race is naturally intolerant of other races. Possibly German intolerance will be blasted away by war and by the wholesome lesson of the despised French beating them and by Russians beating them. But the British intelligence, except when modified by the sympathy of the Celt, is more inclined to simplify by breaking or excluding than by understanding and including. Love and patience are required beyond all other qualities. The Italians bring gifts of this kind, but, on the other hand, inherit bad traditions. Their consciousness is still in the old Europe, nourishing ideas of territorial aggrandizement, and pursuing with that end a steady, persistent, though secret diplomacy. Because of the Italians, our sad Balkan friends, who have suffered so much, constantly tremble or are possessed of hate. Even the unduly despised Greeks might join in the great understanding but for fear of wolves in sheep's clothing. France is patient and tolerant though suffering, but even she nurses the need for revenge. There remains Russia, and turbulent though her conditions are, she has yet the model psychology for the great problem. I do not speak of all her tribes, some of which are savagely intolerant of other people, but of the central Russian race, which, after all, has the power in its

own hands and can arrange the home almost as it will. Russia loves complexity; she is tolerant; she is also profound in thought, not given to superficiality. She has a far-reaching vision, and her church at least has for long been preoccupied with the idea of the union of humanity. Pan-human ideals have long since been expressed, and many who died in their struggle against the old czardom did so not so much in the name of local freedom and a partizan political view, as in the name of universal brotherhood.

It is of course true that the phrase "universal brotherhood" as used from working-men's platforms is little more than the expression of a domestic sentiment. The narrowness of the life and outlook of the poor workers voicing it evokes the scorn of the cultivated and the traveled, especially among our own people. The same is true in Russia, where the working-man is more illiterate and narrower in outlook than those of the same class in the West. But there is this great difference in Russia, that the idea of brotherhood, and even universal brotherhood, permeates all classes of society. And in social, if not yet in political, relationships tolerance rules. Condemnation and exclusion, the boycott and the sending to Coventry, "cutting" and giving the cold shoulder, and even calling for punishment, God's punishment, on the neighbor, are not frequent in the Russian vocabulary and literature. The Russian charity is an almost all-inclusive charity. Hence at this late era it is still possible for Russian socialists to dwell in a state of love and charity with their German confrères. "In the future there will be one language," says Solovyof; "but it will not be an exclusive, but, rather, an all-inclusive, language, not an Esperanto or Volapük, but a great and mighty organic language embodying all the partial languages men are speaking."

He conceived this in the realm of ideals. With regard to our ideals, we babble in little selfish tongues, not understanding one another; but when the ideals of mankind are made common for all, the new

language will be one that embodies all the partial languages.

Russian social philosophy, moreover, contemplates an all-inclusive human society, a true Catholicism, supported first on the recognition and tolerance of all diversity of expression, the scaffolding of the City of God, built and cemented with love and mutual enhancement. To say that we are all *disjecta membra* of Christ is merely theology to us in the West; but in the East it is a living daily understanding of our pathos on the road of destiny. The vision is of a world republic. No, of more than that: of a world church, of all humanity as one in love and mutual understanding and praise of God.

Because of this vision, which, even if seen or realized only in a small part, is stupendous and greater than anything our earthly records tell of in the past, the Russian Revolution is the first and most significant solution that the war has caused. The League of Nations has been called the germ of the super-state. The change in the conditions of the Russian people reveals the possibility of an agreement and an understanding and a unity in Europe. It is that which has given to the great destructive calamity a new creative aspect. The old must all be pulled down in order that the new may be built.

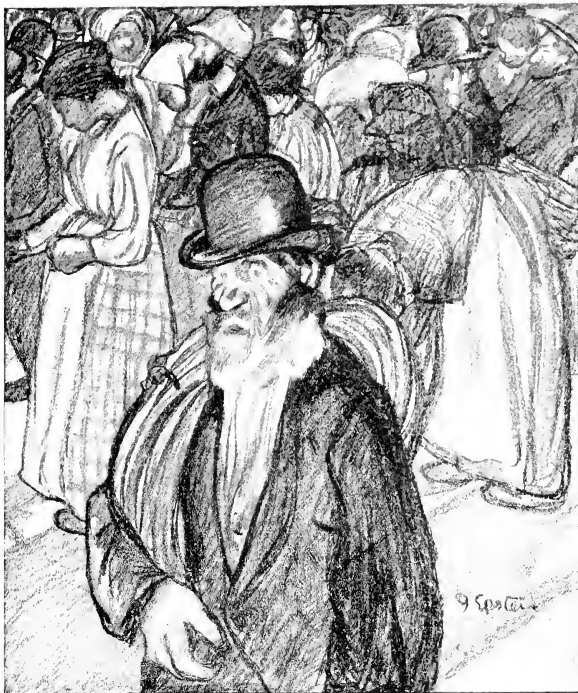
To revert however to Russia, it may be said that she is the hope of Europe. If she settles her problems beautifully, Europe may be trusted to do so also. But if she becomes a prey to anarchy and disruption, is more devastated, and falls to pieces, Europe in future may be also one of extreme desolation and low life. If she becomes a brassy, blatant business state, Europe also will turn all her energies to commerce, with trade-wars and bread-wars following. For it is an error to suppose that separate republics are less capable of making war on one another than monarchies. If Germany becomes a business republic and lives in a state of unreconciled spiritual and material interest with her neighbors, she will make war again and more successfully. Russia has the rôle of saving the prologue of the new drama.

Rightly understood, the prologue foreshadows what the story is, and the five acts following it tell it at more length and make the substance of it. It is as yet undecided; nothing is clear except the material out of which the new must emerge. The great hope is that Russia will show us a new experiment in democracy, and that there may be a further realization of the complex and beautiful genius of the people. We may see in the course of time something without counterpart in the old, not merely the realization of some Western idea of government such as republicanism or socialism; not merely the culmination of opportunism and selfishness, a business state; but the birth of a new child, a new body politic, with its dreams and daring, its vision and splendor. And that which is best and truest in Russia will come forth and have the pride of place. Nothing beautiful of the old will be lost: it will be carried on into the new, re dreamed, refound, reexpressed, its Christianity not failing; its literature and art not failing; its brotherliness, frankness, and generosity not failing; its colors not lost in mere republican grayness; its complexity of form and genius for new group-

ings and formations not lost in the discipline and rigidity of ordinary socialism, Russia the God-bearer, as Dostoyevsky called her, giving to Europe the marvelous Christ-child.

It is by faith that all who love Russia can see her new. Destiny is in our keeping, in our hearts. As we look creatively on chaos, there arises shape and form. And looking creatively is love, whereas looking destructively is hate, idealism, and criticism, the substance of peace and the substance of war. And after the greatest period of destruction and dissolution comes naturally the greatest reaction toward construction and unity that humanity has ever known. Hence the vision. It may be merely the vision in a dream. Mankind has ever lived for dreams and visions, and expected the outside, varying world to conform to its ideal. In the past it has always failed to conform. But if the world must be desolate, and the altar on which we sacrifice show itself merely as a senseless, all-devouring bonfire; if Russia, instead of showing external unity, be swept by anarchy or become a Mammon-serving state, the dream will remain. Humanity has at least been united in one heart.





Drawn by Jacob Epstein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A HESTER STREET CROWD

The Picturesque Ghetto

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

Illustrations by Jacob Epstein

THE Ghetto, when it is approached with sympathy and understanding, becomes a place rich in meaning and in a certain kind of beauty.

An intense seriousness is the dominant quality of the Ghetto Jew. He is serious in thought, in literature, in business, and in relaxation. Whether he is an old Talmudic scholar, with the feeling for the holiness of his disinterested passion engraved upon his face; a rabbi whose soul is devoted to an interpretation of the law; a starving, but impassioned, poet in the ancient Hebrew; a stormy socialist; a

stern realist in literature, of the school of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky; or, on the other hand, an untutored actor, sweat-shop worker, or street-merchant, he is always serious. Every face seen in the Ghetto is picturesquely serious; some express the solemnity of religion or of thought, some the melancholy of fatigue or longing; the same intensity that some put into the interpretation of the holy law others put into business. The new Ghetto is intensely interested in becoming American, is enjoying feverishly a municipal life, is becoming "successful." The old Ghetto



Drawn by Jacob Epstein. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis.
LUNCH IN THE SHOP

puts the same emotional force into an advocacy of the old culture and the old religion; while the "intellectuals" strive passionately to further their almost religious ideas in society or literature.

Americans are accustomed to say that nothing can be really good that does not show a "sense of humor." A person who, no matter what his defects may be, has that irradiating light, is saved, and it is that quality in a book which we pick out with perhaps the greatest approval. But the serious Ghetto is entirely lacking in the genial sense of humor. The Russian Jews do not know how to play, either physically or intellectually. There is no play in their art, their literature, or their life. They do not understand what is light and graceful. Charm of the mere evanescent kind, the charm of the *nuance*, is lacking. The spirit and the art of the Japanese are the opposites of the spirit and the art of the Ghetto Jew. The young men of the Ghetto—those of the intellectual type—pass their nights, after work-

ing hard all day, in serious conversations in which there is no lightness or humor, although there may be, and often is, a sense of the incongruous or of the ridiculous.

An understanding of the Ghetto such as that expressed by Jacob Epstein's drawings would not, therefore, add at all to the gaiety of life, nor to what is charming and delicate and suggestive. And yet the Ghetto has a message, and a very important one, for us Anglo-Saxon Americans. For in our life there is a great deal of what seems unreal to the



Drawn by
Jacob Epstein.
Half-tone plate
engraved by
R. C. Collins

A DAUGHTER
OF THE GHETTO

Russian Jew. Our attitude toward books and plays is a striking instance. We regard such things as mere sources of amusement, to be enjoyed after the day's work is done. It is not only "the crowd" who look in this way upon art and literature, but the greater number of educated and refined people. They read and go to the

theater for relaxation, not to learn more, through the medium of art, about the "strange rhythm of life." The serious and intense Ghetto Jew, on the other hand, seeks the intense joy of ideas. Every season many plays are given at the lowly Yiddish theaters on the Bowery which are genuine "criticisms of life": realistic pieces portraying contemporary manners and customs, showing how the poor Ghetto Jews live, what their problems, their ideals, are, plays witnessed, in large measure, by very poor people indeed, but people who, although they enjoy comic buffoonery, also enjoy still more a faithful picture of their lives. And the plays are acted directly and simply, without affectation. Would it not be well if, at our fashionable theaters on Broadway, we had plays which seriously sought to give a picture of New York society in the larger sense of that word?

D'Annunzio, writing in "Il Trionfo della Morte" of the impression made



Drawn by Jacob Epstein.
Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins.

ON THE EVE OF THE CHANUKAH

upon him by the old Italian city of Orvieto, says that the thing which

seemed alive was the architecture, and that the dead things were the people. That is largely true of Italy in general; the remnants of the old civilization are vital and beautiful, the actual men and women one sees seem dead. New York is just the opposite. It is impossible to see there a really beautiful monument, but what a wealth of human beings! If one has the talent for knowing people of all sorts, one may never lack color, picturesqueness, and charm in New York. There are infinite variety, vitality, and life. And in a city so peculiarly rich in interesting persons, perhaps the quarter which is richer than any other is the Ghetto. The volume of life there is enormous. One may follow back the threads into indefinite history,—that is a charm in addition,—but the contemporaneous thing, the way the old culture meets and strives with the new ideas, the conflict between Old World and New World conceptions of literature and life, the processes of adjustment to our spe-



Drawn by Jacob Epstein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

TELLING FORTUNES WITH RATS



Drawn by Jacob Epstein, in. Halftone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION AT THE "INDEPENDENT CAFÉ" ON GRAND STREET

cial American conditions, with the later and Socialistic difficulties involved—this is a state which gives birth to a very large number of forcible, vehement, and most interesting personalities, and creates a *milieu* which is, in the most profound sense of the word, picturesque. The element of melancholy, a quality always expressed in the paintings and literature of the quarter, adds to this picturesqueness; for it lends to it sympathy and pathos. To any one who has met some of the beautiful old scholars of the Ghetto, the horrors at Kishinef and elsewhere, suggesting as they do that some of these remarkable men may have been included among the victims, seem peculiarly terrible; for no one wants to lose from the world a fine thing.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of a Ghetto Jew—perhaps of any Jew—is an extreme individualism. He lacks smoothness to a remarkable degree, and in manners he is peculiarly deficient: he

makes no attempt to say the agreeable thing, and is much hated in consequence by easy-going, sensitive, or lazy persons. Much of his picturesqueness is due not, of course, to his rudeness, but to his rather thorny individualism—an individualism which leads, however, to some rather serious drawbacks, as well as advantages, when he is regarded in the light of an American citizen. He is so independent that he will follow no leader. Political organization in the Ghetto is, therefore, a difficult affair; for every Jew follows his own lead.

In America the Jews stand on the threshold of full participation in the national life. The result is that there is a modern "awakening" in the Ghetto which is similar to, and yet very different from, the spirit of the early Renaissance. There are the same eagerness and acquisitiveness, the same energy; but the hopefulness, lightness, and grace in art and character,



Drawn by Jacob Epstein. Halftone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A SWEAT-SHOP IN BIRMINGHAM PLACE

the sense of plastic beauty, so charming in fifteenth-century Italian civilization, are lacking to make the parallel with the Ghetto complete. About even the most modern, energetic, and Americanized Jew, full of push, there is yet something melancholy, something suggestive of their sad history. This is even more noticeable in the "real" Jew, he who remains steadfastly faithful to the spirit of the old culture. This is the Jew of our illustrations,

whether he be push-cart peddler, scholar, or worshiper in the synagogue. The spirit of the Ghetto is the spirit of seriousness, of melancholy, of a high idealism, which, when interpreted by the sympathetic artist, illumines even the sweat-shop, the push-cart market, and the ambitious business man. This combination of the highly ideal with the highly worldly is, when seen from a disinterested point of view, deeply picturesque.



Drawn by Jacob Epstein. Halftone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

A HESTER STREET MARKET

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Prohibition and Poetry in the Last Century

By MARGARET ARMSTRONG

NOT long ago I came across some hundreds of shabby little books of poetry, all American and most of them written in the sixties, herded together on the shelves of a large library. They are dingy little volumes, bound cheaply in that hard cloth of pebble-goat texture so unsympathetic to the touch; their sides are still crudely tinted with magenta or mazarine-blue, stamped with some trite ornament such as a harp or a bird; but their backs have faded to a sickly drab, and the names of the long-forgotten authors are almost illegible.

The contents looked as dull as the binding, but as I turned the yellowing pages I found myself pausing more and more often to read, or, rather, to smile, for these poor little poets were often unconsciously

comic, though of course humor was the very last thing they had in mind. In fact, the absence of humor and the presence of a moral are the commonest characteristics of the species. "Poems moral religious and sentimental, calculated to refine the taste, elevate the mind and attract the attention of the youth of both sexes," the title of a purple booklet even more anemic than its fellows sums up the predilections of the day, for a touch of reproof or advice, if not a complete poetic homily, was evidently essential.

Reproof is plentiful: "To a young Woman who wore her dress extremely low on the Breast and Shoulders"; "On being disgusted with the Tobacco Spitters in the Methodist Church, Vicksburg, by a Gentleman of Nature"; "Lines to a Clergy-

man in consequence of his asserting that the Piety of Woman was of little avail being always the result of disappointment." These last verses betray a not unnatural feminine impatience.

Advice is also abundant. The "Elegy to a young Lady, advising her not to seek a cure for Love in Dissipation," is thoroughly sensible, as are also the lines "To Mrs. Page of Rosewell who averred that Poetry was inconsistent with a Wedded Life."

But unquestionably it was the moral tale in verse, long drawn out, that really stirred the last generation. Novels were still taboo in middle-class American society fifty years ago, as we find indicated in more than one poem. "Novels not mental food, or the poisoned Ewe-Lamb," is the title of a horrid little poem by Eaglesfield Smith, author of a "Lullaby to a Lady of Fashion." It portrays the lamb's death with brutal realism:

The poison soon began t' inflame,
And agonize the swollen frame;
She wildly ran and fiercely cried,
Then feeble grew and gasping died.

Another author, with the uncommon name of Refine Weekes, expresses the same sentiments:

By novels that the path of virtue stain—
By books alluring to a great degree
Of darkness, vice and infidelity,
That draw the minds of the unguarded youth
From the sublime enjoyments of the truth.

Evidently the pill of fiction had to be disguised in the jelly of morality rather than the other way about.

The evil of intemperance was the favorite subject of these poetical uplifters. Sometimes the string was only lightly touched, as in the romance "Ten Scenes in the Life of a Lady of Fashion," written in 1862, which ends with the description of a wedding. Fashion, that bugbear of fifty years ago, has so hardened the heart of the heroine's father that he sees nothing in the solemn occasion but the

advantages of getting a fashionable daughter off his hands. Incidentally he drinks.

Her father laughed as the wine he quaff'd,
"T was more than mere pretences,
For he felt that he was now to be
Released from her expenses.

In another tale less flowing in style, called "Eternity's Shore" for no reason that I could discover, we find a like disapproval of the smart set as seen at Floreen Park, which must have been a fine establishment, for we gather that they kept a butler.

The door was soon opened by a man
strangely dressed,
With short coat, and short pants and gold
buttons on his vest.

As usual in these fashionable circles the master of the house is a wine-bibber.

Mr. Alphonsus Bull is as merry as a king.
"Let us drink," says he, "and our sorrows
to the winds let us fling."

These are not, however, true temperance tales, nor can we include the many short poems on the subject, such as "The Little Sup," or "The Address to the Ten Thousand Drunkards of New York"; but the volume called "High-toned Sprees" is a wonderful collection of short stories. The annals of "Spoon River" seem tame when we scan the table of contents in this neat, brown book, written in 1874:

The Engineer on a High-toned Spree.
The Minister on a High-toned Spree.
The Spruce Young Man on a High-toned
Spree,

and many other members of society too numerous to mention. "The Lady on a High-toned Spree" is one of the most graphic.

A lady of exalted mind
A lover seeks, wise and refined;
Scott's novels, Shakespeare's mirthful plays,
Sage Milton's high exalted lays—
Each standard work of prose and verse
He must be able to rehearse.

Her standard is so high that we are not surprised to find that she is disappointed in her final choice. She seeks consolation first in tobacco and then in drink.

She smokes and spits tobacco juice;
She chews and spits very profuse,
And thus her home keeps brown and sear,
Like dying autumn all the year.
Then still more vigor to supply
A little brandy thinks she 'll try.
Harder she smokes and chews and drinks,
Till on the floor senseless she sinks!
Such is the disenchantment drear,
Of whisky, gin and larger beer.

The experiences of "The Captain on a High-toned Spree" are even more terrible.

The Captain on the dark blue sea,
Far from his home and family,
No crystal stream sees bright and clear,
No purling fount salutes his ear,
Sees no green fields nor blooming flowers
To cheer his weary lonely hours.
"What can," he asks, "make full amends
For loss of these familiar friends?
A little gin suppose I sip."
He does, at first with dainty lip;
Soon more he craves—yes, does require.
"Fire! fire! here! here! the ship's on fire!"
Where are the men? Half drunk on deck.
Too late they rouse to save from wreck.
They're plunged beneath the raging deep,
Where whales and sharks their vigils keep.

By the same author we have "The Maple Dell of '76." This little book, with a maple leaf stamped on the cover, is still to be found in village homes, for I happen to know that it was peddled from door to door through New Jersey, probably by the author. It begins rather abruptly:

The eve before marriage a good mother
said:
Adelia, wait longer, 't is solemn to wed.

But Adelia is sure that her choice, a lawyer with the odd name of Jurist, is all that he should be.

"Please give your consent, and his fortunes
I 'll try.
He never will cause me to famish and sigh.

He's brave and he's handsome, the best
one of all

The valiant coterie that ever did call.

He sings from best poets the sweetest of
songs.

He never was guilty of criminal wrongs."

The pastor's own parlor was cheerful and
bright.

Adelia and Jurist were wedded all right.

But the mother's doubts were justified.

Adelia toiled faithful to have a good home,
While Jurist drank freely and went forth
to roam,

He mixed ale and porter, wine, brandy and
beer;

They boiled in his stomach, the riot was
near.

Jurist's character is well summed up in
these pithy lines:

He would leave pastures fresh and green.
He had good sense but would act mean.

But despite everything, for some time
Adelia does not despair.

While life remains there still is hope
That erring ones will cease to tope.

But even with the consolations of drink
home life proves too dull for Jurist, who
is evidently a good mixer.

You scarce could find a sprucer beau
From pine-clad Maine to Mexico.
The bon ton guests delighted hark
While he sings gay as summer lark.
The creme de la creme laugh
Over the alcohol they quaff,

and soon his lawful wife ceases to charm
him.

She never in the woods at dark
Could study Botany and spark,

and he makes up to a gayer lady.

Delilah lively as a hawk
With her he took the inside walk.

To her he sings a serenade called "The Lawyer's Vesperee in the Maple Dell":

Awake my love to Jersey hie,
While clouds are in the midnight sky.
Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

Delilah's "Vesperee" is less passionate, but much to the point:

Amply for me you 'll provide.
I 'm so happy at your side.

and Jurist invites her to accompany him to the Centennial in an alluring "Mati-nee":

We 'll go to Fairmount Park and see
Our nation hold its Jubilee.
We 'll make a long delightful call
Within each exhibition hall.
Give Adelia fits of mania
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania.

While this reprehensible couple are amusing themselves in Philadelphia Adelia is having a hard time, for Jurist has been "providing" so liberally for Delilah that the food at home is very, very bad.

Sometimes it was a putrid waste
No chemist could restore its taste.
From mouldy wheat she could not bake
Good bread or nice soft ginger-cake.
In fruit all sickly with decay
Nectarious virtues would not stay.
It was the lawyer's legal scheme
To bury her in Lethe's stream.
While he went chaperoning on
Amid the gayest festal throng
Herself and child were left alone
To nibble on a crust and bone.

But matters are even worse when he presumably gets out of cash, stops "chaperoning on," and returns home.

He came in boisterous from the street,
Rabid with whisky's boiling heat;
The large round oaths were on his tongue,
The broken chairs around were flung,
The burning lamp dropped on the floor,
The batter smeared the wall and door;
The dining table lost a leaf.
Chaos reigned in that house of grief.
She begged and prayed him to desist,
But he was in a whisky mist.
He caused an injury severe,
That troubled her year after year,
Made organs from their place depart,
That needed Esculapian art.

Further on we read that on another occasion he again

Dropped burning lamps upon the floor,
Brought loaded pistols through the door,
Then hired Henry Santica
To help Adelia move away.

A foot-note tells us that Henry Santica was "A respectable colored man, whose occupation was that of a carter."

The narrative meanders on for many tragic pages, and the moral is, of course, as Adelia truly says:

Alas when doings of wine and gin
Thus separate the nearest kin.

Let us wind up these temperance teachings with some good advice from still another of the very minor poets whom we have been discussing:

Keep regular hours—the wise and good live
mostly in the light,
While vice, and crime, and fashion hold their
orgies in the night.



The Hall of Infamy

Nominations in verse by W. R. BURLINGAME

Seconded in charcoal by W. E. HILL



I. THE MAN WHO SHOUTS AT THE WAITER

THIS person I abominate.
He will not eat what's on his plate
But bellows with Gargantuan roar
Remarks I never heard before.

He stamps his feet, blasphemes, and frets,
And calls the waiter epithets,
And terrifies him so that he
Forgets to come and wait on me.

The Hall of Infamy, I trust,
Will soon contain this person's bust,
And underneath the words he used
To waiters whom he thus abused.

And we shall guard these words of rage
From those of tender sex and age,
And those for whom it is not fit
Shall not be let to look at it.

II. THE PEOPLE WHO ASK YOU "INFORMALLY"



OBSERVE the persons here portrayed
In faultless evening dress arrayed
Upon my right and left, while I
Have on my pink and striped tie.

If I had painted cubist screens
Or done free verse for magazines,
Perchance it would not seem amiss
For me to come in garb like this.

Yet, though I am a simple soul,
It had not struck my sense as droll,

When asked informally, that I
Should wear my pink and striped tie.

When I am very great and rich
I'll dedicate a special niche
Within the Hall of Infamy
To hosts who dine informally.

For every host a bust will be,
And they shall all be dressed like me,
And I shall gaze in hurt surprise
Upon their pink and striped ties.

The Great Big Man and the Wee Little Girl

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

THE great big man and the wee little girl
Danced through the long December night.
Her hair had the tiniest bit of a curl;
Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were bright;
And the things she said were uncommonly trite
(They had just been introduced, you see),
And she mentally classed him as "rather nice"
And forgot about him in half a trice.
But, fairy slipper and feathery fan,
She danced through the dreams of the great big man.

The great big man and the wee little girl
Strolled through the moon-drenched June-time night;
And the lake was a mixture of jade and pearl,
And summer-time troths are easy to plight,
And kisses and kisses more kisses invite
(They had known each other six months, you see),
And she said that she loved him, and made him stop,
And went to bed and slept like a top.
But the big man tramped till the night was gone
And shouted his joy to the coming dawn.

The wee little girl and the great big man
Stood in the mellow October night,
And she said she was sorry the thing began,
And she said she hoped she was doing right;
But as for her it was finished—quite
(The engagement had lasted three months, you see).
And he kissed her once for old times' sake,
And he said, "Oh, well, another mistake,"
And forgot the affair with a laugh and a song.
But the wee little girl cried all night long.







"THEN HAVE THE KINDNESS TO INFORM ME . . . WHY MARIAN
HAS CONSENTED TO MARRY ME."

PAINTED FOR "THE LADY" BY NORMAN PRICE.

Illustrating "The Second Lady"

THE CENTURY

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The Second Fiddle

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

Part I. Chapter I

ON the whole, Stella preferred the Express Dairy Company to the A. B. C. It was a shade more expensive, but if you ate less and liked it more, that was your own affair. You were waited on with more arrogance and less speed, but you made up for that artistically by an evasion of visible grossness.

Stella had never gone very much further than a ham sandwich in either place. You knew where you were with a ham sandwich, and you could disguise it with mustard.

On this occasion she took a cup of tea and made her meal an amalgamation. She hoped to leave work early, and she would have no time for tea. She was going to hear Chaliapine.

All London—all the London, that is, which thinks of itself as London—was raving about Chaliapine; but Stella in general neither knew nor cared for the ravings of London. They reached her as vaguely as the sound of breaking surf reaches the denizens of the deeper seas.

It was her sister Eurydice who had brought Chaliapine home to her. She had said plainly, with that intensity which

distinguished both her utterances and her actions, that if she did n't hear Chaliapine she would die. He was like an ache in her bones.

Eurydice had never discovered that you cannot always do what you want or have what you very ardently wish to have. She believed that disappointment was a coincidence or a lack of fervency, and she set herself before each obstacle to her will like the prophets of Baal before their deaf god. She cut herself with knives till the blood ran.

Stella hovered anxiously by her side, stanching, whenever she was able, the flowing of Eurydice's blood. On this occasion she had only to provide seven shillings and to make, what cost her considerably more, a request to Mr. Leslie Travers to let her off at five.

Mr. Leslie Travers had eyed her with the surprise of a man who runs a perfect machine and feels it pause beneath his fingers. He could not remember that Stella Waring had ever made such a request before.

Her hours were from nine to five daily, but automatically, with the pressure of her

work and the increase of her usefulness, they had stretched to six or seven.

Mr. Leslie Travers had never intended to have a woman secretary, but during the illness of a competent clerk he had been obliged to take a stop-gap. Miss Waring had appeared on a busy morning with excellent testimonials and a quiet manner. He told her a little shortly that he did not want a woman in his office. Her fine, humorous eyebrows moved upward, and her speculative gray eyes rested curiously upon his irritable brown ones.

"But I am a worker," she said gently. "If I can do your work, it is my own business whether I am a man or a woman. You shall not notice it."

Mr. Travers felt confused for a moment and as if he had been impertinent. In the course of a strenuous and successful life he had never felt impertinent; he believed it to be a quality found only in underlings. He stared, cleared his throat, read her testimonials, and temporarily engaged her. That was two years ago.

Miss Waring had kept her promise; she was a worker and not a woman. She took pleasure in keeping her wits about her, and Mr. Travers used them as if they were his own. Sometimes he thought they were.

She had many agreeable points besides her wits, but they were the only point she gave to Mr. Travers to notice. She deliberately suppressed her charm. She reduced his work by one half; he never had to say, "You ought to have asked me this," or, "You need n't have brought me that." Her initiative matched her judgment.

It did not occur to Mr. Travers to praise her for this most unusual quality, but he paid her the finest tribute of an efficient worker: he gave her more to do. He woke up to that fact when she tentatively asked him if he could make it convenient for her to leave at five.

"Five," he said, "is your hour for leaving this office. Of course you may go then. You ought always to do so."

A vague smile hovered about Stella's lips; she looked at him consideringly for a

moment, her eyes seemed to say, "It must be nice for you, then, that I never do what I ought." Then she drew her secretarial manner like a veil over her face.

"You will find the drainage papers for Stafford Street in the second pigeonhole on your desk," she said sedately, "with the inspector's report. I have put the plumber's estimate with it, and added a few marginal notes where I think their charges might be cut down."

"You had better see them about it yourself," said Mr. Travers; "then there won't be any unpleasantness."

He did not mean to be polite to Stella; he merely stated a convenient fact. When Stella saw people on business there was no unpleasantness.

Stella bowed, and left him.

Mr. Travers looked up for a moment after she had gone. "I am not sure," he said to himself, "that there are not some things women can do better than men when they do not know that they are doing them better." He did not like to think that women had any superior mental qualities to those of men, but he put them down to mother wit, which does not sound superior.

Stella went through the outer office on wings. They were all her friends there; her exits and her entrances were the events the lesser clerks liked best during the day.

Her smile soothed their feelings, and in her eyes reigned always that other Stella who lived behind her wits, a gay, serene, and friendly Stella, who did not know that she was a lady and never forgot that she was a human being.

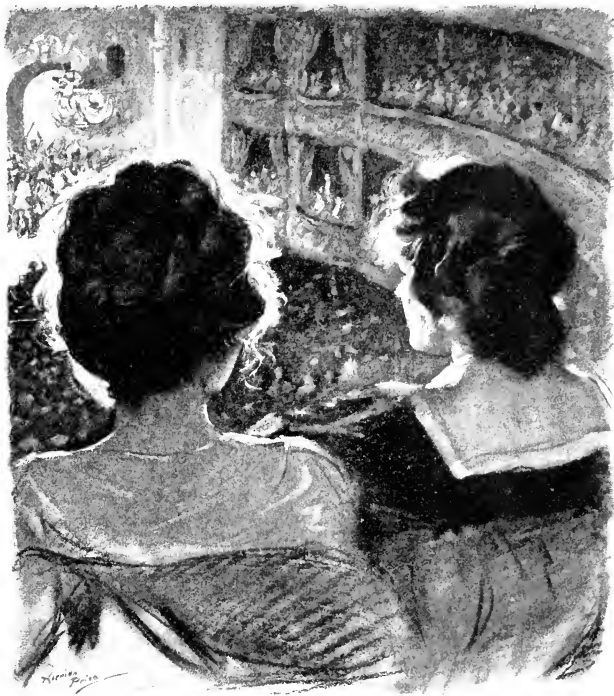
Theoretically there is nothing but business in a business office, but practically in every smallest detail there is the pressure of personal influence. What gets done or, even more noticeably, what is left undone is poised upon an inadmissible principle, the desire to please.

The office watched Stella, tested her, judged her, and once and for all made up its mind to please her.

Stella knew nothing at all about this probation. She knew only all about the office boy's mother, and where the girl

typists spent their holidays, and when, if all went well, Mr. Belk would be able to marry his young lady. Mistakes and panic, telegrams and telephones, slipped

drama; and the moment the town hall door swung behind her she forgot her municipal juggling and started the drama of play.



"A PROCLAMATION WAS READ BY A GREAT PERSON FROM A BEDIZENED BALCONY"

into her hands, and were unraveled with the rapidity with which silk yields to expert fingers. She always made the stupidest clerk feel that mistakes, like the bites of a mosquito, might happen to any one, even while she was making him see how to avoid them in future. She had the touch which takes the sting from small personal defeats. She always saw the person first and the defeat afterward.

Her day's work was a game of patience and skill, and she played it as she used to play chess with her father. It was a long game and sometimes it was a tiring one, but hardly a moment of it was not sheer

On Thursday afternoon she stood for a moment considering her course. There was the Underground, which was always quickest, or there was the drive above the golden summer dust on the swinging height of a motor-bus. She decided upon the second alternative, and slipped into infinity. She was cut off from duty, surrounded by strangers, unmoored from her niche in the world.

This was the moment of her day which Stella liked best; in it she could lose her own identity. She let her hands rest on her lap and her eyes on the soft green of the new-born leaves. She hung balanced

on her wooden seat between earth and sky, on her way to Russian music.

The brief and tragic youth of London trees was at its loveliest. Kensington Gardens poured past her as liquid as golden flame. The grass was as fresh as the grass of summer fields, swallows flitted over it, and the broad-shouldered elms were wrapped delicately in a mist of green.

Hyde Park corner floated beneath her; the bronze horses of Victory, compact and sturdy, trundled out of a cloudless sky. St. George's Hospital, sun-baked and brown, glowed like an ancient palace of the Renaissance. The traffic surged down Hamilton Place and along Piccadilly as close packed as migratory birds. The tower of Westminster Cathedral dropped its alien height into an Italian blue sky; across the vista of Green Park and all down Piccadilly the clubs flashed past her, vast, silver spaces of comfort reserved for men, full of men. Stella did not know very much about men who lived in clubs. Cicely said they were very wicked and danced the tango and did n't want women to have votes; but Stella thought they looked as if they had very good shoulders. Probably she would see some of them less kaleidoscopically at the opera later.

Even men who danced the tango went to hear Chaliapine. It was not only his voice; he was a rage, a prairie fire. All other conversation became burned stubble at his name.

The City was very hot, and all the world[®] was in the streets, expansive and genial. Piccadilly Circus shot past her like a bed of flowers. It was the hour when work draws to an end and night is still far off. Pleasure had stretched down the scale and included workers. People who did not dance the tango bought strawberries and flowers off barrows for wonderful prices to take home to their children.

In the queue extending half-way down Drury Lane Eurydice, passionate and heavy-eyed, was waiting for Stella.

"If you had n't come soon," she said, drawing Stella's arm through her own, "something awful would have happened to

me. I got a messenger-boy to stand here for an hour to keep your place. The suspense has been agony, like waiting for the guillotine."

"But, O Eurydice dear, I do hope you will enjoy it!" Stella pleaded.

"I shall enjoy it, yes," said Eurydice, gloomily, "if I can bear it. I don't suppose you understand, but when you feel things as poignantly as I do, almost anything is like the guillotine. It is the death of something, even if it's only suspense. Besides, he may not be what I think him. I expect the opening of heaven."

Eurydice usually expected heaven to open, and this is sometimes rather hard upon the openings of less grandiose places.

A stout woman in purple raised an efficient elbow like an oar and dug it sharply into Stella's side.

"O Stella, would n't it be awful if I fainted before the door opens!" whispered Eurydice.

"The doors are opening," said Stella. "People have begun to plunge with umbrellas."

The purple woman renewed her rowing motion; the patient queue expanded like a fan. Stella moved forward in the throng. She was pushed and elbowed, lifted and driven, but she never stopped being aware of delight. She watched the faces sweeping past her like petals on a stream; she flung down her half-crowns and seized her metal disks, dashing on and up the narrow stairs, with Eurydice fiercely struggling behind her like a creature in danger of drowning.

They sprang up and over the back ledges of the gallery on into the first row, breathless, gasping, and victorious.

"How horrible people are!" gasped Eurydice. "Dozens of brutal men have stepped on my toe. Your hat's crooked. Is anything worth this dreadful mingling with a mob?"

"Does one mingle really?" asked Stella, taking off her hat. "Only one's shoulders. Besides, I think I rather like mobs if they are n't purple and don't dig. I've just been thinking how dull it must be to walk into a box having done nothing but pay for

it, and knowing, too, you are going to get it! The lady beside me has been to every opera this season. She sits on a camp-stool from two o'clock till eight with milk chocolate, and knows every one's name and all the motives and most of the scores. She's going to lend me this one. She says the excitement of not knowing whether she is going to get a front seat or not has never palled."

The great opera-house filled slowly. There was splendor in it—the splendor put on for the occasion in the cheaper seats, and every-day splendor taking its place later and more expensively because it did not know how to be anything else but splendid.

Women's dresses that summer were made as much as possible to resemble underclothes. From the waist upward filmy specimens of petticoat bodices appeared; there were wonderful jewels to be seen above them: immemorial family jewels, collars of rubies and pearls. The older the woman, the finer the jewels, and the more they looked like ancient mosaics glimmering archaically in early Roman churches.

The safety curtain was let down reassuringly before a bored audience that was not afraid of fires.

Some one on the left of Stella remarked that there was a rumor that the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria had been assassinated in Serbia. It did not sound very likely. Eurydice flung herself forward; she hung over the ledge, poised like an exultant Fury. She dared life to disappoint her.

Then the real curtain rose. The Russian music began—fiery, melancholy music, drunk with sorrow.

Stella leaned back in her seat with a little thrill of excitement. Everything felt so safe, and sorrow sounded beautiful and far off.

CHAPTER II

THE curtain lifted, and civilization swung back. They were in Russia in the twelfth century—or any other time. It hardly mattered when; the music was the per-

petual music of the Slav, ungovernably tragic and insecure. The people were a restless, barbaric crowd, beyond or beneath morality; religious, incalculably led by sensation. They could be unimaginably cruel or sweep magnificently up the paths of holiness. The steep ascent to heaven was in their eyes, and they got drunk to attain it.

The English audience watched them as if they were looking at a fairy-tale. They were a well-fed, provided-for, complacent audience. If they got drunk, it was an accident, and none of them had ever been holy. They had never been under the heels of tyranny or long without a meal. They took for granted food, water, light, and fuel. They began to live where the Russian peasant planted his dreams of heaven. Death was their only uncertainty, and it was hidden behind the baffling insincerities of doctors and nurses. It did not take them on the raw.

The crowd upon the stage became suddenly shaken into movement. Then fires were lighted, bells rang, food was carried about in processions. Cossacks with long knouts struck back the dazzled, scattering people. A proclamation was read by a great person from a bedizened balcony.

Stella knew no Russian; she had no idea that anything worse could happen to this seriously broken people ruled by knouts. But there was still something that could happen: this proclamation touched their religion.

It seemed that they actually had a possession that they were n't prepared to let go. They could let their daughters and sons go, their houses and their lives; but there was something they held on to and refused to renounce.

Then Chaliapine entered.

Eurydice gave a long gasp of emotion, and sank silently into her dream; no more could be expected of her as a companion. Stella endeavored to be more critical. She felt at once that Chaliapine's power was n't his voice. It was a fine, controlled voice, it seemed more resonant and alive than any other in the company, and vastly easier; but his genius was behind his voice.

It was not merely his acting, though immediately every one else on the stage appeared to be acting, and Chaliapine alone was real.

It consisted, Stella felt, in that very uncontrollable something that tyrants cannot kill, that circumstances do not touch, that surmounts every stroke of fate, and is the residuum which faces death. There was a little more of it in Chaliapine than there is in most people.

She tried to follow the score of "Boris Godonof"; it was not easy music, and the story hardly seemed to matter.

Chaliapine was the leader of the religious sect that the czar was going to stamp out. Everything was against him: was he going to conquer? The English audience expected him to conquer. It understood conquests. First, you started all wrong, because you had n't taken the trouble not to, because you had n't measured your antagonist, and because you did not think that preparation was necessary.

The audience allowed for things going wrong to begin with, and sat cheerfully expecting the miracle.

The opera went on, and it became apparent to Stella that Chaliapine was not going to get his people out of their difficulties.

The English audience listened breathlessly and a little surprised, but not troubled, because they felt quite sure that everything would come out all right in the last act.

Religion would triumph; it always did, even when you took no notice of it.

The melancholy minor Russian music could n't mean that you were n't going to get anything out of it. It would wake up and soon be triumphant.

In the pauses between the acts Eurydice sat in a trance. Stella amused herself with picking out the kind of people she would have liked to know. One in particular, in a box to the right of them, she found herself liking. His frosty-blue eyes had the consciousness of strength in them; the line of his jaw and the ironic, well-chiseled mouth spoke of a will that had felt and surmounted shocks. He was still a young

man in the early thirties, but he had made his place in the world. He looked as secure as royalty. With a strange little thrill that was almost resentment Stella realized that she knew the woman beside him. Marian sat there very straight and slim in the guarded radiance of her youth, as intact as some precious ivory in a museum. She was Stella's greatest friend; that is to say, she gave to her the greatest amount of pleasure procurable in her life.

Stella could not have told why her heart sprang to meet Marian Young's. She had nothing in common with her. They had met at a course of lectures on the Renaissance, and out of a casual meeting had grown a singular, unequal relationship.

Marian saw Stella very rarely, but she told her everything. She had not, however, told her of this new man. His strong, clever face had in it something different, something unnecessarily different, from Marian's other young men.

He lifted his head, and looked up toward the balconies above him. His eyes did not meet Stella's, but she took from them the strangest sensation of her life. A pang of sheer pity shot through her. There was no reason for pity, she felt; he looked aggressively strong and perfectly sure of himself. He even looked sure of Marian, and not without reason. He was all the things Marian liked best in a man, courageous, successful, handsome. Providence had thrown in his brains. That was the unnecessary quality.

Stella wondered a little wistfully what it must be like to talk to a really clever man. Her father was very clever, but he was not socially pliable, and he did n't exactly talk to Stella; he merely expressed in her presence conclusions at which he had arrived. It clarified his ideas, but it did n't do anything particular to Stella's.

The curtain rose again, and the last act began.

Chaliapine did not turn defeat into victory; no rabbit rose triumphantly, to satisfy the British public, out of a top-hat. Chaliapine led his people into a fire, and they were burned to death.

Some of them were frightened, and he had to comfort them, to hold them, and sustain them till the end. He had nothing at all to do it with, but he did sustain them. They all went into the flames, singing their disheartening music till the smoke covered them. Chaliapine sang longest, but there was nothing victorious in his last notes. They were very beautiful and final; then they weakened and were still.

The stillness went on for some time afterward. Everybody had been killed, and life had been so unendurable that they had faced death without much effort to avoid it. Still, they could have avoided it if they had given up their faith. Their faith had vanished off the face of the earth, but they had n't given it up.

Stella gave a long sigh of relief; she felt as if she had been saved from something abominable that might have happened.

Applause broke out all round them, a little uncertainly at first, because it was difficult for the audience to realize that the heavens were n't going to shoot open and do something definitely successful about it; but finally sustained and prolonged applause. Chaliapine had taken them all by storm. It was not the kind of storm that they were used to, but it was a storm.

"I love Russians," a lady exclaimed to Stella. "Such delightful people, don't you think, so full of color and what d' you call it?"

Eurydice shook herself impatiently like a dog after a plunge through water.

"Hurry! Let's get out of this," she said to Stella, "or I shall be rude to somebody. Idiots! Idiots! Don't they see that we've been listening to the defeat of the soul?"

"No, no," whispered Stella half to herself; "we've been listening to how it can't be defeated, how nothing touches it, not even death, not even despair, not even flames. The end of something that has never given in is victory."

They passed behind Marian outside the opera-house, but Stella did not speak to

her. She heard Sir Julian saying in a determined, resonant voice:

"Well, of course I'm glad you liked it. Chaliapine is a good workman, but personally I don't think much of Russian music. It has a whine in it like a beggar's, sounds too much as if it had knocked under. My idea, you know, is not to knock under."

And Stella, slipping into the crowd, was aware again of a sharp pang of pity for him, as if she knew that, after all, his strength would meet, and be consumed by, fire.

CHAPTER III

NOTHING in No. 9 Redcliff Square ever got done; it happened, as leaves drop in autumn, or as dust accumulates, percolating softly and persistently through doors and windows.

The Warings had reached Redcliff Square as accidentally as a tramp takes shelter under a hedge. Professor Waring, whose instinct was to burrow like a mole, blind and silent, into his researches, failed too completely to teach what he had discovered; and as he had never made the discovery that teaching was what he was paid for, his payments gradually ceased. When he found himself faced with an increasing family and a decreasing income, he thought of the South Kensington Museum. He thought of it as an habitual drunkard evicted for not paying his rent thinks of the public house.

He brought his family as near to it as he could, dumped them down in a silent and slatternly street, and disappeared into the museum regularly every morning at nine. When he came out he wanted only cocoa, a back room, and the postage necessary for his researches. A Peruvian mummy went to his head like gin.

Mrs. Waring had been a gentle, dreamy girl with a strong religious tendency. She had married Professor Waring because he had wide blue eyes and a stoop and did not look at all coarse.

Professor Waring had married her because he wanted to get married a little and had noticed her at that time. He

was under the impression that women managed households, meals, and children without bothering their husbands. Mrs. Waring tried not to bother her husband. She lost her religion because the professor had n't any, and she thought at first he was sure to be right. When she ceased to have this magic certainty, she sought out fresh religions that told you you had everything you wanted when you knew you had n't.

She got through maternity in a desultory way, with a great deal of ill health and enormous household bills. She did not manage anything, and when she was very unhappy she said that she was in tune with the infinite.

From their earliest years her children fended for themselves, Eurydice with storms of anguish and through a drastic series of childish epidemics; Cicely with a stolid, cold efficiency; and Stella with an intuitive gentleness so great as to hide a certain inner force.

About two hundred pounds a year trickled in on them from uncertain sources. Mrs. Waring never knew quite when to expect it, and when it came it soaked itself solemnly up on non-essentials. The children never had proper clothes or a suitable education. They were Egyptologists before they could spell, and the Koran was an open book to them when they should have been reading "The Water Babies."

The professor spent what he considered his share of their income upon hieroglyphics, and Mrs. Waring, never personally extravagant, bought quantities of little books to teach people how to live, how to develop the will, how to create a memory, and power through repose. They had one servant, who had to have wages and insisted every now and then upon a joint of meat.

There was no waste-paper basket in the house, and a great deal of linoleum. When Mrs. Waring made up her mind that she must be more economical, she always went out and bought linoleum. She had been told it was a great saving. She never tidied anything up or put anything

away. What was lost was never seen again, or seen only when you were hunting for something else. It was like a gambler's system at Monte Carlo: you looked for a bootjack, and were rewarded by black treacle; or you played, as it were, for black treacle, and discovered the bootjack.

Mrs. Waring never finished anything; even her conversations, which began at breakfast, jogged on throughout the day, and were picked up at much the same spot in the evening. She had covered a quantity of ground, but she had invariably escaped her destination. Through long years of perpetual indecision she had nearly succeeded in outwitting time and space.

Nobody minded this attitude except Cicely. She fought against chaos from her youth up. They all dreaded her tongue and clung persistently to their habits. The professor fled earlier to the museum, sometimes in carpet slippers. Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Waring retired with a little book to an untidied bedroom.

Eurydice, dropping manuscripts, hair-ribbons, and defiance, escaped to a locked attic; and Stella remained as a gentle adjutant to her severer sister. Cicely did get a few things done. She saw that meals were cooked, windows opened, beds made, and clocks wound; but nothing continuous rewarded her efforts. The power of the human will is a small weapon against consolidated inertia.

For five years Cicely played upon No. 9 Redcliff Square like an intermittent searchlight; then she gave it up, and became a student in a women's hospital. The household breathed a sigh of intense relief at her departure, and collapsed benevolently into chaos.

Nobody except Stella regretted it. The professor was openly thankful.

"She may become a student," he observed coldly when it was explained to him where Cicely had gone, "but she will never become a scholar. She has a superficial hunger for the definite.

"I really do not think it will be necessary for me to take my supper at a given

hour. Stella will know that, whenever I ring my bell, I mean cocoa."

"Dear Cicely is a pioneer," murmured Mrs. Waring, with a gentle sigh. "I can always imagine her doing wonderful things in a desert with a buffalo."

"Now I shall be able to have my friends at the house without their being insulted," cried Eurydice, triumphantly. "Last time when Mr. Bolt was in the middle of reading his new poem, 'The Whirl,' a most delicate and difficult poem set to a secret rhythm, Cicely burst in and asked for a slop-pail. It looked so lovely! I had covered it with autumn leaves and placed it half-way up the chimney. It might have been a Grecian urn, but of course she dragged it out. She dragged out everything."

Eurydice had a profession, too. She was a suppressed artist. She felt that she could have painted like Van Gogh, only perfectly individually. She saw everything in terms of color and in the shape of cubes. Railway lines reminded her of a flight of asterisks. Flowers subdivided themselves before her like a tartan plaid. She saw human beings in tenuous and disjointed outlines suggestive of a daddy-long-legs. She could not afford paint and canvas, so she had to leave people to think that the world looked much as usual.

Eurydice had always felt that she could write out her thoughts as soon as she and Stella were alone and able to arrange her room in black and scarlet. When Cicely left, Stella bought black paper and pasted it over the walls, and dyed a white-wool mat, which had long lost its original purity, a profound and sinister scarlet.

Eurydice did not want very much, either. None of the Warings wanted very much. What as a family they failed to understand was that not having the money to pay for what they wanted, some more personal contribution of time and effort was necessary in order to attain it.

Stella grasped this fact when she was about eighteen. She said afterward that she never would have thought of it if it had not been made plain to her by Cicely. Still, before Cicely had gone to the hos-

pital Stella was taking cheap lessons in the City in shorthand and type-writing. None of the three girls had what is called any "youth." They were as ignorant of young men as if they had been brought up in a convent. Neither Professor nor Mrs. Waring had ever supposed that parents ought to provide occupations or social resources for their children, and the children themselves had been too busy contributing to the family welfare to manage any other life. Cicely had read statistics and mastered physiological facts at fifteen. She was under the impression that she knew everything and disliked everything except work. Her feeling for men was singularly like that of a medieval and devout monk toward women. She had an uncomfortable knowledge of them as a necessary evil, to be evaded only by truculence or flight. When her work forced her into dealings with them, she was ferocious and unattractive. She was a pretty girl, but nobody had ever dared to mention it to her.

Even Stella, who in an unaggressive, flitting way dared most questions, had avoided telling Cicely that she herself liked men. Stella often felt that if she could meet a man who was capable of doing all kinds of dull things for you, very charmingly, and had a pretty wit, it would add quite enormously to the gaiety of life to put yourself out a little in order to make him laugh.

The men Stella worked with would n't have done at all. They would n't have cared for the kind of jokes Stella wanted to make, and of course Stella had n't time to meet any other men. Perhaps she would n't have believed there were any if it had n't been for Marian. Marian knew them; she knew them literally in dozens, and they were generally in love with her, and they always wanted to make her laugh and to do dull things for her. Stella used to be afraid sometimes that Marian, in an embarrassment of riches, might overlook her destiny. But Marian knew what she wanted and was perfectly certain that she would sooner or later get it. Stella had no such knowledge; she had long ago come to the conclusion



"FOR ONE AWFUL MOMENT MR. TRAVERS THOUGHT THAT MISS WARING WAS LAUGHING AT HIM."

that the simplest way of dealing with her life was to like what she had.

She took a scientific secretaryship at nineteen, and left it only at twenty-six, when her scientist, who was very stout and nearly sixty, died inconveniently from curried lobster. He left Stella an interesting experience, of which she could make no immediate use, and a testimonial which won her her job at the town hall. It was very short. "This young woman," the learned scientist wrote, "is invaluable. She thinks without knowing it. I have benefited by this blessed process for seven years."

It did not seem to Stella that she was invaluable. She always saw herself in the light of the family failure, overlooking the fact that she was their main financial support.

Cicely was the practical and Eurydice the intellectual genius; but she was content if she could be the padding on which these jewels occasionally shone.

Sometimes she met Cicely in a tea-shop and had a real talk, but Eurydice was her chief companion. Eurydice shared with Stella nearly every thought that she had. She seized her on the stairs to retail her inspirations as Stella went up to take her things off. She sat on her bed late at night, and talked with interminable bitterness about the sharpness of life. Even while Stella buttoned up her boots and flung things at the last moment into her despatch-case, Eurydice pelted her with epigrams. She sometimes quoted Swinburne while Stella was catching the corner bus, till the bus-conductor told her not to let him catch her at it again. There was only one subject they did not discuss: neither of them voluntarily mentioned Mr. Bolt. Mr. Bolt was the editor of a magazine called "Shocks," to which Eurydice with trembling delight contributed weekly. Mr. Bolt had met her at a meeting of protest against reticence, and he had taken to Eurydice at once; and almost at once he told her that her charm was purely intellectual. Emotionally he was appealed to only by fair, calm women with ample figures.

CHAPTER IV

Darling:

Do come Sunday to tea. Mama is out of town, and I must have some support. Julian is going to bring his mother to see me for the first time. I believe she's rather alarming—awfully blue and booky; just your sort. I have n't had time to tell you anything. It's so jolly being engaged, but it takes up all one's spare moments. I did n't really mean to marry Julian; he swept me off my feet. I suppose I must be awfully in love with him. You know what explorers are. They go away for years and leave you to entertain alone, and then people say you don't get on; and of course exploring never pays. He has a little place in the country and about £2000 a year. It's awfully little, really, but it's wonderful what you can put up with when you really care for a man; besides, he's sure to get on. Don't fail me Sunday. I shall really be rather nervous. Old ladies never have been my forte. Julian is such a dear! You're sure to like him. He wants to meet you awfully, but he does n't think women ought to work. He is full of chivalry, and has charming manners. It does n't in the least matter what you wear. Heaps of love.

MARIAN.

It was this last reflection that gave Stella courage to ring the bell. She had never been in the Youngs' house before. She had vaguely known that it was in a very quiet square, with a garden in the middle, quite near everything that mattered, and quite far away from everything that did n't. It was the kind of house that looks as if no one was in it unless they were giving a party. The interior was high, narrow, and box-like. A great deal of money had been unpretentiously spent on it, with a certain amount of good-humored, ordinary taste.

Marian was sitting under a high vase of pink canterbury-bells; by some happy chance her dress was the same pale pink as the bells. She looked, with her hands in her lap, her throat lifted, and the sun on her hair, like a flower of the same family.

Her manner was a charming mixture of ease and diffidence.

Stella was late, and Lady Verny and Julian had arrived before her.

Lady Verny was like her son. She was very tall and graceful, and carried herself as if she had never had to stoop. Her eyes had the steady, frosty blueness of Julian's, with lightly chiseled edges; her lips were ironic, curved, and a little thin.

She had piles of white hair drawn back over her forehead. When Marian introduced her to Stella, she rose and turned away from the tea-table.

"I hope you will come and talk to me a little," she said in a clear, musical voice. "We can leave Julian and Marian to themselves."

Lady Verny leaned back in the chair she had chosen for herself and regarded Stella with steady, imperturbable eyes. It struck Stella as a little alarming that they should all know where they wanted to sit, and with whom they wanted to talk, without any indecision. She thought that chairs would walk across the room to Lady Verny if she looked at them, and kettles boil the moment Julian thought that it was time for tea. But though she was even more frightened at this calm, unconscious competency than she had expected to be, she saw it did n't matter about her clothes. She knew they were all wrong, as cheap clothes always are, particularly cheap clothes that you 've been in a hurry over and not clever enough to match. Her boots and her gloves were n't good, and her hat was horrid and probably on the back of her head. Her blue-serge coat and skirt had indefinite edges. But Stella was aware that Lady Verny, beautifully dressed as she was, was taking no notice whatever of Stella's clothes. They might make an extra point against her if she did n't like her. Stella could hear her saying, "Funny that Marian should make friends with a sloppy little scarecrow." But if she did like her, she would say nothing about Stella's clothes. As far as the Vernys were concerned, the appearances of things were always subsidiary.

"Engagements are such interrupted times," Lady Verny observed, with a charming smile. "One likes to poke a little opportunity toward the poor dears when one can."

"Yes," said Stella, eagerly, with her little, rapid flight of words. "You're always running away when you're engaged, and never getting there, are n't you? And then, of course, when you're married, you're there, and can't run away. It's such a pity they can't be more mixed up."

"Perhaps," said Lady Verny, still smiling. "But marriage is like a delicate clock; it has to be wound up very carefully, and the less you take its works to pieces afterward the better. Have you known Marian a long time?"

"Three years," said Stella; "but when you say 'know,' I am only an accident. I don't in any real sense belong to Marian's life; I belong only to Marian. You see, I work." She thought she ought, in common fairness to Lady Verny, not let her think that she was one of Marian's real friends.

Lady Verny overlooked this implication.

"And what is your work, may I ask?" she inquired, with her grave, solid politeness, which reminded Stella of nothing so much as a procession in a cathedral.

"I was a secretary to Professor Paulson," Stella explained, "the naturalist. He was a perfect dear, too,—it was n't only beetles and things,—and when he died, I went into a town hall,—I've been there for two years,—and that's more exciting than you can think. It is n't theories and experiments, of course, but it's like being a part of the hub of the universe. Rates and taxes, sanitary inspectors, old-age pensions, and the health of babies run through my hands like water through a sieve. You would n't believe how entertaining civic laws and customs are—and such charming people! Of course I miss the other work, too,—it was like having one's ear against nature,—but this is more like having one's ear against life."

"I think you must have very catholic tastes," said Lady Verny, gently. "My son knew Professor Paulson; it will in-

terest him to know that you worked for him. And Marian—did she enjoy your scientific experiences?"

Stella moved warily across this question; she had never spoken to Marian about her work at all. Marian, as she knew, thought it all very tiresome.

"You see," she explained, "they were n't my experiences; they were Professor Paulson's. Marian could n't very well be thrilled at third hand; the thrill got only as far as me. Besides, half of what I do as a secretary is confidential, and the other half sounds dull. Of course it is n't really. I've been so lucky in that way. I've never had anything dull to do."

"I can quite imagine that," said Lady Verny, kindly. "Dullness is in the eye, not in the object. Does Marian like life better than intellect, too?"

"Ah, Marian's life," said Stella, a little doubtfully, "is so different!"

They glanced across at the distant teatable. Julian was leaning toward Marian with eyes that held her with the closeness of a frame to a picture.

He was laughing at her a little, with the indulgent, delighted laughter of a man very deeply in love. She was explaining something to him, simply and gravely, without undue emphasis. Stella guessed that it was one of the things Marian wanted, and she did not think that Julian could get out of giving it to her by laughter.

"Marian's life has n't got divisions in it like mine," she explained. "She's just a beautiful human creature. She is equable and strong and delightful and absolutely honest. She's as honest as crystal; but she has n't had to bother about choosing."

"Ah," said Lady Verny, "you think that, do you? But, my dear Miss Waring, sooner or later we all have to bother about choosing. Beauty and strength don't save us. Absolute honesty often lets us in, and sometimes, when the scales weigh against us, we cease to be equable."

"But they won't, you see," Stella said eagerly. "They can't weigh against her now, Lady Verny. Don't you see? There's your son—it's why one's so de-

lighted. An engagement to him is like some thumping insurance which somehow or other prevents one's house being burned."

Lady Verny laughed.

"Let us hope your theory is a correct one," she said, rising from her seat. "I am going to talk to her now, and you can talk to the insurance company."

Stella gasped. She wanted to run away, to catch Lady Verny's graceful scarf and tell her she could n't really talk to anybody's son. Agreeable, massive beings who explored continents and lived in clubs ought n't to come her way. But Julian crossed the room to her side with the quickness of a military order. His manners hid his reluctance. He was at her service in a moment. His keen eyes, harder than his mother's and more metallic, met hers once and glanced easily away. They said nothing to Stella except that he was a watchful human being who could n't be taken in, and was sometimes perhaps unduly aware that he could n't be taken in.

"I'm very glad indeed," he said cordially, "to meet Marian's greatest friend. You must tell me all about her. You see, I'm a new-comer; I've known her only six weeks, and I've been so busy trying to impress her with my point of view that I quite feel I may have overlooked some of hers. Women always understand women, don't they?"

He was n't going to be difficult to talk to. That unnecessary ingredient in his composition saved Stella. As long as she had a brain to call to, and was n't only to be awed by splendor of appearance and forms as difficult for her to cross as five-barred gates, she need n't be afraid of him. It never was people that Stella was afraid of, but the things, generally the silly things, that separated her from them.

"We do and we don't understand each other," she said swiftly. "I don't think women can tell what another woman will do; but granted she's done it, I dare say most could say why."

Julian laughed.

"Then have the kindness to inform me,"

he said, "why Marian has consented to marry me. Incidentally, your reply will no doubt throw a light for me upon her mental processes."

Stella saw he did not want any light thrown anywhere; he was simply giving his mother time to get to know Marian. Then he was going back to her; that was his light.

She gave a vague little smile at the sublimated concentration of lovers. She liked to watch them; she would never have to be one.

It was like seeing some beautiful wild creature of the woods. It would n't be like you at all, and yet it would be exceedingly amusing and touching to watch, and sometimes it would make you think of what it would feel like to be wild and in those woods.

She reminded herself sharply, as her eyes turned back to Julian, that it would n't do to let him think she thought him wild. He was behaving very well, and the least she could do was to let him think so. She gave herself up to his question.

"You're very strong," she said consideringly. "Marian likes strength. She's strong herself, you know; probably that's one of her reasons."

"Good," he said cheerfully. "Physically strong, d'you mean, or an iron will? Iron wills are quite in my line, I assure you. Any other reason?"

"Strong both ways," said Stella; "and you're secure. I mean, what you've taken you'll keep. I think some women like a man they can be sure of."

"Let us hope they all do," said Sir Julian, laughing. "It would imply a very bad business instinct if they did n't."

"I do not think I agree with you," said Stella, firmly. "The best business is often an adventure, a risk. Safe business does not go far; it goes only as far as safety."

"Well, I'm not sure that I want women to go particularly far," said Sir Julian. "I like 'em to be safe; let 'em leave the better business with the risk in it to men. I'll be content if Marian does that."

"I think Marian will," said Stella. "But there are other things, of course, be-

sides you and Marian: there's life. You can only take all the risk there is if you take all the life. I see what you would like, Sir Julian: you want a figurehead guaranteed against collisions. Unfortunately there's no guaranty against collisions even for a figurehead. Besides, as I told you before, Marian's strong. Iron wills don't make good figureheads."

"Ah, you're one of these new women," said Sir Julian, indulgently. "I don't mind 'em a bit, you know, myself,—all steel and ginger,—and quite on to their jobs. I admit all that. But Marian ain't one of them. Her strength is the other kind—the kind you get by sitting still, don't you know; and if I may say so in passing, if I run a ship, I don't collide. But let's have your third reason. I see you're keeping something back. She's going to marry me because I'm strong and because I'm sure; I approve of both of them, sound business reasons. Now, Miss Waring, what's the third?"

"Ah, the third is n't a reason at all," said Stella; "but it's the only one that I thoroughly agree with as a motive: she likes you for yourself."

Sir Julian's eyes suddenly softened; they softened so much that they looked quite different eyes, almost as if they belonged to a very pleased little boy.

"Oh," he said, looking back at Marian. "I should n't in the least mind being guaranteed that, you know."

Lady Verny rose and walked toward them.

"I have some other calls to make," she said to her son. "You'll stay, of course."

Stella joined her as soon as she had given the happiest of her smiles into Marian's expectant eyes. Lady Verny's face, as they stood together outside the door, was perfectly expressionless.

Without a word she descended the stairs side by side with Stella. When she reached the front door she held out her hand to Stella and smiled.

"I hope I shall meet you again some day," she said, with gracious sincerity. "I enjoyed our little talk together very much."

She said nothing whatever about Marian.

CHAPTER V

It was a very hot morning in July, a morning when work begins slowly, continues irritably, and is likely to incite human paroxysms of forgetfulness and temper. It took the form with Mr. Leslie Travers of his being more definite than usual. He was an extremely intelligent man, and most of his intelligence consisted in knowing where other people were wrong. The heat lent an almost unbearable edge to these inspirations; the office boy, the mayor's secretary, and two typists withdrew from his sanctum as if they had been in direct contact with a razor.

Stella wished, as she had often wished before, that the inner office in which she worked could not be invaded by the manner in which Mr. Travers conducted his interviews. She respected him as her chief, she even considered him with a kind of loyal awe augmented by her daily duty. She pleased him, she catered for him, she never in any circumstances let him down or confused him by a miscalculation or a mistake.

It is impossible to do this for any man for two years and, if he has treated you with fairness and respect, not at the end of that time regard him with a certain proprietary affection. This was how Stella regarded Mr. Travers. He was a clever man, and he never expected any one under him to work miracles or to give him trouble. He knew what you were worth, and sometimes he let you see it.

He was handsome in a thin, set, rather dry way, and when he put his finger-tips together and smiled a little ironic smile he had, and leaned forward with his shoulders hunched and his eyes unusually bright, as if they'd been polished like a boot-button, he had an air of intellectual strength which usually brought terror to an opponent. He always knew when his adversary was in the wrong. It sometimes seemed to Stella as if he never knew anything else.

He had reduced life to a kind of game

in which you caught the other fellow out. She got very tired of hearing him say, "You see, Miss Waring, the weak point of this case is—" or, "I think we may just point out to him that he renders himself liable to—"

He was a master hand at an interview. To begin with, he always let the interviewer state his case completely. He never interrupted; he would sit there smiling a little, with his steady, observant eyes fixed on the man before him, saying in a suave, mild voice: "Yes, yes; I quite see. Exactly. Your point is—" and Stella, listening, would feel her heart sink at the dangerous volubility of his opponent. She would have liked to spring from behind the screen where she was sorting the correspondence and say, "For Heaven's sake! keep that back! You're letting yourself in!" As soon as the breathless and usually verbose and chaotic applicant had drawn his final breath, Mr. Leslie Travers gave him back his case as boned as a chicken set in aspic. The points were simply eliminated, and the defenseless places laid out before him, soft, invertebrate, and as unmanageable as a jellyfish. It was hardly necessary for Mr. Leslie Travers to say, with his dry little smile, "I think you see, my dear fellow, don't you, that it would really be advisable in your own interests not to go on any further with the matter? It will be no trouble to us at all if you decide to push it; but if you take my advice, you will simply go home and think no more about it." People usually went home, and if their case had been important to them, they probably thought about it to the end of their lives; but that did not affect Mr. Travers. It was his business to safeguard the interests of the town hall, and the more cases you could drop, the better. Of course he never dropped a case that could be used against him; he held on to these until they could not. He had to perfection the legal mind. He never touched what was not a safe proposition. A peculiar idea seized Stella as she listened to him dismissing a worried rate-payer who had asked for lower rates, claiming the decreased value of his property. "We

shall act immediately," Mr. Travers said benevolently. "We receive proof that your property *has* decreased in value; but it does n't do, you know, to come here and tell me the neighborhood is n't what it was. No neighborhood ever is. Good morning."

What, she asked herself, would Mr. Leslie Travers be without his impeccable tie, his black coat, and definitely creased gray trousers, the polish on his boots, the office background, and, above all, the law? Was he really very awe-inspiring? Was n't he just a funny little man? It was curious how she felt this morning, as if she would have liked to see some one large and lawless face Mr. Travers and show him that his successes were tricks, his interviews mouse-traps, his words delusive little pieces of very stale cheese. He was too careful of his dignity, too certain of his top-hat. You could n't imagine him dirty and oily at the north pole, putting grit into half-frozen, starving men. You could n't, that is to say, imagine him at a disadvantage, making the disadvantage play his game.

His games were always founded on advantages. He was n't, in fact, at all like Julian Verny, nor was there any reason why he should be. But yesterday Stella had seen Julian Verny, and to-day she saw, and saw as if for the first time, Mr. Leslie Travers.

"Now, Miss Waring," Mr. Travers said, looking up from his desk, "the correspondence, please, if you are ready." He always spoke to her, unless he was in a hurry, as if he were speaking to a good, rather bright little girl who knew her place, but must n't be tempted unduly to forget it. When he was in a hurry he sometimes said, "Look sharp."

Stella brought the correspondence, and they went through it together with their usual celerity and carefulness, and all the time she was thinking: "We 've worked together every day for two years except Sundays, and he 's afraid to look at me unless we 're discussing a definite question, and he won't risk a joke, and he 'd be shocked if I sneezed. He 's just a very

intelligent, cultivated, knowing clerk, and he 'd be awfully upset if I told him he had a smut on his collar."

Mr. Leslie Travers put to one side the two or three letters he had reserved for himself to answer. Stella gathered hers together into an elastic band; but as she turned to leave him he said:

"Miss Waring, one moment. You came to me on the understanding that your work here was to be purely temporary. Circumstances have prolonged your stay with us until it seems to me that we may fairly consider you, unless you have other plans, a permanent member of our staff!"

"I hope so," said Stella, with a sudden flicker in her eyes, "unless you think women should n't be permanent."

Mr. Leslie Travers permitted himself a very slight smile.

"That disability in your case," he said, "we are prepared to overlook in view of your value as a worker. As my permanent secretary I should wish to raise your salary ten pounds yearly. I have put this before our committee, and they have seen their way to consent to it."

Stella's eyebrows went up. Ten pounds were worth so much to that muddled, penurious household standing behind her on the verge of utmost poverty! The man whose place she had taken had been paid three hundred a year; her rise brought up her salary to one third of this amount.

"It is a disability, Mr. Travers," she said gently, "being a woman; I see that it is going to cost me two hundred a year."

Mr. Travers looked at her very hard. He knew that she did her work twice as well as the man she had replaced. That is why she had replaced him. He thought of her market value as a worker, and he knew that he was doing a perfectly correct thing. A hundred a year was a fair wage for a woman secretary. He said:

"You see, Miss Waring, you have not got a family to support."

Stella flushed. She did have a family to support, but she did not intend to admit it to Mr. Travers.

She said:

"I beg your pardon. I had not understood that wages were paid according to a worker's needs. I had thought that the value of the work settled the rate of payment."

Mr. Travers was astonished. He had never dreamed that Miss Waring would argue with him. He had looked forward to telling her of this unexpected windfall; he had expected a flushed and docile gratitude. She was a little flushed, it is true, but she was neither docile nor grateful, and he did not quite see his way to continuing her line of argument. She had, however, put herself in the wrong, and he pointed this out to her.

"I am afraid I cannot see my way to offering you more than the increase I have suggested," he said; "but as you were apparently satisfied to accept a permanent post at my original offer, I may hope that an extra ten pounds will prove no obstacle to our continuing to work together."

"I do not suppose," said Stella, quietly, "that it will be any obstacle to you that I do not think it fair."

"Really, Miss Waring, really," said Mr. Travers, "I do not think you are quite yourself this morning. The heat, the disquieting news in the papers— Perhaps you had better go on with the correspondence. These questions are not personal ones, you know; they—"

Stella interrupted him.

"All questions that deal with human beings, Mr. Travers," she said, "are personal questions, and the heat does not affect them."

For one awful moment Mr. Travers thought that Miss Waring was laughing at him; there was that strange glint in her eyes that he had noticed before. She had extraordinarily pretty eyes, usually so gentle. It was most upsetting.

She disappeared with her correspondence before he could think of a suitable reply. Legally he had been perfectly justified, more than justified, because he was under no obligation to offer her ten pounds more.

This is what comes of generosity to women. If he had n't offered her that

ten pounds she would n't have laughed at him, if she really had laughed at him.

It was a most disquieting thought; it haunted him all day long, even more than the possibility of a European war. He could n't help the European war if it did come off; but he wished very much that he had been able to prevent Miss Waring's enigmatic laughter.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN anything happened, Julian's first instinct was to happen with it. He had never been in the rear of a situation in his life. The blow of the Austrian ultimatum reached him on a yacht in mid-channel. There was a cabinet minister on board, for whose sake the yacht slewed round to make her way swiftly back to port. Julian went directly to him.

"Look here," he said, "we've got to go in. You grasp that, don't you?"

Julian had one idea in his head, the cabinet minister had a great many; every one but Julian was leaving him alone to sort these ideas out. Julian spent the six hours in which they were flying to port in eradicating one by one the cabinet minister's ideas.

The two men stood together, leaning over the ship's side. It was a clear summer evening, with a bloom upon the waters. The lights of the boats they passed—green and red and gold—were like glow-worms in a Southern night. The sea was very easy under them; it had little movement of its own, and parted like riven gauze to let the ship through.

"We can't let France go under," Julian pleaded. "Look at her, sou-stripped, after 1870. How she's sprung up! But thin, you know—thin, like a gallant boy."

"Immoral small families? By Gad! how righteous comfortable people are! How could she help it? Look what she's had to carry—indemnities, cursed war burdens, and now the three-years service! But she's carried 'em. I know the French. I've Irish in me, and that helps me to value their lucidity. Lucidity's sense, you know; it ain't anything dressy

or imaginative; it's horse-sense gone clean as lightning. The French are a civilized

people. Go to Paris,—not the Paris of our luxury-rotted rich, who have asked it to be only a little private sink of their own,—but to a Frenchman's Paris. Well, you'll find him there, brain and a heart under it. And, good Lord, what nerve!

"I tell you we've got to get down to our own nerve. We've fattened it on the top, but the French have n't. They're like live wire, with no cover to it. They're the most serious people on earth, fire without smoke. It 'u'd be an unspeakable shame to help set that damned Prussian heel on them again. When it comes, it'll come as solid as the mountain that blotted out Messina, as solid and as senseless, and you'll let that happen because we are n't 'involved'! Good Heavens, man, don't sop yourself or your conscience with catch-words! If this war comes, and I feel in my bones it's on us, any man who is n't involved is a cur."

The cabinet minister interrupted him. He cleared his throat, and said that he was hopeful steps might be taken.

Julian flung himself upon the phrase.

"Of course they'll be taken," he shouted across the quiet, shadowy sea. "They're being taken every minute. Are we the only fellows who've got feet?"

"What about strategic railways? Ever studied 'em? What about this spring's having seen Alsace and Lorraine white with camps? What



"THE SPARK BENEATH THEM WAS SUCKED INTO DARKNESS"

about Tirpitz slipping his navy votes through the Reichstag, Socialists and all? I beg your pardon; it 's not your department, of course. We 've let a strip of sea as small as a South American river cut us off from the plain speech of other nations. What speech? My good sir, the plain speech of other nations is their acts. But it 's no use raking up what we 've slid over. We 've the national habit of sliding; it 's a gift like any other, and if you 've a good eye for ice, it does n't let you in. But what Liberal Government ever had a good eye for the ice in Europe? I 'm speaking bitterly, but I 'm a Liberal myself, and I 've seen in odd places of the earth that it 's no good going slap through an adverse fact, smiling. You disarm nothing but yourself."

"We are not," said the cabinet minister, who had a happy disposition and a strong desire not to be shaken out of it, "really tied up to any Balkan outbreak—I mean necessarily, of course. Other issues might come in. But I see no reason, my dear Sir Julian, why we should, in this very disagreeable crisis, not remind ourselves—and I am like you one of the greatest admirers of the French—that an entente is *not* an alliance. Political sympathy can do a great deal to affect these questions. I can imagine a very strong note—"

"Is an engagement nothing till you 've got the ring on?" asked Julian, savagely. "Are you going to let down France, who 's not very often, but has just lately, trusted us? If we do, let me tell you this: we shall deserve exactly what we shall get. And make no mistake about it; we shall get it. The channel ports, taken from a vindictive, broken France, used, as they ought to be used, dead against us. A little luck and a dark night, and I would n't give *that* for England."

Julian flung his lighted cigarette into the sea; a faint hiss, and the spark beneath them was sucked into darkness. Neither of the two men moved. Julian lit another cigarette, and the cabinet minister gazed down into the lightless sea. After a pause he said in a different voice:

"Look here, Verny, I 've been impressed, devilish impressed, by what you 've said; but have you considered what kind of force we 've got? Picked men, I grant you, but, as you say yourself, when the Germans do come on, they 'll come like half a mountain moving. What 's the use of sending out a handful of grasshoppers to meet half a mountain?"

Julian laughed.

"Are you a great man on dog-fights?" he asked. "I 've seen a bulldog, quite a small chap he was, bring down a Great Dane the size of a calf. The Dane had got a collie by the throat; friend of my little chap's, I fancy. He could n't get at the Dane's throat, for fear of piling his weight on the collie: so he just stepped forward and took half a leg between his teeth, and buried his head in it. I heard the bone crack. The Dane tried to face it out,—he was a plucky fellow and the size of a house,—but after a bit he felt held down. So he wheeled round and seized the bull by a piece of back (the collie crawled off; he 'd had enough, poor brute!), but the bull did n't stir. He went on cracking that bone; he gave the Dane all the back he wanted. Devil a bit *he* turned till the whole leg went like a split match that hurled the Dane over, and I had to take Chang (that was his name) off, or he 'd have finished him up. He 'd just begun to enjoy the fight, with half his back chewed over!

"We 've got a navy that 'll do just that to Germany if we hold on long enough. Don't you forget it. It 's pressure that tells against size—pressure on the right spot, and persistent."

The cabinet minister tried to say to himself that countries were n't like dogs; but he was a truthful man, and he thought that on the whole they were.

England rose up suddenly before them out of the darkness. They were coming into Plymouth Sound. The port lights held them steadily for a minute, and the steam yacht bustled soberly toward the docks.

"If your little lot sit down under this," said Julian, straightening his shoulders

and holding the other man with his insistent eyes, "by God! I'll cut my throat and say, 'Here died a Briton whose country had lost its soul.'"

"Bit of Irish in him of course," murmured the cabinet minister as Julian swung away from him. "Still, I suppose what I shall say is that on the whole, taking everything into consideration, I think we should be wiser to support France."

CHAPTER VII

JULIAN had spent thirty-two years—his mother included his first—in seeing what he wanted to do and doing it. He had never consulted anybody else, because he had always seen his way clearly; but he had made from time to time reports to his mother. He had been hostile to his father, who had opposed him weakly and sometimes unfairly till he died. Julian never felt disheartened or found any opposition in himself to what he wanted to do. Opposition in others he liked and overcame. Nothing in him warned him that love demands participation and resents exclusion.

On landing, he hurried to London, and went at once to see an old friend of his in the War Office.

"Look here, Burton," he said, "you remember 1911, don't you?"

Burton drew on the blotting-paper with a pencil; he was almost overwhelmingly cautious. If he had not been, many more serious things than caution would have been overwhelmed.

"I think," he said, "if I remember right, you went abroad."

Julian chuckled.

"I was a German navy for six months," he said. "I ate like a German. I drank thirty bottles of beer at one sitting for a bet, and I lost my head and my temper in German. It seems as if the best thing I can do just now is to repeat the experiment."

"You did it at your own risk," Burton reminded him. "It was certainly serviceable, but we limited our communications with you as much as possible. If it should enter into your mind to do such a thing

again, we should of course have no communication with you whatever. Also, you would need German papers—birth-certificates, registrations. I really do not know at a time like this what you might not find necessary. The work, if you came back, would be invaluable."

Julian nodded.

"Don't you bother yourself about papers," he said. "I've been in a German consular office, and I've got a German birth-certificate. It's one of the things I do particularly well. As long as they're not suspicious they won't ram the papers home, and I don't propose to let them get suspicious. I shall be Cæsar's wife. Three years of Heidelberg have oiled my throat to it. My mother tells me I often speak English in a hearty German voice. My idea is to go out as soon as possible, through Belgium. They'll strike there, I feel pretty sure, and I'll come back the same way—October to November, if I can. You can put about that I'm off to the Arctic Ocean. If I'm not back by Christmas, don't expect me. I shall have no communication with any one until my return."

Burton smiled.

"My dear Julian," he said, "one moment. I have not yet congratulated you upon your engagement. I do so with all my heart. But do you intend to tell Miss Young? She may not like the Arctic Ocean or she may expect you to fight. She will also, no doubt, look for some communication from you; and, as you very rightly assert, there can be no communication with anybody until you return."

Julian hunched up his shoulders and whistled.

"She's the pick of women," he said softly. "Leave her to me."

"It's all going to be left to you," said Burton, gravely. "If you live, you'll get no apparent acknowledgment; if you die, no one will ever know how. I do not say this to dissuade you,—there are too many things we want to know,—but when I saw the announcement of your engagement in the paper, I said, 'Well, we've lost him.'"

Julian rose, and walked to the window. Until that moment he had not given Marian a thought. He was full of a lover's images of her, but he had not connected them with what he was going to do. He remembered what Marian's inconspicuous-looking little friend had said of her, honest as crystal, equable, strong.

Then he turned back to his friend.

"You have n't lost me," he said steadily. "After all, if we're up against anything at all, Burton, we're up against a pretty big thing. I must do exactly what is most useful. Of course I'd rather fight. One likes one's name to go down and all that, and I'd like to please Marian; but the point, both for her and for me, will be the job."

"Ah," said Burton. "Then if you'll just come with me, I'll take you to a fellow who will let you know what we want particularly just now to find out. You're quite right as far as we are concerned; but it's not fair to rush a man into our kind of fight. It's not like any other kind. It's risks without prizes."

"What you get out of a risk," said Julian, with a certain gravity, "is a prize."

Burton looked at him curiously; he rested his hand for a moment on his friend's shoulder.

"That's a jolly good phrase, Julian," he said quietly, "and I think it's true; but it's not necessarily a personal prize. You pay the piper, and he plays the tune; but you might n't be there to listen to the tune."

"Don't be a croaking, weather-beaten, moth-eaten old Scotch raven!" laughed Julian. "Take my word for it; you get what you want out of life if you put all you've got into it. That's just at this moment what I propose to put."

"And that," said Burton, without returning his smile, "is what we propose to take, Julian."

CHAPTER VIII

AMBERLEY hung upon a cliff of land above the water meadows. Rising high behind it, fold on fold, were the Sussex Downs,

without lines, without rigidity, as soft as drifting snow.

The village had been the seat of a tremendous castle,—little of these famous ruins were left,—but the old, yellow stone walls still girdled Amberley in the shape of a broken crown.

There was only one street, a sleepy, winding, white down road, which ran between mossy barns and deep-thatched cottages under the Amberley Wall. The castle was older than Amberley House, yet Amberley House was a respectable three hundred years, and had been all that time the home of countless Vernys. It had not retreated into relentless privacy, as most old English homes have done; it stood, with its wide porch, stoutly upon the moss-grown cobbles.

But it was better than its promises. If it had no park, there lay behind its frontage not a park, but a garden—a garden that fitted in with nature, only to excel it.

Lady Verna loved two things, her garden and her son; but she had been able to do most with her garden. There were terraces that swung from point to point above the long, blue valley; there was a lawn hemmed in by black yew hedges, over which the downs piled themselves, bare and high, with only the clouds beyond them. There was a sunken rose-garden, with rough-tiled pathways leading to a lake with swans. Three hundred years had helped Lady Verna with the lawn, but the herbaceous borders had been her own affair. Julian, crossing the lawn toward her, was the same strange mixture of her hand and time; and she had always known that when she had done all she could for Julian and the garden, she would have to give both up. With all their difficulties, their beauties, and their sullen patches, they would pass into the hands of some young and untried person unchosen by herself.

The person had been chosen now. Marian was already at Amberley for a week-end, and knowing that Julian was expected, she had left Lady Verna sitting by the tea-table under the yew hedge and gone up toward the downs.

Julian would like this; he would not wish his bride to meet him half-way. He would delight in Marian's aloofness; her deliberate and delicate coldness would seem to him like the bloom upon a grape. But the coldness of a future daughter-in-law is not the quality which most endears her to a mother.

"Julian," Lady Verny said to herself as he approached her, "will make a very trying lover. If he is absorbed in Marian, he will interfere with her; and if he is absorbed in anything else, he will ignore her. He needs a great deal of judicious teasing. Marian takes herself too seriously to see the fun of Julian; she sees only the fun of sex. She was quite right to go up to the downs. It'll amuse him now to pursue her, but it'll bore him later; and in the end he'll find out that she does n't keep him off because she's got so much to give, but because she's so afraid of giving anything."

"Where's Marian?" asked Julian before he kissed her.

"She went up toward the downs," said Lady Verny. "She left no directions behind her. She's a will-o'-the-wisp, my dear."

Julian laughed.

"She knew I'd follow her," he said; "but I'll have my tea first, please."

"She has always been followed, I imagine," said Lady Verny, giving him his tea, "and she has always known it."

Julian looked pleased; this was the kind of wife he wanted, a woman used to admiration, and who never made the fatal mistake of seeking it.

He had not much knowledge of women, but he had very strong opinions about them, unshaken by any personal reckoning. One opinion was that nothing too much can be done for a good woman. She must be protected, cared for, and served under every ordeal in life. She must be like a precious jewel: bars, safes, banks must be constructed to insure her inaccessibility from all the dangers of the open world.

She must be seen—the East receded from him at this point—and admired; but she must be immaculate. That is to say,

she must at no time in her career personally handle an experience. She must be a wife and mother (unmarried women, though often presumably virtuous, were only the shabby bankrupts of their sex), but, once married and a mother, she must be kept as far as possible from all the implications of these tremendous facts.

Julian was kinder to women than his opinions promised, because, being strong, he was on the whole gentle toward those who were weak; but his kindness was a personal idiosyncrasy, not a principle.

Lady Verny looked at him a little helplessly. There was something she wanted very much to say to him, but she suffered from the disability of being his mother. There is an unwritten law that mothers should not touch upon vital matters with their sons. Lady Verny believed that Julian was a victim of passion. She did not think he had understood Marian's nature, and she knew that when passion burns itself out, one of two things is left, comradeship or resentment. She had lived with resentment for twenty years, and she knew that it was not an easy thing to live with, and that it would have been worth while had she known more about it earlier, to have found out if there was comradeship under the passion before the flames of it had burned her boats.

"I wonder," she said consideringly, gazing into the bottom of her tea-cup, "if your lovely Marian has a sense of humor?"

"Humor?" said Julian, taking two savory sandwiches and wrapping them in bread and butter. "What does she want with humor at her age? It's one of the things people fall back on when they've come croppers. Besides, I don't believe in comradeship between the sexes. Infernally dull policy; sort of thing that appeals to a book-worm. What I like is a little friendly scrapping. Humor's easy. I never have cared much for brains in a woman."

He smiled at the woman he knew best in the world, who had brains, and had given him the fruit of them all her life with kindly tolerance.

Probably she was jealous; but she would n't be tiresome if she was, and he would make things as easy for her as possible.

Lady Verny saw that Julian thought that she was jealous. She looked away from him to the terrace where he had fallen as a baby and struck his head against the stone cornice of the sun-dial.

She could never look at the sun-dial without seeing the whole scene happen again, and the dreadful pause that followed it when the small, limp figure lay without moving. Julian was the only child she had ever had. She shivered in the hot summer air and gave up the subject of human love. There is generally too much to be said about it to make it a good subject of conversation except for lovers, who want only each other.

She pointed to the newspaper that lay between them; that also was serious.

"My dear," she said quietly, "this appears to be a very bad business?"

"Yes," Julian acknowledged. "This time there 'll be no ducking; there 's nothing to duck under."

"And I dare say," said his mother, without moving the strong, quiet hands that lay on her lap, "you have been thinking what you are going to do in it?"

"Oh, yes, I 've decided," said Julian. "I shall be off in ten days. You 'll guess where, but no one else must know."

"It was a big risk before, Julian," she said tentatively.

"This time it 'll be a bigger one," he answered, meeting her eyes with a flash of his pleased blue ones. "That 's all. It 'll need a jolly lot of thinking out."

"And you 've—and Marian has agreed to it?" Lady Verny asked anxiously.

"I have n't told her yet," said Julian, easily. "It did n't occur to me to mention it to her first any more than to you. I knew you 'd both understand. Obviously it was the one thing I could do. She 'll see that, of course."

"I 'm different," said Lady Verny, with a twist of her ironic mouth. "I 'm your mother. A mother takes what is given; a wife expects all there is to give."

Julian looked a little uncomfortable. Burton, who was a man, and might therefore be assumed to know better than a woman what a woman felt, had come to the same conclusion.

Julian was prepared to give everything he had to Marian—Amberley and all his money and himself. There was something in the marriage service that put it very well, but did n't, as far as he remembered, say anything that included one's plans.

"I hope she likes Amberley?" he ventured.

Lady Verny filled his cup a second time, and answered tranquilly:

"Marian thinks it a charming little place to run down to for week-ends." Then she added very gently: "This is going to be very hard for Marian, Julian. You 'll remember that, won't you, when you tell her?"

"Damnably hard," said Julian under his breath. "Of course I 'll remember. I wish to Heaven she 'd marry me first. By Jove, I 'll *make* her!"

Lady Verny's lips closed tightly. She was n't going to tell Julian anything, because she did not believe in telling things to people who will in the course of time find them out for themselves. She knew that Marian would not marry him at a moment's notice. She knew that he was asking Marian already to stand a very serious burden, and she did not think Marian's was the type of love that cares for very serious and unexpected burdens. She gazed at the bushes of blue anchusa. The gardener had planted pink monthly roses a little too thickly among them. She could alter that; she did not think there was anything else she could alter.

Julian strode toward the downs full of seriousness, eagerness, and pride, and in her heart Lady Verny prayed not that God's will might be done, which seemed to her mind superfluous, but that it might as far as possible be made to square with Julian's. She was a wise and even a just woman, but she thought that Providence might be persuaded to stretch a point or two for Julian.

CHAPTER IX

JULIAN walked easily and swiftly up the slopes of the downs, whistling as he went. He knew the point from which he would be sure to see his flying nymph. The air was full of the songs of larks; beneath his feet the short grasses and wild thyme sent up a clean and pungent fragrance.

The little, comfortable beauties of the summer's day filled his heart with gladness. There was no sound in all the sleepy country-side; the peaceful shining clouds floated over the low, green hills as vague as waking dreams.

The cropping of the sheep upon the downs, the searching, spiral laughter of the larks, were part of the air itself; and the shadows ran an interminable race across the long, green meadows.

Julian had had experiences of love before, but he had never been in love as he was now. He compared these earlier efforts in his mind with the light clouds that melted into the sunshine. Marian was the sunshine; she thrilled and warmed his whole being. She was like an adventure to him. He felt very humble in his heart to think the sun had cared to shine upon him, and very strong to meet its shining.

He noticed little things he had never noticed before: the feathery, fine stalks of the harebells, and the blue butterflies that moved among them like traveling flowers. Usually, when he walked, he noticed only the quickest way to reach his goal. He noticed that now, but he tried not to crush the small down flowers on his way.

He caught sight of Marian from a ridge of down, sitting motionless and erect upon the rim of an old chalk-pit. A long, blue veil hung over her shoulders like the wings of a blue butterfly fluttering before him. She saw his shadow before he reached her, and threw her head back with a little gesture that was half a welcome and half a defiance.

He came swiftly across the grass toward her, but it was she who was breathless when he took her in his arms.

"Trying to run away from me, are you?" he asked, smiling down at her.

"The world 's too small here, and it 's mine, you know. You should n't have come here if you had wanted to escape me."

"Let me go, Julian," she murmured. "I 'm sure there 's a shepherd close by. Sit down and be sensible!"

"Shepherds be hanged!" said Julian, kissing her. "Do you suppose anybody 's ever been more sensible than I feel now? Kissing you is the most sensible thing a man ever did; but don't let anybody else guess it."

He sat down at her feet and looked up into the beautiful, flushed face above him. It was as lovely as a lifted flower; but unlike the flower, it was not very soft. It was even like a slightly sophisticated hot-house flower; but she had the look of race he loved. Her level, penciled brows, small, straight nose, curved lips, and chin like a firm, round apple, were the heritage of generations of handsome lives. Her coloring was only a stain of pink upon a delicate, clear whiteness; but the eyes beneath the low, smooth forehead were disappointing. They were well-cut hazel eyes, without light in them. They lay in her head a little flat, like the pieces of a broken mirror.

Just now they were at their tenderest. Her whole face, bending over him, cool and sweet as the southwest wind and as provocative as the flying clouds, moved his heart almost unbearably. She was like an English summer day, and he knew now what it would mean to leave her.

"I could n't bear to stay down there," she explained. "I was frightened, not of you, you absurd person, but of being glad. I 'm afraid I don't like big feelings very much. I can't explain exactly; but the papers frightened me, too. I wanted to see you too much. Yes, sir, you may keep that for a prize to your vanity; and I knew that if there should be war—" She stopped, her lovely lips trembled a little. "I shall have to let you go so soon!" she whispered.

He bowed his head over her hand and kissed it passionately.

"If I could spare you this pain," he said,



"I'M AFRAID I DON'T LIKE BIG FEELINGS VERY MUCH."

"I'd take a thousand lives—and lose them to do it!"

"No! no!" she murmured. "Keep one, Julian!"

He lifted his head and looked at her steadily.

"I swear I'll keep it," he said. "I'll keep it, and bring it back to you, cost what it may."

It did not look as if it were going to cost very much, with the light clouds passing overhead, and the soft down grasses under them, and their great citadels of

youth and love about them, unmenaced and erect.

"I've a piece of work I've got to do," Julian went on, "and I can't tell you anything about it. It'll take me three months, I fancy. I can fight afterward."

She looked at him with eyes in which astonishment turned almost hostile.

"Not fighting?" she said. "But what do you mean, Julian? If we go in, every one must fight. I know you're not a soldier, but there'll be volunteers. With all your adventures and experiences, they

are sure to give you a good post. Everybody knows you. What do you mean—a job you can't tell me about, unless, of course, it's something naval?"

Julian turned his face to the wild thyme. He shook his head.

"No, not that," he said. "Can't you trust me, Marian?"

"Trust you!" she said impatiently. "Of course I can trust you, but why be so mysterious? Might n't I equally say, 'Why don't you trust me?'"

"It's part of my job," said Julian, quietly, "not to trust the ground we're on or the larks in the sky or the light of my heart,—that's you, Marian,—and it does n't happen to be the easiest part of my job."

He waited for her to make it easier for him, but he waited in vain. Marian expected easy things, but she did not expect to have to make things easy. These two expectations seldom go together.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to be some kind of spy?" she asked in a tone of frank disgust. "O Julian! I could n't bear it! It's so—so—un-English!"

Julian chuckled. He ought not to have chuckled. If a man does not like a woman with brains, he must learn not to laugh at their absence. Marian stiffened under his laughter.

"England's got to be awfully un-English in some ways if it wants to win this war," he explained. "But you must n't even to yourself put a name to what I'm going to be. I'm just on a job that'll take me three months, and I'm afraid, my darling, I can't send you a word. That cuts me all to bits; but you're so brave, so brave, you'll let me go."

He buried his head in the grass; he was not brave enough to bear to see the strain he was putting on her courage. Nor was Marian.

"No, Julian," she said, "you must n't ask such a thing of me. Not to know where you are, and not to be able to tell any one what you are doing! To let you go out into the dark at a time like this! It's too much to ask of me. Promise me

you'll give up all idea of it, and try to get a commission like other people. Surely that's hard enough for me. But I'll bear that; I will never make it difficult for you by a word or a look; I would n't hold you back a day! You've not settled anything, of course?"

He told her that he had settled everything, and that in two days he must go.

A terrible silence fell between them, a cold silence that was like the pressure of a stone. Neither of them moved or looked at the other. Julian took her hand. She did not withdraw it from him, but she left it in his as unresponsive as a fallen leaf.

"Marian!" he whispered, "Marian! Love me a little!"

She would not turn her face to him.

"Why do you talk to me of love," she asked bitterly, "when without consulting me you do something which involves your whole life and mine!"

He caught her in his arms and held her close to him, kissing her cold lips till they answered him.

"My darling! my darling!" he whispered, "I love you like this and like this! It's sheer murder to leave you! I feel as if it would break me. But I've got to go! Don't you see, don't you understand? It's work I do well, it's important; just now it's more important than fighting; it's not one man's life that hangs on it, but it's thousands. Believe me, there's no dishonor in it. Love me or you'll break me, Marian! Don't be against me! I could n't stand it. Say you'll let me go; for if I go and you don't say it, I'll go as a broken man."

She pushed him gently away from her, considering him. She knew her terrible power. She was very angry with him, and she had hurt him as much as she meant to hurt him. She had no intention whatever of breaking him. If he was going to do this kind of work, he must do it well. Perhaps, after all, it was rather important; but important or not, he should have asked her first. She laid her small hand over his big one with a delicate pressure.

"Never settle such a thing again without telling me," she said gravely.

Julian promised quickly that he never would. He saw for the first time that love was not liberty, and for the moment he preferred love. He had not felt deeply enough to know that there is a way in which you may widen liberty and yet keep love.

"I shall let you go," Marian said gently, "and I shall try to bear it as best I can."

At the thought of how difficult it was going to be to bear, not to be able to tell anybody anything, she cried a little. Her face was uncontricted by her tears. They streamed down her blossom-colored cheeks like drops of pearly dew. Julian thought her tears were softness, and he struck at his chance. Now perhaps she would surrender to his hidden hope.

He pleaded, with her head against his heart, that she would marry him, marry him now, at once. He could arrange it all in twenty-four hours. He presented a thousand impetuous arguments. All his wits and his ardor fought for him against her soft, closed eyes. She was his; she would be his forever. He would go with that great possession in his heart; he would go like a man crowned to meet his future.

She opened her eyes at last and moved away from him. At that instant she would have liked to marry him, she would have liked it very much; but besides the fact that she had no things, there loomed the blank uncertainty of the future. Would she be a wife or a widow, and how should

she know which she was? There were more immediate difficulties. Her parents were in Scotland; hurried weddings were always very awkward; you could n't have bridesmaids or wedding presents; and a few hours' honeymoon, with an indefinite parting ahead of it, would be painful.

Even if a marriage under all these disabilities was legal, would n't it be worse than illegal, would n't it be rather funny?

Julian was sometimes impossible; he had been nearly overwhelming, but he was quite impossible. He might be a dangerous man to marry in a hurry. She would have to train him first.

"It's out of the question, Julian," she said firmly. "The whole future is too uncertain. I should love to, but I can't do it. It would n't be right for me to do it. We must wait till you come back."

Julian returned to his study of the short down grasses. He knew that if she had loved to, she would have done it. He had a moment that was bitter with doubt and pain; then his love rose up and swallowed it. He saw the uncertainty for her.

He wanted her now because he knew that he might never have her. He wanted her with the fierce hunger of a pirate for a prize; but the very sharpness of his desire made him see that it was sheer selfishness to press his point. He overlooked the fact that it would have been perfectly useless. No pressure would have changed Marian. Pressure had done what it could for her already: it had moved her to tears. She dried them now, and suggested that they had stayed on the downs long enough.

(To be continued)



Herbert C. Hoover

By HUGH GIBSON¹

HERBERT C. HOOVER, a Quaker, was born on an Iowa farm forty-three years ago. His father and mother died when he was little more than a baby, and he was passed on to the care of a host of uncles and aunts. These were old-style

Friends, who devoted much energy to bringing him up in harmony with rigid Quaker doctrines. One of the results of this training was a youth drilled to an astonishing degree in the lore of the Bible and the strict observance of Quaker forms and services. His active mind could not unquestioningly accept any full set of rules, but more or less unconsciously he has absorbed, selected, and

adapted his own set of principles, to which he is chained as firmly as any of his Quaker forebears to the tenets of their faith. One marked characteristic he absorbed from his surroundings—an intense dislike for artificial forms and customs.

When the time came for him to think of the question of higher education he was with an uncle in Oregon. He did not fall in with the family assumption that he should attend the local Friends' academy

and then be sent "East" to Earlham or some one of the other small Quaker colleges of the middle West. On the contrary, he announced his intention of going to a modern scientific university, though he himself would probably be at a loss to

say how this determination was fostered, for he had never heard admiration expressed for such institutions. By the time he was fourteen he had announced that he would *not* go to a Quaker college, and that by some means he *would* go to a big university. Argument was in vain, and as force could not be used, the family announced that he would not be allowed to devote to this ungodly

undertaking the educational fund left by his father.

None the less the boy persisted. He realized that the local academy offered no adequate preparation for the university, and consequently he set out for Portland, to make his own way and prepare for the entrance examinations. In two and a half years he did it. He earned his own living, and nights and Sundays he worried by himself through the studies he would



HERBERT C. HOOVER

¹ Mr. Gibson, now attached to the state department in Washington, in the first two years of the European War was the first secretary of our legation in Brussels, Belgium.

have had at preparatory school. English, grammar, and rhetoric he dipped into only to discard, and fell back on the effective expedient of expressing himself exactly as he felt. He tried no languages, but plunged with enthusiasm into history, geography, physics, and, above all, mathematics.

In 1891, Stanford University opened its doors, and Hoover decided that he would go there. In the spring the head of the department of mathematics came to Portland to give entrance examinations. He was sufficiently impressed by the sixteen-year-old boy to help him with the choice of his subjects, tutoring, and ways and means, and has since been a devoted friend.

Hoover arrived at Stanford with a very few hundred dollars, the first boy to enter the university and to sleep in the big dormitory. Although he had passed in the prescribed number of subjects, he discovered that it was desirable to pass in one more. Having twenty-four hours to prepare for the ordeal, he looked over the subjects and chose physiology, a subject of which he knew nothing. He bought a text-book, spent most of the next twenty-four hours upon it, and passed, though not "with honors."

He registered in the department of geology and mining, and soon became a close friend of Dr. Branner, head of the department. His work on engineering subjects was unusually good. The same was true of history, economics, and other subjects dealing with what man has done. His teachers in these subjects were enthusiastic over his lucid and brief papers, but he was the despair of his English teachers, who clung to consistent spelling and adherence to the rules of composition and rhetoric.

His funds did not last long under the drain of tutoring and other initial expenses, and he cast about for revenue. He not only took care of himself, but found time to undertake a general reconstruction of student affairs. In his senior year he was elected treasurer of the student body, and found chaos and only a small store of treasure. Each of the many

student activities had its own separate being, its own officers and funds—or debts, and was free from any financial control. Hoover proceeded to work out a general system whereby all funds passed through one central treasury, all requisitions had to be passed by a central board of control, and those activities that were more than self-supporting were called upon to defray the deficits of others that were desirable, but financially unprofitable. The handling of all these affairs was more than most undergraduates could assume in addition to their studies, so Hoover had it established that thereafter the treasurer of the student body should be a graduate student and should receive a fitting salary. He stipulated, however, that the salary was not to begin during his own term of office.

Dr. Branner preached the importance of graduates going off to the mines and taking up the ordinary work of mine laborers for a few months, in order to learn the commonplaces of mining, get light on the handling of men and the other innumerable questions connected with labor that no man will ever learn for himself by being merely an employer. Upon his graduation Hoover went off to Grass Valley and took a job as an ordinary miner. He stuck to the job as long as he felt he had anything to learn from it, rising during the process to the rank and dignity of shift-boss. One day he made up his mind that the time had come to throw down the pick and shovel, and he did it without more ado.

The next day he started for San Francisco. He did not attach great importance to what he was to do, but was fully awake to the importance of picking out the best people of his profession to work with. He "picked" Louis Janin, the mining engineer with the highest reputation in the West at that time. Janin received the young aspirant kindly, but explained to him that he had no positions to give and that the waiting-list was long. Hoover calmly announced that salary was no object to him, as he was concerned solely with training under Mr. Janin. He had only a few

dollars in his pockets, but he begged for a position without pay. Janin replied very definitely that he had no place vacant save that of type-writer at forty-five dollars a month, which he knew would not appeal to a trained engineer. On the contrary, Hoover claimed that that was just what he wanted, and inquired when he should report for duty.

He was put on Mr. Janin's staff, and for eighteen months worked in California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona, with enough interesting adventures to fill a book. At the end of that time he received a flattering offer from a firm in Western Australia, and took it straight to Mr. Janin, who advised him to go for the broadening experience.

The mining world was a broadening experience for the young man, with its adventure, its prospects, "finds," rushes, deals, the usual number of frauds and swindlers, and, above all, the unusual situation brought about by the waterless condition of the country.

Hoover developed his mines with gratifying success. He examined hundreds of prospects, and found one great mine, which he himself developed and which has paid big dividends ever since, and all this amid the excitement of work in a pioneer country of unknown resources, where in the absence of ordinary facilities of transport and workers dependence had to be placed on camels and Afghans; where everything was about as different as it could well be from his previous experience at home.

After a few years in Australia, Hoover was offered the position of director of mines of the Chinese Empire. His firm released him from his contract, and he started for China by way of America in the spring of 1899.

The new position was about as interesting as any that could fall to the lot of a mining man. China had been mined for thousands of years, but always in a small and most primitive way. The surface had been scraped off and sifted over, but no one knew what was underneath, and little mining had been done by modern methods.

Neither had there been any mining law in the country, miners holding their temporary titles by favor of the crown or under the varying regulations of the local authorities. So Hoover was called upon to explore the country, advise as to the development of its mines, and draw up a mining code to meet the needs of the empire. This last was a task to stir the blood of any engineer familiar with the hopeless and uncouth growth which constitutes the mining law of all civilized countries.

The first year was one of unalloyed pleasure. It was devoted entirely to examination, and all the promised privileges were granted. He had an adequate foreign staff, drawn largely from the organization he had built up and learned to love in Australia, and all the Chinese interpreters, clerks, and draftsmen that he wanted. His own daily life and his personal retinue were a never-failing source of pleasure and amusement for him, as were the scale of his exploring parties, the long cavalcade, the huge staff, the ceremony, and the provision of all imaginable luxuries; for as one interpreter had explained, "Mr. Hoover is such expensive man to my country my country cannot let him die for want of small things."

But then came the awakening. It was learned that the post was "advisory." Examination, exploration, reports were looked upon with favor, but there was no favor for actual work, development, and real mining. And with the awakening came the abomination that Hoover always feels for a post that does not carry ample executive authority to do the work.

But just then his whole attention was demanded for other troubles: the Boxer Uprising caught Hoover at Tientsin. He was recovering from an acute attack of influenza and about to start on a trip into Mongolia. So he was in the thick of it, for in Tientsin there was hot fighting for a month. It was an active siege that would fill a book in the telling—of shells bursting in the houses by day and night, bullets kicking up the earth in the garden paths, and not a word from the outside world for weeks on end. And with it

all was the knowledge that when strength or ammunition failed it was a question of a bullet apiece as the easiest way out.

Hoover was there through it all only because he chose to be. He had warning from devoted Chinamen concerned for his safety. But he could not bring himself to run away from his Chinese employees, who had been faithful to him; he could not leave them to be dealt with by the soldiers of many nations who might not know how to distinguish between the different sorts of Chinamen. As Mrs. Hoover refused to go alone, the two stayed on to care for a few hundred yellow men.

It is well known that in those hectic days there was not always a fine discrimination shown as to those Chinamen who were deserving of punishment and those who were guiltless. Hoover and a few others made themselves unpopular in certain high quarters by going twice a day to the guard-house at "shooting-time" and rescuing such of the Chinamen as they could vouch for, coming back unnerved from the sights they had seen.

Admiring newspapers have credited Hoover with directing the military defense of Tientsin, but he disclaims this. He had enough to do to look after the feeding of his hundreds of employees and keep them supported mentally and emotionally under the strain of the rumors that flew about the place and the more or less accurate knowledge they acquired of actual happenings. With all his European and American staff he kept the terrified Chinamen at work building innumerable barricades of rice and sugar sacks, bringing ice and provisions from the warehouses on the other side of the settlement, and constantly fighting fires. They made themselves generally useful doing what they could, so that the entire force of twenty-three hundred military men could devote their whole energies to fighting. Even with that it was a close thing, for it was all they could do to hold off the tens of thousands of well-armed, madly brave fanatics who failed only because of their faulty strategy and tactics.

But there was a lighter side even in

these tragic days. For instance, Hoover had a cow famous and influential in the community, and the cow was the mother of a promising calf. One day the cow was stolen, and Hoover set to work with all his energy to find her. After a fruitless search through the town he had an inspiration. He took out the tiny calf, and by the light of a lantern led the little orphan about the streets crying for its mother. Finally, as they passed in front of the barracks of the German contingent, there was an answering moo, and Hoover walked up and claimed his property. The sentry, disregarding Hoover's statements, countered with the inquiry, "Is that the calf of the cow inside?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer to his Ollendorff question, he calmly confiscated the calf and sent Hoover home empty-handed. It may be remarked in passing that this was Hoover's first passage at arms with the Germans, and that the Germans paid for that cow.

Chang Yen Mow, the minister of mines, took such an anti-Boxer attitude in the councils of the empire that he was forced to flee from Peking, and escaped in disguise to his palace in Tientsin to seek foreign protection against the wrath of his own people. He had been dragged forth from that same palace and stood up before a shooting squad, and in saving him Hoover got himself into disfavor with the authorities. Fortunately he had the wholehearted assistance of a Russian colonel whose soldierly threats finally decided the question in favor of Chang.

In the days that followed Chang was disturbed by the thought of what was to become of a great mining property of his at Tongshan, about eighty miles from Tientsin. He offered it as an outright gift to Hoover in order to insure its safety from confiscation. The ex-director of mines (he might safely be called ex-director, for the Government which had appointed him was hard to find; he had no salary, and the only evidence he possessed of official dignity was an office riddled with shells by that same Government) agreed to go to Europe and organize a

company to work Chang's mine, the company to furnish the working capital and pay Chang a reasonable share of the profits. The company law of England made it desirable to form the company in London, but for political considerations it was desirable to secure Russian and Belgian participation.

With minute written instructions from Chang, Hoover set out for London to arrange the deal. And he did arrange it, fighting hard for the old Chinaman and maintaining his rights against people who felt that as long as they kept the letter of the agreement they were justified in making away with as much of his property as they could. However, within the stipulated time he had everything arranged and was back in China.

In the meantime the situation had entirely changed. Chang had come to a realization of the fact that China was not to be partitioned, that private property was not to be confiscated, and that affairs in general were settling down to a more stable condition than they had been in before the war. He concluded that, since this was so, he could drive a better bargain for his mine than he had stipulated in writing for the young engineer. So he changed his mind and repudiated the whole thing. And although Hoover's arrangement had been made at his request and under his written instructions, there was no law in China that could hold him to his part of the contract.

The Belgian interests which Hoover had enlisted in the matter had sent over a young Belgian engineer named Wouters, a fine type of Belgian gentleman, now in Brussels working quietly and effectively for his suffering people. He and Hoover settled down upon the old Chinese and endeavored to force him to sign the papers within the time set by the contracts. Both the young men knew that their reputations and their professional careers depended on getting Chang to carry out his part of the bargain. In looking back on those days there is a good deal of humor to be seen in their activities—the two young men hounding the unwilling Chinese, suf-

fering through hours of difficult Chinese discussion, following him for days together from town to town, from palace to palace, and from room to room; meeting all the excuses raised by the wily old man, everything from the bad luck sure to follow signing while his son and heir was ill of the measles to the impossible character of the pens in the palace at the moment. But in the end the perseverance of the young men was rewarded. For under their pressure Chang changed his mind again and decided to stick to his bargain.

This having been accomplished, Chang wanted Hoover to stay on and develop the property, and so did the bond-holders in Europe. He undertook to remain for six months and get things started. It soon became known that there were certain "pickings" that had been overlooked in the original bargain, and these Hoover proposed to divide share and share alike among the various interests. One of the foreign groups could not see the need of this, however, and sent up a big man who was to dispose of the young American and see to it that the old Chinaman did not get any more than was considered good for him. The big man came and remained for months, and then "important interests" recalled him to southern China, and the Chinese continued to get their fair share of the profits.

From a purely mining point of view this new venture was of great value. It was a huge coal deposit, and Hoover had dealt previously with nothing but precious metals. It was on a big scale, ready for reorganization, having many hundred miles of tunnels, from fifteen to twenty thousand workmen, a fleet of ocean-going steamers, and other enterprises necessary to so vast a machine. The work of running this was an experience very different from conducting the scientific investigations of the department of mines.

The mine had not been disturbed during the Boxer Outbreak, and had gone on quietly turning out coal. None the less, with characteristic German thoroughness, four months later Waldersee sent an armed force to afford "protection" to the

property. The first night the sentries opened fire on the night shift coming on duty at two o'clock in the morning and killed about twenty of them, because, as was afterward explained, they were a band of riotous peasants attacking the mine! This is strangely like some later explanations of other murders committed by the same authority.

When his six months with Chang's mine were up, Hoover was offered a junior partnership in an important London house, and went to it with enthusiasm. It was another remarkable and broadening experience for a man still in his twenties. He learned a lot about the office side of mining, and received some hard knocks that taught him a lot about "big business." It was expensive learning, but has since stood him in good stead. Finally came a big crash that brought with it the most trying experience of his life.

The financial member of the firm decamped with about a million dollars, representing speculations over a term of years. Incidentally he made off with all the ready money Hoover had in the world. Not only had he robbed the firm, but he had also defrauded a lot of small investors and had forged various documents, and with them had cheated city firms which had in perfect good faith advanced money on the worthless paper.

The senior member of the firm was in China, but Hoover took it upon himself to say that, although the firm was not legally responsible, all these frauds would be made good. When the senior member heard about the situation he cabled frantically to protest, but fortunately he was too late.

When he returned to London there were stormy scenes, but the young American set his jaw and held to the position that they had to pay. Then began a six-years' grind to pay off debts that could not have been enforced in any court in the world. These were the hardest years of Hoover's life, and were filled with trials that will make an epic when they can be written.

Finally came the day of tremendous re-

lief when he could cast off and go to work for himself. He sold his interest in the firm and branched out alone.

From that moment he prospered. Valuable associations came to him from all over the world, and he branched out to the four quarters of the globe. South Australia developed a new zinc business due to Hoover's handling in a new way of discarded old "tailings." Burma showed a field of marvelous reorganization from almost prehistoric Chinese lead workings by the construction of railways, smelters, and ships. Russia, up in Kyshtim, had an estate as large as Belgium that for over a century had been the largest iron-mines and works of Europe, but had fallen into a sad state because nobody knew how to adapt its ways to those of the new metallurgy that had grown up on the western side of the Atlantic. The greatest interest in this fascinating problem, greater even than those of railways, metallurgy, or reconstruction, was that of reviving a fainting people. For generations they had been one of the most advanced regions of Russia, thrifty, educated, intelligent; from that they had sunk to become demoralized, almost penniless. Famine was literally upon the land, driving people out and killing off those who stayed. The great problem lay in the race with life itself in the rush to provide work for these tens of thousands of workmen upon the land of their fathers. And in those first months much artificial work was made to keep the people alive on the land until the real mining work was ready for them. And it was one of the great joys of Hoover's life to go back afterward and find the old prosperity of which he had heard again firmly settled upon the hills and the pine forests.

Other vast reorganization followed in Russia. Nicaragua and other Central American countries were taken in turn, and hardly a mining country in the world but came up periodically for inspection.

At the time of the organization of the company to work old Chang's mine the Chinese had stipulated that there should be a Chinese board, with a Chinese chair-

man, as well as the board in London, in order that they might keep their "face" with their own countrymen. It was arranged that this should be a purely ornamental board, with showy functions and certain occasional payments and perquisites.

When the company got into good running order the Europeans repudiated these formalities. The Chinese directors made violent protests and demanded their undoubted rights. But, as we have noted, the mining laws in China were lacking in certain respects, and there was no way of forcing the Westerners to live up to their part of the bargain. However, at every annual meeting Hoover and Wouters solemnly moved that the company comply with its agreement with the Chinese, and with equal regularity the motion was scoffingly voted down. But for years they kept a member on the board for the sole purpose of making an annual bid for justice for the Chinese.

But slow-moving justice finally arrived. Chang came on an expedition to London, accompanied by a vast retinue and an old German as special adviser to appeal for justice from the English courts. The Chinese and German advisers had not bothered to look into the views of the young American engineer who had been present when the bargain was made, and casually included him among the defendants.

The various Europeans could not agree among themselves, and there was civil war in each of the groups. The only point on which they all agreed was that the American was at fault for having let the Chinese have such a share in the proceedings and led him on to make such preposterous demands.

The upshot of it all was that the Chinaman got justice, that the Europeans were properly flayed, and that incidentally in a few lines the court gave judgment that Herbert C. Hoover had acted scrupulously within the confines of his authority at the time of the sale, and that he had done everything in his power later to enforce the carrying out of the lapsed clauses. It was a little sentence buried in a dull and

lengthy judgment, so received little mention in the press and brought little satisfaction.

From the time that he launched out for himself until the beginning of the European War Hoover tended more and more to the reorganization of badly managed and bankrupt properties. He had as much business as his big organization could attend to, and could have had as much more as he cared to accept. A glance at "Who's Who" gives an impressive idea of approximately how many big properties he did manage, and some indication of his position in the mining world.

When the war broke out Hoover was living in London. The confusion of those first weeks is an old story: the thousands of American tourists, fleeing from the Continent to England and thence to America; the scarcity of ready money and the difficulty of cashing checks and drafts; the lost families and the lost luggage; the thousand and one things that made for confusion that turned London into a veritable whirlpool. The embassy, with its little peace-time staff, was completely overwhelmed. Hoover was summoned, and responded with his usual effectiveness. He called together the most able American business men in London, secured the ground floor of the Savoy Hotel, divided the work up into departments, and turned it over to the men who were to run it. He himself was everywhere, overseeing, correcting where correction was needed, advising, helping, and guiding. By his efforts and under his direction in the first two months of the war about a hundred and fifty thousand Americans were sent back to this country. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were advanced on checks that otherwise would have been refused or accepted only at a big discount. The lost were found, families reunited, luggage in vast quantities was recovered, and Americans in general were made to realize that they were being carefully looked after.

Early in October some weary men set about winding up the affairs of the American committee. About this time the

seriousness of the situation in Belgium began to be fully understood. At first, when the food shortage had manifested itself, it was agreed that the war would soon be over and that the emergency could be dealt with by emergency methods. Within a very short time, however, it became evident that despite all that could be done by able men in Belgium starvation threatened unless help could be had from outside.

Millard Shaler, an American mining engineer resident in Brussels, was despatched to London to endeavor to effect some arrangement for the purchase and forwarding of food-stuffs into Belgium through the blockade. Shaler laid the situation before Hoover, who was quick to recognize the scope and possibilities of the work ahead. After ascertaining through Mr. Page, the American ambassador in London, that the Government at Washington would look with favor upon the relief of Belgium, Mr. Hoover enlisted the services of his associates on the American Relief Committee. On October 22 the American Commission for Relief in Belgium was formally launched.

Organization was effected in record time. With his breadth of view Hoover quickly divided the work into its logical parts and found trained men to start things moving. One man was hurried off to Rotterdam and charged with the establishment of an office with all the machinery for transshipping cargoes of food to barges and despatching them to Belgium; another was given the handling of charters, another of insurance, another of the purchase of food, another of public appeals, and so on down through the long list.

In the first days there was little money to buy food with aside from a slender gift from the British Government. But Hoover knew that money would be forthcoming from all over the world as soon as the plight of Belgium was understood, and with the courage that the situation demanded he went ahead and bought as much food as was required, pledging his

own credit and that of his associates to an extent that makes them gasp when they pause to think of it now.

So the first food was bought and loaded on the ships that had been chartered, and Hoover went to the proper British official and asked permission to ship food. Sympathy there was in plenty, but it was gently explained that in view of the difficulties of securing tonnage, the overworked condition of the railroads, and the shortage of the food market, he was asking altogether too much. When this was said, Hoover remarked that these difficulties had been met, and all he required was just what he asked for—the permission to export the food from the United Kingdom. When the official recovered from his surprise the permission was granted, and the food was on its way within a few hours.

When it comes to be written, the history of the Commission for Relief in Belgium will fill volumes, and a great part of these volumes will be filled with the activities and achievements of Hoover; for he was throughout the guiding spirit, the active directing force, and the inspiration of the body of picked men who carried on the work and made possible the greatest work of conservation in the history of the world—the conservation of one of the finest races that civilization has produced.

Despite the fact that the people were fed,—and before long the people of the occupied portion of northern France were added to the Belgians,—there never was a moment of security, never a moment when the breakdown of the whole work did not seem more or less imminent for one reason or another. And all the burdens were borne by one man. There was always some sort of trouble in the air, always some sort of fight or controversy, always somebody trying to stop the machine or interfere with its efficient running. There was a running fight with the German authorities to make them observe as far as possible their undertakings, and so far as the actual seizure of food-stuffs is concerned, they must be given

credit for the fulfilment of their promises. There was constant discussion with Allied governments as to the conditions under which they felt it was safe to allow food to go into the occupied territory. There were unending difficulties in securing shipping in competition with all the Allied governments. There was the serious loss of ships from time to time by mine or submarine. There were big and little tragedies and every sort of minor trouble that can be conceived; and whenever trouble came, Hoover was summoned. When things got into a bad way in Belgium relief-workers were apt to remark, "About time the chief was coming over." And usually he came, and about the time that he had straightened out the tangle there was usually a message from Berlin or the general staff in the north of France or from Paris or London, clamoring for his presence.

And that is the life he led during more than two years. He was the only man alive permitted to travel freely from one belligerent country to another, received in entire confidence by the leading men of all those governments. His passport bore a British visé authorizing him to enter or leave any port in Great Britain without previous notice, the only one in existence. The heads of warring governments discussed matters with him in a way that would have made ambassadors envious. And he merited every bit of that confidence from both sides, for he always played the game and scrupulously fulfilled all the obligations that were imposed on him by his own strict code. As a matter of fact, there were many people close to him who had no conception as to what his views were about the war, and he was as meticulously honest with the Germans as with his own people.

Hoover would have deserved well if he had never done anything but bring together the group of men who composed the volunteer staff of the commission. There never was a finer body of men assembled on any single undertaking, though their worth has been but little appreciated at home. They were for the most part young

men, many of them just out of college, and none of them with training in the technical side of the work they were to undertake. Yet despite this the efficiency was of a high standard. The enthusiasm and energy that were put into learning the details of the work and the devotion to the drudgery for over two years became an inspiration to those who saw it. First and last there must have been some two hundred and fifty Americans in Belgium as volunteers. They were idealists, though some of them would have scoffed at the suggestion, for no other sort of man would stick to the hard and wearing task of the American delegate unless he appreciated the significance of what he was doing and was willing to pay high for the privilege. They were all under a severe emotional strain, for the sights they saw and the tales they heard were enough to move the most callous. They were under temptation to render service to the one side or the other—service that would have been of value to the cause they favored. But in two years and a half not one of these men was guilty of a single act of which we had reason to be ashamed. The German authorities were constantly bringing charges against them, and were always disappointed when it was found possible to prove that the charges were without foundation. They could not for the life of them understand the plane on which these men worked, and were for a long time convinced that if they kept at it long enough it would be possible to catch these Yankees in something wrong. But disappointment still reigns at German headquarters. No band of crusaders ever set out with a higher purpose than these matter-of-fact Americans maintained through their stay in Belgium. Their record is one of which America should be proud.

From the early days of the commission it was seen that its demands would be beyond anything that had ever come in the range of human experience. Hoover, with courageous imagination, decided that he would require five million dollars a month to carry on the work. Before he

was through he was spending over seventeen millions a month and was laying his plans to get more. He built up a fleet of seventy cargo-boats despite all the efforts of belligerent governments to corner all shipping for their own needs. He had thousands of canal-boats and barges and railroad-cars. Every year the people of the occupied territory consumed the wheat produced by nearly a million and a half acres. The scale of the whole work staggers the imagination, but it was done and done well. It was done despite every handicap in the way of difficulty of transport and communication, the arbitrary actions of military authorities, and countless new obstacles that rose up and confronted the commission every day.

When Hoover has a job in hand he is apt to have a rather single-minded purpose. In Belgium he developed the idea that the reason he was there was to feed the Belgians. And that idea was a life-preserver for the Belgian people. Few men have ever had the temptations that were given Hoover to throw down a task. When the situation became completely hopeless Hoover was wont to remark, "But we must remember that we are here to *feed the Belgians*," and grit his teeth, and go on working. Sometimes the provocations became so intolerable for some of the other Americans that after working upon one another's feelings they would decide that the time had come to stop the whole business as a punishment to the Germans or to some set of persons. But it never went any farther than that, for a few words from Hoover were always enough to put everybody back on even keel and to cause them to wonder that with millions of innocent lives at stake they could have thought of anything so preposterous as abandoning the great work they were privileged to share in.

It was in these days of constant trouble and anxiety that the very real Hoover be-

came known to a group of men who are his devoted friends. They took comfort in his remarkable directness, his way of dispensing with forms and ceremony that is attractive because founded upon real, deep-seated, natural courtesy that is not dependent on forms of any sort.

His one pursuit in life is getting things done—things that count. Efficiency receives his devoted service, but always with that discrimination that never loses sight of the human element of the people he is working for and those that are working with him. And right there is the secret of the devotion to Hoover of the men who have worked with him. It is no small thing for a man of great affairs, employing in his various interests more than a hundred thousand men, to be able to say that he has never had a strike. There is not one of the hundreds of men who have been associated with him in Belgian relief work who is not now an understanding and devoted friend.

In his struggle for efficiency one of his cardinal principles is to focus publicity and credit upon the organization that is doing the work, and not upon the individual men composing it. All the publicity work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium was by his direction concentrated on securing popular approval and support for the commission itself; and Hoover's name was studiously kept out of the papers. His work has become known, but it is because of its outstanding importance and against his own efforts. He is modest to an extent that is sometimes painful to people who deal with him, and never suffers such acute misery as when being extolled publicly for what he has done. Even in Belgium his name was little known, and for the first eighteen months of the war, when his name was mentioned, one often heard: "Hoover? Who is Hoover?" And this from people who thanked the Commission for Relief in Belgium for their very lives.



Free

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Author of "On Moon Hill," etc.

Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

IT got on toward night, still raining; the clay in the bottom was deep with mud. A man stood in the dusk at the corner of a snake-fence, leaning on a shotgun, silent, motionless, as the minutes went by, peering down through the thickness at the faint, watery lights of the village. The "five-fifteen" had come and gone half an hour: he had heard the whistle, and for a moment, over yonder in Schauer's Gorge, glimpsed the file of its yellow windows swimming down toward the coast. Once he filled his pipe with clumsy fingers and forgot to light it; once he combed his hair back under his hat with an uncertain hand; beyond that he remained as expressionless and immobile as a statue.

By and by another figure came into view a little way off through the murk, climbing up the muddy track from the village.

The men hailed each other in tones constrained and excited. John Petit, who had been standing by the fence so long, started forward with a gesture of eagerness, hesi-

tated, and halted after two or three steps. Luke Petit let his straw suitcase down in the mud and put his hands into his pockets. And so, face to face, the brothers took stock of each other. Both faces showed a little gray in the gathering night.

"Shake!" said Luke Petit.

John Petit put out a hand.

"This is the day I've been waiting for, Luke; you don't know how."

"You look about the same, John."

"You look about the same, Luke. Trifle poorer about the face."

"Poorer! You ought to 'a' seen me a year ago, John, after the bit in solitary. Poorer! Did you think five years in prison was going to put flesh on to a man?"

"It 's been bad, Luke."

"Bad! I guess! I tell you one thing, John; for a man that 's been five years in a cell, when he comes out there 's nothing in the world too good for him. What 's the gun for, John?"

"Nothing. The Wallow folks are a mite ugly, that 's all. They won't do

anything, though. I just carried it for luck."

Luke Petit peered about him.

"Where's the mare? I'd 'ave thought you'd 'ave brought the rig, John."

"I've been sawing cord-wood with her all day, and it's such a short step over the hill. I figured you'd rather walk. Here, I'll carry your suitcase."

They started off in the soggy going, Luke trailing a pace behind.

"But after supper," he said, "we'll put the mare in the buggy all right, John."

The other stopped and looked back at him.

"To-night? Go over to Belle's to-night, Luke?"

"Why not? Say, look here, John, you got my letter about the minister?"

"Yes." John spoke slowly, his face turned half away. "But to-night, Luke—you're pretty tired to-night."

"What of it? After five years? You try waiting five years, John."

A misty star in the kitchen window led them down the farther slope to the farmhouse. John had laid the table for their supper before he went over the hill to wait: two cans of sardines, a can of corn, heavy bread made laboriously with his own hands, a peach-pie bought in the village, coffee set on the back of the stove. That afternoon he had washed up the accumulated dishes of a fortnight, but somehow, for all he could do, they began to gather in the sink again.

"I wish it was fancier," he said, with a touch of wistfulness as Luke sank into a chair at the table. "I've tried to get a woman to work, but there has n't been any, and none of the Wallow niggers would come since you finished Maje. They're a mite ugly about it. They say Maje was only fooling that time, and nobody else would have thought a thing about it."

"But I would. Black or white, I'd have done the same for any man that scared my girl like that. I'm built that way."

"Yes, I know. You did right, Luke."

"Sure, I done right. And Belle knows

it, and honors me for it, too. She's wrote me a letter every single day."

"And every single day," John told him in a curiously hard voice, "she's marked off the date on the calendar and numbered the days to come. It's made a difference in Belle, Luke. Belle's a woman now. These five years have told."

"These five years have told"—it kept echoing in John Petit's brain as he sat there staring down at the knuckles of the hard hands on his knees, afraid to look at his brother. He would scarcely have known him at a casual meeting. Five years in prison had certainly done Luke no good.

Though John touched nothing, Luke had begun to eat ravenously, picking out sardines with his fingers from the can between his elbows. After he had done for one can, however, he pushed everything away from him with a sudden gesture of revulsion.

"I'll bet Belle's got supper ready for me," he said—"chicken and mashed potatoes and squash-pie and things. I've lived on hogwash for five years, and now I'm out, I've got something fancy coming to me. I've had plenty of time to think over there, John, and I've figured it out if a fellow goes to work and does a fine, brave thing, and gets jugged for it, why, the world's got nothing he can't have when he gets out if he wants it. Is there anything to drink in the house, John, old boy?"

The other arose, got a dipper from the sink, and was starting heavily for the cellar stairs when Luke protested across the table:

"Not *cider*! Good Lord, John, cider for a man just out of hell!"

John stopped, and stared into the shining bottom of the dipper. A faint perspiration dampened his brow.

"You used to be sparing of—the other," he muttered. "A bit at Christmas, maybe, and—and—"

"*Christmas*! Well, if this ain't better 'n *Christmas*!" Luke hung over the table, pounding the oil-cloth with ecstatic fingers. The whites of his eyes seemed

more than usually prominent. John lifted a blanched face.

"I 'm sorry, Luke, but there 's none in the house."

Luke tipped his chair over backward, walked to the cupboard above the sink, rummaged on the top shelf, and returned to the table, carrying a three-cornered black bottle. He poured out a coffee-cup of the spirits and drank it down before he spoke.

"I would n't 'ave believed it, the day I come out of prison, denying me, your own blood-brother! Denying Luke! *Luke!*"

Color whipped John Petit's face; the features were set in a grimace of pain. Leaning across the table, he confronted his brother.

"It 's not that, Luke. God knows you can never be paid, nor half, nor a quarter paid, for what you 've gone through. Don't you think I 'd do it if I could? I 'm doing my best, Luke. I 've made over my share in the farm to you, and I 'm clearing out. I 'm going West to-night on the twelve-two. It 's a good farm, Luke; the wheat 's splendid this year. You 'll do well."

"And—and with Belle's place, too—" Luke looked up abruptly. "Going West, you say? Where to?"

"I don't know. I 'm just clearing out." John's eyes left his brother's and passed from object to object about the room, half frightened, half wistful. He grew nervous, like one hunted, and shifted toward the staircase door. "I 've got a few things to pack," he mumbled.

Luke turned in his chair to speak after him.

"When you 're ready, John, put the mare in the buggy, and I 'll go along. You 've got plenty of time to go round by the mountain, and you can drop me at Belle's."

John's heavy footfalls paused on the stairs, half-way up.

"All right," the leaden answer came down out of the dark.

Alone in the kitchen, Luke put his elbows farther apart on the oil-cloth and settled his cheeks deeper in his palms.

Twice he filled the coffee-cup from the bottle and emptied it. At rest so, in the pitiless, yellow rays of the lamp, his face showed more plainly than ever the price that had been asked of him. The skin hung colorless and loose, and beneath it one felt that there was no longer anything to bind it together. The circular muscles about the lips had lost elasticity and let them fall apart. In the eyes alone remained anything penetrating and alive. And they dreamed of the plunder of a new world. Why not? To a man famished in the desert five long years for a brave deed, who will deny all he will drink at the springs?

His finger-nails kept up a continuous, rapid thrumming on the table, and outside the rain droned its dun orchestration across the world. His eyelids drooped as the liquor mounted to his brain, and the rhythm of the beating fingers slowed by imperceptible degrees.

He shook himself out of it suddenly, lifting his head, and inclined an ear toward the outer door. Then, with a muffled exclamation, he leaped up, flung it open, and ran out into the streaming dark.

"John!" he cried. "John! John! John!"

The wheels ahead stopped, and his brother's voice came back.

"Yes?"

Luke came to the buggy, panting with the unaccustomed exertion.

"What you doing? Where you going?" he cried. "Trying to trick me?"

John's hands were in his lap, and his chin was buried in his collar.

"No, no, Luke. I—I just thought maybe you 'd decide you were too tired to go over there, after all. I—I was just figuring to drive down to the village the short way and wait for the twelve-two. I 'd leave the mare in Kolquist's stable and have him fetch her up in the morning."

Luke leaned his head on the wheel and began to sob. His tears, uncontrolled and painless, mingled with the rain. He could have done nothing more spectacular.

John reached across the wheel with a sudden excess of tenderness mingled with

self-abasement and patted the sunken shoulders; then, with an urging hand under the other's arm, pulled him into the buggy.

"Dear me, don't take on so!" he pleaded. "Yes, yes, Luke, old fellow, I'll drive you over. I'm going to take you to Belle's. Don't you hear me?"

He got around into the mountain road and drove slowly, letting the animal find her way. After a few moments he pulled up, took off his rubber coat, and threw it over Luke's drooping shoulders, then went on again. Neither spoke. By and by the mare stopped dead in the road.

"Here 's Tolley's Hill," John suggested tentatively. "Remember?"

Luke settled down a little farther in the seat.

"I'll feel stouter in a few days," he protested in a weak voice. "I been shut up five years."

"That 's right." John got down, and, going to the mare's head, led her up the steep, slippery incline, helping her along by a strong pull on the head-stall. And so, dragging and blowing in the blind deluge, they came finally over the ridge.

A dog started barking a little way off to the right of the road. There came a sudden rectangle of light in the night, streaming with oblique jewels and framing the figure of a woman. Her voice was heard, calling to the dog:

"Stop it, Shep! Be quiet, can't you, Shep!" And then, lifted: "Who 's there? Is that—you?"

Neither man answered. The buggy had stopped in the road, and from the seat Luke Petit stared upward at the bright vision, his body still half crouching, one hand writhing on the other wrist, his face muscles moving painfully as realization struggled with the lees of the liquor he had drunk. Twice he rubbed the rain out of his eyes, as if he could not really believe.

John Petit, at the mare's head, was not looking up at the door, but down into the darkness about his boots. His square shoulders seemed to have fallen in upon themselves as if by their own weight.

"John! John!" the voice came down, once more, lifted in a tenser note. "John Petit, has he come? Have you brought him, John?"

"Yes, Belle."

With a jerk at the head-stall, John swung the mare into the yard. The dog was snapping at his legs; it was a comfort to kick out at him with vicious jabs of the boot. The door faded out of sight as they approached. John cramped the wheels to let Luke get down.

"You coming in?" Luke asked him.

"No, I guess not. I guess I'll go on down to the village and wait for the train. Good-by, Luke, old man."

And then, as if with another thought, he flung the blanket over the mare and hurried to catch up with his brother at the porch steps.

They opened the door without knocking, being already announced. The room was full of the comforting glow of a big oil lamp and the red shaft from the door of the "air-tight." A table was set with a white cloth and good things to eat—chicken, mashed potatoes, squash-pie, precisely. Luke's eyes took fire, gleaming, glowing, unstable; the tip of his tongue followed the perimeter of his lips; he rubbed his palms together.

"Look at that, will you?" he cried to his brother. Sinking down into a chair, he leaned forward on his elbows, encircling a plate with his forearms. "Did n't I tell you? Poor Luke! The best in the land for Luke, who 's been in a cell five years for her. Ha! ha! ha! And you thought I was too tired to come, John! That 's a joke on you, old boy. Belle was waiting for me."

"Yes," said John, moving painful lips. "I tell you she 's been waiting for you all these five years."

"But where is she? Where 's she gone?" Luke started up, jerking his eyes this way and that. On John's face there was a flame of shame and anger running up his cheeks to his forehead. His hands knotted behind his back, and then, as if getting away from him, reached out suddenly and thrust Luke back into his chair.

"Look here, Luke." His voice lost its edge then. His words began to stumble.

"You know it 's—it 's kind of hard for the girl, Luke. It 's a big thing, after all, and she 's got to—to kind of get her breath when it comes to the minute. I would n't give a cent for her if she was n't like that, and you would n't, either. She 'll be round in a second, Luke. Give her time."

"Time! More time!" An unhealthy rancor moved the man's face.

"I 'm hungry," he protested, "starved. Here, John; sit down and let 's eat. She 'll be round when she finds I 'm not running after her." He began pulling off flakes of meat from the chicken's breast and putting them between his teeth. "Belle," he called aloud, with a taunting gaiety, "we 're eating!"

The note of the rain booming through the darkened rooms beyond was all the answer he got. John, falling in eagerly with his mood, took a chair himself and made a laborious pretense of eating. Luke seemed to forget what he was doing, his hands moving more and more mechanically from plate to lips, and his eyes, fixed on the cloth, filled with dreams. Now and then the corners of his lips twitched. He passed a hand over his brow like a man awakening, and then looked up quickly.

"Wh-wh-where 's the minister, John? I forgot. Where—John, you promised to have the minister here to-night."

John's eyes dropped to his own plate.

"Mr. Teele 's off to conference," he said. "I did n't know it till late to-day."

He did n't want to look at Luke, but the continuing silence made him. What he saw in his brother's eyes brought him jumping to his feet.

"But he 'll be back *to-morrow*," he cried.

"*To-morrow!* You can say '*to-morrow!*' You 've never been five years in prison, or you could n't say it like that—'*to-morrow!*'"

A thwarted devil crept into Luke's eyes. They became less erratic, and moving with a new slowness, they sought the doorway

toward the living-room and the stairs. John, studying him, retreated behind the stove and fumbled in the bottom of the boot-closet. His hand brought out an old earthenware jug, stopped with a roll of paper.

"By Christmas!" he feigned surprise, "here 's Uncle Witte's whisky-jug, stood here in the closet since the day he died. What say, Luke? Let 's have one to your coming out."

When Luke had asked for whisky down at their own house, it had given John a moment of sickness; for he, too, had been waiting for Luke and thinking about Luke and depending upon Luke for five years. But now he watched his brother drink, leaning forward on the table and keeping track of Luke's eyes as a surgeon with a blessed and desperate anesthetic, and the sweat rolled the furrows between his brows.

Luke began to talk. Though John's eyes were staring at him, he seemed not to realize that John was there in front of him.

After a while John was n't there, for he had slipped away and out through the door leading to the living-room. He passed through the living-room on tiptoe, peering at the shadowy furnishings, through the black hall beyond and the blacker parlor, calling "Belle! Belle!" under his breath. He received no answer. He lifted his voice slightly, moved by the mystery of silence. He turned back and ascended the stairs, groping and calling. Still she failed to answer. His hand touched her form, huddled on the bed in her own room.

She started at the touch, and he had a sense of her cringing.

"Luke!" she gasped. "Luke Petit!"

"It 's John," he told her in a heavy whisper.

"Oh!"

For a time there was no sound in the chamber beyond the ceaseless drone of the rain on the shingles. Belle's hand, groping, found his and clung to it. He could not see her face, and he was glad she could not see his just then. He could not un-



"HE FUMLED IN HIS POCKET FOR A MATCH, LIGHTED IT, AND BLINKED
DOWN AT THE FIGURE SPRAWLED OVER THE SILL."

derstand himself; he was shivering all over without any reason.

"Belle," he pleaded a little wildly, "don't take on so!"

Her fingers tightened on his hand.

"I did n't know it was going to be like this, John." She was talking into the hollow of her arm. "I—was all right till—till the minute I heard you outside and knew he was there, and then—oh, I don't know—I don't know—"

John did n't know either.

"I suppose," she said, "it's because I've been thinking about him so long."

John had, too. That was the trouble with them both; they had been thinking about Luke Petit so long. After a while the girl began to speak as if to herself:

"It's like having a prince coming for me—a prince that's been through fire. I'm lucky. I'm an awful' lucky girl. It is n't many girls who are as lucky as I am, who have fellows who've done what Luke's done for me. It makes it somehow—*John! J-o-h-n!*"

She raised herself suddenly on an elbow, and her fingers were like wires on his wrist.

"John, he's coming up! No, no! Don't let him, John!"

John reassured her after a moment.

"I don't hear anything, Belle," he said.

He did n't understand what was wrong with her. She was beginning to understand, and when she spoke again the sense of the treachery of her own soul struck through her words.

"I did n't know it would be like this. It—it frightens me. John, you've been awful' good to me. And now that Luke's back, I—I—I suppose you won't have to look after me. You won't have to come over the ridge every day—now. I suppose it's good riddance, is n't it? Have—have I been an awful bother, John?"

He could see her face now, a gray shape, curiously near and tense and appealing.

He shook his head and muttered:

"No." And then, almost roughly, "I'm going West to-night—on the twelve-two."

"You're going away,"—her voice was slow and wondering,—"you mean you're going away and leave me alone, John?"

"With Luke."

It seemed to bewilder her, as if in a moment's interim she had forgotten.

"With Luke," she echoed—"with Luke." She sank back on the bed, taking her face out of sight. Her words came to him after a moment, lifeless, unreal:

"I suppose he's waiting for me downstairs. I suppose I ought to go down right away. He's probably wondering why I don't hurry and come down."

"He looked to find Mr. Teele here. He was cut up."

"Yes, yes. He wanted to be married to-night. Yes; I suppose when a person's been in prison five years—"

Her face was near him again.

"John," she whispered in panic, "I tell you, he is coming up! I hear him!"

"No, Belle; no—"

He had stopped to listen. In the booming silence the stairs outside the door were creaking under a slow and uncertain weight; creaking and groaning and muttering nearer and nearer. There was something incredibly sinister about this insensate advance upon them. Scarcely knowing what he did, John put an arm about the girl's shoulders and drew her up toward him.

"What—what is he saying?" she whispered.

"Nothing."

The footfalls and the thick, muttering voice came nearer all the while. Luke was in the hall now, at the top of the stairs, groping and fumbling in the blind place. John lifted his voice like a sudden cannon among the little noises:

"Stop it, Luke! Stop it, or, damn you, I'll—I'll—"

He broke off, appalled at himself.

The horrible thing was that there was no answer from the hall; nothing but the rain, a muffled whinny from the mare, wretched in the pouring yard beneath, and the almost inaudible crying of the bed as the girl took her weight away from it and stood up straight and rigid beside him.

And then there was the ticking of his watch in his pocket; he could hear that, and he could n't hear Luke. His scalp began to prickle. The girl at his side was trying to hold her breath. It was all very queer.

There was a sudden sound in the hall of something coming to the floor, not a boot-sole this time; the impact was heavier and of a metallic quality. And then followed a leaden chuckle, prolonged, introspective, shaking with a naughty glee.

Belle was saying in John's ear:

"He 's got hold of Uncle Witte's shotgun." Her voice was flat and matter-of-fact, almost lazy.

Her spirit of acceptance took hold of John.

"Oh, yes," he murmured, "the gun."

Luke must have come crawling on his hands and knees, for the first sense they had of him was a shadow crouching on the threshold of the doorway, perfectly quiet for a long while. He had said nothing since his last chuckle in the hall.

Now he seemed to be in trouble; they could hear him making obscure noises in his throat, grumbling, impatient, exasperated, changing to maudlin determination, then oaths, incoherent and menacing. And along with these ran the soft, busy fumbling of his hands. By and by he sighed with a daft content. His fumbling hands had found what they were after at last, and the listeners beside the bed heard the sharp click as the hammer came back under his thumb and the trigger was set.

Time went on; in John's pocket it ticked itself away into the past with measured and infinitesimal beats. The rain was lulling on the roof. To John Petit, strangely, it was a space of profound peace. He was bearing the girl's weight in his arms now, and as the dragging seconds passed, her head came over to his and rested there, the soft hair light on his cheek. Perspiration wet his face and neck, running down in channels on his skin, but he did not realize it.

It was as if his brain had been set free and allowed to wander back into memory, without care now of what it saw; and it

saw the procession of the days of those five years suddenly and incredibly radiant with the moving picture of this woman at his side. He looked back across that dim, day-to-day battle with his soul, that interminable agony of turning his face the other way. He was glad it was all over. This moment in the silence and the dark, standing side by side with Belle Muller on the edge of things, beyond hope or despair, beyond conscience, beyond right and wrong—this was a gift princely and splendid. And that crouching spider-shade in the doorway was the giver of the gift. A queer, irrational wave of gratitude passed over him. The watch ticked in his pocket. Why did n't it happen?

Belle's lips touched his cheek at the corner of his lips. He turned his head slowly and looked down into her eyes. And then she spoke to him out loud and with an incredible carelessness:

"I did n't know it would be like this—John."

He seemed to have been dreaming, and that woke him up. He became aware suddenly of the sweat streaming cold down his face and of what he was doing. He turned his eyes toward the door.

"Don't shoot, Luke! If you love dear God, Luke, don't shoot yet! You would n't want to hurt Belle, would you? Wait! Can you see me?"

He pushed the girl off with a ruthless violence, flinging her hands away.

"See," he pleaded. "I 'm going over to the left here. Here, Luke. See, I 'm all alone here now. Can you see me?"

And still the trigger in the dark hung fire, squeezing out one more moment of sweet suspense. And still Luke Petit would not speak.

John begged him passionately, hearing Belle stir.

"Quick! For God's sake, Luke, pull that trigger quick before she comes!"

His voice, raised, echoed through the narrow space. He felt Belle groping for him, and he fled, batting out at the invisible hands, forgetting everything but the fact that he must remain a fair target, alone. His boot struck something and sent

it spinning across the floor. He knew by the ring of it that it was the shot-gun.

For an instant, standing quite still, with his eyelids pressed together, he seemed to sink a great way into a void. When he had struggled back again, he fumbled in his pocket for a match, lighted it, and blinked down at the figure sprawled over the sill. One of the arms hunched up a little in unconscious protest against the light, and then heavily sank back again.

John Petit's voice sounded shallow and idiotic.

"Why, he's asleep! He—he's gone to sleep!"

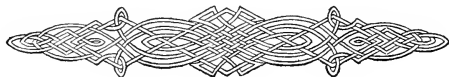
They went down-stairs, leaving him there in the deep peace of oblivion. Once, in the glowing kitchen, their eyes met for a moment, but there was no need of words. Everything that need be said had

been said between them in the waiting silence of that upper room.

Belle Muller took nothing with her except the cloak which John threw over her shoulders. She did not so much as glance about the familiar stage of her girlhood before she stepped out of it forever, a kind of fugitive.

"He can have it all," she said, and turned her back on it.

A sense of miraculous liberation carried them along. After the unstirring air in the house, there was something incredibly soothing in the wild whips of the rain, the crying of the strained harness, the grunting mare, the lunge in the unseen and the unknown, the sense of the "twelve-two" roaring westward toward them somewhere out there in the blind chaos of the night.



Revelation

By HELEN HOYT

"ONE friend shall know me utterly," I said;
 "All that I am to him I will disclose.
 Surely it is from perfect knowledge grows
 The perfect love that makes two natures wed."
 With fearful care before him then I spread
 All of my life: the doors I ne'er unclosed
 Now opened wide; each grace of me, each pose,
 Dissolved for him, till there remained no shred
 Of cloak between me and love's fullest gaze.
 Faults, virtues, dreams I made myself confess,
 And every part and pattern, every phase.
 With unbecoming answers, eyes a-daze,
 He stopped my words; with an old, gay caress.
 No stranger could have wished to know me less.



How We Can Help France

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "Constantinople: Principle or Pawn?" etc.

BEFORE the United States entered the war a few Americans were helping a few French. The French as a people were appreciative of the aid that came from America, and there were remarkable

relief-work were engaged in a multitude of activities, and the American Relief Clearing House in Paris dispensed money by the millions and sent out boxes by the thousands. Other Americans were not con-



HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

testimonials of this appreciation. Our ambulances were seen on the French front, and Americans in Red Cross work lost their lives on the field of battle. In many places American hospitals, served by American doctors and nurses, cared for the French wounded. Organizations for re-

tent to work for France. They fought for France in the Foreign Legion and in the Aviation Corps. But all this was the effort of individual men and expressed the sentiment of individual men. The United States was neutral, and so long as the United States remained neutral the

American nation could not help the French nation in the death-struggle. The heroism and the self-sacrifice and the warm partizanship of individual Americans did not make up for American neutrality. Whether the French should have understood our neutrality and have acknowledged our right and reason to remain neutral is not to the point. The fact is that we were neutral.

AMERICA AND HER NEUTRALITY IN FRENCH EYES

ONLY Americans who knew how France felt about America could realize how France felt about American neutrality. The feeling about America may have been erroneous; but only if it were erroneous (which God forbid!) could the feeling about American neutrality be unreasonable. Have we ever realized the French feeling about America? Far deeper than the impression, gained from contact with our tourists, of America as the land of dollars and dollar-chasing, lay the belief in America as the land of liberty, the defender of right and justice in the relations between man and man and between nation and nation. The French have idealized American history in much the same way that they have idealized their own history. Our national heroes, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln, are as real to the French as they are to us, and the connection of Lafayette and Rochambeau with the birth of the United States is taught in French schools as it is taught in our schools. This feeling has been specially true under the Third Republic. We have been regarded as the sister democracy, different in manner of life and thought, different even in civilization, but alike in ideals. It was not yesterday that a portrait, a bust of Franklin or Washington, was placed in French *mairies*, and other cities than Paris have long given the names of the fathers of the American Revolution to streets and squares.

In a spirit of historical detachment, far from the fray and unaffected by it, one may be successful in studying the causes leading up to the war and in pointing out

their complexity and multiplicity. But the French did not do this. They could not do it. The storm broke, and broke upon them. The violation of Belgian neutrality brought the Germanic hordes into France. Civilians suffered, provinces were devastated, and through their initial unfair advantage the Germans were able to seize and hold northern France. The instinct of self-preservation called France to arms, but very quickly the defenders of their homes came to identify the national cause with that of human liberty and twentieth-century civilization. Before they had been in the war a week the Germans aroused in their opponents a feeling of moral revolt, dictated by international reasons fully as much as by national ones. Hence France looked to the United States not to help France in her own defense, the success of which was assured by the Battle of the Marne, but in defense of the principles which all Frenchmen believed were as dear to Americans as to them. We Americans who lived in France during the first tragic thirty months of the war knew full well that our humanitarian efforts were of no avail in the face of the fact of American neutrality. We spoke of American sympathy, proved by relief contributions and by editorials of New York newspapers. But the French ideal of the United States demanded official action by Washington. I believe that I am right in stating that, despite the sore need of our material aid, France would gladly have foregone all that Americans were doing and could do for an official condemnation by the American Government of the policy and the acts of Germany.

At last the change—or was it the awakening?—came. Now we are allies of France. In time of war friends are synonymous with allies. Neutrality may be natural, reasonable, explicable, just; but what logic can be opposed to the thought, "He that is not with me is against me"?

AMERICA'S DELICATE PROBLEM AS THE ALLY OF FRANCE

BYGONES are bygones. We have come into the war, and we have come in at the

critical moment. We have come in wholeheartedly. Perhaps our aid is more appreciated for the timeliness of it and the unexpectedness of it. If we do not fall into the error of assuming that we are the *deus ex machina*, and of adopting the attitude of saviors, all will be well.

We made a good beginning. Marshal Joffre was greeted in the United States with an outburst of enthusiasm and affection that put heart into the French nation at a moment of wide-spread discouragement. The April offensive had failed, the submarine menace was becoming alarming, and the state of anarchy in Russia was causing apprehension. The adoption of a series of practical measures at Washington, coinciding with the reception of the French mission, proved that American coöperation was not going to be confined to manifestations of sentimental hysteria. No ally of France has acted more promptly and more advisedly. We voted conscription, placed immediately enormous sums at the disposal of our allies, gave the President control over the export of food-stuffs, passed the espionage bill, promised active participation this summer on the battle-fields of France, and sent a fleet of destroyers to Europe as an earnest of our intention to sacrifice life as well as treasure in combating Germany.

Efficient and decisive aid, however, cannot be given by us if we go to France with an imperfect or incorrect conception of the essential conditions of our coöperation. We must see problems as France sees them, and we must help to solve them in the French way and not in the American way, remembering that the war is being fought on French soil. Otherwise we shall fail, and generous impulses will come to naught. Instead of a permanent understanding with France, there will be mutual disillusionment. The French will dislike us, and we shall dislike them. What calls more insistently for the rarest qualities of tact and delicacy than helping a friend?

AMERICA'S MISCONCEPTION OF FRANCE

WE are accustomed to regard France as a nation that has broken with the tradi-

tions of the past and has evolved a democracy similar to our own. We contrast French individualism with German conformity, and think that the French are freed from the shackles of convention by the democracy they have constituted. We contrast French gaiety with English dourness, and think that the French are hail-fellow-well-met like ourselves. Let us correct immediately and entirely these notions. And since we are going to France, and France is not coming to us, let us remember that we must try to understand their point of view without insisting upon their understanding ours. The French are bound by their past. Despite revolutions and republics, they are hostile to new ideas and attach a tremendous importance to form. Both in thought and action they are less individualistic than the English. They are proud and sensitive and reserved. Then, too, the French have been keyed to the breaking-point of nervous tension during three years of war. We cannot expect them to be calm and patient and grateful. If they need help badly, it is because they have borne the brunt of the German war of aggression. France has given everything, suffered everything, and sacrificed everything where her allies have given and suffered and sacrificed only in part. Russia, like France, has had enormous losses in fighting, and portions of her territory are occupied by the enemy; but Russia has more than twice the population of France, and the territories that the Germans hold are not an integral part of the Russian Empire or a vital part of Russia's economic life. England and Italy are not invaded, and their industries have not been paralyzed by the mobilization and the maintenance on the front through years of their entire manhood population.

We are going into a country the soil of which is consecrated by the life-blood of a million soldiers and desecrated by the German occupation. We are going among a people who have been and are still living in hell, and who stand undaunted and glorious in the midst of bereavement and desolation. It is the holy of holies that we are privileged to enter, and we must go

in with bowed heads. We go to learn, not to teach, and the man of us who says, "You ought never to have done it this way," or, "I'll show you how to do it," ought to be taken out and shot.

Yes, I mean what I say. Lack of consideration, thoughtlessness, bluntness, impatience to reform things, are qualities that have no place in the house of grief and suffering. Our opportunity to walk into the heart of France and to win the most precious national friendship on earth is unique; but, oh, how we need insight and gentleness! The problems are open, bleeding war-wounds, every single one military, political, economic, social. Of course one recognizes that many of them existed before the war or have been born of seed sown before the war. Many of them are due in part to defects in French character and French institutions. But the aggravation and the seriousness of the problems have one cause—the war. And if the problems do not exist in England and Italy as they exist in France, it is because France is on the cross and the others are not. Congestion of ports, scarcity of ships, difficulties of railway transportation, bad repair of rolling stock, caring for refugees, meeting the needs of the widows and orphans and mutilated, fighting tuberculosis and prostitution, ministering to the wounded, distributing food-stuffs and fuel to civilians, finding money, regulating the economic life of the country, moving troops, provisioning the front—all these are the problems that are confronting France and in the solution of which our aid is needed.

Insight and gentleness—can we have the insight unless we appreciate what France has been through, how these problems have arisen, and what the French think about them? Can we use the gentleness unless we put ourselves in the place of the dwellers in the house of grief and suffering and view the problems through their eyes? Let me cite only one illustration. An admirable movement was put on foot in the United States to raise a substantial fund for French war orphans. It was a great idea, and an appeal could be

made with peculiar force for the children of France who were deprived of their fathers. Had not the French fathers died for us, for the world, as well as for their own children? But while an American committee could fittingly raise money for French orphans, it could not fittingly distribute this money. No outsider, no matter how good a friend, could enter and exercise authority in French homes. He would encroach upon and influence religion and education, the precious prerogatives of the family and the state. An American committee could not give money to sectarian organizations in France for the bringing up of orphans. No matter how perfect the good faith and intention of the givers, the nation would resent money coming from abroad for this sacred purpose if it had a string attached to it. To distribute money is harder than to beg it; to give it away is harder than to make it. In the case of the orphans, intelligent friends of France will keep their money in their pockets unless it is to be handed over unostentatiously to a French committee, representative of and designated by the nation.

We must be careful how we do things. We have to curb and keep in leash a natural instinct. The typical American has his mind upon the goal. He is after results, and the way in which he accomplishes what is set before him he does not consider of much importance. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is hedged in from birth by form. There is a right and proper way to do everything, and one would rather not have it done at all than not do it in that way. The French pride themselves upon their individualism and their personal independence. They make fun of their governmental institutions and are remorseless critics of the bureaucracy and the police. But if you watch a Frenchman in discussion with a public official, a rare occurrence, you will notice that the crowd is invariably on the side of the representative of authority. The unforgivable sin in France is not being *en règle*. Hence, however much one may protest, he conforms; and established institutions and

established procedure persist through revolutions and reactions just as they were in the olden days. Bergson, in setting forth his "philosophy of form," which was hailed as a novelty in Anglo-Saxon countries, was reflecting the Latin civilization to which he belonged.

FRANCE'S MISUNDERSTANDING OF THE VOLUNTEER ARMY OF ROOSEVELT

WHEN President Wilson, in the face of adverse criticism and pressure from all sides, declined Mr. Roosevelt's offer to lead a volunteer army to France, he showed remarkable perspicacity. A very serious blunder was avoided. I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Roosevelt and his friends were actuated by the sole motive of wanting to serve France; but their love of the French was greater than their knowledge of the French. Whatever the newspapers may have said, in the desire to avoid looking a gift-horse in the mouth, the people of France did not understand the Roosevelt scheme. It perplexed and worried them. They would have interpreted its adoption as a sign that our Government did not have sufficient prestige among the American people to help France in the *regular* way, or that the American people were so opposed to the war that President Wilson was compelled to fall back upon private initiative and enterprise for military coöperation with the entente powers. It was only when telegrams from Washington announced that General Pershing would command the first troops sent to France, and that these troops would be an *official* American army, that the French realized the significance of America's entry into the war. Now they know that the American nation, represented by the Government at Washington, is helping France.

THE TEST OF AMERICA'S BEST GIFTS IN THE WAR

THE primary and obvious form of aid to France is the sending of an army. Yet here also we have to exercise an unusual degree of self-restraint. The most spectacular help is always the easiest to give.

While our flag on the French front is a *sine qua non* of the alliance, and while its moral effect cannot be overestimated in relation to American public opinion as to French public opinion, the extent of our military coöperation must not be determined by the longing for excitement and adventure and glory that is being awakened among our young men. If the French and the American governments, working together in perfect harmony, decide that a large American army should be sent to France, well and good. But if other means of serving the common cause are pointed out to us as more pressing and more vital, we must be ready to subordinate our generous impulses to the exigencies of the situation as it develops. It is probable that France is going to need ships and food and fuel and war material more than fighting men, and our factories and our granaries may continue to be, as they have been in the past, more essential than our armies. In every kind of human endeavor, where coöperation is necessary, directors of concerted effort find that inefficiency in helpers is due to inability or unwillingness to perform the service required. The difficulty is not in getting workers, but in getting workers who will take positions they can fill and which need to be filled. This is the prime—I might almost say the sole—reason for unemployment. In this war France looks to the American nation for aid. Our Government at Washington directs the enterprise of aiding France. There will be unemployment, lack of opportunity to serve, only for those who want to dictate how they shall serve. The test of love for our own country as well as for France, of desire to help the world to a better life after the cataclysm through which we are passing, comes right here.

Whatever *combinazione* French statesmen and diplomats may have dreamed of, whatever imperialistic aspirations may have received sanction in secret treaties between France and the other powers of the Entente, the voice of the people will count when it comes to the making of peace, and the people are not fighting for

the advancement of selfish national interests. Only if Germany comes to the peace conference crushed and powerless, which will not be the case, can the French public be seduced by the imperialists and led by the diplomats. There is an overwhelming sentiment in France that the objects of this war are the return of Alsace and Lorraine and the restoration of the invaded departments, with an indemnity for rehabilitation. For more than that France will not prolong the war, and France is not counting on American support to attain objects that are in conflict with French and American principles. We have a right, then, to believe and hope that comradeship in arms will lead to a durable entente between France and the United States. That belief and hope form the basis of coöperation now. For otherwise harmonious coöperation, even at this critical moment when our aid is so precious, would be impossible.

AMERICA A CO-WORKER, NOT A BENEFACTOR

WE must guard ourselves against the pernicious and illogical notion, advanced by the unthinking, that our aid is disinterested, and that we are giving it freely. There is a big difference between assuring our enemies that we covet nothing of theirs, and assuring our friends that we look for no return for the help we give them. Benefactors bestow largess upon inferiors; between equals there can be only a *quid pro quo*. Without the idea of reciprocity, our aid would be an insult to France. If we do not go to France with the idea that we are going to discharge an obligation that we have incurred, and are going for our own benefit fully as much as for the benefit of France, it would be wiser to stay at home. May we not have a false conception of our rôle in this war! We go not to save France, but to assist France, though late in the day, to save the world, and we must feel that the friendship of France is as beneficial to us as is our friendship to France.

WHAT FRANCE MAY GIVE TO US

I STARTED with the question, How can we help France? I cannot end without the question, How can France help us? For it would be a waste of time to consider the former without having simultaneously in mind the latter. Long ago, at the beginning of our national life, France did for us what we in small measure are trying to pay back now. But we have not grown beyond the need of what France can still give. Far from it. Over against our New World energy, our proud progress in science and in things material, stands France's Old World refinement and proud progress in thought and things spiritual. France can be our gateway to the Europe that we do not know, the Europe whose moderation and modesty are needed to temper our neophytism and self-consciousness. We are of mixed ancestry, but our political and social institutions, our literature and language, have stamped us in the Anglo-Saxon mold. With the good we have inherited the bad, and the bad has become accentuated in the unformed, expansive life of our vast continent. We have taken from England her two disagreeable Teutonic traits, race superiority and cant, which have been fostered in the British Empire and in the United States, as they have been in Prussia, by Protestantism. The Germans have waked up late to the philosophy of the *Übermensch* and the dream of world supremacy. Anglo-Saxondom has long practised the one and tried to realize the other. Alliance with the British Empire would tend to increase our self-esteem and our arrogance and stimulate our belief in a world mission had we not the splendid anchor to windward in the alliance with France, virile exponent of the undying Latin civilization. Germany of the *Tugendbund* might have grasped this anchor, and not have broken from her moorings. The anchor is strong enough to hold us; but we must realize that it is an anchor and we must be willing to use it.



Red and White

By ROLAND PERTWEE

Author of "Camouflage"

Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower

If we could but forget by heart
The many things we never knew,
Should we not give a greater part
To what is fanciful and true?

I AM sixteen and a half and quite old enough to know better. That's what uncle said, and I hate him, yes, I do, even though I believe it was aunt who made him say it, and of course I never could stand her. If they went down on their knees and begged me to forgive them, it would n't be any use.

Between them they spoiled the most beautiful thing that ever happened and made it look all horrid and wrong—and—I can't think of the word. And I know now that if I met Mooly I should go all red, and she'd go all white, and we'd talk some nonsense about bicycles or whether it was fine or not, and try and get away from each other as quickly as we could. We shall feel we ought to be ashamed of something there was no shame in, but the heavenliest time two people ever spent together.

When we grow up, I often wonder, do we all grow beastly? Do we all see things wrong and twisted, and miss the best every time? It seems to me we do, and so I hate all grown-ups as much as I hate uncle and aunt. I think I shall go away somewhere and hide, or be a hermit and spend the rest of my days remembering Mooly and trying to forget all the rest.

But before I go I want to make a clean breast of everything in the hope that there is at least some one who will see it just as it really and truly is.

My name is Dorian Festubert, and my mother died when I was born, so she never had the chance to be as lovely to me as I know she would have been. When my father heard that she was dead he went up to the bedroom and kissed her and said, "What a happy time we've missed, my dear!" Then he went into the garden and shot himself.

I have always been awfully proud of my father for that, and one day when I heard aunt telling some one the story, and saying, "They were a very hysterical fam-

ily," I flew into a fearful rage, and said all sorts of things I should n't have said about her mothers' meeting and the rotten presents of vegetables she gave to the parish poor. There was no end of a scene, and uncle said I was an ill-conditioned young pup and did n't know what respect meant.

"Well," said I, "you don't know what love means and never will."

After that I had a hiding, four with the back and two with the bristles; but I was n't a bit sorry, because what I had said was true.

They would n't let me go to a decent public school, like any other boy, because of its "polluting influences," whatever they may be. I should think uncle must have gone to a public school all right, and got properly polluted—and aunt, too.

I had governesses with spectacles until I was twelve years old. They wore dresses that buttoned down the front because none of the servants would ever do anything for them. They taught me grammar and arithmetic, and read aloud from the New Testament and Thomas a Kempis.

We lived in a big house with what might have been jolly grounds. The reason why they were n't jolly was because there were no wild parts. Every square inch was cultivated. You know, close-cut grass, horrible cactus, carpet beds, very tidy gravel paths, and rolls of wire netting round all the little trees.

The inside of the house was just as bad. Everything had a place. If you moved an ornament half an inch, it was always put back. When there was a spring cleaning on, and the furniture was piled up in a heap, you could see a map on the pile of carpets showing where every single chair or table had to go. There was nowhere where a chap could make a good old mess. Even the outhouses were the same—nails in the beams to hang the bass brooms on, and all that kind of thing.

Uncle and aunt were crazy about orderliness and method. Never in my life did I hear either of them say they had lost anything. They were frightfully punc-

tual, too. Old aunt used to bend her knees before sitting on the church pew at exactly the same second every Sunday in the year. I am sure she believed that if she had been a moment late Peter would have bolted the gates of heaven on her for good and all.

We never knew anybody worth knowing; all their friends were frightfully plain, and the servants were simply chronic. They were the "Now, Master Dorian, you must n't do that" kind of servants.

How I longed for a decent pal, some chap I could talk to or go strodding with! A strod is a catapult, you know. I invented the word myself; I had to keep it jolly dark that I had a strod. Sometimes I used to steal out early in the morning and go and smash bottles on the big rubbish heap a quarter of a mile away. But it was n't much fun when there was no one to sing out, "Good shot!" or, "Bossed!" and that sort of thing. Things were n't much better when the last governess went and I was "put with" the vicar's class.

There were about five other boys there, rotten, swotting chaps with round spectacles and pimples. I think they hated me because I was tall and had wavy hair and—well, my pater was jolly good-looking, and people used to say I was very like him. Then, again, they were fed up with me because I used to say potty things about how stunning the rhododendrons looked and how the water seemed to laugh in the mill brook. They said I was putting on side, but I was n't really. I could n't help noticing all the jolly colors and sounds in the country, and I don't see any reason why a chap should n't talk about 'em. They are much more interesting than pencil-boxes or nibs.

From the way they mugged at their lessons they ought to have been awfully clever. They had n't eyes or ears for anything else. I remember once, after I had seen a crocodile of girls from the high school go by,—one or two were so pretty that I'd have liked to speak to them; I have hardly ever spoken to a girl,—I asked

one of these chaps—his name was Clumber; a hideous sort of name; which just suited him—if he had ever kissed a girl, and what it was like.

"Don't be beastly," he said.

I said that I could n't see anything beastly in it, and thought it would be jolly nice, if she was pretty.

"It 's beastly to talk about those things," was all he answered.

I am sure, if uncle and aunt had had a son, he 'd have been just like old Clumber. But whoever it is who arranges these things knew, I expect, that it would be a rotten sort of family for a boy, and so they never sent one along.

Orderliness, method, and routine are things that any decent boy properly hates. What he wants is plenty of fun and some one to be jolly sympathetic with him when he feels down.

There was no sympathy with uncle and aunt. It was what I should call a no-kissing household. Uncle did n't approve of kissing, and aunt kissed people only after they were dead. They would n't have let her do it if they had been alive.

The only person who ever kissed me was the old doctor who had attended my mother.

Uncle used to spend the entire day in his study, and aunt, when she had finished her orders and had a good pry round for dust, did parish calls, or knitting with gray wool. They never spent much time together.

The most exciting thing that ever happened was when uncle bought the motor-car. He used it for visiting some of his property, and as he was too mean to keep a chauffeur and in a blue funk of driving himself, he had me taught.

Once a year their niece Elizabeth came down to spend a few days. I never took much notice of her because aunt trotted her round all day. Besides, she was n't my sort. She was a flat little thing, and I always suspected her of telling tales; so her visits were hardly an event. Nevertheless, it was through her that the wonderful day came about.

At the end of the summer term, a few

days before she was expected, aunt had a letter at breakfast and said:

"Jane asks if Elizabeth may bring a school friend with her on Friday. Apparently she is staying with them for the holidays, and as Jane wants to shut up house for a week, it will be awkward if we can't have her."

"Can't she go to her own people?" said uncle.

"Apparently she is an orphan. Jane took it for granted we would not refuse, because she says here that Miss Muriel O'Reagh has some relatives at Felton who want her and Elizabeth to go over there on Friday night."

"Oh, well, if you can arrange it," said uncle.

"Dorian could drive them there in the car and see that they come home in good time."

"So long as I 'm not bothered with a whole lot of details," said uncle.

I felt rather a thrill at the idea of this strange girl coming to stay with us, but my spirits fell a bit when I thought she would most likely turn out a second Elizabeth, only more so.

Well, on Friday, about midday, I started up the car and went off to the station. Aunt would have come, but as it was only a two-seater, with a dicky behind, and I had to collect two people, she stayed at home.

It was a simply lovely morning, birds singing like blazes and the sun shining like old fits. I felt in no end of a jolly state of mind, and I took some of the corners on the way in fine style. I arrived at the station ten minutes too soon, so I walked up and down the platform waiting for the train. Presently I heard it in the distance, and knew in another few minutes Elizabeth's face would be at a carriage window, in an awful stew for fear there would be no one to meet her. When the train pulled in there was no sign of Elizabeth, however, but looking out of one of the carriage windows was the loveliest girl I had ever seen.

She had a little, white, oval face, and her hair was the color of old copper the

day before it 's cleaned. Reddy gold, you know, with bluey lights on it. Her eyes were green—the sort of green turquoises get if you wash them. I don't know how to describe these things; I only know that nothing in heaven could hold a candle to her.

I forgot all about Elizabeth, and ran to the place opposite which her carriage had stopped just to have another look. It seemed pretty certain she would n't get out at our potty little station, so I had to make the most of her while she lasted.

Then the most extraordinary thing happened. She opened the carriage door and stepped out, and there behind her, sitting on the seat and looking very strange, was Elizabeth.

Of course, when I saw that, I made a dash for the carriage door, and she—*the* she, not Elizabeth—asked:

"Are you Dorian Festubert?"

Although I could scarcely speak, I managed to say I was.

"But you are not Muriel O'Reagh, are you?" I said.

"Why not?"

"I—I did n't think you possibly could be."

"Elizabeth has been taken ill," she said, as if she had suddenly remembered her, "with a most dreadful headache."

Well, I pulled myself together at that, and pretended to be awfully bucked to see Elizabeth. She certainly did look jolly ill. Her face was a sort of pasty white, with red blotches on it. It was simply frightful to look at her after Muriel O'Reagh; so I just turned and looked the right way.

Then Muriel said:

"Had n't you better get out our bags? The train 'll be moving in a minute."

It sounded ripping as she said it, though it does n't "look up to" much written down.

I managed to hitch old Elizabeth on to the platform, where she tottered about like one o'clock; and to show how strong I was, I got hold of all their luggage, and portered it myself to the car in one go. I never felt prouder than while I was carrying Muriel's bag. As a matter of fact,

she did n't notice me much, because she was aiding old Elizabeth's faltering footsteps.

It was rather jolly being in sole charge of the car, but unfortunately, Elizabeth being ill, I had to ask her to sit beside me. Muriel was on the dicky-seat behind, and as it was not too safe, I drove home pretty carefully—for me. Just once I brought off rather a showy bit of steering between a dog-cart and a hay-wain. Elizabeth let go a scream, but Muriel did n't; so I knew she was plucky as well as perfectly lovely.

When we arrived at the house, aunt came out, and made no end of a fuss at the sight of Elizabeth and declared she must go straight to bed; she took scarcely any notice of Muriel.

It had been arranged that they were to share a room, but aunt said, as Elizabeth might have something catching, Muriel must sleep in another, which was down the same corridor as mine.

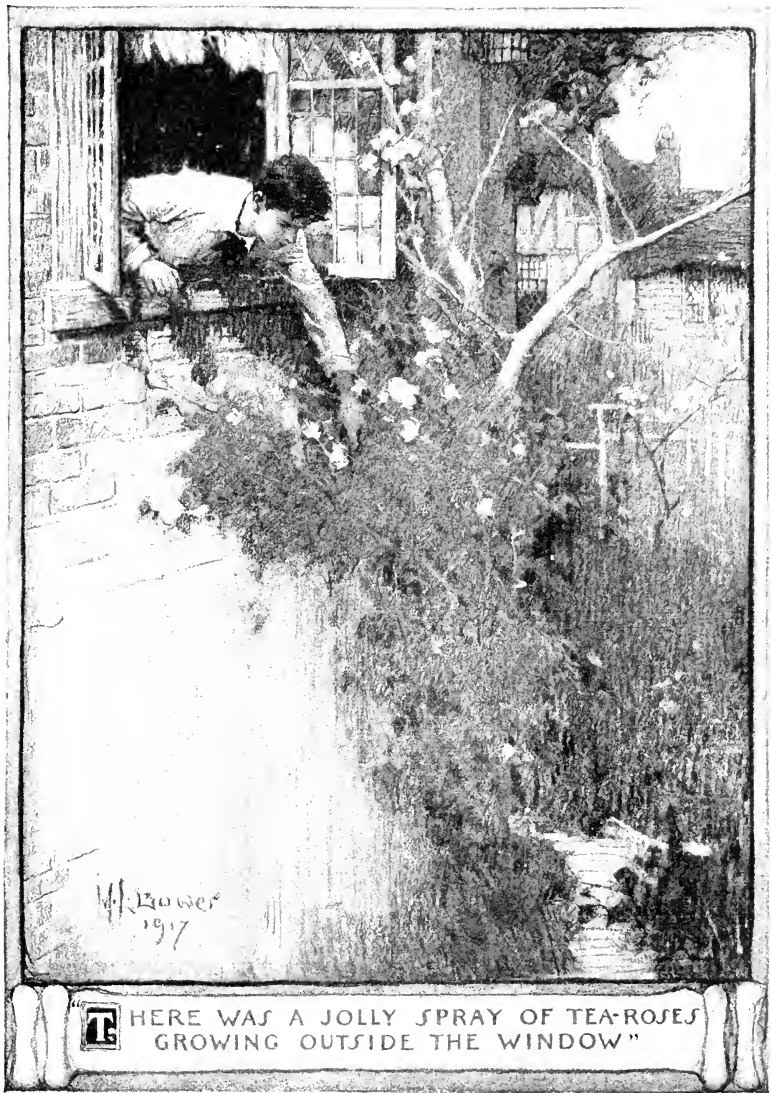
I carried up her things, and loosened the straps so she would n't have to bother. There was a jolly spray of tea-roses growing outside the window, and I cut it off, and put it in the water-jug to make things look cheerful. I was going to wait for her to come up; but just then I heard aunt calling, so I had to chuck that scheme.

I was to go and fetch the doctor at once, said aunt, because "Miss O'Reagh" thought it was measles Elizabeth had got. They had had it badly at school, and Elizabeth was the only one who had escaped.

I was pretty fed up at having to go out, especially as the doctor lived five miles away; so I suggested that Muriel might enjoy the ride. But aunt said certainly not; that she would be busy putting away her things until lunch-time.

Then I remembered how aunt always inspected visitors' rooms to see that they had arranged everything as she thought proper. I sort of guessed Muriel would fling her clothes about a bit, so I pretended I had left my cap on the bed, and slipped up-stairs to give her the tip.

The door of her room was open. She



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HERE WAS A JOLLY SPRAY OF TEA-ROSES
GROWING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW"

had taken off her hat, and the sun was shining on her head. Then I noticed that she seemed to have two sorts of hair, the smooth sort that went all over her head like a little, wavy cap, and just above that a kind of dancy fluff that reminded me of halos in Bible pictures.

I must have looked rather a fool standing there staring, but she did n't seem to mind. She looked at me, too, with her sad, green eyes, and presently she said:

"You are tall, Dorian."

I did n't know what to answer, so I just blurted out about aunt's fussings around.

"Thank you," she said. "I should have thrown everything about if you had n't warned me."

"I have to fetch the doctor," I told her. "Would you like to have a walk this afternoon?"

"Rather!"

"Right-o. After lunch, then."

When I brought back the doctor, and he said there was no doubt Elizabeth had the measles, uncle got into an awful stew, because he could n't remember if he had ever had it or not.

He would n't let aunt go near the room, for fear she would "take it," so he said; but as a matter of fact it was because he was frightened of catching it from her if she did.

The conversation at lunch was simply awful. I felt frightfully ashamed of both of them. They made it quite plain that Muriel's being there was, "under the circumstances, most unfortunate." As usual they jumped down my throat every time I spoke a word, and, what was worse, uncle corrected me twice for table manners.

"I shall be out this afternoon," said aunt, "and Mr. Ransart will be busy in his study [Asleep, that meant]. I hope you are interested in reading, for there will be little else for you to do."

"Thank you," said Muriel. "Perhaps if I might sit in the garden with a book—"

Then aunt fetched a bound copy of "The Churchman," and went off to her meeting. Uncle went to his study, and Muriel, looking very crestfallen, sat un-

der the shade of a tidy little tree and pretended to read.

After giving aunt and uncle about twenty minutes to get off, I slipped out into the garden and joined her.

"Are you enjoying that book?" I asked.

"No."

"Did you like uncle and aunt?"

She shook her head.

"It must be awful to live with them," she said.

"I should think it is!" I answered.

"Have you always?"

I nodded.

"Ever since I was a baby. My mother died when I was born, and so my father shot himself."

"How splendid!" she said, with her eyes very wide open. "My mother and father were like that, too. They lived in India,—I came home when I was five, you know,—and he got cholera. Mother would nurse him, although they begged her not to. She knew he was going to die, and she did n't want to be left behind."

"That 's what I call love," said I; "but it 's a little sad for us. Who looks after you now?"

"School-mistresses in the term-time, and in the holidays generally some one is hired by my guardian."

"Who 's your guardian? Is he nice?"

"He 's a firm of solicitors; that 's all."

I waited for a minute before saying:

"I wish they 'd engage me."

"I wish they would. I 'd like that."

"Would you?"

"U-m."

"Do you like me, then?"

"Yes, awfully."

"How lovely! I don't think anybody ever has before."

"Why not? I should n't have thought they could help it."

"Uncle and aunt seem to help it all right," I said.

"Poor you!"

Then I asked:

"Have n't you any one, either, who makes a fuss over you?"

"No."

"Is n't it funny? We are just alike."

"I suppose a boy does n't mind so much."

"Does n't he, just? I can tell you he does. It's awful sometimes. I used to think it was bad when I was little, but it's much worse now. Often I lie in bed and long and long—I don't rightly know what I long for. Perhaps it's my mother, or, at any rate, somebody to love me. Do you know?"

"U-m. I feel like that often. It's horrid to be lonely, and to know you just must be lonely and there's no help for it."

She had the sweetest way of saying things I ever heard.

"I have never talked to a girl before," I told her—"not really talked."

"I've never really talked to a boy, but I've often wanted to. Do you mind being called a boy?"

"No; I'd rather. Aunt speaks of me as a 'youth,' and uncle as a 'growing lad.' Don't you think that they are horrible words?"

"Almost as bad as a young lady."

"That's bad enough. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"I'm that, too—sixteen and a bit. It's a jolly age. I don't want to grow much older. Did you hear aunt correct me for calling you Muriel? You did n't mind, did you?"

"I'd sooner you called me Mooly."

"Would you really?"

"Yes; because nobody ever has."

I can't tell you what it was like calling her Mooly for the first time, and when she decided that I should be Dory instead of Dorian, I wanted to hug her.

"Mooly," I said, "you are the most loveliest and dearestest girl in all the world, and I love you always and absolutely."

"Oh, I'm glad you do," she said, "because I do you, too; and if you had n't, I should have been as miserable as wretched could be."

"Then you need n't," I cried out, "because I adore you twice as much as I did a minute ago." And I took her hand,

which was little and pink and warm, and held it in mine for simply ages, and neither of us said a word.

It seems funny, but being frightfully happy makes one stop talking. All sorts of glorious thoughts pour into your head; but when you try and put them into words, they won't come good enough. They stop at the back of your throat and make you gulp. But every time a thought comes you know and she knows, because you hold each other's hands a wee bit tighter, and all the unsaid words thrill backward and forward through your fingers.

When I spoke at last it was n't in the least the sort of thing you'd have expected.

"I was going to drive you over to Felton to-night in the car."

"Yes. Won't it be nice?"

"I expect, now Elizabeth's ill, aunt'll try and stop us going. It would n't be a bad idea to ask her to come, too."

"But s'pose she says 'Yes'?"

"She won't. But perhaps she would n't stop us going if you asked her. D'you see?"

"I'll ask her, then."

After that we went for a walk round the grounds, and I showed her all the hiding-places I had made when I was a kid. There was one in the middle of some rhododendron-bushes where I had plaited branches and made a secret wigwam. In one corner was a tiny cemetery of pets I had had who died: a bullfinch, two white mice, and a little robin that was half tame and used to eat crumbs out of my hand. There was an oyster-shell at the head of each grave, and on the anniversaries of their deaths I used to put down very small wreaths of lawn daisies. It seemed so strange to be telling any one about these things, which I had never spoken of before; but somehow, once I was started, I could say anything I liked to Mooly, and she could do just the same with me.

By the time tea came we had n't any secrets left at all.

"About this visit to your friends at Felton," said aunt.

"Yes," said Mooly; "I was going to ask if you could come, too, Mrs. Ransart."

"That would be impossible," she answered; but what Mooly said had saved the situation, for I know she was going to stop us. As it was, she let us go, after giving us all sorts of instructions, and insisting we should not be later than nine-thirty.

At six o'clock I started up the car, and away we drove. And what a drive it was! We just whizzed along, and there was Mooly close beside me, with her lovely red hair blowing across my face. I felt I wanted to sing; I did sing, and all the woods and the fields seemed to be singing, too. Of course I went miles out of the way, and we did n't turn up until quarter to eight.

They were real nice people, those friends of Mooly's father and mother. They gave us a top-hole dinner, and actually had the decency to chuck me over a case of cigarettes.

There was a sort of ripping disorder about the house. Not untidy, you know, but homish, as if people kept everything where they liked it best. I saw a pair of slippers under an easy-chair, and when one of the sons, who was a bit late for dinner, came in, he kicked off his shoes in the hall and yelled to one of the servants to sling him down a pair of pumps. That's what I call living. I tried to picture aunt's face if I were to have done the same.

It was simply rotten having to leave at nine o'clock, and if it had n't been that Mooly and I were to be together, I should have chanced the row and stayed a bit longer.

After saying good-by about twice all round, we hopped into the car and started for home. The moon was out, and the stars looked bright and winked, and there was a husky sort of feeling in the air. It was a wee bit cold, so Mooly nestled up very close, and as there was a foot-accelerator, I drove with one hand, and put my other arm round her shoulder.

"I am happy, Dory," she said.

And I whispered:

"So am I. I feel as if we are all alone in the world."

"Would n't it be lovely if we could drive on like this until the dawn comes?"

"I wish we could forever," I said.

Then for nearly two miles we said nothing, and I thought of the glorious week we would spend together.

"I don't know what I shall do when you go, Mooly," I said at last.

"We must n't even think of that. You look so big and splendid in the moonlight, Dory."

"Shall I tell you how beautiful you are?" I asked; and when she said "Yes," I turned my head to look down on her, so that I could see every little feature that I wanted to praise, and the car ran into a heap of stones and burst the front tire.

We had a very narrow squeak of being tipped into the road. I got out at once to see what had happened. The old tire had gone badly.

"There's a spare tube in the back," I said. "I'll whip this off and put it on."

So I got a jack and some levers from under the seat, and after about ten minutes had the burst tube out.

Mooly sat on the stone heap and watched while I worked, and I told her she was like a fairy on a toadstool.

Of course, when I opened the box at the back of the car, I found the other tube had been left at home.

"Is n't it there?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, but we shall have to walk. It won't take long across the fields; then I can fetch a stepney wheel and come back for the car. I was a fool to run into those stones."

"You could n't help it," she said.

Then I took her hand, and we started off along a little path through the green wheat.

"I like this best, Dory," she said. "It's just as if we were Adam and Eve."

"Just," I answered; "only I'm sure Eve was n't half so lovely as you are."

"Do you love me a lot, Dory?"

"If I were to try and tell you how much, Mooly, you'd never believe."



BY THE TIME TEA CAME WE HAD'NT ANY
SECRETS LEFT AT ALL"

"But I should like you to try."

So I tried, and told her that I loved her like two looking-glasses opposite each other which reflected backward and forward, forward and backward, until at last they came to a tiny gray point no bigger than a midge's eye and too small for any one to see.

"And that 's forever, Mooly," I said, and looking up, I found we 'd arrived home, and there was a light in the dining-room window, where aunt was sitting waiting for us.

When I saw it I turned to Mooly.

"We had better say good night now, because when I 've taken you in I must go back for the car."

"You promise to take great, great care of yourself?"

"Of course."

"I sha'n't go to sleep until I know you are safely back, and I shall be thinking about tramps all the time."

"I 'll just tap at your door to show I 'm all right. Shall I?"

"Yes, please."

"Then good night now."

"Goo' night, Dory."

"Mooly, I—I want to kiss you awfully. May I?"

"I want you to."

And I did, and it was like—oh, I don't know what it was like, but never anything so sweet had ever happened to me before. It was the first time I had ever felt happy all over—so happy that I wanted to cry.

We went in and explained to aunt what had happened. It was half-past ten, and although she was better about it than I expected, she was pretty shirty.

"Go to bed as quickly as you can," she told Mooly. "And you, Dorian, must lose no time in bringing back the car. When you do come in don't make a noise and disturb your uncle."

As I was crossing the hall I heard her saying:

"Mr. Ransart and I have decided, in the circumstances, it will be best for you to return to my sister in the morning."

I spun round as if I had been shot, and walked back to the room.

"What is it, Dorian?"

"I—I thought you called me," I lied.

"I did nothing of the kind. Please hurry. We don't want to be up all night."

And as there was nothing I could say I just went. In a kind of a dream I got that beastly stepney wheel, and tramped back over those hateful fields.

Mooly was going to-morrow—my Mooly. She was going away, and perhaps I should never see her again.

I think I felt then as my father felt when mother died. I just banged the old stepney on anyhow, chucked the tools into the car, jerked up the starting-handle, and flung myself into the driver's seat.

It was about two miles by road and I went as recklessly as I could, and did n't care. I only just missed hitting the parapet of the little bridge and landing in the stream below. I was sorry I had missed. I wished I could drive over a precipice or fling myself under a train.

Then I remembered my promise to Mooly to be careful, and slowed up a bit.

Did she mind as much as I was minding? Was she as miserable as I was? No one could be.

Up the drive I went, skidded into the garage, kicked up the switch of the head-light, and walked into the house.

How vile it looked, the tidy umbrella-stand, the silly plate with the visiting-cards, and the row of brushes hanging on brass hooks! I loathed it all; I would like to have set the whole place on fire.

I went to my bedroom and dragged off my clothes. In the looking-glass I saw that my face was filthy with smears of oil on it that made me furious. So I shoved on a dressing-gown and, collaring my pajamas, went off to have a bath. I honestly believe that bath saved me from doing something violent, for under the warm water I lost my horrible resentment and could think only of what a wonderful day it had been and remember that never-to-be-forgotten good night in the garden. Then I dried myself, put on my pajamas and dressing-gown, brushed my hair, and turned off the light.

As I passed down the passage I could hear uncle and aunt having their snoring competition. Aunt's was the worse by a long chalk. She had a frantic habit of leaving off for a second or two, then giving a kind of "snork" like a pig. Often I thanked Heaven my room was a long way from theirs, because once, when there was a spring cleaning and I moved to one next door, I could n't sleep all night for the vile row they made.

I blew out the candle at the top of the stairs and turned down the passage leading to my room.

Outside Mooly's door I stopped. The moon was shining on her two little shoes put out to be cleaned. I picked them up and kissed them.

"She's asleep by now," I thought. "It would wake her up if I kept my promise and knocked." Oh, how I longed to hear her voice just once more! But I was very strong-minded, and, so as not to make a sound, I stooped down and put the shoes back in their place as quietly as a mouse. And then I saw that there was a wee flicker of light coming through the crack under the door. My heart gave a big thump. She was n't asleep, then, or perhaps she had fallen asleep and left the candle burning. That thought made me awfully panicky. Suppose the candle fell over and set fire to the bed.

I stood a long time biting my nails and wondering what to do. At last I made up my mind. I would knock ever so softly, and if she did n't answer, I would steal into the room and blow out the light.

Taking a deep breath, I tapped just once, and in an instant I heard:

"That you, Dory?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I've been so frightened. I thought you'd had an accident. I never heard you come back."

"I'm all right, Mooly. Good night, dear."

"Won't you come and kiss me good night?"

And that was what I had prayed and prayed she would say.

She was sitting up in bed when I stole

in, and her lovely hair was on her shoulders like a shawl; but I saw that her eyes were all wet and dim.

"Have you been crying?"

"Yes; because I was afraid, and because—"

"Because you are going away from me to-morrow?"

She bit her lower lip and nodded, and I broke out with:

"O Mooly, Mooly, when I think of it I want to cry, too!"

And I sat down by the bed, and I kissed her, and she kissed me, and we clung to each other so tightly that we could hardly breathe.

"This is like years ago, when I was five," she said at last.

"It's like never before with me," I answered; "but I know now that what I've always longed for was this."

After a while she dropped her head on the pillow and my arm was round her neck and my head beside hers.

"Is n't this lovely?" she—what is the word? Is it "crooned"? I don't think there is a right one. I only know I could scarcely hear what she said, but I could feel it against my cheek.

And so we remained for ever so long, and both my slippers fell off to the floor, and the candle burned very low.

"It's worth having been lonely for years not to be lonely now," I whispered. "Did two people ever before love each other as much as we do?"

I felt her shake her head in the dark, for the candle flickered and went out as I spoke. I held her a little tighter then, because I could n't see her any longer, and she sighed in a way that sounded happier than anything in the world.

It's hard to talk in the dark, so we did n't try, and the time stole on; after a long, long while I knew that she was asleep. Then, oh, more gently than you would believe, I put my cheek against hers and closed my eyes.

It was broad daylight when I was wakened by a hand shaking my shoulder. Looking up, I saw uncle standing by the bed. A little way off was aunt, and her

mouth was closed so tight that it had almost disappeared. I could see uncle was furious; but before he could speak I said:

"Hush! Don't wake her up!"

"Take him away," said aunt; "I'll remain here."

I was going to flare up at that, but uncle, who was very strong when he liked, clapped a hand over my mouth and, gripping me by the collar of my dressing-gown, dragged me from the room.

I AM not going to tell any more of this story. I would n't repeat a word uncle said to me if you paid me a hundred million pounds. And all the vile time he was

talking I knew that aunt was saying the same hateful wicked things to Mooly.

When he had finished he locked me in his dressing-room. He might have saved himself the trouble, for I should n't have come out until she had gone. He had just spoiled everything.

And now you know why if I met Mooly I should go all red and she'd go all white and we'd talk about bicycles or rubbish.

I heard the cab that took her away soon after nine, and I just stood in a corner and choked and wished I'd never been born. It's a horrible, hateful world, and all the people in it excepting Mooly are beastly, beastly, beastly.



At Horseshoe Beach

By DOROTHY B. LEONARD

HOW can you dwellers near the sea-coast know
The sea-starvation of an inland soul,
You who but step to hear Atlantic roll
And feel the acrimonious sea-winds blow?

Or can you guess the long, long thirst I quench
Upon this solitary moon of sand—
I, hitherto beleaguered by the land,
Who now in sea-delight my spirit drench?

Behind this ridge of rose and bayberry
I lie and gloat upon my trove of shells,
Or scoop the warm, soft sand in shallow wells.
And count the curious sails that slip to sea;

And like a rock-pool, when the tide comes in,
I fill and fill, where drying weeds have been.



Marshal Count Terauchi, the New Premier of Japan

By ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE

Author of "Jinrikisha Days in Japan," "As The Hague Ordains," etc.

MARSHAL COUNT TERAUCHI, president of the council of ministers, the so-called Kitchener of Japan, is the benevolent despot who quietly, easily, without force or friction or any "incidents," annexed Korea, and, continuing to govern it for seven years, has so recreated and redeemed the peninsula that it stands as a sufficient answer and triumphant monument to the charge given him. If the politicians and the yellow press will give him time, he will accomplish much for the home empire.

He has been called the Kitchener of Japan with reason, for as an organizer and administrator he has no equal; but he is a Kitchener with a heart, great sympathy for the lowly, and a saving sense of humor, and he holds diplomatic talent of the first order. Nothing further from the mark could be said than to call him the Bernhardt of Japan or a jingo, or to class him as unfriendly to the United States. His elevation to the premiership marked the triumph of the saner and more conservative elements in Japanese public life, the ascendancy of the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, over the ruck of present-day politicians, almost a return to the old clan government after the reign of the popular demagogue.

Marshal Terauchi comes from Choshu province, the birthplace of Prince Ito and Marshal Yamagata. In early Meiji the Choshu youths as naturally went into the army as the Satsuma youths adopted the naval profession, and the old Sat-Cho combination is a sacred tradition still in the two services. Every Japanese admiral you meet is as naturally a Satsuma man as the generals are nearly all from Cho-

shu. These two are the great fighting clans, and heredity and family traditions tell in the genius for arms. Young Terauchi studied in France and in French military schools, and always speaks French with foreign guests. He knows English, as a flash of the eye sometimes betrays in the social and unofficial countenance, but that language as well as German he learned only that he might study military literature, that he might read of the chivalry and strategy of Stonewall Jackson, and the ignoble precepts of Bernhardt, each in their original texts. A sabercut on the right hand and poor surgery disabled that member, which, like the kaiser's, rests immovable at the sword-guard, while he shakes hands with the left. He has the same tall, dome-like head of Prince Ito, of Kang Yu Wei and other scholarly Chinese, and strangely drooping eyelids conceal the keenest eyes that ever reviewed troops, inspected garri-sons, or spied a foreign friend across the largest railway station. When the East was suddenly flooded with the little images of our "Billikin," and they were sold in all seriousness as "the foreigners' god of Luck," the cartoonists were quick to note the resemblance of the high, bald head to Count Terauchi's. No one enjoyed the joke better than the victim himself, and a little Billikin had a place on the drawing-room table in the residency at Seoul.

In the Japanese cabinet, or council of ministers, the minister of war is always a general of the army, and the minister of the navy is an admiral in the service, those two branches of the Government being so vital and their problems so technical that

it is not thought possible for any civilian satisfactorily to discharge the duties of chief. By contrast, the minister of justice in the Okuma cabinet was by profession

ciety and all their resources being at his command in this latter undertaking. Still more admirable was the ease with which "his Efficiency" provided good quarters



RICE AND BEAN CULTIVATION NEAR SEUL.

a journalist, and one can picture the excitement in this country if any but a distinguished lawyer were made attorney-general. General Terauchi was minister of war in three cabinets, that portfolio being recognized as entirely outside of politics and party wrangles. In the same way, by the same reasoning, he now retains the ministers of war and marine of the Okuma cabinet.

A few months before the opening of the Russian war General Kodama, the great military genius and strategist, was minister of war, but resigned that position to become chief of the general staff, a conspicuous sign which the Russians failed to read. By that maneuver, General Terauchi became minister of war and had full chance to demonstrate his wonderful organizing and executive ability. Without hitch or muddle or blunder he transported, munitioned, and supplied his half-million men in Manchuria, and maintained a model hospital service, the million members of the Japanese Red Cross So-

and European food for the seventy thousand and more Russian prisoners of war,—more than double the number of German and Austrian prisoners of war that England now cares for,—a feat that could not be matched in the suburbs of Berlin after two years of war. There was never a scandal or a slur on the reputation of the minister of war, and scamping and crooked army contractors had a sorry time with him. Tales were told of his curt speech and threatening manner when he had such gentry to deal with, and it must be they who have lately written the sketches of the imaginary Terauchi that have found their way to the American press.

After the assassination of Prince Ito, Viscount Sone was for a brief period the Japanese resident in Korea, and then General Terauchi was sent to the peninsula, and calamity-howlers foretold a reign of force and militarism. Annexation followed quietly and painlessly, and the poor old empire of slipshod and decay came to

enjoy the system and order of a modern, up-to-date Japanese administration. An orderly, trim, and tidy, an energetic, soaped, and deodorized Korea is grow-

Everything had to be done at once. Railways, roads, harbors, waterworks, schools, hospitals, lighthouses, a census, a land survey, a meteorological bureau,



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

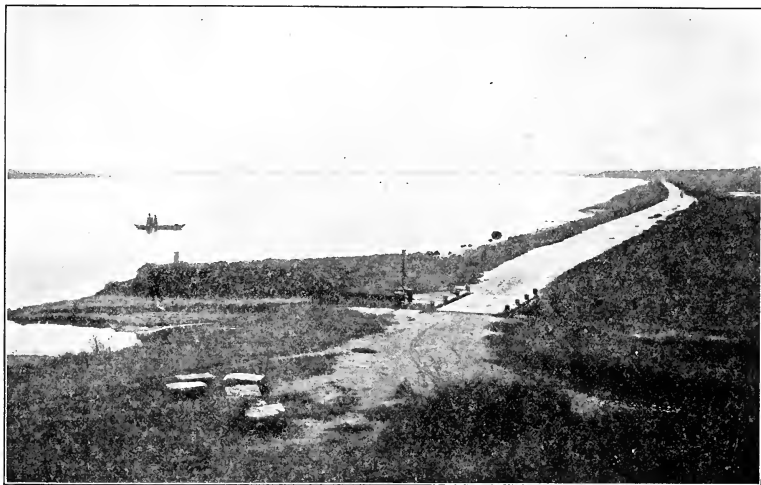
MARSHAL COUNT TERAUCHI, PREMIER OF JAPAN

ing up, in the towns and along the railroad tracks at least. The new governor-general had a free hand, and he assembled a brilliant staff about him, the son of Marshal Yamagata and the son of General Kodama being nearest in the official family. He chose Dr. Watanabe, formerly a Christian pastor and a most unusual character, as chief-justice for the organization of all the courts. Justice Watanabe's presence was a promise of justice and mercy, and an assurance that the greatest sympathy and allowances would be extended to the erring and untutored Koreans.

telegraphs, post-offices, courts, and a native constabulary had to be established at a stroke. The bitterest critics of the new order were those of General Terauchi's own countrymen whom he would not permit to rob or oppress or exploit the Koreans. Laws and regulations had to be drafted while inquirers and offenders waited, and one saw the advantage of the military mind. When the governor-general ordered the seizure and destruction of a ship-load of cheap, adulterated *sake*, or rice brandy, that could not be sold in Japan, a howl went up that filled the yellow journals of Tokio. Immediately there

was promulgated a pure-food law for Korea more drastic than anything hitherto known. It has been rigorously enforced, and amended only to make its pro-

had long been installed at the foot of Nam-san. During two winters that I spent in Seoul, walking two and three hours every one of those gloriously sunny, frosty



IRRIGATION RESERVOIR AT RINEKI ON THE KONAN LINE, KOREA

visions more specific and its penalties more severe. All firms and persons wishing to transact affairs or pursue a trade or profession in Korea have to lay bare every detail and be registered and licensed. Regulations of this sort ended any idea of Korea being a refuge for the rascally and undesirable while General Terauchi was dictator. He has cleared the peninsula of the camp-followers and adventurers who made Prince Ito's life a burden and long injured the name of Japan.

"There are ten thousand Japanese over here that I am going to get rid of," Prince Ito once said in an after-dinner conversation in Seoul.

"What will you do with them?"

"I shall send five thousand back to Japan."

"And the other five thousand?"

"Oh, I shall bury them," said the prince.

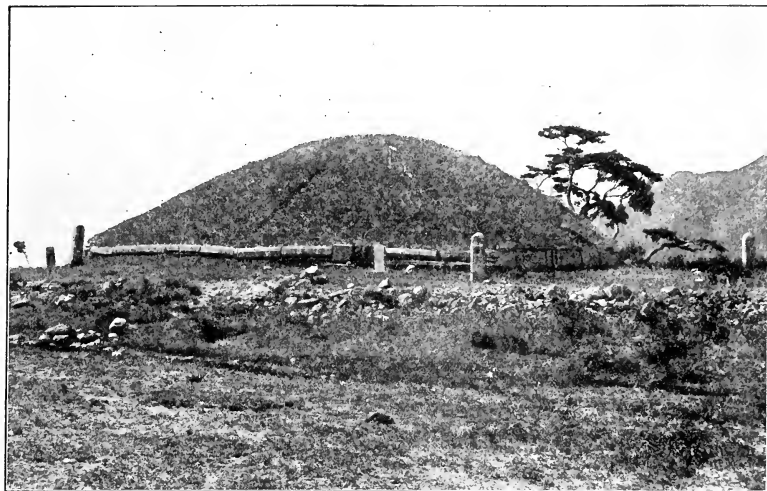
Whatever befell them, the island bully and crook and adventurer had certainly gone from Seoul before General Terauchi

afternoons in every street and slum and corner within the walls, I never saw a Korean struck or maltreated but once, and that time it was a Chinese storekeeper who struck a loaded Korean pack-carrier full in the face. The Korean stood still and bawled, with wide-open jaws and streaming eyes, and when, with a first-aider's zeal, I had insisted upon a Japanese policeman from the palace gate coming to the rescue, the Korean had nothing to say, no charges or complaints to make. He wiped his face, and a well-aimed kick from the Chinese directed him toward the South Gate and the railway station, his knees wobbling under a load no S. P. C. A. would allow on a mule's back.

Not only the undesirables among the Japanese camp-followers departed with the new régime, but the great, galleried tea-houses in the Chinkokai closed their doors for want of patronage, and the flocks of gay geishas went back to Japan, being no longer tolerated at official entertainments. Their patrons complained of

the puritan standards and the Spartan life at the residency; but about that time the moving-picture shows came over in a rush, and there were newer distractions. The

inhuman grades for burden-carriers. A hotel was built by the government railway bureau that would win praise on the Riviera, with a manager who went to



A KING'S TOMB

governor-general may have been a Spartan in his ideas, but he was not inhospitable, and having an incomparable chef and a renowned cellar and as positive a genius for entertaining as for campaigning, his dinners were frequent and noteworthy, and no visitor of note failed to enjoy his hospitality. By the quiet sweep of those half-veiled eyes one saw that the host was as cognizant of every placing, every detail of ornament and service, as if it were a garrison parade or a military review that he was conducting.

The governor-general improved everything in Seoul but his own official residence, continuing to occupy the long, pink frame-building hastily erected as an enlargement of the old Japanese legation. Sewers, sidewalks, shade-trees, pavements, electric lamps, and hydrants were all installed in quick succession. Broad streets were cut through congested slums, and civic centers were made; more tramways were built, and motor roads were run through all the suburbs, and reduced some

America and served a long apprenticeship in the largest hotels on the Pacific Coast and in New York in preparation for such a life-work. Harbor-works have been carried on at different ports, and the railway has been extended across to the east coast, and the romantic region of the Diamond Mountains made accessible, with government rest-houses and motor services at command.

The governor-general was specially considerate and sympathetic toward the dispossessed sovereigns of Korea. The half-imbecile young emperor and the crafty and slightly less-imbecile old emperor, who was forced to abdicate, were very gently set aside, and relegated to an innocuous desuetude that seems very tolerable to those soft and spineless ones. There was no outward demonstration, no uprising, no last stand by any old guard or faithful retainers; no one wept or wailed, committed suicide, or made sign of grief and undying loyalty when the old rulers were set aside. The Koreans went

about their business in the same old way, or mooned over their long-stemmed pipes, and none noted any other change than a greater display of the Japanese flag over doors and gates.

The Augean palaces were cleaned, and with fixed incomes, budgets, auditors, books, and accounts the ex-rulers began a new existence. Impeccable Japanese chamberlains in frock-coats made plain the meaning of salaries and charges and accounts in place of the old slipshod squeeze and graft and grab-bag arrangement by which thousands of hangers-on and all their relatives had made a living off the court. System and order, eternal cleanliness and sanitation, may bewilder them, but the ex-rulers have compensation in comforts and luxuries, pleasures and amusements, and such peace of mind, bodily safety, and ease as they never dreamed of in the days when plots and counterplots, intrigues, murders, and evil machinations kept them in perpetual fear of their lives; when every one of the five thousand grafters battenning on the imperial purse in the old rabbit-warren of the palace mazes wanted something out of them. They drive to and fro in court carriages or speedy motors through the open streets, and no one salutes or prostrates himself or makes any sign of devotion or any demonstration over them. The young crown prince, son of the old abdicated emperor, won the interest of Prince Ito, who saw signs of promise in the badly spoiled little fat boy, took him away from harem influences, and sent him to Japan, where after a year of intensive training he entered the peers' school. He has fulfilled all the hopes of Prince Ito, proved exceptionally clever even in competition with the sharp wits of the fine flower of young Japan, will marry the daughter of Prince Nashimoto, and have a command in the Japanese army.

A few months after annexation a party of Korean nobles, with their wives, was invited to visit Japan. It took endless conferences to arrange such a momentous affair, and finally they set forth, the nobles on one day and their wives on a later

and lesser train, as befitted their less noble estate. They met again at Tokio in the gala week of November in time for the emperor's birthday ball and the season of garden parties. The noble Korean ladies in their court costumes were the sensation of the ball given by the minister of foreign affairs. They were all rather elderly, they were undeniably the plainest of the plain, their pale, flat faces, the most expressionless masks, were topped by the most gigantic chignons, rolls and rolls and coils and coils of false hair testifying to the very grand toilets they had made for the occasion. They wore voluminous silk skirts of a violent mazarine-blue, yards too wide and too long, bunched up at the belt in front, and very short-waisted jackets of bright green. By no stretch could they be called court beauties, and the fascinated company gazed in polite silence at these fearsome dames of a certain age, these dour old noblewomen in their excruciating clothes.

"Why did you not bring over some young and pretty ones if you expected us to congratulate you on your satrapy?" asked one son of a daimio who had gone aside after a fascinated look.

"Mais—mais," said General Terauchi, his eyelids drooping inscrutably, "*les belles ne sont pas si avancées.*"

Besides a land survey to reduce bounds and meets and land tenure to something more than guesswork and old custom, an archaeological survey was established, and the two great volumes de luxe of the reports published equal any of the wonderful publications concerning Japanese treasures and monuments of ancient art. The old frescos, much like the wall paintings of the Ajunta Caves, were sought out and protected and copied, and in their colored reproductions the art world has a new problem to consider. The last old art treasures in the palace storehouses, all the medieval trappings and accessories of court life and street pageants, all the rare finds of the Archaeological Survey, were gathered into a museum in the palace grounds that is a revelation to every visitor. M. Komiya, who made the museum his ab-

sorbing occupation, has assembled there such old Korean potteries, sculpture, paintings, urns, and objects from burial-mounds as make the modern Korean shine in the reflected glory of his ancestors. After the long proscription of Buddhism on the peninsula, the status of the many Buddhist temples was restored, and those shrines recognized as having the same standing as the buildings of other creeds. Religious freedom is guaranteed, and the Buddhist monuments are cared for.

At the time of annexation the emperor of Japan made a gift of seventeen million yen from his private purse "for the good of the Korean people," and with the interest of that fund over a hundred stations have been established for training impoverished Korean officials and literati in undertakings affording a means of livelihood. Those who had always despised work have taken up sericulture, weaving, agriculture, fishing, the manufacture of paper, hempen cloth, matting, charcoal, and other staples. The young men of the once-idle classes have changed their whole mental attitude, and eagerly compete for prizes at agricultural fairs and industrial exhibitions. The hitherto idle women of such upper-class families have taken up sericulture, weaving, and knitting, the

most fascinating of novelties to them. In the autumn of 1915, at the great exhibition held in the abandoned North Palace, the three features which most impressed

one who had known Korea since 1886 were the wonderful revival of the old celadon pottery, the great improvement in the quality and size of fruits and vegetables, and the amazing presence of hundreds and hundreds of women and children dressed in the newest and whitest clothes, their heads no longer shrouded in green coats. Daily for weeks these holiday crowds of women flocked to the exhibition by thousands, and their emancipation, their freedom, their enjoyment of the music, the crowds, the sights, and all things that had come to them under the new rule, were encouraging to see.

General Terauchi took the keenest personal interest in all educational schemes as measures of the first necessity for the uplifting of the

Korean people. There were weeks and weeks in spring when no one could envy the governor-general, doomed to sit by the hour every day in full uniform on a platform listening to graduates' essays and the recitations of frightened children, distributing prizes and diplomas, and making speeches of exhortation and encouragement, all from a sense of duty.



UPPER CLASS KOREAN

The Japanese Kitchener ruled kindly, wisely, and with merciful justice, preferring the welfare of the Koreans to the schemes of many of his own countrymen, desirables and undesirables. In the end his course won unstinted praise from the American mission workers, who were at times so critical and hostile toward Japanese rule in Korea that their mission boards had to urge them to restrain their fiery partizanship and political activities. Such older missionaries as Dr. Horace Underwood, who finally could not say enough in praise of the Japanese rule in Korea; Dr. Gale; Bishop Harris; and other cooler heads set a good example to their colleagues, and many of the bitterest opponents now admit the good that has come to the people and the country. The annual appropriation of ten thousand yen that Prince Ito made to the Y. M. C. A. at Seul has been continued ever since, and General Terauchi has subscribed in the same way to the Salvation Army, which is doing good work among the very poorest. All are aids to help lift the Korean out of the slough of ages and advance him in enlightenment.

The Koreans were better off after seven years of Japanese rule than their soothsayers could have dared to foretell. The effects of good government and just taxes are apparent on city streets and country roads, in the better clothing and housing of the people, in their very gait and bearing. In the single item of deposits in savings-banks there is a plain tale of prosperity, for there had grown from nothing at all in 1909 a deposit by Koreans of 5,692,059 yen in the year 1914. Under their own rulers the Koreans buried their money and simulated poverty to escape the rapacious tax-gatherers; now they may flaunt their riches if they will, pay the same fixed taxes as every one else, and that is the end of it. And they get something for their taxes: schools for their children, good water, good roads, charity hospitals, and free instruction in the many things the full-grown Korean needs to know about farming and everything else. An amazing sort of young Korean is growing

up who mildly says to his teacher: "Teacher, we don't care to hear so much about Jericho and the George Washington. We want to learn about electricity and machinery and aeroplanes, and how to make automobile, like those Japanese boys."

In the first years after annexation the sum of twelve million yen was annually appropriated from the Japanese treasury for improvements and necessary developments in Korea. The appropriation has now been reduced to ten million yen, and every year the new Korea will be nearer to self-support and to paying for all its own improvements, just as Formosa came slowly to its own feet and to financial independence.

Convinced that in agriculture lay the best hopes for Korea's prosperity, General Terauchi laid great stress on agricultural schools, model farms, and sericultural stations. Silk culture is possible in all the southern provinces, and that of the wild, or pongee, silk from the huge worms that feed on the wild oak in the northlands, with American upland cotton flourishing in the middle regions. Few foreign visitors fail to visit the Suigen model farm and agricultural school twenty miles from Seul, the director of which, Dr. Honda, is a brother of the Japanese expert who for more than thirty years has been the right-hand man of Luther Burbank on the experimental farm at Santa Rosa, California. Dr. Honda has the regeneration of Korean agriculture well mapped out in his far-reaching plans, and his belief in the future of the peninsula is inspiring and convincing. The Korean farmer had everything to learn in the selection of seeds, the use of fertilizers, and a persistent war on insects; for, having killed off the protecting birds, the Korean farmer was at the mercy of more kinds of pernicious insects than he knew about. When they had followed the Honda advice for two seasons, and the yield of their rice-fields had nearly doubled, one peasant said:

"If we Koreans should put up statues now, it would be to Terauchi and to this saint, Honda. He comes to our villages

every winter and preaches to us about growing more and better rice, how to treat the mulberry-trees, how to get bigger eggs and pears and egg-plants. And he shows us, too."

In official plans Korea is to be the fruit-farm of the East, and if government intention can transform a fruit as the Japanese Government has made over the peach in Japan, it will all come true. American apples, pears, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries outdo themselves in luscious perfection and beauty. Much credit is due to the American missionaries who introduced many of these things for their own gardens in the early days, and one mission teacher explained his absence for a few weeks by saying:

"I have been seeking the hardships of mission life in Korea. I have been all around, and I have just traveled from one strawberry-patch to another. I shall always make my rounds at this time of the year." Every fruit but the orange flourishes in Korea, in that best climate of the world, that land of eternal sunshine, where there is never any bad weather save in the four weeks of the hot rainy season in midsummer. By the Terauchi program, Korea is also to be the sanatorium of the East, and the long-neglected hot springs here and there will soon be availed of by the Japanese, with their obsession for hot baths. There is a government horticultural station at Tokuson, a suburb of Seoul, and any bona-fide farmer may go there and buy the most amazing apples and pears for a copper apiece, and will receive free grafts and bud-wood for his own trees, with instructions for using. Other people cannot buy at all, for the benevolent dictator intends that the public shall wait upon the Korean farmer's efforts, and then buy of him. Jam factories and canning stations are also planned by the official projectors of the experimental fruit farms, and they see no reason why the Koreans cannot do all that is now being done in Japan in those lines.

Through his seven weary years of ad-

ministration the governor-general was patient, sympathetic, and optimistic. His great interest in afforestation, as another of the great needs of the country, led to regulations obliging every office-holder, every householder, and every school-child to plant a certain number of trees or seedlings on Arbor day, April 3. Every year the governor-general himself planted one hundred trees on the Nam-san slopes. The day is a great fête-day all over the country, and every hillside blooms with the gay colors of the Korean children's gala clothes, when whole families and schools, down to the lowliest toddlers in kindergartens, go forth, each one with a tiny pine, oak, poplar, or chestnut seedling to set out. It takes many more picnics during the year to make sure that the infant trees thrive, and to reset them after the summer's deluge, and there are stringent laws to punish the disturber of such saplings. In the first year after annexation four million trees were set out, and then ten million, twelve million, and fourteen million on successive Arbor days, while by official afforestation schemes in five provinces many millions of seedlings were set out in water-conservation districts. The Mitsui firm has planted more than fifty million trees on their properties, and the Oriental Development Company as many more; so that in twenty years Korea will be the green and beautiful country the great governor-general has intended it to be. Already about Seoul a landscape like that of the moon is changing as clouds of green begin to overcast the bare granite hills.

It was a special providence that General Terauchi came to Korea the summer before the bubonic plague ravaged southern Manchuria, for, with a total lack of any sanitary regulations in the old régime, the pestilence would have swept the peninsula. By the most stringent and effective measures not a case or a suspect entered Korea, for in order to maintain a thorough sanitary cordon, General Aoki had his sentries posted more closely along the whole length of the Yalu River than they had been during the Russian war.

The Garden of Proserpine

By HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

Illustrations by Arthur Little

Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams.

—"The Garden of Proserpine."

I WISH to own up in confidence that I have killed a poet. Not with my own bow and spear, exactly; but I set his slayer upon him. Any jury would find against me if jurors could be made to believe in killings of this variety. He was a good poet, a fine specimen, they tell me. And yet I don't mean to boast of him; I like good poets as a species, and wish mine had been a bad one.

Still, I am not remorseful, either. I am glad. Three other people are glad with me. There will be a fourth some day. The poet would make the fifth, I believe, if he could know the facts.

CADIGAN made me go down to the 'phone. He was coiled in galley proofs, his filthiest calabash gargling, his slippered feet profaning the edge of my bed. Most of Cadigan's work is done on the margins of his proofs, for which I suspect his publishers don't love him.

"One Wheaton," I reported, "would have us to dine at a spaghetti joint at seven."

"Wheaton? The playwright?"

"Would a *Doctor* Wheaton be the playwright?"

"Oh,"—Cadigan came to life,—"that 's Arthur Wheaton, the psychiatrist. We accept with pleasure."

"The *what* did you say?"

"Mind-and-nerve specialist. A good fellow."

"Is red ink the extent of his good-fellowship?"

"Won't be red ink if he 's dining Ethel Carewe."

"He is. And who 's Miss Carewe?"

"Girl he 's trying to marry. I like to watch 'em."

"Attractive girl?" I demanded. "It 's a beast of a night outside."

Cadigan laughed.

"Orphan, country place at Lenox, town house East Seventy-umphth, two doors off Fifth. Attractions enough for you?"

I rattled back down to the 'phone. He grinned when I returned.

"I would n't figure on cutting Wheaton out."

"But I gathered it is n't settled." I was rummaging in a closet.

"No more it is—or will be."

"Then why can't a little child like me—"

"What 's that for?"

I had hauled something out, and was trying to get a light on it that would soften its need of pressing.

"That is for Miss Carewe," I explained with dignity.

"Put it back."

"I won't. I look my best in soup-and-fish."

"Soup-and-fish would be relished at Simeoni's. Besides, you 're wanted to look your worst. Muss your hair, slop ink on yourself, and swim around in Sixth Avenue and buy you a Windsor tie. Too bad you don't wear shell rims!" said Cadigan, wiping his.

"What 's the disgusting idea? We go as Bohemians, do we?"

"As intellectual leaders. Much the same." He heaved himself lazily out of his chair and his gown.

"I am not in on this picnic."

"Now don't be unintelligent. You 'll find the girl worth seeing."

"She 's one of your 'cases,' is she?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. She 's one of Wheat's, if he could only see it. Odd how science does n't save a man falling the wrong way in love. No man will marry Ethel. Men enough have tried."

"Have *you* tried?"

Cadigan's pipe abruptly turned the room a thicker blue. He stripped his big shoulders, and chose a fresh soft shirt.

"Ever read 'Hedda Gabler'?" he inquired.

"That 's a pretty remark to make about a girl," I said.

"Oh, Ethel is n't *Hedda*; but she would be except for her fads. She saves herself by fads. Her new one 's social service; she 's now in the stage of preparing for a career. Hence her thirst for intellectual leaders. Wheaton's job is to cater to her thirsts."

"The Lady Bountiful uplift thing?"



"'ONE WHEATON,' I REPORTED. 'WOULD HAVE US TO DINE AT A SPAGHETTI JOINT AT SEVEN'"

"She 's got more sense than that."

"Penance of some kind?"

"N-no, I don't think so. Who else is he asking? Tell you?"

"He mentioned Mrs. Rutledge"—Cadigan pulled a horrible face—"and somebody named Owens and a girl."

"Tev Owens and his fiancée!" Cadigan whistled, then shook his mane and roared. "Oh, that 's worth sitting next the Rutledge for! Lord! I 'm much obliged to Wheaton's evil genius."

"What 's evil to the combination?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, those two *are* social workers, real ones. No make-up. That won't go big with Ethel."

"Don't be clever, Cadigan. What 's startling about it?"

Cadigan flashed his watch.

"Come, signs of life! Even intellects must n't be more than an hour late."

It was not "red ink," but a dated Bordeaux, and the dinner was not the stereotyped atrocity for which Simeoni collects sixty cents a head from the seekers after atmosphere whose cars line the curb in front. The ordering had been done in advance by some one who knew northern Italian cookery, and the cook had risen gratefully to his knowledge.

We had to ourselves what might have been the original dining-room of the basement house. Cadigan and I found the *antipasto* already served. The eminent Mrs. Rutledge, a blonde frump in lilac velvet, was eying it greedily. Still, she was bearing up, for Miss Carewe was asking nice questions about her books.

The social workers had not yet arrived.

Mrs. Rutledge smoked with a silver holder, poisoning the cigarette high, and lounging in her chair. Miss Carewe was not smoking. Big, wholesome Wheaton, his eyes on her face, never noticed our entrance. Wheaton glowed; could no more have dissembled than a school-boy. I thought, as she saw who had come, that Miss Carewe's shoulders relaxed, but she made her face lively for gaiety. This brought Wheaton to earth, and he bounded up to welcome us.

At sight of another writer Mrs. Rutledge was heavily bored.

"Why, Jere," cried Miss Carewe, "it 's been ages!"

Cadigan, taking her hand, inquired whose fault it was. He told her how fit she was looking. Something about her had surprised him plainly enough.

"Pig! You mean fat," she said mock-sternly—"aging and fat. You need n't rub it in. Do you wonder I 'm not asking you to view me in this condition?"

"It 's extremely becoming. Where 's Owens? I 'm here on his account. I trust, Doctor Wheaton, that I have not been hoaxed?"

Wheaton said Owens had telephoned he would be late. Miss Meade could not make it, unluckily.

"Unlucky enough," said Cadigan.

He was looking straight at Miss Carewe; it made me yearn to kick him. Miss Carewe was not at all fat, and she was radiantly lovely, a most human little person to the eye, a miniature Spanish infanta, black and ivory, with an exquisite long throat and perfect arms. Cadigan had prepared me for a witch of nerves. There was not the least visible ground for his brutalities: "temperament" to burn, brilliant eyes, a continuous, telling play of pretty gestures. All the sooner should I have backed a Wheaton to win, and wished him well, with envy. But the hand she gave me was ice.

Cadigan, as he had feared, was seated next Mrs. Rutledge. Between him and me was Miss Meade's vacant place. On my left and Miss Carewe's right was Owens's.

"It 's just my luck," said Miss Carewe. "I 'd counted on knowing Miss Meade. I 've heard so much of her work. Do talk to me about her."

I referred her to Cadigan.

"Emily Meade? Stunning girl," he assured her, watching her.

"Oh, you find her so, Mr. Cadigan?" This was Mrs. Rutledge, asthmatic from cigarettes. "Emily 's interesting, of course, interesting and capable; but as for her being *stunning*—Doctor Wheaton,

should you describe Miss Meade that way?"

"Beg pardon?" said Wheaton, dropping back from cloud-land.

"Mr. Cadigan calls Emily Meade a stunning girl. Should you?"

Wheaton smiled.

"I'd call her a brick," he said.

"Thank you. The word I wanted.

said Cadigan. "I'm hungry, too, though, Wheat. These pickled minnows appeal to all my finer sensibilities."

We began. The door-knob turned. I was looking at Miss Carewe—staring. I am afraid—and I caught the slightest bracing of her shoulders. But nothing more thrilling walked in than a likable little chap in baggy clothes, inclined to stoutness, with the air of having come a long way in a hurry, which he had enjoyed.

This air, you could see, was habitual; he was thriving on a crowded life. His coat and umbrella trickled; his eyebrows glittered with the rain. He was still young and distinctly prepossessing, but his clothes betokened a settled, wheel-horse sort of man.

His clear eyes beamed inclusively on the party.

"I'm sorry to get here late," he said, not at all discomfited.

"Mr. Owens, Miss Carewe," said Wheaton, with a big hand on his shoulder.

"I believe I know Mr. Owens from lang syne."

Her voice, a contralto, had deepened, and had taken on a pseudo-Scottish flavor suggesting Maude Adams in Barrie.

"You've kept it mighty quiet," Wheaton laughed.

"Ethel! Why, how do you do?" exclaimed the social worker, artlessly delighted. "I'd never have known you, I'm sure."

"Ye'd not, eh? Well, I'd known *you*. Ye're fatted a wee yersel'."

We all did the proper thing in laughter. I glanced at Cadigan. He was keen set, his tongue between his lips.

Owens sat down by Miss Carewe, who drew him into rapid, intimate chat between themselves. If Wheaton, good fellow, got a natural reaction, he covered it successfully. Cadigan watched Mrs. Rutledge ladle down her *minestrone*. I gave mine the strict attention of a boy at his



"MRS. RUTLEDGE SMOKED WITH A SILVER HOLDER, POISING THE CIGARETTE HIGH, AND LOUNGING IN HER CHAIR"

Brick, sound and structural, not too ornamental. I hope the uplift business won't have that effect on Miss Carewe."

"It could n't," said Cadigan. "Could it, Wheat?"

Wheaton blushed. Miss Carewe looked round at him kindly.

"Speaking for one," wheezed Mrs. Rutledge, "I think we might begin. It would make Mr. Owens twice as uncomfy to find us waiting."

"You can't make Owens uncomfy,"

first dining out, for I was beginning uneasily to wish I had stayed at home.

Little Owens had found an old acquaintance. That was all it meant to him. Her Scottish trick he seemed to take as a matter of course.

"Miss Carewe contemplates entering your field," said Mrs. Rutledge, who did not quite see why any two persons present should leave her out of a tête-à-tête.

"Indeed? That's splendid, Ethel. Of course you want a certain amount of preliminary training. I'll speak of it at the institute; they'll send you a prospectus." He noted on an envelop to do it.

"I would na fash masel'; it's na settled," said Miss Carewe, and shifted a little in her chair. "Am juist a-conseederin', Everaird. An' why did ye say ye had na luiked me up?"

"Well, you see, since I came to New York I've had a lot of work—"

"Havers!" she doubted gaily.

Between courses Mrs. Rutledge asked me loudly enough to call the table to order what I thought of the free-verse poets. She answered the question herself. Cadigan chipped in a sardonic epigram. Wheaton said their stuff was too much for him.

"And what do *you* think, Tev?" Miss Carewe demanded.

It was here that Owens began to seem diffident, uneasy.

"I—I don't read new poetry much," he faltered.

"Nonsense! Of course you read it. Write some of it, I'll warrant. Where are your things published? I never see them."

"What's this?" said Cadigan. "Owens write poems? Or do you merely infer it from the fact that he's in love?"

"Oh, merely that, of course."

"Mr. Owens in the rôle of poet is new to me, too," said Wheaton.

"He was to me." Owens's laughter was just a little hoisterous. Then he retired into a shell. The waiter brought the chickens and refilled the claret glasses.

A certain constraint subdued us all except Mrs. Rutledge, whom nothing could subdue. She ran such conversation as

there was until the sweet. Owens kept his gaze on his plate, and twice absently emptied his glass again.

The sweet was a warm, noggish custard, edged with brandy. It reminded Mrs. Rutledge, so she said, of Swinburne's songs. Thereupon Owens looked up, and began in a new voice to talk poets like a god inspired. Don't misunderstand me. He was not a particle drunk, and he was quieter than before. His talk was perfectly sane, and it was wonderful and compelling.

He began before the "Song of Roland," and came leisurely down through the ages, quoting much, carressing each great lyre with a sure and privileged hand. In talk Oscar Wilde must have resembled what we heard, except that Owens had profound conviction. Thinking it over, I realize he held us not through our surprise, for that had passed, but through sheer prestige as an acknowledged authority. The oracle was speaking to Miss Carewe's eyes and ears. He turned to her occasionally, smiling.

His valuations were most entertaining. I remember he rather slighted Hugo to dwell upon Baudelaire, and that Leconte de Lisle impressed him more than Rostand, and that with Shelley he stopped naming English poets and mentioned poems: "Love in the Valley," "The Garden of Proserpine," "The City of Dreadful Night," "The Harlot's House," until he launched upon a eulogy of Yeats.

"America?" Cadigan suggested.

Owens's reply was indulgent.

"Two short poems. Well, possibly a third. 'To Helen,' and 'If the Red Slayer,' possibly 'Annabel Lee.' It runs to fustian, like so much of Poe."

"Masefield?" said Mrs. Rutledge, with a deference absurd from that quarter, if anything could have been absurd just then. Calmly and kindly Owens explained. Once she tried to argue, seeming to feel she owed it to herself, and without a breach of good manners he set her right.

The waiter, having made coffee, slammed the door. Owens scowled and broke off. He lifted his cup.

"Mr. Owens," said Mrs. Rutledge, "no one but an artist can talk of art like that. If you don't publish, won't you show me your work some time?"

Owens begged her pardon. She repeated.

"My work?" he echoed. "My work?"

Abruptly he was himself as he had come among us, a candid, genuine little self of prose, sorry for abstractedness, but cheery.

"Why, yes. We should be glad to have you visit our center. I'll have to pledge you"—with his winning smile—"not to work us up for 'copy.' Those boys and girls read more than you'd think, and of course they have their little sensibilities."

She was staring. We all were. She managed to thank him, and promised about the "copy."

"What mighty good coffee!" she said. "Does Simeoni roast it here, I wonder?"

The conversation lay dead on the table. Four of us did our best to cover it up with leaves. The others were Owens, in his serenity, and Miss Carewe.

"You know"—Mrs. Rutledge, scowling with impatient, hurried thought, lit a cigarette—"I've—I've come to a place in a novel where one of the characters ought to do some automatic writing. Not the occult, of course. The—unconscious you call it nowadays, don't you? I wonder, Doctor Wheaton—would you tell me how it's managed? The business of it; I've never seen it done."

"Oh, it's all simple enough," said Wheaton. "Straight writing, without the planchette or the ouija-board, is done with the hand devitalized and the pencil held *so*." He carried through an explanation, ending: "Keeps his mind as blank as possible and waits. The hand may write."

"Would he know what it's writing?"

"He'd know the pencil was moving."

"And what would he write?"

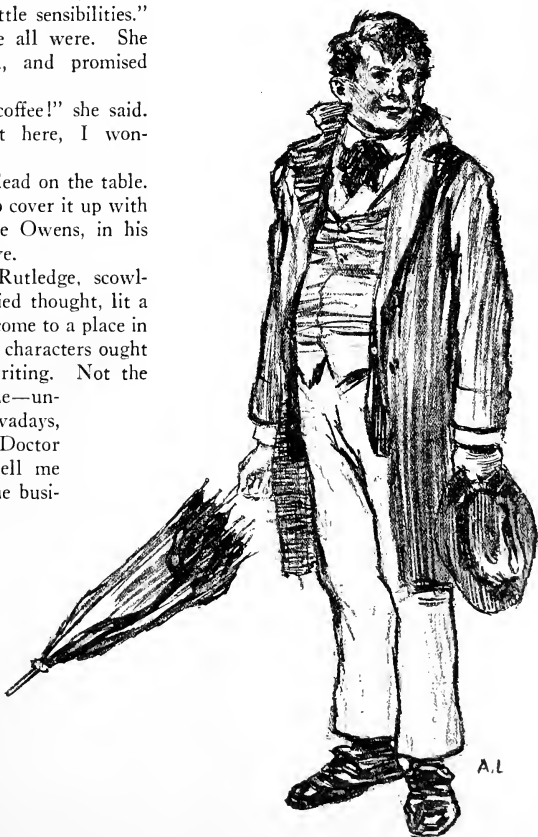
"Formless scribbles generally; sometimes words; sometimes"—he smiled—"a message."

"A message from whom?"

"From his deeper self, the unconscious, as you termed it." He laughed quietly. "I should n't tell a spiritist that unless you want a row. They account for it by 'the Other Side.'"

Miss Carewe said it sounded thrilling. Could any one write?

He shook his head.



A.L

"I 'M SORRY TO GET HERE LATE," HE SAID, NOT AT ALL DISCOMFITED"

"What kind of person would be likely to?"

"I should say a hysteric. Some one with repressions and a door ajar—the door hypnosis opens."

"He has to be hypnotized?"

"Not that kind of person. He 'll work his own hypnosis."

"Let 's try it! Could we? I want to," Miss Carewe cried eagerly.

Indeed, we were all eager but the unsuspecting Owens.

When Cadigan, very blandly indeed, had supposed no hysteric was present, she caught Wheaton's smile.

"Arthur, are n't you horrid!"

"Not at all. It does n't mean having 'hysterics,' necessarily. I see no objection to trying if no one else objects. But I doubt your getting results. You 'd have to be in earnest."

"We 'll all be as earnest as owls. What do we need now? Pencils? Let 's have the waiter bring some and more menus. The back of that menu would be the very thing."

"The lights should be low," said Wheaton.

"I 'll tell you!"

She jumped up, caught the alcohol lamp from the percolator on a side-table, spilled salt into it, lit it, and snapped off the electric. A green flame danced on the wire-cloth, and turned our faces ghastly hued, like death.

"How 's yon for spooks!" she crowed.

We were still a pencil shy, and Owens said in a natural way that he knew he would be best as a spectator. Three of us at least were crestfallen, but it did not seem a thing you ought to urge a man to do. He looked at his watch; he had to leave early, he said.

At the end of five dragging minutes Wheaton's pencil and mine had not been moved. Cadigan's had jerked a short, black dash. A few irregular ups and downs were traced under Mrs. Rutledge's pencil.

Out of the corner of an eye I caught Miss Carewe cheating. Her pencil was gripped so hard that her knuckles were

white. Its point was just clear of the paper.

"No go," she laughed. "No unconscious in this crowd, no friends on the Other Side."

"Oh, well, I know how it 's done," said Mrs. Rutledge. "Your light 's a fine touch, Miss Carewe. I 'll use it in my story."

Cadigan suggested more alcohol, and giving it another whirl.

"Come on in, Tev. Don't you want to get a message from Henry George?"

"Do, Tev! Please do!" Miss Carewe coaxed. As I say, I felt, and feel, sure she did not realize what she was doing. She was "wild to see it worked."

"All right." He accepted my pencil, and placed his hand. "Should I look on?"

Wheaton said one did n't, as a rule.

Miss Carewe's little hand was *now* flattened on her menu, the fingers spread, the turn of the wrist making seductive creases. Owens contemplated it benevolently.

"I 'm writing, I think," he announced almost in a moment, looking away.

"Don't you look!" warned the eager girl.

His pencil crossed the rough, brown paper busily and steadily, keeping a neat, straight line. I could see that the letters were sharp and detached and that the words were spaced.

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Rutledge. Cadigan nudged her. Owens gave no sign that he had heard.

"It 's interesting, is n't it?" he remarked in his usual placid way, but with some abstraction. "How do you say you account for it, Doctor Wheaton?"

He did not take his eyes off Miss Carewe's wrist.

"As Mrs. Rutledge has said, by the unconscious, or subliminal." Wheaton got the words out rather slowly. "Something buried takes the chance you give it of expression. Too deep for your knowledge of machinery?"

"I don't think so."

"In exceptional cases there is a complete buried personality, a second self, so



"I'M WRITING, I THINK, HE ANNOUNCED ALMOST IN A MOMENT."

to speak. Then one does get a real 'message' of much interest." Pausing, he caught in turn the eyes of each of us except the girl, and with a meaning deliberation added:

"Those are the famous 'dual personalities.' They're commoner than you might think. Many exist unsuspected even by their possessors."

"I see," said Owens. "It does n't sound quite sanitary, does it? My arm's asleep—prickling. Aha!"

The pencil had completed a centered block of manuscript. It jumped to make a fantastic dash below, and fell from the chubby fingers, which quivered like palsy.

Owens took up the paper with his other hand. Miss Carewe bent to look on with him. So did I.

It seemed to be a beautiful, fair copy of a sonnet.

"Why—"

She bit an outcry short.

Owens gave a quiet chuckle as he read.

"I don't believe I qualify as a graveyard. It's doggerel I remember writing in college years ago."

He crumpled it, and stuffed it into his pocket. It seemed to me (I divined rather than saw this, and may have been mistaken) that Miss Carewe had checked an impulse to reach and snatch.

Owens rose.

"Oh!" Mrs. Rutledge protested, "your 'doggerel'—are n't we to hear it?"

"Not as the author values your good opinion."

He shook hands, made his manners to Wheaton, and left.

Mrs. Rutledge covered a counterfeited yawn; the novelist in her shone in her little eyes.

"You knew the poem, Miss Carewe, I conjectured. Could you say it?"

Smiling, under perfect control,—too perfect, like a pampered youngster's Horse Show riding form—Miss Carewe shook her head. The lamp's green glimmer might have left a wash on Miss Carewe's face.

"Should you say it was good poetry, a creditable piece of writing?"

"Yes; he could write. Arthur, I'm sorry,—it's early,—but there's been so much festivity—would you mind looking out for the car?"

"What do you think?" asked Cadigan when Wheaton returned with her cloak. "Think it was genuine, do you?"

"Oh, quite; perfectly genuine. I wish we might have seen it."

Miss Carewe turned for the cloak, flashed her good nights all in one, and fairly whisked through the door.

"What did *you* think?" the cynic echoed as we were splashing homeward. When I had told him, explicitly, he seemed hurt.

"Did *I* bring them together? Did *I* propose writing? Did *I*—"

"You need n't have acted like a vivisection clinic."

He laughed. It is no use disciplining Cadigan with anything short of a club, and he is a good sort, really. I asked how matters had stood nine years before.

"She was her season's première débutante. The papers were smeared with her pictures, and all that. She's better-looking now; used to be thin. And he was in a fair way to be—oh, Keats, if he'd got her, or got T. B. perhaps."

"Keats? Is this *you* talking, Cadigan?"

"You heard me, sir."

"That little tub Keats?"

"Was n't a little tub then."

"How do you know what he was?"

"Satterwhite was teaching in some jerk college up-state. Owens was a student there. She visited there June. I'll take Satt's word for a poet any time."

"Well?"

"Owens did n't graduate; broke down the June of his junior year. Then he bobbed up serenely, doing this social work."

"Yes, but—"

"That's all I—Hi! Oh, the devil!"

We were crossing a street; a car had splashed our trousers.

OVER his newspaper at breakfast a fortnight later Cadigan whistled, then swore.

"Mrs. Rhinelander Carewe announces"—Well, she would. I might have known."

"Which would *what*, you Indian?"

"Ethel and Arthur Wheaton."

I roared.

"Good for 'em! That 's a drink on you."

"It 's one on somebody, all right," said Cadigan, grimly.

"When 's it to be?"

"Next month. I 'll take it in, by Jupiter! or die in the attempt."

"Suppose you 're not asked?"

"Then I 'll cover it for 'Gotham Gossip.'"

He took it in, and came home disappointed.

"Plain, smooth sailing. For Panama, I gathered."

"See Owens there?"

His eyes opened.

"You are improving, Watson."

"Did you?"

"Sure. Just behind the relatives, as happy as a clam. His girl with him, too. They were n't at the reception."

In March, so the cards had informed us, the Wheatons would be at home. Two or three times I ran into Owens in the streets, always hurrying contentedly, bobbing up out of a subway kiosk or Leandering a stream of traffic. Once he was with a girl, a big, vital young person, taller than he, not pretty, but almost handsome. Half an eye at half a block could have seen how proud she was of him.

One evening in the turn from nasty weather to spring Cadigan cleared his table and wrote notes. He sealed the last one and swung around, grinning above his pipe.

"Doing anything Thursday night? If not, I 'm having a party."

"Loud and continuous cheering," I said. "Where?"

"Simeoni's."

"Then maybe I 'll come. Who are the fillers-in?"

"Nice little amicable gathering." He chuckled. "Owens,—remember Tev Owens?—his lady-love, and the newly

wed Arthur Wheatons. Thought I would n't trouble the Rutledge unless you should insist."

This stood me up at attention.

"You don't approve."

I said, among several other things, that they would never come.

"You 'll find 'em all there. They may not want to come."

"I 'll bet you—"

"I would n't. I 'm telling 'em each that all the others are coming." He snorted. "Can't you see it? Ethel won't back out for fear of what Wheat would think. Wheat—I 'm sending his separately, to his office—won't dare raise objections. Neither 'll Owens's girl if she knows the ancient history, which I doubt. And Owens will be delighted."

I made a few remarks.

"Mucker trick! It 's a duty to science and art. Dear! dear! what language! Don't go and make another date."

"You expect *me* to—"

"I 'm counting on your morbid curiosity."

There indeed they were, all but Owens, who was late again. Miss Meade had come alone. I had Miss Meade to myself and liked her much. She was strong, partly with health, chiefly with the quiet poise of a worker who has done big things alone. In her ready-made suit and the waist she had laundered she was not at all out of place near Mrs. Wheaton's rare plumage, nor did she either cringe to this or scorn it. Two agreeable young women more in contrast could hardly have been confronted. You had to address her to draw her, but you listened to what she said.

She joked well; her humor was herself, and came to us unstrained. It was a blessing, easing the air of a tension.

She told me Owens was belated at a center he was opening—a center in the banner neighborhood for blackjacks and knives and "gats." Other socializers had given it up as hopeless; Everard thought he saw how the cobras could be tamed. Such problems were his recreations. Like bridge, if I understood. Dangerous? The

worst danger she saw was of making him irregular at meals. No, indeed; she would not quarrel with his pleasures. Should I like being henpecked myself?

I tried some flat speech about it depending on the hen, and, turning to her with it, happened to see her peep at her watch. A moment later she made a reply to Cadigan abstractedly; then I knew the big, steady girl was sick with anxiety for her lover. I wondered how Mrs. Wheaton would have been bearing herself had Wheaton been detained in a "violent ward," its inmates loose about him.

"Here we are! Come in, Tev!" Cadigan shouted. "Don't be so perniciously polite."

But the knock was an Italian waiter's, and the waiter was hashing a telephone message for some one—"Meess—a Coo—Coo—"

Miss Meade settled back and exhaled. "Carewe?" I suggested. He nodded, laughing, showing his teeth.

"Can't be," said Cadigan. "Everybody knows Miss Carewe's no more. The girls are blamed glad of it. All right, Nick. I'll see what it is."

He was back in about three seconds.

"Oh, Wheat," he said quietly, beckoning with his head, "excuse yourself a minute, will you?"

His eyes for once were grave, his mouth was a portent. I puzzled; Miss Meade read, and what she read catapulted her upon him before Wheaton's fork touched his plate.

"Mr. Cadigan—Everard! Oh—it is Everard, is n't it?"

He tried to brush her away.

"Wheat—"

"It is!" She caught at his arm, and he gave up.

"Yes. Now, steady! It is Tev—steady! He may not be much hurt—"

"I knew it!" she gasped, after a terrible little pause. "I knew it! Shot?"

"No! no! Knocked out—blackjacked. They telephoned from Roosevelt— Help here, Wheat!"

But she dodged free, her face dead-white.

"I don't faint or anything," she told us conversationally. "Will one of you please get a taxi—quickly, please."

"I'll take you; I'll beat any taxi," Wheaton said.

Pressing around her gently, we got her down the steps and into the car. Wheaton prepared to drive.

"I won't come, Arthur. I'd be in the way unless she wants me." Mrs. Wheaton chattered like a bather too long in cold seas.

Cadigan's heavy bass erupted out of him.

"You've got to come. He wants you; it's *you*. He's off his head."

"Ah!"

She dropped beside the girl, put out a hand toward hers timidly, recovered it. And she said in something like a natural voice:

"Will you mind *very* much, Miss Meade?"

Wheaton was telling me to get in, so I missed any answer. When I saw them, by a street lamp's brushing flash, Miss Meade was sitting bolt upright, clutching her jacket's lapels. Mrs. Wheaton had a veil, and was pulling it down.

But that was after I banged the car door in Cadigan's rueful face.

Until we were inside the hospital no one but policemen had anything to say. Wheaton drove the car's limit. We rode dark, and laid back Seventh Avenue as twin streamers of yellow lights, to a din of angry gongs and the horn's croakings. So long as I had to trust a drive in Wheaton's possible mood, I was as glad it was he as any other.

To the specialist the hospital doors swung back without halt and parley. We found ourselves in a waiting-room, with magazines and a bowl of narcissi on a table. The tinted walls were less reposeful than some one had meant; the flowers had a mortuary stiffness.

Wheaton called an intern and questioned him. Miss Meade sat down. I studied a framed engraving.

"Mr. Owens," Wheaton reported rather formally to his wife, "is suffering

from a concussion; but he 's lucid—in a way. Almost the moment they picked him up he told them your mother's address. She telephoned for us; that 's how they found you. He wants to see you. He wants you—as Miss Carewe." He cleared his throat. "He wants you as Ethel Carewe."

She had herself short-reined now, with the whip at the correct angle. All her blood was deep inside; she was looking old.

"But surely, Arthur, it is Miss *Meade* he means." She did that so well I wanted to applaud.

"No, he does n't." He turned to the girl. "I 'm sorry. You realize, of course—"

Miss Meade's self-command, of the natural kind, was slipping.

"Oh," she blazed, "go to him! Why don't you go to him! How can you stand there arguing when he may be dying! Go!"

"Will you come with me?"

"Of course not."

"Of course not," Wheaton echoed. "Ethel, go!" The first and last peremptory note, I imagine, in his marriage.

The intern was there by the door, and Mrs. Wheaton left us three together.

Miss Meade was hunting a handkerchief. I had a fresh one for her. Wisps of her hair were loosened. Her eyes were dry.

"I hate to make a scene," she whispered.

She was just at the point to break. Poor Wheaton, hands behind him, was pacing a patterned border in the tiles. I had a frantic urge to do something, and gave it its head.

"Doctor Wheaton," I stammered, "would like to tell you—he 's going to tell you—that Mr. Owens is not himself—not himself at all; that now, for the present, he 's an invalid, to be humored—and that—that—" Giddy work, but imperative, I thought—"that Mrs. Wheaton—that the doctor is very happy. *Don't* you, Doctor?"

"Exactly. Thanks. That states it all right, Miss Meade. I—could promise

you he 'll recover. Such cases are my business. Don't worry any more than you can help."

She said she understood.

"He ought to make a good recovery. He will have every care—"

"Yes. Now, please, would you leave me alone?"

We closed the door outside. The sanitary corridor was blinding. There was just carbohc reek enough to keep one, however distraught, aware of pain near.

Wheaton's eyes made me uncomfortable for an instant. Then, almost whimsically, he smiled.

"You come and tell *me* that, will you, every few minutes?"

At the moment it seemed most suitable to take his elbow and make him walk the corridor. It was a long corridor. I think we may have covered it twenty times when Mrs. Wheaton stumbled out of the elevator-car. The car was in the way, or I should have popped like a rabbit down the shaft.

"Well?" said Wheaton, and a little louder, "Well?"

She spoke very wearily.

"He 's back in college, Arthur."

"So I had supposed. Well?"

"He 's— Arthur, *don't* look like *that*! Is he going to die?"

"Die? No. Now, about you? Speak up! Are you 'back in college'?"

Her eyelids sagged. His hands took her shoulders, but gently.

"Well?" he said again, choking.

Her eyes opened. His must have burned, but she met them full. They stood so a long moment, husband and bride.

"I don't—know. O Arthur, I *don't* know! I want to get away."

She started, and he followed. So I had to wait with Miss Meade and take her home when she had been told by the house physician that Owens's life was sure. I did my waiting outside the heavy door.

Cadigan, I am bound to say, I found suitably contrite even before I had told him what little I did. It has all of it been good for Cadigan.

Owens drifted off that night in a normal haphazard delirium. The third day they said he was better, conscious again, in his new, or older, fashion. Every time I called I found Miss Meade down-stairs. They would not let her see him. She understood why, of course. It seemed to help her a little to be with some one who knew the whole story, and I was the only available qualified person. The Wheatons, kept informed by telephone, sent flowers.

"It 's cruel," Miss Meade said once, "her having married. It 's like being buried alive for both of them, I think."

It was like that for her, apparently enough.

"No," I said, "it is n't. He loves *you*. And Mrs. Wheaton is deeply, very deeply in love with her husband."

"But she could n't be!" The girl spoke patiently, wondering at me.

"But she is. You must trust me, won't you? I saw the two, you know, that night, when she came down."

This did not seem to convince.

"Anyway, he does n't love *me* now—not that boy up there. There *was* one who cared. But this—this is n't that one. This is some strange boy I never knew."

"That one will come back," I assured her. "He won't remember this."

"Truly do you think so?" I cursed myself to myself, for of course I knew nothing about it. "People have told me," she faltered, "of other cases—"

"They 've told you Thomas Rot. I 've been studying these things up."

She reached for my hand.

PRESENTLY I set out to do my murder.

"He 's talking a lot," the intern informed me.

"What 's he talking?"

"Seems to be poetry mostly. He 's a poet."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I 'm going to kill him."

That intern had no sense of humor at all. They ought to make it a requirement in hospitals. He shepherd me watchfully to the street.

Wheaton was in his consulting-room

and had not been sleeping nights. He proffered a large cigar, and he himself dry-smoked one to rags in half a minute.

"Doctor," I said, "what 's the prospect in cases like Everard Owens's?"

Wheaton had no ambition to talk about cases like Everard Owens's.

"Perfectly good," he snapped. "He 's certain to recover."

"Recover himself?"

"Which self?"

"Miss M—er—the social worker, of course."

"Ah, that"—he spiffed out cigar-leaves—"that 's less certain."

"Probable?"

"Hardly."

"Possible?"

"The—other personality would be expected to stay on top."

"Any scientific way of turning it under, Wheaton?"

He straightened some trifles on his desk with his forefinger.

"It 's been done," he said slowly.

"There was that case Prince—"

"Thank you. That 's all I wanted to know."

"Wait." He caught my sleeve, so perforce I waited, pulled down into the patient's chair, the one that faces the light.

"I—am not sure it ought to be—attempted—in Owens's case."

"Why not?"

"Those choices, between personalities, really are—high justice. Prince assumed—"

"But *why* not, Wheaton?"

He tried, I suppose, to turn it lightly.

"A genuine poet—"

I consigned all genuine poets to the Index Expurgatorius.

"Had n't we better be doing our thinking for the *girl*?"

That brought it.

"I *am* thinking for a girl. It 's one against the other. Naturally, I 'm thinking for my—my patient." His mouth twisted. "That 's why I won't have tried what you suggest. You know I 'm directing the treatment of Owens's case."

"Wheaton," I said, "you 're sick."

You 'd better clear out for a while. *Do* you think the lord of high justice ought to be an interested party?"

He glared like a trapped lion, then asked:

"What would you do? Man, what *would n't* you do for happiness—for *her*?"

I said mildly:

"Are you quite sure it *is* one against the other?"

"You know as much as I know. I 'd rather not discuss it."

"I 'm sure enough. Oh, why did I ever suppose that girl could care for *me*?"

"I see. My mistake." I was feeling anything but sneerful; still, anger might help him to sense. "You are n't sick. You 're an ass. Good afternoon."

Once upon a time a wise, older man in



"ANYWAY, HE DOES N'T LOVE *ME* NOW—
NOT THAT BOY UP THERE!"

"But I should want to be positive, I think."

Then he turned petulant.

"Why, damn you, do you suppose I 'm doing *research* on the point? I try not to think about it. Don't succeed any too well. I 'm going to be more decent with fool patients after this."

"Wheaton, if it 's up to you, you 've got to be utterly sure."

He groaned.

his line had dug some nonsense out of me. This man's place was my next port of call.

He said when he had listened:

"Mrs. Wheaton has been a patient of mine. Possibly she did have, and repressed, some feeling as a young girl for that youth. Possibly now, being married—oh, yes; all sufficiently possible. Still, it would be well if he returned to his social work."

"Hooray!" I shouted absurdly. "Are you going to take it on?"

"Not so fast. He 's Doctor Wheaton's patient."

I commented on ethics. He hid a smile under his beard.

"Wheaton was one of my young men," he mused. "The best of them, on the whole. At Roosevelt, you said?"

"How long will it take you—this hypnosis business?"

"Months or years. It may fail totally; you understand that, do you? However, from what you tell me—"

He talked to the door. I asked if Miss Meade could not be given a crumb of hope.

"M-m. Well, vaguely. *Very* discreetly. *She* may have a conscience, too. Awkward thing, a conscience, in such a predicament. You and I, having none, will see to it that the young lady knows little and Wheaton nothing. *Are* you discreet? It 's just what you call it, murder, from that point of view, remember."

Owens was removed from Roosevelt to a private sanatorium. This was done "at the request of friends." The Wheatons left town, I imagine for different destinations. Miss Meade worked. We told her that Owens had had a relapse, and concocted the bulletins for her.

"I 'm tough," she said one day, half to herself. "I 'll pull through if—"

SOONER than he had been expected back, I happened upon Wheaton in the University Club. He was fined down and sun-bronzed, but he was at peace, a Shadrach-Meshach sort of peace, but real. It did me good to see as we shook hands.

"It 's all right," he whispered. "You get me? It 's going to be all right."

I said I had known it would be, and guyed him gently for his earlier misgivings.

"N-no, I was n't sure then. I 'm not sure now how things stood then. Perhaps *she* is n't, either. I 'll never know. But it 's going to be all right."

He paused and smiled, a new smile that transfigured him.

"The Lord had provided," he told me. "Even then. We did n't know."

Shaking his hand again, I ouchd. He had lost his gage of his strength.

"Why, in that event," I said, "I 'll 'fess up to a foul murder. At three o'clock I 'm to tell Miss Meade her young man"— And I explained.

"You took a risk." He laughed.

"You were for taking a bigger one. See now where you 'd be, all around, if you 'd gone ahead. Here 's luck and joy to the lot of you, Wheaton, if you don't mind. Say my name politely to her, will you? I don't suppose she 'll want to see me."

For once in her life Miss Emily Meade luxuriated in hysterics. She giggled and wept, and the tears revived her, like rain on some hardy flower three months parched. She was not told that there had been an alternative; only that he was well and would remember nothing.

And this was the truth. Mr. Everard Owens would live out the rest of his days with a hiatus in his memory.

"Has—has he asked for me?"

"He 's talking of nothing else."

She hugged me.

"When can I go?" she demanded. "Soon? I *may* see him soon, may n't I?"

"In about two hours and thirty-five minutes if you make the 4:03 train."

CADIGAN was delighted, really overjoyed, until he could start to think. Then the corners of his mouth drew down.

"'John Keats, who was killed off by one critique'—or probably was n't. You and Jeffrey. You 've more on your soul than Jeffrey had, you know."

I guessed my soul could stand it, and refrained from saying something about Cadigan's own soul.

"But, after all," he grumbled, "a poet gone for two women! The world 's chock-full of women—"

"God bless 'em!" I said. "He must like 'em better than poets."

Somehow Cadigan's ham-like mask grew unhappy. He struck his match.

"*You* need a pipe. I 'll buy you one," he said.

Little Russia

By T. LOTHROP STODDARD

Author of "The Blundering in Greece," "Present Day Europe," etc.

IN man's historic evolution certain critical epochs stand forth as periods of "revaluation of all values." Such were the Reformation and the French Revolution. Such also is the present war. In these great crises the solid crust of tradition cracks and splits in every direction, while from the depths below white-hot lava floods of long-repressed idealisms well into the outer world.

This is notably true of Russia. The war has shaken Russia to its foundations, and behind the double veil of distance and a rigid censorship we catch the loom of mighty stirrings in the vast Northern empire. In fact, these stirrings are much more complex and far-reaching than are generally supposed. They involve forces which may not only transform Russia's governmental structure and social life, but which may even transmute its very being into something radically different from anything that we now know. It is the most momentous of these transmutive possibilities which is the subject of the present article.

Seen from without, Russia gives an impression of overpowering synthesis. We were, it is true, aware of certain non-Russian fringes, such as Poland and Finland, rebellious to assimilation; but we long believed that behind these outposts of empire lay a huge, compacted Russian mass, one hundred millions strong, stretching uninterruptedly from Poland to the Pacific and from the Euxine to the Arctic Ocean, a boundless sea of homogeneous humanity into the unplumbed depths of which all the non-Russian elements must ultimately be drawn. This was the legendary "Holy Russia," which Muscovite Panslavists eloquently assured us was destined to absorb the whole earth.

But with human, as with still, life distance lends enchantment. Seen from afar, mountains appear as an unbroken wall; approached, they become separate peaks sundered by deep valleys. So is it with the vision of Russian "unity." Under close scrutiny seeming uniformity resolves itself into surprising diversity. Of the 180 million inhabitants of the empire slightly more than eighty millions are non-Russians, while even the one hundred millions of Russian blood are not the homogeneous block that it is generally supposed. The race is cleft into three sharply defined branches, "Great," "White," and "Little" Russians, respectively. It is the sixty million "Great Russians" who are the real keystone of the vast Northern dominion. These are the "true Russian people"; to them alone is vouchsafed that consciousness of "Holy Russia" which is the mystic cement of empire. Even the Great Russian type is not wholly uniform. There are at least two well-marked subtypes, the northern, or "Novgorodian," and the southern, or "Muscovite." And of course the Great Russians are not pure Slavs. Great Russia is the fruit of the Slavic *Drang nach Osten*, and its folk all show in varying degree the mingling of Slav colonists with the original Finnish inhabitants. Nevertheless, centuries of a common culture and the iron rule of Muscovite czars have finally welded the Great Russians into an indissoluble unity.

Between the Great Russians and their "White" and "Little" Russian cousins, however, no such unity exists. The White Russians, to be sure, are of small moment. Numbering at the most six millions, and inhabiting the wretchedly poor swamp and forest country to the east of Lithuania, they cannot possibly have any

important historical or cultural future. They show deep traces of the Polish-Lithuanian dominion under which they long lay, many being Roman Catholics. The race consciousness is very low. White Russia thus forms a debatable border-land between Great Russia and Poland, into one or other of which it will ultimately be absorbed.

Far different is the case with the third branch of the Russian race. Right athwart east-central Europe lies a solid ethnic block of over thirty million people. Resting upon the Black Sea as its southern base, it stretches eastward to the Don River, with scattered outposts still farther to the southeast as far as the Caucasus mountain-wall. Its northern boundary is the belt of swamp and scrub which extends across the mid-Russian plains and separates the open prairies of the south from the forest country of the north. Its western confines leap the political frontiers of the Russian Empire and include the greater part of the Austrian province of Galicia, together with the Carpathian uplands of Bukowina and northeastern Hungary. Such is the spacious home of a folk whom Muscovite writers term "Little Russians," but who call themselves "Ukrainians."

Indeed, the Ukrainians believe themselves the truer Russian race- and culture-type, deeming the Muscovite Great Russians a half-Finnish blend which has lost many vital characteristics of the parent Russian stock. And a glance at Russian history certainly seems to bear out these Ukrainian contentions. In the early Middle Ages, when the Great Russians were rude colonists wrestling with still ruder Finnish tribes amid the gloom of the vast Northern forests, a genuine state was growing up on the rich grass-lands of the South. This budding polity showed all the marks of a vigorous young civilization. Its capital, Kieff, situated on the middle reaches of the Dnieper River and lying fair on the immemorial trade-route from the Black Sea to the Baltic, was a city of wealth and importance. It was to Kieff that Christianity and European civiliza-

tion came from Byzantine Constantinople. It was from Kieff that light went forth to illumine the somber barbarism of the Great Russian North. During the tenth and eleventh centuries the grand principedom of Kieff stood in the forefront of European powers. Its close contact with both East and West is shown by the fact that one of its princes married a Byzantine emperor's sister, while another prince took to wife the daughter of Harold, last king of that Saxon England which fell before the onslaught of William the Conqueror.

It is certain that Ukrainia would have bulked large in world history had it not been for the terrible series of Asiatic invasions that now overwhelmed eastern Europe. For over a hundred years the princes of Kieff battled manfully with the nomad hordes; but in the thirteenth century came the great Mongol invasion, which broke the old Ukrainian state utterly to pieces. Kieff was razed to the ground, the wide prairies of southern Russia were swept bare, and the western remnant of the Ukrainian folk fell under the political dominion of the rising kingdom of Poland.

Then began the long martyrdom of the Ukrainian people—a martyrdom which has lasted uninterruptedly to this day. The Poles, though Slavs, had received their religion and culture from the Roman West, whereas the Ukrainians had taken theirs from the Byzantine East. As Poland's grip tightened, she endeavored to force Roman Catholicism upon her Orthodox Ukrainian subjects. The land was parceled out among Polish nobles, and beneath the merciless tyranny of his bigoted masters the unhappy Ukrainian peasant became that most wretched of beings, a heretic beast of burden.

However, it was precisely this time of suffering which revealed the extraordinary tenacity of Ukrainian race consciousness and which forged the national soul to a steely hardness capable of enduring the even sterner trials to come. In fact, the Ukrainians presently made another bid for free national life. The decay of the Mongol power made existence once more

possible upon the southern Russian grasslands, and into this ancestral domain now swarmed bands of hardy Ukrainian adventurers called "Cossacks," who established themselves in fortified posts capable of resisting the periodic Tatar raids. The most famous of these posts was that at the Dnieper cataracts, which soon developed into a formidable military republic known as the "Zaporogian Sietch," or the "Stronghold below the Falls." The glad tidings of renascent freedom spread through every Ukrainian village and stirred wild hopes in Ukrainian breasts. Poland made desperate efforts to crush this dangerous movement, and the first half of the seventeenth century saw a series of ferocious race wars in which quarter was neither asked nor given. The Cossacks fought with tremendous courage, and under their gifted "Hetman" Khmelnitzki they actually succeeded in throwing off the Polish yoke. But the Cossacks foresaw that they could not permanently stand alone against the implacable Polish enemy. Accordingly, they turned for aid to the neighboring country of Muscovy, hoping that their Orthodox Great Russian kindred would play them fair. In 1654 the Cossack Republic of the Ukraine accepted the czar as overlord, the czar granting in return full self-government and religious autonomy. But the Muscovite proved a broken reed, and treacherous attempts to subjugate the Ukraine roused the Cossacks to revolt against the new suzerain. Thereupon the czar, feeling himself unable to hold the entire country, signed a partition treaty with the king of Poland, the Dnieper River being the common frontier. Thereafter Russians and Poles vied with each other in tyrannizing over their respective spheres, and the lot of the unhappy Ukrainians became, if anything, worse than before. When Poland herself fell a century later, Russia seized most of her Ukrainian territories, only a small corner of Ukrainian land, the eastern part of the province of Galicia, going to Austria.

This Russian acquisition of virtually the entire Ukraine spelt fresh woe for

its unhappy people. Although Russia and Poland had both persecuted, their aims had been different, and the Ukrainians had therefore at least been in no danger of being crushed into a single mold of conformity. Henceforth Russia felt no check upon her efforts to transform the Ukrainians into Muscovites. Accordingly, the last vestiges of Ukrainian political and cultural life were put under a ban. The native tongue was pursued with special fury. Ukrainian differs from Great Russian fully as much as Dutch does from German. In fact, the highest learned body in the Russian Empire, the Petrograd Imperial Academy, admitted a few years ago that the Ukrainians possessed a distinct language and culture of their own. That, however, was not the Russian Government's view of the matter. "There never has been, is not, and never will be an Ukrainian language or nationality," declared a Russian minister of state in 1863, and this was merely the formal expression of what generations of Russian bureaucrats had already considered as axiomatic. All official business was carried on in Russian, a language almost completely unintelligible to Ukrainians, all Ukrainian writings save certain old books of devotion were rigidly proscribed, and Ukrainian education was so strictly prohibited that in many parts of the Russian Ukraine even to-day there are fewer schools than there were two centuries ago. The only way for a talented Ukrainian to print his ideas was in Russian, and many of the greatest names in Russian literature, such as Gogol, Kostomarov, etc., were really Ukrainians forced to employ this alien tongue. What happened to those who dared clothe their thoughts in the native idiom may be judged by the terrible fate of that greatest of all Ukrainian poets, Taras Shevchenko. For the "abominable crime" of having composed some exquisite little verses celebrating the natural beauties of his Ukrainian homeland, this youthful genius was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in Siberia, and returned from his hell of suffering a broken, prematurely old man, only to die.

Beneath so crushing a yoke it is indeed surprising that the Ukrainians did not succumb. But persecution has ever one of two results: it either breaks a people utterly or it lends it fresh strength. In the Ukraine it was the latter which happened. Forbidden all public manifestation, Ukrainian culture took refuge in the rich folk-lore of the people, and in humble peasant cottages the stirring ballads of old Cossack days kept alive the flame of freedom and the hope of a better morrow. So the national consciousness lived on, furtive, but indomitable.

What roused the Russian Ukrainians to their present vigorous strivings toward true national life was the fresh breeze which began blowing from the Austrian Ukraine about half a century ago. At the time of the partition of Poland, it will be remembered, Austria had received the province of Galicia, the eastern portion of which was inhabited by a Ukrainian population. Austria soon discovered in these people a useful counterweight to the Poles, and accordingly placed no barriers to the growth of Ukrainian cultural life. Quick to take advantage of the least favoring circumstance, the Ukrainians, or, as they were locally termed, the "Ruthenians," made the most of this opportunity, and eastern Galicia soon became the culture center of the folk, an intellectual "Piedmont" for the whole Ukrainian race. Despite the best efforts of the Russian gendarmes, bright young Ukrainians slipped away by thousands to the schools of Lemberg and Tarnopol, where thought and speech were free, while from the Galician printing-presses streams of books and pamphlets flowed forth to irrigate the thirsty culture-soil of the Russian Ukraine. This rapid cultural florescence is all the more remarkable when we remember that eastern Galicia had felt most heavily the weight of the Polish yoke. Even to-day the vast majority of the Ruthenian population are poverty-stricken agricultural laborers terribly exploited by Polish landlords and Jewish middlemen. To have succeeded in thus erecting a really imposing educational and

cultural edifice upon such unpromising foundations speaks volumes for Ukrainian idealism and tenacity.

The results of all this abnegation showed clearly at the time of the Russian revolution of 1905. For more than a year thought in Russia was free, and the hidden life of the Russian Ukraine burst into sudden and startling bloom. But the springtime of Russian freedom was short. Stolypin's "Circular" of 1907 heralded a reaction which left the Russian Ukraine almost as badly off as before. The disappointment was bitter. The political consequences were no less profound. The Ukrainians had had the cup of life dashed from their parched lips, and saw themselves handed over to the tender mercies of persecuting bureaucrats once more. But this was not all. Their hopes were doubly blasted by a terrible disillusionment. Hitherto, whatever their hatred for the Russian Government, they had believed in the Russian people. All through the long autocratic night Russian and Ukrainian revolutionists had fought shoulder to shoulder, and the revolution had seen a general fraternization. At that moment no Ukrainian separatist feeling was anywhere apparent. All the Ukrainians then asked was cultural liberty, local self-government, and an assured seat in a liberalized Russian Empire.

Unfortunately, the Ukrainians now discovered that their Great Russian friends had very different ideas. "All the Slav brooks must lose themselves in the Russian sea," sang the poet Pushkin long ago, and that is precisely the creed of most Russians to-day. In 1905 the Great Russians had won a definite share in the management of their country's destinies, but they at once testified to that historic truth, proved by every triumphant popular movement from the French Revolution to that of the Young Turks, that an emancipated nation is a worse tyrant to racial minorities than was the autocrat who is displaced. In Russia this showed especially soon, and the very first years of the new era saw a truly amazing

growth of "Pan-Russianism," perhaps the most ambitious and intolerant nationalist gospel that the world has ever seen. All the old dogmas anent "Holy Russia" and her divine mission to conquer and absorb the whole earth came forth tricked out in the new formulæ of Great Russian nationalism.

It is easy to see how disastrously this reacted upon the Ukraine. The Petrograd Imperial Academy might declare the Ukrainians possessed of a separate language and culture, but most Russians vastly preferred the old bureaucratic dictum that there never had been, was not, and never would be such things. This was the opinion not only of old-fashioned Panslavist fanatics, but also of lifelong radicals, who now discovered that they were Russians first and Liberals a long way afterward. The concept of a Russia liberalized into a federation of autonomous nationalities was indignantly rejected by nearly all Great Russian political parties. The continuance of a Russian Empire, the supremacy of the "true Russian people" and Russian culture, must at all costs be maintained. The reply to Ukrainian aspirations was therefore grimly uncompromising: "Liberty and equality as Great Russians, certainly; as Ukrainians, never."

To such a verdict the Ukrainians could make only one answer—separatism. Up to this time aspirations toward independence had not been seriously entertained. Of course the Ukrainian people had forgotten neither the glories of Kieff nor the wild days of Cossack freedom; but their sufferings had been so great and Russia was so mighty that all Russian Ukrainians save a few dreamers would have been well satisfied with local autonomy and cultural liberty within the Russian Empire. This is what they had hoped from a Russian revolution. That revolution had now come, and their hopes were irreparably shattered. The dream that had sustained them through the darkness of bureaucratic absolutism had turned into a nightmare. Instead of one autocrat, the future disclosed the appalling prospect of sixty mil-

lion czars pledged to the ruthless destruction of Ukrainian race identity. Obviously the Ukrainians could expect no good from even the most democratic "Pan-Russian" Empire. Only beyond the bounds of such an empire might they enjoy the blessings of race life and cultural freedom. Accordingly, the decade between the Russian revolution and the European War saw the rise of a deep-going separatist movement throughout the Russian Ukraine.

This movement was not the desperate adventure which might at first sight appear. The whole drift of European politics was playing into the separatists' hands. The Bosnian crisis of 1908 ushered in that grim Austro-Russian duel for Balkan supremacy which prefaced the present war, and Russia then began her incitement of Pan-Serb ambitions culminating in the tragedy of Serajevo. But there was a reverse side to the shield. If Russia encouraged the Serbs to tear away all southern Austria-Hungary and erect a Yugoslav Empire which should shut the Hapsburg monarchy from the Adriatic, Austria now spurred on the Ukrainian separatists to tear away all southern Russia and erect a Ukrainian empire which should exclude the Muscovite czardom from the Black Sea. The two movements strikingly complement each other. Serbia and Galicia became rival "Piedmonts," while the presses of Belgrade and Lemberg poured inflammatory floods across the near-by frontiers.

Great was Russia's alarm at this shrewd Austrian counter-thrust. Here indeed was a deadly blow at Russian imperial greatness. To non-Russian fringes of empire like Poland and Finland wide concessions might in the last extremity be made, but a separatist Ukraine would cut athwart Russia's very vitals, and would forever block the Muscovite North from its age-long march toward Constantinople and the Mediterranean. All parts of the Russian press raised a united and furious outcry. Listen to the "Kiewlanin" of early 1914: "The Ukrainian movement is more dangerous to Russia than all the other

national movements put together. It is our duty to maintain at all costs the unity of the Russian people and the Russian state. This, the citadel of our nation, is threatened solely by the Ukrainian movement, which thus appears as our greatest national peril."

So menacing was the situation that Russian public opinion demanded a final settlement of the whole Ukrainian question in Russia's favor. It was patent that this rising national movement could never be stamped out while any part of the Ukrainian race remained beyond the reach of the Russian gendarme. Accordingly, not only was Austria threatened with war unless she ceased her fostering of Ukrainian national consciousness, but many voices demanded the immediate acquisition of eastern Galicia and the Bukowina as integral parts of the Russian Empire. "We forgot," exclaimed the "Novoye Vremya" of late 1912, "when we began the fight for an 'All-Russian Empire,' that four millions of Russians are languishing under a heavy foreign yoke." "The four million Ruthenians in Galicia and Bukowina," wrote the Russian publicist L. Varonin early in 1914, "are now often called the 'Piedmont' of the Little Russian national renaissance. A new nation is being born, the Ukrainian. It would be a veritable ostrich policy to deny the danger that is thus made to threaten the unity of Russia. We cannot stand idly by when we behold our twenty-eight million little Russians slowly, but surely, imbibing from Galicia the doctrine that they are not Russians."

To prepare the ground for a future conquest of Galicia, Russia proceeded to stir up all possible discontent against Austrian rule. Russia's best lever was that Polish political and economic supremacy which lay heavily upon the province. She also attempted to unsettle the Ruthenians' religious faith. Under Polish dominion the Ukrainian inhabitants of Galicia had been converted to the "Uniat" Church, a half-way house between Rome and Byzantium, which acknowledged papal supremacy while re-

taining the Orthodox liturgy and discipline. These religious differentiations had no practical weight with Ukrainian patriots on either side of the border, but Russia knew that if ever Galicia fell into her hands the Uniat Church would offer Ukrainian national feeling a powerful rallying-point under persecution. It was therefore Russia's obvious game to win over the Ruthenians to Orthodoxy as a first step to Russification. Accordingly, the years preceding the European War saw Galicia and the adjacent Carpathian uplands overrun with Russian agents well supplied with rubles and headed by Count Bobrinsky, a notorious Panslavist firebrand from Moscow. A fair sample of this Russian propaganda is the following manifesto circulated among the ignorant Ruthenian mountaineers of the Carpathians: "The Russian czar is angry with our emperor. He will soon conquer all the Hungarian districts inhabited by Ruthenians. You must at once join the Russian Orthodox Church, for when the czar comes into this country he will place the Ruthenians who have embraced Orthodoxy on his right hand and the Catholic Ruthenians on his left, and will then order the former to shoot the latter."

Despite energetic efforts and a great expenditure of money, however, this Russian propaganda had an indifferent success. The Ukrainian patriotic organizations were quick to warn the people of its ultimate objects, and some Muscovite agents met with a reception akin to that accorded a Panslavist member of the Russian Duma sojourning in *partibus infidelium*, who was thrashed within an inch of his life by a crowd of infuriated Ruthenian peasants. The Austrian governmental authorities were also on the alert, their vigilance resulting in numerous arrests and "treason trials" like those of Lemberg and Mármaros-Sziget at the beginning of 1914.

So matters stood at the opening of the Great War. The initial phase of the struggle was of course a terrible blow to Ukrainian hopes. The crushing Austrian defeat at Lemberg gave the Russians con-

trol of virtually all Galicia and afforded them the opportunity of putting their Pan-slavic theories to the proof. The omens were, it is true, none too good. Although the small pro-Russian minority had jubilantly welcomed the incoming Russian troops, the bulk of the Ruthenian population displayed sullen apathy or open fear, more than two hundred thousand fleeing with the Austrian armies to the west. Nevertheless the Russians asserted that this was due to temporary misunderstandings, and the new Russian governor announced boldly: "One year after our fortunate occupation of the country the enemy will have no chance left. The immense majority of the Uniatists will have become Orthodox, the others Roman Catholics, and the whole thing will be settled." The fact that this governor was none other than Count George Bobrinsky, brother of the arch-agitator, lent the statement added significance. No secret was made of the impending Russification. Count Bobrinsky's first public proclamation declared Galicia to be "Russian land" which was to receive the Russian language, Russian laws, and Russian organization.

The preparations to this end were certainly thorough enough. The twin bulwarks of Ukrainism in Galicia were the Ruthenian educational system and the Uniat Church. Against both of these Russia now struck quick and hard. The Ukrainian language was formally outlawed, all the Ukrainian schools were closed, and the printing of Ukrainian books and newspapers was rigorously forbidden. A whole corps of Muscovite schoolmasters was sent in, headed by such notorious Russifiers as Dr. Yavorsky of Kieff and the equally notorious Plesky, whose name had long been a terror throughout the Russian Ukraine. The watchword of these new educational mentors was, "For Russian Galicia nothing but Russian schools." They certainly lived up to their motto.

The assault on the Uniat Church was equally thorough. The ecclesiastic whom the Russian Government appointed as spiritual shepherd to the new flock was

Eulogius, Archbishop of Volhynia, notoriously the most bigoted Orthodox fanatic that the Russian Church has produced since Pobiedonostsef. Eulogius's first act was to arrest the head of the Uniat Church, Metropolitan Archbishop Count Szeptitzky, who was shipped off to a Russian monastery for "instruction." Another high Uniat ecclesiastic, Bishop Chekhovitch, was incarcerated in a fortress, where he soon afterward died. An attempted wholesale conversion of the Uniat priesthood ignominiously failed, only fifteen out of two thousand priests accepting Orthodoxy. But this so enraged Eulogius that he had the recalcitrants ejected from their parishes in favor of imported Muscovite "popes," and sent them prisoners to distant parts of the Russian Empire. The only successful measure was an attempt to stir up peasant fanaticism against the Jews, numbers of whom perished in a series of atrocious pogroms.

While the spiritual arm was thus busily engaged, the civil authorities were carefully weeding out lay opponents to Russia's plans. All leaders of Ukrainian national feeling were arrested and deported to Russia, as commanding a figure as Professor Michael Hrushevsky, one of the most noted scholars of the Slavonic world, being sent to Siberia. Indeed, so violent did the Russian measures become that even the Panslavist Ruthenian minority took alarm, and quarrels broke out between them and their Muscovite "liberators."

Such was the state of affairs in Galicia when the great Austro-German drive of 1915 broke the Russian armies on the Dunajec and hurled them out of the province. Needless to say, the Teutonic troops were everywhere hailed as saviors.

Regarding conditions in the Russian Ukraine not much is known, but what little news has leaked out indicates a state of affairs bordering on terror. At the very beginning of the war the Russian Government imposed a régime of exceptional severity. Wholesale arrests cowed the popular spirit, and the Russian Ukraine, flooded with troops, sank into deathlike silence.

The immediate prospects for Ukrainian freedom depend, of course, upon the outcome of the war. Should the Austro-German armies overrun southern Russia as they have Poland, they will unquestionably set up a Ukrainian state. On the other hand, if the Entente Allies win, Russia will claim Galicia as part of the spoils, and the entire Ukrainian race will thus find itself under Muscovite rule. In that case the Ukrainians will certainly suffer drastic Russification. But will this settle the Ukrainian question? Most assuredly no. Consider the past. Nearly seven hundred years ago the old Ukrainian state perished beneath the Tatar hoofs, and since those far-off days the Ukrainian people has suffered every conceivable political, religious, and economic persecution which Polish or Muscovite ingenuity could invent in the effort to stamp out Ukrainian race identity. Beside this age-long martyrdom, what is Poland's century of subjection or Finland's struggle of twenty years? Yet the Ukrainian phoenix to-day rises from the ashes of the dreadful past virile with life and hope. How can such burning faith, such race tenacity, be overcome?

POSTSCRIPT

THE preceding pages were written some time before the Russian Revolution, but I have determined to make no changes in the text, because I do not believe that the Revolution will of itself solve the Ukrainian question. In fact, while writing the article, I had in mind the possibility of a coming to power of the present Liberal régime, and I then stated that the Ukrainians could not normally expect that such a government would grant the extensive autonomy which would alone truly satisfy their aspirations.

The outstanding feature of the last decade of Russian political life has been the rapid growth of Great Russian nationalism. This has powerfully affected the Russian liberals or "intelligentsia," Liberal leaders like Peter Struve having abandoned their former belief in a decentralized federalism in favor of a strong, centralized Russia founded upon Great Russian political and cultural supremacy.

Indeed, as I stated in the preceding article, this is the way popular revolutions usually work out. After a brief fraternization of all elements on the downfall of the old régime, there comes a quick development of nationalistic feeling in the dominant race group, and the ultimate position of national minorities is sometimes more trying than before.

There is, to be sure, an element in the present revolutionary Government which remains true to the older, non-nationalist, Liberal tradition, its ideal being a federalistic Russia, with local autonomy and full cultural rights for all the non-Muscovite nationalities. This element is represented in the new cabinet by Minister of Communications N. V. Nekrasov, always an ardent champion of the rights of the minor peoples. But though the revolutionary Government will probably grant wide freedom to Poland and full autonomy to Finland, it is doubtful whether it will advocate such autonomy for the Ukraine. The Ukraine's peculiar position makes the granting of Ukrainian autonomy impossible except as the result of a fundamental change in the Russian governmental system, which would transform Russia from a centralized state into a loose federation akin to Switzerland. And such a transformation, as I have said, does not appear to lie within the purview of the bulk of Russian Liberals to-day.





MY ERNIE

“Them Others”

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of “Olga Bardel,” “The Friends,” etc.

Illustrations by J. Paul Verrees

IT is always disturbing to me when things fall into pattern form, when, in fact, incidents of real life dovetail with each other in such a manner as to suggest the shape of a story. A story is a nice, neat little thing, with what is called a “working-up” and a climax, and life is a clumsy, ungraspable thing, very incomplete in its periods, and with a poor sense of climax. In fact, death, which is a very uncertain quantity, is the only definite note it strikes, and even death has an uncomfortable way of setting other things in motion. If, therefore, in telling you about my friend Mrs. Ward, I am driven to the usual shifts of the story-teller, you must believe me that it is because this narrative concerns visions—Mrs. Ward’s visions, my visions, and your visions. Consequently I am dependent upon my own poor powers of transcription to mold these visions into shape, and am driven into the position of a story-teller against my will.

The first vision, then, concerns the back view of the Sheldrake Road, which, as you know, butts on to the railway embankment near Dalston Junction station. If you are of an adventurous turn of mind, you will accompany me, and we shall creep up on to the embankment together and

look down into these back yards. We shall be liable to a fine of forty shillings, according to a by-law of the railway company, for doing so, but the experience will justify us.

There are twenty-two of these small buff-brick houses huddled together in this road, and there is surely no more certain way of judging not only of the character of the individual inhabitants, but of their mode of life, than by a survey of these somewhat pathetic yards. Is it not, for instance, easy to determine the timid, well-ordered mind of little Miss Porson, the dressmaker at Number 9, by its garden of neat mud paths, with its thin patch of meager grass and the small bed of skimpy geraniums? Cannot one read the tragedy of those dreadful Alleson people at Number 4? The garden is a wilderness of filth and broken bottles, where even the weeds seem chary of establishing themselves. In fact, if we listen carefully, and the trains are not making too much noise, we can hear the shrill crescendo of Mrs. Alleson’s voice cursing at her husband in the kitchen, the half-empty gin-bottle between them.

The methodical pushfulness and practicability of young Mr. and Mrs. Andrew

MacFarlane is evident at Number 14. They have actually grown a patch of potatoes and some scarlet runners, and there is a chicken-run near the house.

Those irresponsible people, the O'Neals, have grown a bed of hollyhocks, but for the rest the garden is untidy and unkempt. One could almost swear that they were connected in some obscure way with the theatrical profession.

Mrs. Abbot's garden is a sort of playground. It has asphalt paths, always swarming with small and not too clean children, and there are five lines of washing suspended above the mud. Every day seems to be Mrs. Abbot's washing-day. Perhaps she "does" for others. Sam Abbot is certainly a lazy, insolent old rascal, and such always seem destined to be richly fertile. Mrs. Abbot is a pleasant "body," though. The Greens are the swells of the road. George Green is in the grocery line, and both his sons are earning good money, and one daughter has piano lessons. The narrow strip of yard is actually divided into two sections, a flower-garden and a kitchen-garden. They are the only people who have flower-boxes in the front.

Number 8 is a curious place. Old Mr. Bilge lives there. He spends most of his time in the garden, but nothing ever seems to come up. He stands about in his shirt-sleeves, and with a circular paper hat on his head, like a printer. They say he was formerly a corn merchant, but has lost all his money. He keeps the garden very neat and tidy, but nothing seems to grow. He stands there staring at the beds, as though he found their barrenness quite unaccountable.

Number 11 is unoccupied, and Number 12 is Mrs. Ward's.

We now come to an important vision, and I want you to come down with me from the embankment and to view Mrs. Ward's garden from inside, and also Mrs. Ward as I saw her on that evening when I had occasion to pay my first visit.

It had been raining, but the sun had come out. We wandered round the paths together, and I can see her old face now, lined and seamed with years of anxious

toil and struggle, her long, bony arms, slightly withered, moving restlessly in the direction of snails and slugs.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she was saying, "what with the dogs and the cats and the snails and the trains, it's wonderful anything comes up at all!"

Mrs. Ward's garden has a character of its own, and I cannot account for it. There is nothing very special growing—a few pansies, a narrow border of London-pride, and several clumps of unrecognizable things that have n't flowered. The grass patch is in only fair order, and at the end of the garden is an unfinished rabbit-hutch. But there is about Mrs. Ward's garden an atmosphere. There is something about it that reflects her placid eye, the calm, somewhat contemplative way she has of looking right through things, as though they did n't concern her too closely; as though, in fact, she were too occupied with her own inner visions.

"No," she said in answer to my query, "we don't mind the trains at all. In fact, me and my Tom we often come out here and sit after supper. And Tom smokes his pipe. We like to hear the trains go by."

She gazed abstractedly at the embankment.

"I like to hear things—going on and that. It's Dalston Junction a little further on. The trains go from there to all parts, right out into the country they do—ever so far. My Ernie went from Dalston."

She added the last in a changed tone of voice. And now perhaps we come to the most important vision of all—Mrs. Ward's vision of "my Ernie."

I ought perhaps to mention that I had never met "my Ernie." I can see him only through Mrs. Ward's eyes. At the time when I met her he had been away at the war for nearly a year. I need hardly say that "my Ernie" was a paragon of sons. He was brilliant, handsome, and incredibly clever. Everything that "my Ernie" said was treasured. Every opinion that he expressed stood. If "my Ernie" liked any one, that person was always a welcome

guest. If "my Ernie" disliked any one he was not to be tolerated, however plausible he might appear.

I had seen Ernie's photograph, and I

and daughter Mrs. Ward adopted an affectionate, mothering, almost pitying attitude; but with "my Ernie" it was quite a different thing. I can see her stooping



"SHE GAZED ABSTRACTEDLY AT THE EMBANKMENT"

must confess that he appeared a rather weak, extremely ordinary-looking young man; but, then, I would rather trust to Mrs. Ward's visions than to the art of any photographer.

Tom Ward was a mild, ineffectual-looking old man, with something of Mrs. Ward's placidity, but with nothing of her strong individual poise. He had some job in a gas-works. There was also a daughter named Lily, a brilliant person who served in a tea-shop, and sometimes went to theaters with young men. To both husband

figure and her silver-white hair gleaming in the sun as we came to the unfinished rabbit-hutch, and hear the curious, wistful tones of her voice as she touched it and said:

"When my Ernie comes home—"

The war to her was some unimaginable, but disconcerting, affair centered round Ernie. People seemed to have got into some desperate trouble, and Ernie was the only one capable of getting them out of it. I could not at that time gauge how much Mrs. Ward realized the dangers the

boy was experiencing. She always spoke with conviction that he would return safely. Nearly every other sentence contained some reference to things that were to happen "when my Ernie comes home." What doubts and fears she had were recognizable only by the subtlest shades in her voice.

When we looked over the wall into the deserted garden next door, she said:

"Oh dear! I 'm afraid they 'll never let that place. It 's been empty since the Stellings went away. Oh, years ago, before this old war."

It was on the occasion of my second visit that Mrs. Ward told me more about the Stellings. It appeared that they were a German family, of all things! There were a Mr. Stelling, a Mrs. Frow Stelling, and two boys.

Mr. Stelling was a watchmaker, and he came from a place called Bremen. It was a very sad story Mrs. Ward told me. They had been over here only for ten months when Mr. Stelling died, and Mrs. Frow Stelling and the boys went back to Germany.

During the time of the Stellings' sojourn in the Sheldrake Road it appeared that the Wards had seen a good deal of them, and though it would be an exaggeration to say that they ever became great friends, they certainly got through that period without any unpleasantness, and even developed a certain degree of intimacy.

"Allowing for their being foreigners," Mrs. Ward explained, "they were quite pleasant people."

On one or two occasions they invited each other to supper, and I wish my visions were sufficiently clear to envisage those two families indulging this social habit.

According to Mrs. Ward, Mr. Stelling was a kind little man, with a round, fat face. He spoke English fluently, but Mrs. Ward objected to his table manners.

"When my Tom eats," she said, "you don't hear a sound,—I look after that,—but that Mr. Stelling! Oh dear!"

The trouble with Mrs. Stelling was that she could speak only a few words of English, but Mrs. Ward said "she was a pleasant-enough little body," and she established herself quite definitely in Mrs. Ward's affections for the reason that she was so obviously and so passionately devoted to her two sons.

"Oh, my word, though, they do have funny ways, these foreigners!" she continued. "The things they used to eat! Most peculiar! I 've known them eat stewed prunes with hot meat!"

Mrs. Ward repeated, "Stewed prunes with hot meat!" several times, and shook her head, as though this exotic mixture was a thing to be sternly discouraged. But she acknowledged that Mrs. Frow Stelling was in some ways a very good cook; in fact, her cakes were really wonderful, "the sort of thing you can't ever buy in a shop."

About the boys there seemed to be a little divergence of opinion. They were both also fat-faced, and their heads were "almost shaved like convicts." The elder one wore spectacles and was rather noisy.

"My Ernie liked the younger one. Oh, yes, my Ernie said that young Hans was quite a nice boy. It was funny the way they spoke—funny and difficult to understand."

It was very patent that between the elder boy and Ernie, who were of about the same age, there was an element of rivalry which was perhaps more accentuated in the attitude of the mothers than in the boys themselves. Mrs. Ward could find little virtue in this elder boy. Most of her criticism of the family was leveled against him. The rest she found only a little peculiar. She said she had never heard such a funny Christian name as Frow. Florrie she had heard of, and even Flora, but not *Frow*. I suggested that perhaps Frow might be some sort of title; but she shook her head and said that that was what she was always known as in the Sheldrake Road, "Mrs. Frow Stelling."

Despite Mrs. Ward's lack of opportunity for greater intimacy on account of the language problem, her own fine imaginative qualities helped her a great deal. In

one particular she seemed curiously vivid. She gathered an account from one of them—I'm not sure whether it was Mr. Stelling or Mrs. Frow Stelling or one of the boys—of a place they described near their home in Bremen. There was a narrow street of high buildings by a canal, and a little bridge that led over into a gentleman's park. At a point where the canal turned sharply eastward there was a clump of linden-trees where one could go in the summer-time, and under their shade one might sit comfortably and drink light beer and listen to a band that played in the early part of the evening.

Mrs. Ward was curiously clear about that. She said she often thought about Mr. Stelling sitting there after his day's work. It must have been very pleasant for him, and he seemed to miss this luxury in Dalston more than anything. Once Ernie, in a friendly mood, had taken him into the four-ale bar of The Unicorn, at the corner of the Sheldrake Road, but Mr. Stelling did not seem happy. Ernie acknowledged afterward that it had been an unfortunate evening. The bar had been rather crowded, and there were a man and two women who had all been drinking too much. In any case, Mr. Stelling had been obviously restless there, and he had said afterward:

"It is not that one wishes to drink only—"

And he had shaken his fat little head, and had never been known to visit The Unicorn again.

Mr. Stelling died suddenly of some heart trouble, and Mrs. Ward could not get it out of her head that his last illness was brought about by his disappointment and grief in not being able to go and sit quietly under the linden-trees after his day's work and listen to a band.

"You know, my dear," she said, "when you get accustomed to a thing, it's *bad* for you to leave it off."

When poor Mr. Stelling died, Mrs. Frow Stelling was heartbroken, and I have reason to believe that Mrs. Ward went in and wept with her, and in their

dumb way they forged the chains of some desperate understanding. When Mrs. Frow Stelling went back to Germany they promised to write to each other. But they never did, and for a very good reason. As Mrs. Ward said, she was "no scholar," and as for Mrs. Frow Stelling, her English was such a doubtful quantity that she probably never got beyond addressing the envelope.

"That was three years ago," said Mrs. Ward. "Them boys must be eighteen and nineteen now."

IF I have intruded too greatly into the intimacy of Mrs. Ward's life, one of my excuses must be not that I am "a scholar," but that I am in any case able to read a simple English letter. I was, in fact, on several occasions "requisitioned." When Lily was not at home, some one had to read Ernie's letters out loud. The arrival of Ernie's letters was always an inspiring experience. I might perhaps be in the garden with Mrs. Ward when Tom would come hurrying out to the back and call out:

"Mother! a letter from Ernie!"

And then there would be such excitement and commotion. The first thing was always the hunt for Mrs. Ward's spectacles. They were never where she had put them. Tom would keep on turning the letter over in his hands and examining the postmark, and he would reiterate:

"Well, what did you do with them, Mother?"

At length they would be found in some unlikely place, and she would take the letter tremblingly to the light. I never knew quite how much Mrs. Ward could read. She could certainly read a certain amount. I saw her old eyes sparkling and her tongue moving jerkily between her parted lips, as though she were formulating the words she read, and she would keep on repeating:

"T'ch! T'ch! Oh dear, oh dear, the *things* he says!"

And Tom, by the door, would say, impatiently:

"Well, what *does* he say?"

She never attempted to read the letter out loud, but at last she would wipe her spectacles and say:

"Oh, you read it, sir. The *things* he says!"

They were indeed very good letters of Ernie's, written apparently in the highest spirits. There was never a grumble; not a word. One might gather that he was away with a lot of young bloods on some sporting expedition in which foot-ball, rags, sing-songs, and strange feeds played a conspicuous part. I read a good many of Ernie's letters, and I do not remember that he ever made a single reference to the horrors of war or said anything about his own personal discomforts. The boy must have had something of his mother in him despite the photograph.

And between the kitchen and the yard Mrs. Ward would spend her day placidly content, for Ernie never failed to write. There was sometimes a lapse of a few days, but the letter seldom failed to come every fortnight.

It would be difficult to know what Mrs. Ward's actual conception of the war was. She never read the newspapers, for the reason, as she explained, that "there was nothing in them these days except about this old war." She occasionally dived into Reynolds's newspaper on Sundays to see if there were any interesting law-cases or any news of a romantic character. There was nothing romantic in the war news; it was all preposterous. She did, indeed, read the papers for the first few weeks; but this was for the reason that she had some vague idea that they might contain some account of Ernie's doings. But as they did not, she dismissed them with contempt.

But I found her one night in a peculiarly preoccupied mood. She was out in the garden, and she kept staring abstractedly over the fence into the unoccupied ground next door. It appeared that it had dawned upon her that the war was to do with "these Germans,"—that, in fact, we were fighting the Germans,—and then she thought of the Stellings. Those boys would now be about eighteen and nine-

teen. They would be fighting, too. They would be fighting against Ernie. This seemed very peculiar.

"Of course," she said, "I never took to that elder boy; a greedy, rough sort of boy he was. But I'm sure my Ernie would n't hurt young Hans."

She meditated for a moment as though she were contemplating what particular action Ernie would take in the matter. She knew he did n't like the elder boy, but she doubted whether he would want to do anything very violent to him.

"They went out to a music-hall one night together," she explained, as though a friendship cemented in this luxurious fashion could hardly be broken by an unreasonable display of passion.

It was a few weeks later that the terror suddenly crept into Mrs. Ward's life. Ernie's letters ceased abruptly. The fortnight passed, then three weeks, four weeks, five weeks, and not a word. I do not think that Mrs. Ward's character at any time stood out so vividly as during those weeks of stress. It is true she appeared a little feeblier, and she trembled in her movements, while her eyes seemed abstracted, as though all the power in them were concentrated in her ears, alert for the bell or the knock. She started visibly at odd moments, and her imagination was always carrying her tempestuously to the front door, only to answer a milkman or a casual hawker. But she never expressed her fear in words. When Tom came home,—he seemed to have aged rapidly,—he would come bustling out into the garden and cry out tremblingly:

"There ain't been no letter to-day, Mother?"

And she would say quite placidly:

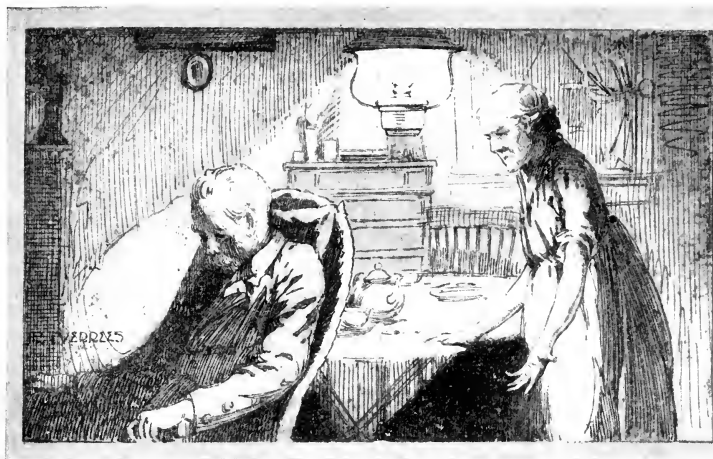
"No, not to-day, Tom. It'll come to-morrow, I expect."

And she would rally him and talk of little things and get busy with his supper. And in the garden I would try to talk to her about her clump of pansies and the latest yarn about the neighbors, and I tried to get between her and the rabbit-hutch, with its dumb appeal of incom-

pletion. And I would notice her staring curiously over into the empty garden next door, as though she were being assailed by some disturbing apprehensions. Ernie

but they could not amplify the laconic telegram.

Then the winter came on, and the gardens were bleak in the Sheldrake Road.



"IF THEM OTHERS CAN STAND IT, WE CAN STAND IT, I SAY"

would not hurt that eldest boy; but suppose, if things were reversed— There was something inexplicable and terrible lurking in this passive silence.

During this period the old man was suddenly taken very ill. He came home one night with a high temperature, and developed pneumonia. He was laid up for many weeks, and she kept back the telegram that came while he was almost unconscious, and she tended him night and day, nursing her own anguish with a calm face; for the telegram told her that her Ernie was "missing and believed wounded."

I do not know at what period she told the father this news, but it was certainly not till he was convalescent. The old man seemed to sink into a kind of apathy. He sat feebly in front of the kitchen fire, coughing, and making no effort to control his grief. Outside the great trains went rushing by night and day. Things were "going on," but they were all meaningless, cruel.

We made inquiries at the War Office,

And Lily ran away and married a young tobacconist who was earning twenty-five shillings a week. Old Tom was dismissed from the gas-works. His work was not proving satisfactory. He sat about at home and moped. In the meantime the price of food-stuffs was going up, and coals were a luxury. So in the early morning Mrs. Ward would go off and work for Mrs. Abbot at the wash-tub, and she would earn eight or twelve shillings a week.

It is difficult to know how they managed during those days, but one could see that Mrs. Ward was buoyed up by some poignant hope. She would not give way. Eventually old Tom did get some work to do at a stationer's. The work was comparatively light, and the pay equally so; so Mrs. Ward still continued to work for Mrs. Abbot.

My next vision of Mrs. Ward concerns a certain winter evening. I could not see inside the kitchen, but the old man could be heard complaining. His queru-

lous voice was rambling on, and Mrs. Ward was standing by the door leading into the garden. She had returned from her day's work, and was scraping a pan out into a bin near the door. A train shrieked by, and the wind was blowing a fine rain against the house. Suddenly she stood up and looked up at the sky; then she pushed back her hair from her brow, and frowned at the dark house next door; then she turned and said:

"Oh, I don't know, Tom; if we've got to do it, we *must* do it. If them others can stand it, we can stand it. What-ever them others can do, we can do."

And then my visions jump rather wildly, and the war becomes to me epitomized in two women: one in this dim doorway, in our obscure suburb of Dalston, scraping out a pan; and the other, perhaps in some dark, high house near a canal on the outskirts of Bremen. Them others! These two women silently enduring, and the trains rushing by, and all the dark, mysterious forces of the night operating on them equivocally.

Poor Mrs. Frow Stelling! Perhaps those boys of hers are "missing, believed killed." Perhaps they are killed for certain. She is as much outside "the things going on" as Mrs. Ward. Perhaps she is equally as patient, as brave.

Mrs. Ward entered the kitchen, and her eyes were blazing with a strange light as she said:

"We'll hear to-morrow, Tom. And if we don't hear to-morrow, we'll hear the next day. And if we don't hear the next day, we'll hear the day after. And if we don't—if we don't never hear—again—if them others can stand it, we can stand it, I say."

And then her voice broke, and she cried a little; for endurance has its limitations, and the work was hard at Mrs. Abbot's.

And the months went by, and she stooped a little more as she walked, and some one had thrown a cloth over the rabbit-hutch, with its unfinished roof. Mrs. Ward was curiously retrospective. It was useless to tell her of the things of the active world. She listened politely,

but she did not hear. She was full of reminiscences of Ernie's and Lily's childhood. She recounted again and again the story of how Ernie, when he was a little boy, ordered five tons of coal from a coal merchant to be sent to a girls' school in Dalston highroad. She described the coal-carts arriving in the morning, and the consternation of the head-mistress.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she said, "the things he did!"

She did not talk much of the Stellings, but one day she said meditatively:

"Mrs. Frow Stelling thought a lot of that boy Hans. So she did of the other, as far as that goes. It's only natural-like, I suppose."

As time went on, Tom Ward lost all hope. He said he was convinced that the boy was killed. Having arrived at this conclusion, he seemed to become more composed. He gradually began to accustom himself to the new point of view. But with Mrs. Ward the exact opposite was the case. She was convinced that the boy was alive, but she suffered terribly.

There came a time—it was in early April—when one felt that the strain could not last. She seemed to lose all interest in the passing world, and lived entirely within herself. Even the arrival of Lily's baby did not rouse her. She looked at the child queerly, as though she doubted whether any useful or happy purpose was served by its appearance. It was a boy.

Despite her averred optimism, she lost her tremulous sense of apprehension when the bell rang or the front door was tapped. She let the milkman and even the postman wait.

When she spoke, it was invariably of things that happened years ago. Sometimes she talked about the Stellings, and on one Sunday she made a strange pilgrimage out to Finchley, and visited Mr. Stelling's grave. I don't know what she did there, but she returned looking very exhausted and unwell. As a matter of fact, she was unwell for days after this visit, and she suffered violent twinges of rheumatism in her legs.

I now come to my most unforgettable vision of Mrs. Ward. It was a day at the end of April, and warm for the time of year. I was standing in the garden with her, and it was nearly dark. A goods-train had been shunting, and making a great deal of noise in front of the house, and at last had disappeared. I had not been able to help noticing that Mrs. Ward's garden was curiously neglected for the time of year. The grass was growing on the paths, and the snails had left their silver trail over all the fences.

I was telling her a rumor I had heard about the railway porter and his wife at Number 23, and she seemed fairly interested; for she had known John Hemsley, the porter, fifteen years ago, when Ernie was a baby. There were two old, broken Windsor chairs out in the garden, and on one was a zinc basin in which were some potatoes. She was peeling them, as Lily and her husband were coming to supper. By the kitchen door was a small sink. When she had finished the potatoes, she stood up and began to pour the water down the sink, taking care not to let the skins go, too. I was noticing her old, bent back, and her long, bony hands gripping the sides of the basin, when suddenly a figure came limping round the bend of the house from the side passage, and two arms were thrown round her waist, and a voice said:

"Mind them skins don't go down the sink, Mother. They 'll stop it up."

As I explained to Ernie afterward, it was an extremely foolish thing to do. If his mother had had anything wrong with her heart, it might have been very serious. There have been many cases of people

dying from the shock of such an experience.

As it was, she merely dropped the basin and stood there trembling like a leaf, and

Ernie laughed loud and uproariously. It must have been three or four minutes before she could regain her speech, and then all she could manage to say was:

"Ernie! My Ernie!"

And the boy laughed, and ragged his

mother, and pulled her into the house, and Tom appeared, and stared at his son, and said feebly:

"Well, I never!"

I don't know how it was that I found myself intruding upon the sanctity of the inner life of the Ward family that evening. I had never had a meal there before, but I felt that I was holding a sort of watching brief over the soul and body of Mrs. Ward. I had had a little medical training in my early youth, and this may have been one of the reasons that prompted me to stay.

When Lily and her husband appeared, we sat down to a meal of mashed potatoes and onions stewed in milk, with bread and cheese; and very excellent it was.

Lily and her husband took the whole thing in a boisterous, high-comedy manner that fitted in with the mood of Ernie. Old Tom sat there staring at his son, and repeating at intervals:

"Well, I never!"

Mrs. Ward hovered round the boy's plate. Her eyes divided their time between his plate and his face, and she hardly spoke all the evening.

Ernie's story was remarkable enough. He told it disconnectedly and rather incoherently. There were moments when he rambled in a rather peculiar way, and



"SHE DID NOT TALK MUCH OF THE STELLINGS"

sometimes he stammered, and seemed unable to frame a sentence. Lily's husband went out to fetch some beer to celebrate the joyful occasion, and Ernie drank his in little sips and spluttered. The boy must have suffered considerably. He had a wound in the abdomen, and another in the right forearm that for a time had paralyzed him.

As far as I could gather, his story was this:

He and a platoon of men had been ambushed and had had to surrender. When being sent back to a base, three of them tried to escape from the train, which had been held up at night. He did not know what had happened to the other two men, but it was on this occasion that he received his abdominal wound at the hands of a guard.

He had then been sent to some infirmary, where he was fairly well treated; but as soon as his wound had healed a little, he had been suddenly sent to some fortress prison, presumably as a punishment. He had n't the faintest idea how long he had been confined there. He said it seemed like fifteen years. It was probably nine months. He had solitary confinement in a cell, which was like a small lavatory. He had fifteen minutes' exercise every day in a yard with some other prisoners, who were Russians, he thought. He spoke to no one. He used to sing and recite in his cell, and there were times when he was quite convinced that he was "off his chump." He said he had lost "all sense of everything" when he was suddenly transferred to another prison. Here the conditions were somewhat better, and he was made to work. He said he wrote six 'or seven letters home from there, but received no reply. The letters certainly never reached Dalston. The food was execrable, but a big improvement on the dungeon. He was there only a few weeks when he and some thirty other prisoners were suddenly sent to work on the land at a kind of settlement. He said that the life there would have been tolerable if it had n't been for the fact that the commandant was an absolute

brute. The food was worse than in the prison, and they were punished severely for the most trivial offenses.

It was here, however, that he met a sailor named Martin, a royal naval reservist, an elderly, thick-set man with a black beard and only one eye. Ernie said that this Martin "was an artist. He wangled everything. He had a genius for getting what he wanted. He would get a beefsteak out of a stone." In fact, it was obvious that the whole of Ernie's narrative was colored by his vision of Martin. He said he 'd never met such a chap in his life. He admired him enormously, and he was also a little afraid of him.

By some miraculous means peculiar to sailors, Martin acquired a compass. Ernie hardly knew what a compass was, but the sailor explained to him that it was all that was necessary to take you straight to England. Ernie said he "had had enough escaping. It did n't agree with his health"; but so strong was his faith and belief in Martin that he ultimately agreed to try with him.

He said Martin's method of escape was the coolest thing he 'd ever seen. He planned it all beforehand. It was the fag-end of the day, and the whistle had blown, and the prisoners were trooping back across a potato-field. Martin and Ernie were very slow. They lingered apparently to discuss some matter connected with the soil. There were two sentries in sight, one near them, and the other perhaps a hundred yards away. The potato-field was on a slope, and at the bottom of the field were two lines of barbed-wire entanglements. The other prisoners passed out of sight, and the sentry near them called out something, probably telling them to hurry up. They started to go up the field when suddenly Martin staggered and clutched his throat. Then he fell over backward and began to have an epileptic fit. Ernie said it was the realest thing he 'd ever seen. One sentry ran up, at the same time whistling to his comrade. Ernie released Martin's collar-band and tried to help him. Both the sentries approached, and Ernie stood back. He saw



"AS IT WAS, SHE MERELY DROPPED THE BASIN AND STOOD THERE TREMBLING
LIKE A LEAF, AND ERNE LAUGHED LOUD AND UPROARIOUSLY"

ETCHED ON COPPER FOR *THE CENTURY* BY J. PAUL VERREES

them bending over the prostrate man when suddenly a most extraordinary thing happened. Both their heads were brought together with fearful violence. One fell completely senseless, but the other staggered forward and blindly groped for his rifle.

When Ernie told this part of the story he kept dabbing his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I never seen such a man as Martin, I don't think," he said. "Lord! he had a fist like a leg of mutton. He laid 'em out neatly on the grass, took off their coats and most of their other clothes, and flung 'em over the barbed-wire, and then swarmed over like a cat. I had more difficulty, but he got me across, too, somehow. Then we carted the clothes away to the next line.

"We got up into a wood that night, and Martin draws out his compass, and he says: 'We've got a hundred and seven miles to do in night-shifts, cully. And if we make a slip, we're shot as safe as knife.' It sounded the maddest scheme in the world, but I somehow felt that Martin would get through it. The only thing that saved me was that—that I did n't have to think. I simply left everything to him. If I'd started thinking, I should have gone mad. I had it fixed in my mind: 'Either he does it or he does n't do it. I can't help it.' I reely don't remember much about that journey. It was all a dream, like. We did all our travel-in' at night by compass, and hid by day. Neither of us had a word of German. But, Gawd's truth! that man Martin was a marvel! He turned our trousers inside out, and made 'em look like ordinary laborers' trousers. He disappeared the first night, and came back with some other old clothes. We lived mostly on raw potatoes we dug out of the ground with our hands, but not always. One night he came back with a fowl, which he cooked in a hole in the earth, making a fire with a flint and some dry stuff he pinched from a farm. I believe Martin could have stole an egg from under a hen without her noticing it. He was the coolest card

there ever was. Of course there was a lot of trouble one way and another. It was n't always easy to find wooded country or protection of any sort. We often ran into people, and they stared at us, and we shifted our course. But I think we were only addressed three or four times by men, and then Martin's methods were the simplest in the world. He just looked sort of blank for a moment, then knocked them clean out, and bolted. Of course they were after us all the time, and it was this constant tacking and shifting ground that took so long. Fancy! he never had a map, you know; nothing but the compass. We did n't know what sort of country we were coming to—nothing. We just crept through the night like cats. I believe Martin could see in the dark. He killed a dog one night with his hands; it was necessary."

It was impossible to discover from Ernie how long this amazing journey lasted; the best part of two months, I believe. He was himself a little uncertain with regard to many incidents whether they were true or whether they were hallucinations. He suffered greatly from his wound and had periods of feverishness. But one morning he said Martin began "prancing." He seemed to develop some curious sense that they were near the Dutch frontier. And then, according to Ernie, "a cat was n't in it with Martin."

He was very mysterious about the actual crossing. I gathered that there had been some "clumsy" work with sentries. It was at that time that Ernie got a bullet through his arm. When he got to Holland he was very ill. It was not that the wound was a very serious one, but, as he explained:

"Me blood was in a bad state. I was nearly down and out."

He was very kindly treated by some Dutch sisters in a convent hospital. He was delirious for a long time, and when he became more normal, they wanted to communicate with his people in England; but this did n't appeal to the dramatic sense of Ernie.

"I thought I 'd spring a surprise-package on you," he said, grinning.

We asked about Martin, but Ernie said he never saw him again. He went away while Ernie was delirious, and they said he had gone to Rotterdam to take ship somewhere. He thought Holland was a dull place.

During the relation of this narrative my attention was divided between watching the face of Ernie and the face of Ernie's mother. I am quite convinced that she did not listen to the story at all. She never took her eyes from his face, and although her tongue was following the flow of his remarks, her mind was occupied with the vision of Ernie when he was a little boy and when he ordered five tons of coal to be sent to the girls' school.

When he had finished she said:

"Did you meet either of them young Stellings?"

Ernie laughed rather uproariously, and said "No," he did n't have the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance.

On his way home, it appeared, he had presented himself at headquarters, and after a medical examination had received his notice of discharge.

"So now you 'll be able to finish the rabbit-hutch," said Lily's husband, and we all laughed again, with the exception of Mrs. Ward.

I FOUND her later standing alone in the garden. It was a warm spring night. There was no moon, but the sky appeared restless with its burden of trembling stars. She had an old shawl drawn round her shoulders, and she stood there very silent, with her arms crossed.

"Well, this is splendid news, Mrs. Ward," I said.

She started a little and coughed and pulled the shawl closer round her. She said very faintly:

"Yes, sir."

I don't think she was really aware of me. She still appeared immersed in the contemplation of her inner visions. Her eyes settled upon the empty house next door, and I thought I detected the trail of a tear glistening on her cheeks. I lighted my pipe. We could hear Ernie and Lily and Lily's husband still laughing and talking inside.

"She used to make a very good pudding," Mrs. Ward said suddenly, at random. "Dried fruit inside, and that. My Ernie liked it very much."

Somewhere away in the distance, probably outside The Unicorn, some one was playing a cornet. A train crashed by and disappeared, leaving a trail of foul smoke that obscured the sky. The smoke cleared slowly away. I struck another match to light my pipe.

It was quite true. On each side of her cheek a tear had trickled. She was trembling a little, worn out by the emotions of the evening.

There was a moment of silence unusual for Dalston.

"It 's all very—perplexin', and that," she said quietly.

And then I knew for certain that in that great hour of her happiness her mind was assailed by strange and tremulous doubts. She was thinking of "them others" a little wistfully. She was doubting whether one could rejoice, when the thing became clear and actual to one, without sending out one's thoughts into the dark garden to "them others" who were suffering, too. And she had come out into this little, meager yard at Dalston and gazed through the mist and smoke upward to the stars because she wanted peace intensely; and so she sought it within herself, because she knew that real peace is a thing which concerns the heart alone.

So I left her standing there and went my way, for I knew that she was wiser than I.



Confessions of a Munition-maker

Reported by DONALD WILHELM

Author of "Great Business Men—Irrving T. Bush," etc.

JOFFRE had stopped Kluck at the Marne. England was calling for ammunition, and Russian soldiers, for want of it, were soon to use their rifles as clubs, when our factory, the first of three in which I was a superintendent, turned to making shrapnel, something never before made commercially in the United States.

As soon as we got the order to go ahead, we flashed it on to an engineer.

He took a gang of three surveyors out upon a virgin swamp. He ran a line, drove a stake. He ran other lines, drove other stakes. Almost miraculously an army of workmen debouched upon that swamp. The word went around that a munition-plant was going up. Some of the villagers went to work. Many were willing to work for a dollar and a half a day, for the times were hard, and labor was plentiful.

Four months went by. Where there had been a harbor-front wilderness on which wild ducks yearly gathered, now there was the beginning of a tremendous deep-water pier; where cattails had grown, now there were powder-magazines; and where there had been a muck of slime and water, now there were the numerous beginnings of the buildings of Hell Fire Road, and the tall chimney was peacefully sending up the first of its many smoke wreaths.

Four months had worked wonders in our plant and labor and industrial conditions all over America.

When we started to build, labor was plentiful at a dollar and a half a day, and tool-makers were available at forty cents an hour. When, less than half a year later, our plant was ready for its workers, labor was demanding two dollars a day, and tool-makers were precious

at eighty and ninety cents an hour, with once and a half their regular pay for every hour of overtime.

One of the first effects of the war, then, was the creation of a tremendous demand for American machinery. Machine-makers in America were far from being rushed when the war broke out. They sent agents to London to get orders. On the same boats went the representatives of not a few companies that were ready to make finished shells. The best of the foreign and New York agents made hardly enough allowance for changing labor conditions, increasing costs of materials, and a thousand uncertainties attendant upon manufacturing in a time of crisis; and the worst of the agents did not even have plants to fall back upon.

The situation in relation to the machine-makers was further complicated by American manufacturers who had orders for finished munitions abroad competing with one another to get machines.

In short, at just the time that we set out to get our machinery not only were other American companies trying to get in ahead of us, though we were all trying to help the Allies, but the representatives of France, England, and Russia, along with innumerable others, were also trying to get the same kind of machines. It followed, of course, that in very short order machine-works of every kind were almost overwhelmed.

Ohio has many small cities. In one of these—one so typical that I thought it would be overlooked altogether—was a well-established machine-works that had been handed down through three generations, with an able corps of workers every one of whom, having served an eight-year apprenticeship, had traditionally been con-

tented with three dollars a day. We telegraphed orders; the reply was, "Too busy." We went out there; their answer was, "We 've got more work than we can handle, and we 're working night and day." We suggested that we could send a crew to use their patents and plant to make our machines; "But we 're nearly swamped with the orders we have," they said. Our answer was, "Here 's a bonus of fifty thousand dollars for getting our work done first; and we 're going to send a gang to see that it 's done."

We sent a crew out there. We commiserated that small manufacturer as we did so. "It is a grim joke to do this," one of our officers said. "Our men will spread word of the big wages here, and the old man's plant will see a strike."

It was just two months after that that we had notice from *our* men that they would not return unless we promised them higher wages. The small plant in the segregated town had offered them more than we were paying! Our men,—this is quite confidential!—instructed to coax their skilled mechanics away, had been coaxed away themselves!

Soon we had presented to us in our factory something of a cross-section of American materials and men, a fever-chart, if you will, of a nation that had long suffered not a few industrial ills. Men—and women!—came from everywhere to our little employment shanty by the main gate, where Peter, old and wary diagnostician, with his associates, questioned, passed quick judgment on men and women all day long.

"I get a hundred men at the main gate," said Budd, one of our foremen. "Well, I lead 'em in, Captain. We meet one of the company guards in uniform, and some of the hundred say, 'Look here, Boss, you got cops in here? Then I 'm on me way!' Well, I lose ten, say. Perhaps they 're prison-birds; I don't know. And then the rest see a sign 'No Matches,' and some boy pipes up: 'What 's this, Mister! Is this a powder-factory? I don't want to be blown up.' So I lose twenty more, ready to follow a leader in a minute. And

then we get over toward Hell Fire Road, and they all bolt when they see powder—all but fifteen or twenty or so. They last till the second week, because we hold back a week's pay, and then they 're on their way, drifting on somewhere else. I reckon, Captain, that every man in this plant represents a dozen."

That means, if the estimate of Budd is correct, that in two years we have hired over a hundred thousand to maintain a force of ten thousand, when pay has been what three years ago would have been considered fabulous; when wages generally have been higher than ever in the history of America, and when the work we required of all these misfits was so simple, specialized everywhere, as it had been, that girls, with a day or two of coaching, had excelled experienced men in doing it.

More than a hundred thousand in a year to maintain a force of ten thousand spells waste—waste fifty times more subtle and useless than that which befalls a manufacturer in the form of strikes.

Our employment office, which is typical of most, has been for months a caravansary for human misfits a hundred in kind and thousands in number.

At the head of the line one day was a round-faced Irishman of forty-five, a "cabby" aspiring to become a machinist.

"Machinist?" demanded Peter, glaring over his spectacles. "Can you run a lathe?"

"Sure!"

"What size?"

"Twenty-five hundred pounder."

"You mean," said Peter, "a five-foot lathe? Will you take a job shoveling?"

"How much?"

"Thirty cents an hour."

"Sure!"

Then come others, thousands of them.

"What can you do?" Peter demanded of a typical one.

"Carpenter work."

"You 've been doing what?"

"Working on ladies' coats."

"Come to-morrow and lacquer shells."

At last there came a giant with the smell of liquor on his breath reaching yards.

"Drink anything?" asked Peter.

"Anything."

"Get out!"

We had trouble even to get a force of plant guards.

I grant that the nature of our organization added to our difficulty. We were building up a new organization expected to last at best only four or five years. Established employers can afford to exercise patience in the effort to bring out the best that is in men. We felt it was not our allotted task to attempt to educate. Peter, with his associates, having received a requisition from any particular department, filled that requisition with a fairly experienced idea of the needs of that department. But even he, though indeed an experienced employment agent and an experienced shop-man, too, had not more than a fairly capable understanding of the exact needs of every department in an industry altogether new. Thus we have had to operate to some extent crudely. And in the nature of things, it was, as Peter said one day: "A catch-as-catch-can game, Bob. We 've got to take what comes."

Very often we took on a young man who desired to do piece-work, which paid the highest wages, when he had had no experience whatever to qualify him for that work.

"To put you to work on piece-work at this machine," we would explain to him, "would mean that you would wreck it, and we 'd have to let you go." So we would start him with work conveying materials or helping an experienced man at a machine, and usually he would stay a week or so.

Almost always men quit when they were asked to serve even a short apprenticeship. Quitting, not firing, was the rule. It is my judgment that, poor as were the men we got, vastly more quit than were fired. They quit "to try something else," to get transferred to some other department, to apply at one of the other contiguous plants, or to be "on their way," drifting.

It was not always possible to put new

workers at the tasks they wanted to do, yet they were, I think, usually put at tasks they *could* do, if they had wanted to. It was not possible to take them into an apprentice or vocational school to explain "a shrapnel is something like a cannon within a cannon. This cannon within a cannon is fitted to and fired out of a brass cartridge-case. You can get some idea of the intricacy of the workmanship when we tell you that the discharge of the gun throws the nose of the cannon within a cannon back upon a firing-pin that ignites a time-train ring made of powder. This time-train ring has to burn as long as the gunner has set it to burn; but if the shell strikes an obstruction, it is exploded, anyway. Now, at what point in the business of making such a mechanism can each of you be useful? At what part have you had experience? At what part do you want to begin?"

Such a speech would have met with no more definite a response than "We want to work at what pays the most," for the reason that not one out of one hundred, I believe, of all the ten thousands who went to work in our plant knew what he could do or had had any assurance what he was qualified to do. Each one wanted a job. He wanted the job that paid most. Whether he could do the work seems to have been with each one a matter altogether secondary.

Not only were the thousands oblivious of what they could do, but they were utterly devoid of any sense of discipline or of loyalty. I find in this consideration clear-cut justification for universal military training. Even a very little military training, every army officer has noted, gives a man some notion of obedience. The great mass of our men were simply, as we superintendents said over and over, "clock-watchers and whistle-jumpers." All they were looking for was pay. This means, in other words, that they were wanting seriously in powers of concentration, in energy, and in common intelligence.

Remembering that we were paying tremendous wages and knowing that other

munition-makers were having difficulties quite as severe as ours, I realized that the great change was beginning to have its consequences. "Labor, with its links stretched round the world," I said, "is making a chain-gang of all us employers."

I think now that employers generally, and we munition-makers specially, because we were working in a race with time, would have had to bow our heads and become the slaves of labor if women had not "arrived" to save the day for us and for America. Indeed, we would not have accepted their aid then had not labor, in our plant at least, made demands that were altogether exorbitant and threatened strike.

"Strike if you can," we retorted at last, "but we strike first." And with that we discharged twelve hundred of them and put women in their places, with what startling results we shall later see.

There is no use to evade the obvious fact that without the help of women we could not, in our plant, have finished our contracts. Women "called the bluff" (I know no other idiom) of men; they made the secret processes, the laborious delays, the needless and short-sighted pronouncements of men look ridiculous, and by so doing they made our men more productive. For illustration, we had an experienced man operating a multiple drill that drilled eight holes at a time. This man went about his work laboriously. He fussed with oils and bits, he talked much about his processes and his skill; yet all the while his output was lagging. At last we set an inexperienced girl beside him, at a single sensitive drill. She was coached for two days, and then she began. The first day, though she took out fifteen minutes of every hour to rest, therefore worked actually a fourth fewer hours than the man, who plugged along all day with only fifteen minutes out for lunch, she, with her single drill, did ten per cent. more work than this experienced man did with his multiple. Yet by all the rules, had their speed and skill been the same, he ought to have exercised an advantage in his multiple drill. He ought, in short,

easily to have done a great deal more work.

O'Gara, one of our superintendents, has tremendous faith in women at machines. In fact, all of us superintendents have. But I hold O'Gara's opinion to be especially valuable because O'Gara is a very calm and unemotional man. He takes facts as he finds them. Three years ago his doctor told him: "O'Gara, you're going to die from heart trouble. You better get ready. You can't live six months." But he's working still.

An extract from my diary for October 18, 1916, will serve to introduce him:

O'Gara is trying to get the pellet-machine to working. To-day it blew up again. It's getting on the nerves of the girls in Old F. To-day twelve of them fainted, and two got hysterical. O'Gara went over to report. He's been here now only a month, little man, blue eyes, never smiles.

"Captain," he said, "women are all right in a plant. I learned that at the arsenal. They're better 'n men; they work more than men do. Better workers naturally. But they're darn fools sometimes. Fainted to-day. Captain, you got to fire a couple for fainting. That'll teach 'em."

Instead, we put up a notice to the effect that since a few explosions are inevitable on a thoroughfare like Hell Fire Road, it is necessary for girls not to faint or get hysterical, so that, as O'Gara pointed out, "The firemen can fight flames, if necessary." Therefore, be it known, we said, in substance, "Any girl who faints or gets hysterical when there's an explosion must leave the employment of the company."

October 19. Pellet-machine blew up again to-day. Not a girl fainted.

I brought back some of the powder pellets to conference and tossed them into the cuspidor, after having asked for a new test. A little later Wacker came in. Wacker is a very serious man. He had a grievance. He said:

"Well, Bob, I've got a little gump down here named Mickie MacFarland. He's only about four feet three and he limps. Well, to-day he licked one of the guards—"

"Hire him and fire the guard," the captain ordered.

"What!" said Wacker, and dropped his cigar into the cuspidor. There was an explosion, and the brass top of the cuspidor hit the ceiling and banged down on top of my desk. Wacker said, "My God, Bob!"

I was just explaining that I had supposed there was water in the cuspidor when we heard something let go out in the plant.

It was the pellet-machine again. It's getting on our nerves, but not a girl fainted. Our notice has taught them self-control.

October 20. O'Gara reported to-day that after he moved the pellet-machine out to a building of its own it had exploded three times in as many hours. He said:

"Well, Bob, it let go once and banged me up against the side wall. I did n't mind that. I'd just got it started when it let go again, banging me up against the wall and hurting the back of my head. Budd looked in through the safety window. He said, 'O'Gara, what's the matter with Maude now?' and then it let fly again. Well, Bob, it not only burned Budd's face and shoulders, but it blew me through the wall. That made me sore."

Being blown through the wall did n't seem to have disturbed O'Gara much. What really made him indignant was Budd's remark to him. O'Gara was lying flattened out by a lot of debris when Budd ran over to him and said, "Say, O'Gara, that pellet-machine exploded!"

Budd reported that O'Gara looked up at him and said, "So I heard."

And then, Budd reported, O'Gara smiled, on seeing the carpenters coming at a run to get the building up. "Good men!" he said. "Well trained." Then he fainted away.

I sent word to O'Gara to report to me as soon as he was able to leave the company dispensary.

"Look here, O'Gara," I told him. "You know you're supposed to have a weak heart. You'd better keep out of the reach of that pellet-machine."

O'Gara's answer was a philosophical one: "Maude will be all right, Captain, as soon as I get the powder-feed adjusted. Of

course an explosion like that makes a lot of heat and fire, but when you're in the same room with it, even when it's a little room not much bigger than a stall, though the room may be rent asunder, you don't get such a blow as you might expect, because the atmospheric pressure is increased all around you at the same time. I expected that last explosion was going to send me down to the harbor when it let go; but I did n't get blown as far as I expected."

O'Gara, one can see, is n't emotional. One can trust his judgment of women.

That is why I was glad he was present in the officers' room of the company eating-quarters when the report was made in detail of the strike schedule to take place the following Monday morning. He made a speech, saying:

"Gentlemen, we've all known women practically all our lives—ever since we were born practically. Most of us get to thinking that a woman can't do mechanical work because they're always willing to let a man use the hammer, that being something he thinks he can do. But a woman can do it. A woman can do anything that a man can do, and most things better, but men can't do anything near what women can do. Now maybe you can imagine what women can do as mechanics, and I know what they can do. Leaving out big girls, I say women can do any kind of mechanical work that's consistent with their strength better than men."

Another superintendent, a new man, said he had thrown out a hundred men in his plant "back in Ohio" and put girls in their places, and he had found them better all around.

O'Gara's speech turned the tide in our anxiety.

"What's the use," I asked, "of keeping this bunch of strikers?"

The consensus of opinion was that there was no use.

So that very afternoon we began discharging the men who were scheduled to strike, and hiring girls for their places. Before the hour set for the strike that

perhaps would have stopped our plant we had sent out of our employ more than twelve hundred men. They went down and out of the main gate in one procession, figuratively speaking, and a long line of girls and women came in in another procession. The strikers could n't attack the girls. They could n't keep them from entering our plant. We may well think of them as sitting disgruntled and baffled watching women taking their place in industry not temporarily, but for good. No intelligent employer will hire men for work that women fittingly can do better. And in all mechanical work consistent with their strength women *can* do better than men.

Great changes often have commonplace beginnings. Woman has taken her place at machines to forge one more link in her economic power. We do not hire men for that work now.

We had another serious problem—the Russian inspection of munitions, for we dealt solely with Russians.

Russians individually are complex. Most of those who were sent to America to inspect brought very limited training or experience with them, and ballistic formulæ that were antedated and in error. They brought a distrust of Americans that was painful and had startling manifestations. They came with curiously complex social ideals. I invited one to dinner, overlooking another, inferior in rank. This other was insulted, sulked, demanded a written apology because the one to whom I had given preference was a Poland Russian, socially his inferior! One of our New York bankers by way of good-fellowship touched one on the shoulder when inviting him to lunch. The Russian straightened up, refused indignantly, and by letter demanded an apology because a "civilian had touched an officer on the shoulder"! They came from the Government of the czar, addicted to intrigue, from a Government that rarely commended its servants for good work and punished harshly as a stimulus to better.

They are not to be blamed for doing

their duty here, as they could, and for entailing numerous impositions upon us munition-makers who had to pay and provide for their factory subordinates without any authority whatever over them. They came as Russians; and behold! we were Americans. Doubtless they found fault with us and our methods. Perhaps they had little sympathy with our expediency, our directness.

On April 2, 1916, Baron S——, with Captain Z——, and an interpreter, arrived. The captain, who was to be stationed here with the subordinate inspectors he picked and we paid for, was a giant, about seven inches taller than any man I ever saw on a college crew. The baron was a stooped little man with a worried look. He carried a lawyer's green bag with something heavy in it. He would not let the bag out of his possession. Bomb?

His greeting, through the interpreter, was:

"I wish a cigarette."

I had none, as I do not smoke cigarettes; so I borrowed a new box from my chauffeur. But the baron looked at the captain, and the captain looked at the baron, and both glared at me and decided not to smoke.

At the plant, before luncheon,—we had to supply the inspectors with meals at the plant,—I took the baron out to show him my packing-boxes, four thousand of them. For weeks I had wrestled with box-makers to get those boxes, and then I had wrestled with transportation companies to get them delivered. There they were neatly piled—beautiful boxes.

"Baron," I said through the interpreter, "we can begin packing at once in those boxes. Are n't they fine boxes?"

The baron waved his hands.

"I reject the whole lot," he said. They wanted boxes with a sloping roof, to shed the rain.

The check that I put through for the baron, endorsed by the captain, was returned marked, "No funds." We had to get used to little things like that. What worried me was the gages. Not bombs,

but gages, in the lawyer's green bag! The captain guarded them constantly. I had to duplicate those gages, and he would n't let me.

"Captain," I said one day, "will you let my master mechanic duplicate them?"

"They will not be Russian gages then," he said. "You have the official Russian specifications. You use the specifications, and we use the gages."

"But, Captain," I argued, "the specifications are not correct."

He was insulted. He said they were made in Russia!

I pointed out that we were making the nose of the shrapnel, and some other manufacturer was making the detonator that was to be threaded into the nose. I explained that the specifications provided for the same diameter for the detonator and the aperture in the nose, hence that the one could not be threaded into the other any more than a square plug could go into a round hole. He insisted, "The specifications were made in Russia!"

Word came from the assembling plant that detonators, twenty-two thousand of them, would not fit our noses. I told the captain, and he said:

"The work of the Russian inspectors is beyond question." I think it is.

I telegraphed to the technical bureau in New York, but received no reply. The bureau does not answer telegrams. So I told the captain that I would write him a letter in full. He answered:

"We do not do business that way in Russia." He would not answer my letters. Later I said:

"Captain, you reject all our work. We make the noses according to specifications, and the specifications are wrong, and then you reject the gages that are not made to specification."

He was indignant. He held the gages to his heart; he appeared about to cry.

In his great voice he declared:

"The gages are not to be questioned. They were made in Russia, and have been kissed by the czar."

Later an agent who had been sent to Russia to obtain orders opened our eyes to our difficulty.

"I can tell you of one instance within my own knowledge where the Russian Government desired a large number of a certain article for the troops," he said. "The Russian contractor, an army officer, paid a dollar and eighty cents for each article, and he charged the Government from two dollars and thirty cents to two dollars and a half. There were nearly five million articles in the deal.

"I was just about to come home. I was a pretty sad young man after having been sent over there by my firm on my first big trip. But I met General X——.

"General," I said, 'I'm going home. I leave Petrograd to-night. I've got a big plant back of me in America and I have not got an order.' The general said casually:

"Have you been to General Y——'s house?" I said: 'Yes. To dinner.'

"Very nice dinners?"

"Yes."

"General Y—— has a very nice wife?" he said. I agreed. He went on: 'But I don't see how they can afford on their salary to give these fine dinners.' Then he added: 'Very nice woman. Very cordial hostess; she always takes one's coat.' Well, then he said something about coat-pockets and hundred-dollar bills, and I concluded I would stay over for another dinner. When I started to the house I felt ashamed of myself as I put a brand-new one-hundred-dollar American note in my overcoat pocket. When I came out I hardly had the nerve to put my hand in; but when I did, the money was gone. Well, two days later I got my first big order."

With our new light on Russian inspectors we obtained our gages at last; but we are of the opinion that the Japanese are right in not permitting an inspector in their munition-plants. They prefer to offer a rebate, if their ammunition does not work on the battle-field.

THE HAMMOCK-BUYER OF VENEZUELA

Photographs and text

By Harry A. Franck



LOPEZ, THE *CHINCHORERO*, OR HAMMOCK-BUYER, OF
VENEZUELA. ON HIS TRAVELS HE WEARS THE
CHARM AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS AND THE
DANGERS OF THE ROAD, BUT AT
HOME HANGS IT UP IN
THE KITCHEN



ALL VENEZUELA SLEEPS IN HAMMOCKS, MADE CHIEFLY OF THE TENDER CENTER LEAF OF THE MORICHE PALM, GROWING IN IMPASSABLE SWAMPS. THE MEN OF THESE INDIAN VILLAGES CLIMB THE PALM-TREES FOR THE LEAVES AND



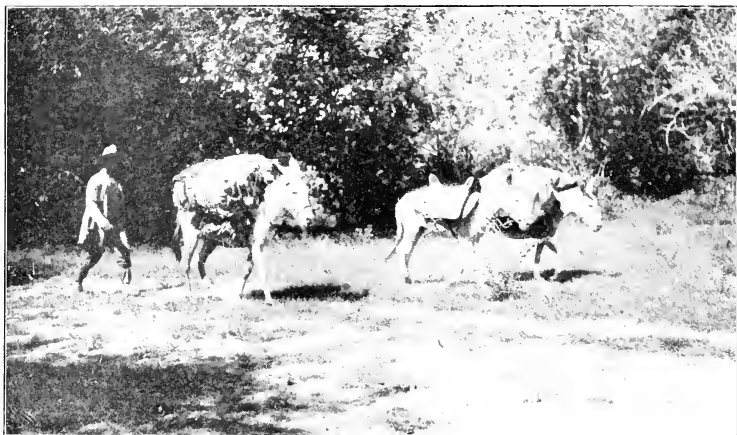
THE WOMEN GET UP VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING TO ROLL ON A BARE LOG DURING THE DAMP HOUR OF DAWN AND SUNRISE THE LEAVES INTO A SORT OF YARN FROM WHICH LATER IS MADE SUCH FINISHED HAMMOCKS AS ARE SEEN HERE IN THE BACKGROUND



LOPEZ HALTS AT EACH HUT TO INSPECT AND BUY SUCH HAMMOCKS AS HAVE BEEN WOVEN SINCE HIS LAST TRAMP ACROSS COUNTRY, PAYING FROM EIGHTY CENTS TO \$1.20 FOR EACH



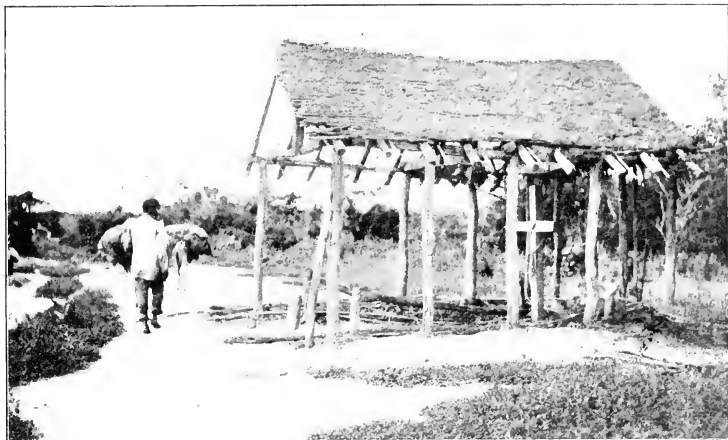
THE PURCHASE CONCLUDED, HE AND HIS ASSISTANT *ARRIERO* LOAD THE SCORE OR MORE OF *CHINCHEROS* ON ONE OF HIS ASSES



AND ALL THE DAY THROUGH FOR A LONG WEEK OR MORE HE PLODS THE BROAD,
FLAT, RED-HOT *LLANOS* AND WOODED STRIPS OF VENEZUELA,
DRIVING HIS POSSESSIONS BEFORE HIM



SOMETIMES ALL THE DAY THROUGH THE HAMMOCK-BUYER AND HIS RARE FELLOW-
TRAVELERS ARE DELIGHTED TO FIND SIX INCHES OF LIQUID MUD ALONG
THE WAY TO QUENCH THEIR RAGING TROPICAL THIRST



AS HE PASSES A WAYSIDE SHRINE, WHERE SOME FELLOW-TRAVELER HAS BEEN DONE TO DEATH IN THE BAKING WILDERNESS, LOPEZ REVERENTLY UNCOVERS



TILL AT LAST, AFTER TRAMPING HOT AND WEARY DAYS, THE HAMMOCK-BUYER ENTERS HIS NATIVE VILLAGE OF EL PILAR DE BARCELONA AFTER NEARLY A MONTH OF ABSENCE

The Proposal

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE carved chair is angry with me.
See how straight and stiff it is.
It disapproves
Because I have on my green slippers
And because I have danced a hole in my stocking,
And perhaps, too, because I am happy.

The mirror loves me;
And so I bend to kiss it
Where my own lips show leaning to meet me.

The mirror understands,
Because it has seen into the hearts of many women,
And I shall be a woman soon.

Swaying curtains, you are not more beautiful
Than I;
You are not more graceful,
Nor does the wind curl its fingers about you more readily.
You sway and dream.
Even so do I sway in the wind of life, and dream.

Fire on the hearth,
What do you know?
I am very young,
And you have lived through the ages.
Tell me.
But perhaps I would not believe, after all.

Portrait of a kissed lady,
Portrait of a man who is growing old,
Portrait of a child who would rather be playing,
Portraits of dead people,
Do you live again when you see me?
Do you remember, too?

Square ceiling,
You have kept the sky from me for a long time,
But now I have found the sky.

Walls, your arms have held me close,
But soon other arms shall hold me.

Shadows playing in the room,
Leaping, clutching at one another,
You are too young to understand.

Romp, shadows! Frolic and leap!
When the fire goes, you shall not play any more.

Inside-Out

The Story of Bunder-Runder, the Jailbird

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Illustration by George E. Giguère

BUNDER-RUNDER was in jail. He was there for having talked too much, for saying things which the owners of the jail did not at all like, and which those who did not own the jail liked only too well.

The people of the country did not own the jail; that you must quite understand. It was owned by those of another country; the natives only paid for it. That was Bunder-Runder's complaint, or one of them. He did not yet know how good it was for a people not to own jails at all, and how much better it was to be in a jail than to own one. Would he ever find that out, do you think? What can a jail teach one?

In this jail Bunder-Runder was to remain for ten years. He was a young man, strong, rather beautiful. Women loved to look at him. They laughed when they saw him put forth his strength easily to do them a service; they laughed more when they put their children into his arms for him to play with. He had not yet any children of his own. That was soon to have been—love, marriage, and home. The vision he had long had of them was then to become a dear, kind, foolish reality, a little world of his own to shape and cherish and make grow, sweeter and more beautiful than all the bigger world around him. But now, no. That little world, on the making of which his mind had been bent, had fallen from his hand, shattered.

Ten years!

"When I come out," Bunder-Runder said to himself, "I shall be old. Every one will have forgotten me. It will be like another world; my thoughts will not have gone into it, or anything I have done;

I shall not belong to it. I shall be old, but I shall have made nothing." And as he thought thus, his very blood seemed to be weeping—the warm, swift blood which ran strenuously through him, touching as with tears the heart and head and feet and hands, which henceforth were to be useless.

Every time he began thinking, grief took hold of his thoughts and drew them to the same end.

"I am shut up in walls," he cried. "It were better that I were dead." Just as his blood went weeping through his body, so through his brain his thoughts went weeping from place to place; round and round wearily they went, beating a high-road for grief to travel by.

After he had been in prison for a while, food was brought to him, and he ate; but he did not know why he ate.

"I am eating only to become old," he said to himself. "What good is that to me?" He left off eating.

But presently he grew so hungry that food seemed good to him again, and time not so long or so vain a thing as dying without having learned all that there was to learn.

So when food was again brought to him he ate, sitting to it in seemly fashion, with thoughts turned aside from grief for a while to the strange beauty and brotherhood of things which grew and were serviceable to man.

Then his mind went out to the rice-fields, green and waving and changing color toward ripeness from day to day; changing, too, as the light fell on them, morning or evening, from east or west; and at night, under moon and stars, more

wonderfully changed still, and always different, yet always inwardly the same.

But as soon as he had finished eating, his thoughts came back to him with a shock, and he remembered that he was a prisoner.

"I shall see the rice-fields shining no more," he said, "till I am old. Then they will have ceased to shine, for then with my old eyes I shall no longer see them." And turning his face to the wall, he wept. It was always the same wall his thoughts came back to.

The same wall! How long had that wall been there? How had it come? Who were the men that had built it? He began to look at and to examine it. It was strong, but it was not very old; not so old, he thought, as his own father. Yet it seemed older, for already within its narrow space many young lives had pined and faded and grown old waiting for freedom.

Then, as he bethought him, he knew how it had come, and what men had had the building of it. They were his own brothers, his countrymen; and they, not gladly or willingly, but being ordered to it and for payment, had built this wall to be a prison for themselves and others. They had drawn clay from the beds of dried rivers, they had made bricks, they had hewn stone and timber, they had mixed plaster and mortar, they had reared up beam and roof, cutting off light and air from the space below, dividing it into cells; and now into this space below he, their brother, had come to be kept, wasted and useless, to bury bit by bit, one day at a time, with nothing of change to make one seem different from another, the ten most beautiful years of his life, with all their gladness taken out of them.

"Oh, Brothers, why have you done this to me?" he cried.

And suddenly his own thoughts answered for them.

"Because we could not help ourselves; because we are all broken parts of that which was meant to be one whole. All over the world men are building walls, dividing themselves each from each,

through ignorance and cruelty and fear. Because they don't know, that is why people are afraid of one another; and being afraid, they become cruel. That is why they build walls, not here only. All over the world it is the same—walls, walls. As walls grow rotten and old, as long as fear lasts, they will make us build others in place of them."

Bunder-Runder laid his hand on his prison-wall; he felt the strength and the depth of it, how well it was built, what a lot of brick and stone lay there, imprisoned like himself, but for much longer a time. Of that imprisonment not ten or twenty or fifty years would see the end.

"Brothers," said Bunder-Runder, "I am sorry for you. For your setting free is further away than mine; before you even begin to be old I shall be dead. Old age is good, is it not? But it is so far away."

Thus to his prison-wall he spoke, pitying it.

Suddenly he had a thought: it stood up and looked at him. It seemed to be standing only on one foot, on the very point of a toe, as if to show, even without motion, how light and quick and alert it could be. Then it seemed as though it lifted a hand and beckoned to him.

"Let us go out!" it said.

"How can one go out through this wall?" said Bunder-Runder. "We are in prison."

"There is no wall that *I* cannot get through," said his thought. It gave a flick of its foot, and was gone.

A moment later, and it was back again.

"Outside there is sunshine," it said.

"Yes," said Bunder-Runder, very attentive.

"There has been rain," his thought went on. "The wells are all full, the streams are running down from the hills; the frogs are singing in the marshes, and the rice-fields are beginning to look green."

"I know," said Bunder-Runder.

Other thoughts began cropping up thick and fast; in and out they went. It was quite true that there was no wall they could not get through.

HE HAD NOT TO SHARE THE MEANING OF HIS FORM WITH HIS FACT.



They began to crowd in on him. Bunder-Runder let them come and go again just as they liked. He made them all welcome. If they wished to stay, they stayed; if they wished to go, they went.

Bunder-Runder sat in a sort of dream.

"This wall is wearing thin," he said to himself and laughed, while quicker and quicker his thoughts went in and out.

Presently he began singing. First he began imitating the song of the frogs, then of the birds. Hearing so much noise going on within, one of the jailers looked in on him. But Bunder-Runder was outside, and did not see him; Bunder-Runder was up in the hills. He had climbed quite high; he was looking down on the plain; he could see all the streams shining a way through the grain-fields; he could see men driving bullocks along the road; he could hear them call as they passed to other men working in the fields; he could hear—

"Hi, you!" cried his jailer for the third time. "Not so much noise in there!"

Bunder-Runder came back with a bound, and sat cross-legged, smiling up at the eye which looked in on him through the hole in the door.

"High and mighty and merciful, I beg pardon," said Bunder-Runder, respectfully; "I forgot myself; I did not remember where I was. It is a beautiful day, is it not?"

The jailer grunted and withdrew, and Bunder-Runder was off again. He came back to his cell to sleep, quite tired, but most wonderfully refreshed. Truly, as he had said, it had been a beautiful day.

After that the days grew more and more beautiful. In and out went his thoughts; they never left him alone. He was always forgetting himself, and sang without knowing it.

His jailer reported him to the governor.

"Bunder-Runder," he said, "is always making more noise than he has any right to. From the way he sings, Sahib, you would think he was at a festival or at a wedding or at a rich uncle's funeral. I can't cure him of it; I've left him without light and I've left him without food, and still he goes on. It's not reasonable un-

less he is planning some way by which to escape."

The governor seemed to think as the jailer did; he caused Bunder-Runder to be brought before him, and examined him up and down, and could discover nothing. He caused his cell to be searched, and, to make doubly sure, had him transferred to another. But despite it all, the singing of Bunder-Runder went on, and some days it was as though he were burying not one rich uncle, but ten.

In a way that is what Bunder-Runder was doing. He was burying one after another all the injuries that life had done him in the days when he was at liberty, and from the grave of every injury and injustice that he buried a little kindness sprang up to life and came to keep him company. Bunder-Runder's cell became full of these little kindnesses. They sat round him and under him, they leaned over him, they laughed and jested, pushing him this way and that. Every morning when he woke they pushed him into the open. He left his cell behind, passing through the thin walls, and followed their leading away over the shining plains and into the lives of people he knew and of others he had never known, and of others still who had not yet been born.

He began to make a poem about them all in his own head; he must not write it down. That occupied him; day by day it grew larger, filling his mind. He sat very silent; his jailer no more complained of him.

"His spirit is properly broken," said he to the governor; "he has become good." And the governor gave him a good-conduct mark.

In the course of three years Bunder-Runder earned a lot of good-conduct marks, but he did not know of it. The poem was nearly finished; that was all he cared about.

It was a very beautiful poem, all about children—children of tender years, children in the spring of youth, in the full strength of manhood, and in the decline of age; for he had found out that secret which keeps alive the common child in us

all. When the governor of the prison came and spoke to him, Bunder-Runder heard him—under his beard and inside that fat, red face of his—babbling like a child; and putting it into his poem as soon as the governor's back was turned, he swung his head this way and that and laughed: for the babbling of the governor's voice was as sweet to him as the sound of a brook that runs down to empty itself into the great river and into the sea. It wanted only that: the poem was done.

Out in the world everything had begun to spring; flowers and the young green fields of rice and music in the living heart; and from every tree, a little shaken by the wind, came fragrance to catch the breath and a twinkle of leaves to make delight to the eye. Bunder-Runder was there in the midst of it all; oh, yes, he was there. His poem was finished now, and he stood on the ridge of hills looking out over the villages of the plains, and in every village, he knew, festival was going on, and people were rejoicing, perhaps not knowing why. But he knew that it was because the eternal child in Nature was looking once more into men's eyes as unspoiled as ever, as clear and shining and pure as in the days of old. For hundreds and thousands of years wrong and cruelty had been trying to possess and cover the earth; but it had failed, and Nature was as much a child as she had ever been.

Bunder-Runder, with his finished poem in his heart, followed his thoughts from village to village; and everywhere he went he found a home waiting for him. He had not to speak: the meaning of his poem was in his face; people came and looked at him, then ran to tell others, and word of him went before. Everywhere he went that day whole villages came out to meet him. The children and the young women threw garlands upon him as he passed. He became a wagon of flowers;

a wonderful scent filled his brain; he ceased to see the faces that thronged about him or hear the voices of the people. Forward and forward he moved till he came to a deep sleep.

In the evening, just before sunset, the jailer opened the door of Bunder-Runder's cell. He looked in; then, without looking again, he ran fast, fast to fetch the governor. He was almost too frightened to speak; but what he did say was enough to make the governor understand that the prison rules were being broken. So the governor put on an angry countenance and came with him to the door of Bunder-Runder's cell.

Inside sat Bunder-Runder very still, his legs crossed, his hands resting upon his feet; and all about him hung garlands of flowers, breathing incense very strange. The cell was full of their fragrance.

"Number 109," said the governor, "where did you get those flowers?"

Bunder-Runder did not answer.

"Go and give him a shake," said the governor. "He is asleep."

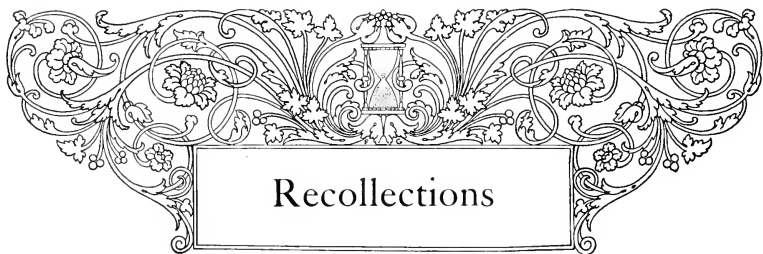
"Sahib, I dare not," replied the jailer.

So the governor went and did it himself. At the governor's touch Bunder-Runder bowed softly forward, his face to the ground; and suddenly all the garlands of flowers that were upon him faded away, leaving only their fragrance behind.

The governor turned and ran out of the cell, for he too was afraid. Bunder-Runder was just as harmless now that he was dead as ever he had been in life, and yet the governor was afraid. That is often the way. People are afraid of things they do not understand.

The cell where Bunder-Runder lived those three years making his poem has been many times washed and disinfected; but there is still something the matter with it, and it is almost, useless, for when a prisoner is put into it he sings.





Recollections

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

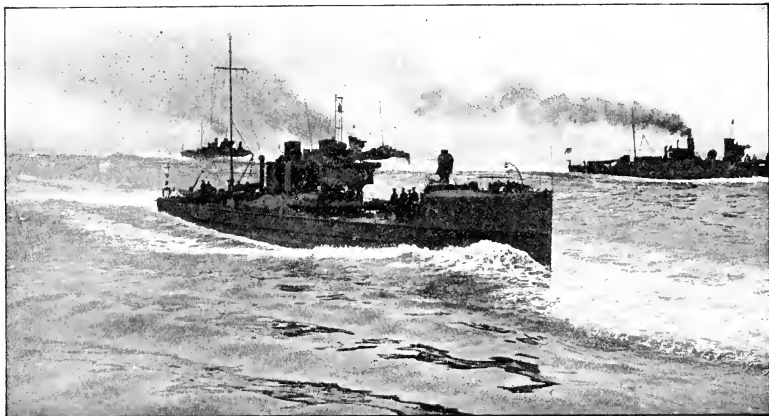
IT is evident the "Recollections," hitherto unpublished, was addressed to W. B. Scott, and was intended as the dedication to "Poems and Ballads: Second Series," 1878, but was held back when Swinburne determined to dedicate that volume to Richard Burton. "Poems and Ballads: Third Series" was dedicated to Scott in a poem which contains two lines that occur in "Recollections."—E. G.

YEARS have sped from us under the sun,
Through blossom and snow-tides twenty-one,
Since first your hand as a friend's was mine,
In a season whose days are yet honey and wine,
To the pale, close lips of Remembrance, shed
By the cup-bearer Love for desire of the dead;
And the weeds I send you may half seem flowers
In eyes that were lit by the light of its hours.
For the life (if at all there be life) in them grew
From the sun then risen on a young day's dew,
When ever in August holiday-times
I rode or swam through a rapture of rhymes,
Over heather and crag, and by scaur and by stream,
Clothed with delight by the might of a dream,
With the sweet, sharp wind blown hard through my hair,
On eyes enkindled and head made bare,
Reining my rhymes into royal order
Through honeyed leagues of the northland border
Or loosened a song to seal for me
A kiss on the clamourous mouth of the sea.
So swarmed and sprang, as a covey they start,
The song-birds hatched of a hot, glad heart,
With notes too shrill and a windy joy

Fluttering and firing the brain of a boy,
With far, keen echoes of painless pain
Beating their wings on his heart and his brain,
Till a life's whole reach, were it brief, were it long,
Seemed but a field to be sown with song.

The snow-time is melted, the flower-time is fled,
That were one to me then for the joys they shed.
Joys in garland and sorrows in sheaf,
Rose-red pleasure and gold-eared grief,
Reared of the rays of a mid-noon sky,
I have gathered and housed them, worn and put by
These wild-weed waifs with a wan-green bloom
Found in the grass of that old year's tomb,
Touched by the gleam of it, soiled with its dust,
I well could leave in the green grave's trust,
Lightly could leave in the light wind's care
Were all thoughts dead of the dead life there.
But if some note of its old glad sound
In your ear should ring as a dream's rebound,
As a song that sleep in his ear keeps yet,
Though the senses and soul rewaking forget.
To none so fitly the sprays I send
Could come as at hail of the hand of a friend.





PATROLLING THE COAST OF HOLLAND

The Neutrals and the Allied Cause

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Author of "The World after the War," "'Planmaessig' and 'Ausgeschlossen,'" etc

THE key to immediate victory in the great European War is in the hands of the small neutral states of the Continent. If the Scandinavian countries or Holland or Switzerland were willing to open their frontier to either party, a sudden thrust at Germany or England would undoubtedly bring triumph to the favored neighbor.

The truth of this statement is well known, and often it puzzles the American observer, to whom the intricacies of European history are a profound and somewhat negligible mystery. Then he is apt to reason as follows: "Here we Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen and Serbians and a score of other countries are making every possible sacrifice to gain a victory which ought to appeal to the democratic little nations of Europe. They all know that they have nothing to fear from us. We have stated our own unselfish aims, and the rulers of our allies have repeatedly insisted that they fight this war for the benefit of the small

nations. Yet these same small nations refuse to risk a single man or a single dollar for the benefit of the good cause. They allow us to waste our own boys and our billions, and ultimately they will reap the benefits of our victory, together with the rest of the world. Meanwhile they keep their armies along their frontier, against both sides, and do not come to our assistance." And the neutral thereupon is asked to give an account of himself and to make clear to all why he follows so strange a course during this serious crisis in history.

To answer this question, the correspondent of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has visited the Scandinavian countries and Holland and has tried to learn the exact causes which make these small states unwilling to join with either party. He wrote down his observations on the spot, in order that they might be fresh, and not suffer from the introspective philosophy which is apt to creep into the work of the professional historian.

Stockholm, Sweden.

The clock of Swedish history struck in the year of grace 1648. There were a few vague rumblings half a century later. After that everything was quiet. Sweden, deprived of her rôle as a great power, continued to exist and to perform very valuable services in a more humble fashion. But whenever the people of the country inquire after the time of day, they look at their old timepiece, and feel contented that the world has stood still for at least two centuries. It will be well to remember this in connection with the complications which at the present moment exist between Sweden and the Allies. These complications are not dangerous. They may be avoided entirely. But it will take a certain amount of good-will on both sides to escape a misunderstanding between this country and the Entente, two parties who at heart have every reason to be good friends and no cause at all to be enemies. These remarks are not written in a spirit of criticism. They are the attempt of a neutral observer to light a little candle of information in the dark gloom of ignorance in which, from a newspaper point of view, our Scandinavian friends are doomed to live. The lack of positive knowledge about the neutral countries, especially about their historical traditions, is something which fills an unbiased critic with a great deal of fear. Many unfortunate things may occur at any moment, and they would be entirely due to the thorough misunderstanding of our neighbor's point of view. Indeed, one often wishes that those brilliant writers who are now at the front, and who use their ability to chronicle the events of a slow, but certain, victory, might be sent to their neutral neighbors to assist in bringing about a more sympathetic feeling in those countries where the ultimate sympathy of the people may yet be gained.

One thing is certain, and ought to be well understood in America: the small neutral states of Europe are, each in its own way, compact national units. Even Switzerland, with its three languages, is

a nation in the most restricted sense of the word. Every individual citizen of the small republic in the heart of Europe feels himself to be Swiss, first, last, and all the time. His personal sympathies may be with the French, the Italians, or the Germans, but he does not allow his personal sympathies to interfere with his faithful allegiance to the interests of his common country. What is true of Switzerland is true in an even larger degree of the Scandinavian countries. These Northern nations are not very demonstrative in their feelings. The climate and the frightful difficulties of mere existence have made the people taciturn and reticent, poverty has driven them to all corners of the earth; but the feeling of home, the affection for the barren farm, remains forever. As soon as enough money has been gathered, the emigrant turns immigrant, and goes back to his home. Watch a boat carrying prosperous farmers from Minnesota or Wisconsin sailing up the fiord of the old country, and you will know what I mean. Swede, Norwegian, and Dane, each with a thousand years of honorable history behind him, are proud of what has been done, and fully intend that more shall follow. But they insist upon working out their own salvation after their own fashion, and being guided by their own counsel. And after this general introduction, let me come down to the concrete facts about Sweden.

A witty French journalist once said to me, "Of course we Frenchmen shall always be good friends with the Russians; they live two thousand miles away from us." There was very much political shrewdness in the observation. The present attitude of every neutral state is the result of its geographical situation and its historical development. A single look at the map of Sweden will tell the reader more about that country's attitude toward Russia than many pages of writing. Draw a straight line between Stockholm and Abo, in Finland, and right in the middle of that line you will find the Åland Islands.

These islands, together with Finland,

used to be a Swedish possession. They were lost at the same time that Finland came to Russia. The Swedes claim, and apparently with some right, that Russia guaranteed to leave these islands unfortified. This stipulation did not interest them much when the treaty was made in the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the present moment, however, with guns that carry an incredible distance, the fortifications of the Aland Islands almost threaten the mouth of the harbor of Stockholm. The Russian fleet, with a base at Mariehamn, can control the greater part of Sweden's navigation. To make a long story short, the Swedes do not like it at all. They claim—and if their claims are wrong from the point of view of the Allies, it might be useful to show their error to the Swedish public—that Russia fortified the Aland Islands against her solemn promise of a century ago, that Sweden complained of this treatment in London, and that the British Government never came to her assistance or even expressed official disapproval of this Russian contempt for a scrap of paper. I hope that the reader will understand me. I am not endeavoring to write a learned treatise upon the rights and wrongs of the Swedish assertions. I am stating the Swedish case without regard to any answer there may be. I am telling what the mass of the people here believe to be the truth, and I ask you to regard this question in the light in which the American people would have regarded the fortification of the islands of the West Indies by the Germans.

Furthermore, do not forget that the German Government is very much awake to all such matters. Learned doctors of history from famous universities discuss the minute details of the case. The Aland Islands are described from the time when the first Rurik landed there on his way to the Slavic tribes of the Dniester. Their history is followed through the glorious age of Charles XII and Gustavus Adolphus up to the last disastrous wars when Sweden's aspirations to be the leading power of northern Europe were defeated

by the House of Romanoff. And the Swedish people are solemnly assured that against further Russian aggression they can count upon one single friend. That friend is Germany.

Not a chance is omitted to bring home the virtues of the German cause against the threat of "barbarian Russian hordes" and envious commercial rivals. Just recently the book-stores have been flooded with a German book about the Battle of Jutland. It is an excellent piece of work from the point of view of the printer and the binder. It contains many illustrations, maps, and some very plausible reading matter. There is more than that. There is a little stroke of subtle genius hidden within its pages. At the end of the book the neutral reader finds historical pictures of naval engagements of former ages. It is unnecessary to say that they represent engagements in which Great Britain was not victorious. And the neutral reader who sees these old prints gets a pleasant feeling of pride when he recollects the days of glory when his own ships swept the seas. It is all an admirable piece of propaganda, and shows that the admiralty in Berlin possesses a press-agent who knows his business; for after a first perusal of the German claims, the neutral citizen who is still in doubt comes across these evident signs that the British fleet *can* be beaten. Naturally he says to himself, "Of course, if we small nations could do it, why not the Germans, with their well-trained fleet?" and he goes over to the order of the day. This is a matter which is really of grave importance.

Here in Stockholm the people get the German news days and often weeks before they see an Allied paper. It is the same in Copenhagen. The German papers are hurried across the frontier, and reach the Danish capital a few hours after publication. They are sent to Stockholm with all possible despatch. Their news is spread broadcast in a country where German is quite as well understood as English. Except in Norway, it is usually better known than English. Then, after the German version of things has had five days

or a week to "soak in," to use an eloquent, if inelegant, phrase, the English papers come. They make statements which flatly contradict the German assertions. The German propagandist finds it easy to answer them. "Of course," he says, "the Allies have had so many days in which to cook up some kind of story," and the British statement is politely smiled out of the court of historical evidence. The classical example of this quick journalistic work is the news of the same Battle of Jutland. Those of us in America who lived through it will never forget the gloom of that Saturday afternoon when it seemed that the world had come to an end and the British fleet had been beaten. Sunday morning was little better. Finally, on Monday afternoon, came the true version. By that time the German papers were in great mirth. From Saturday afternoon on they had been predicting that England would "claim" a victory. Then, when England did not only "claim" a victory, but actually insisted upon having worsted the German fleet, the German papers smiled that rather offensive smile of derision which used to appear upon the faces of our Prussian friends if one dared to question their moral, ethical, and intellectual superiority, and they said: "We told you so. Give the English three days in which to invent a few plausible excuses, and there you are."

Now, it is all very well and very easy for the people in England to say that those Swedes and Danes and Americans ought to know better. But where can they go to learn the true version of things? It is not difficult for the people in Denmark, who were the nearest witnesses of this battle, to know the truth. There is not a soul in Denmark who sees this battle in any other light but a defeat for Germany. But Sweden and America and Holland and the other neutral countries are far away. They must get their news abroad. When we consider that for over two years they have been well supplied with plausible and often most convincing German information, while many of the Allied news agencies have used the head-lines of

Stockholm and Copenhagen and Amsterdam for the dissemination of news items, often criminally unfair to the neutral country, we have from an Allied point of view many reasons to be grateful. It would not surprise us if the people of most neutral countries were pro-German. It is a cause of great satisfaction that they have steadfastly remained favorable to the Allies.

Nations are like families. When they lose their fortunes and come upon evil days they begin to live upon the glory of past times. The interest which the inhabitants of the small European nations take in their country's history would surprise most American people. To many of them the past has a greater and more vital actuality than the present. They are apt to speak and think in terms of by-gone ages. The modern Athenian newspapers, writing editorials upon the Allies at Saloniki in words of Homeric splendor, are acting upon the same instinct which made the Swedish Government reintroduce the cocked hat of Charles XII for their infantry regiments. That hat tells its own story. It proclaims to all the world that the aspirations of the eighteenth century are not yet dead in this country. Whether this is a childish masquerade or a rejuvenation of the old Swedish spirit the future alone can tell; but we have to take account of that cocked hat. And if we wish to avoid all complications in the future, we are obliged to study the motives which are tucked away in the brains covered by this same old-fashioned headgear.

Sweden, as we have said, is very proud of its past, and it intends to maintain its sovereignty against the claims of all sides. If the Allies suppose that it has some grounds upon which to complain of Sweden's attitude, let us state at once that Germany is fully as discontented with the behavior of her Baltic neighbor. The active Swedish torpedo-boats patrol every inch of the coast, and German submarines are constantly reminded of the three-mile territorial limit by shells from Swedish guns. Sweden is equally uncompromising

to both sides. In emphatic terms the Swedes have made it clear that their country is neutral territory. Unless it comes to the point of actual war, they will allow no trespassing. Whether the Allies, with their great naval power, will permit this to continue we do not know. On the other hand, it may be well to remember that this strong foreign policy is maintained against both sides with complete impartiality, and that no favors are shown.

Often those students of foreign history who restrict their investigations to the confines of their comfortable study reduce the attitude of all neutrals to statistics about butter, eggs, and fish. If a neutral shows signs of being indifferent to the claims of the Allies, the reason must be found in his resentment at the reduced import of pig-iron or potatoes. We condemn him for his obstinacy and praise his neighbor, who is a good neutral and sails into Kirkwall without further ado. Those of us, however, who know the neutral nations well are convinced that economic considerations are not the only ones to influence the opinion of an entire country. They play only a small rôle.

We have drawn attention to the geographic and historical background of Sweden. Now we must say a few words about another item which goes to make up the sum total of Sweden's attitude toward the war. The word "cultural" has a bad meaning since the day when *Kultur* broke its natural bounds and flooded France and Belgium. But the reader will know what I mean. I have reference to the thousand and one small items of education and reading and art and music and social life which, each in its own way, contribute toward the general point of view of every individual man of every nation. Just as in Norway the intellectual windows of the country open toward the west, those of Sweden open toward the east. In Stockholm the "Berliner Tageblatt" is more commonly read than the "Times." If you want a text-book upon a scientific subject, you will find the German copy in stock. The English one must come from London or New York. You

will get it if the British publisher is willing to grant the terms to which his Swedish customer is accustomed. Before the war the book probably came through the Leipsic clearing-house. At the present moment it does not come at all. Leipsic is forbidden territory, and London and New York are indifferent.

The people in their different classes reflect this easy access toward the Teutonic civilization. Take first of all the Swedish nobility. They play a rôle in Sweden. In Norway and Denmark the nobility is extinct or reduced to a state of somnolent vegetation. In Sweden it stands on very firm and capable legs. This nobility consists partly of the old landed gentry, partly of the *chevaliers d'industrie* who made their fortunes during the religious wars of the seventeenth century. It was during the first half of that century that Sweden discovered a gold-mine. The name of that gold-mine was the Holy Roman Empire. The Thirty Years' War reduced the population of Germany from sixteen to four millions. It reduced a very high degree of prosperity to absolute poverty. The heavy carts of Gustavus Adolphus rumbled down the roads of Pomerania loaded with the accumulated wealth of many generations of industrious German merchants and artisans. The seventeenth century called these spoils "war trophies." In the plain language of our own time they were stolen goods. They brought to a poor country an amount of gold and silver which laid the fortunes of many illustrious families. Adventurers from many countries became Swedish grantees, and their descendants enjoy the ancient privileges as cheerfully as the grandchildren of some Napoleonic duke. This class, however, does not often come to England. It is no deep secret that Continental nobility does not always enjoy a visit to the British Isles. In the United Kingdom, where plain Mr. Jones may be of a more illustrious parentage than a dozen barons, the Continental nobleman does not always find the difficult attitude which he expected to discover. When the summer comes, he

therefore goes to a German watering-place; and when his daughter marries, he welcomes a German son-in-law. He is willing to pay an occasional visit to England, but he thoroughly prefers the Continent, where "they speak his own language" and treat him according to his rank.

Next in the social scale comes the well-to-do middle class. The lawyers and doctors and merchants of Sweden have sons, and these sons must be educated. When they have finished their work in Sweden they are sent abroad. As a matter of course they are sent to Germany. This does not mean that the Swede prefers the German character or the German point of view to that of the English. But what could a Swedish student do in the United Kingdom? He might go to Oxford or Cambridge if he had been educated along the unique lines which lead up to the entrance examinations of these ancient and celebrated universities, but he could not obtain a degree which would assist him in his career at home. And socially he might perhaps be a bit lonely.

Of course he could go to a technical university in America. But in his own country he is obliged to work with the metrical system. The knowledge gained in England or America might have to be forgotten before he tried to apply it to the conditions at home. And so he, too, goes to a German university, and unconsciously he receives many more German impressions than he does Anglo-Saxon. When he comes home he is apt to continue his interest in German books and German music, and he remembers all the nice things of his residence in Germany. For so it seems to be decreed in this world, that when we leave another country and go back to live among our native surroundings, we remember everything foreign in the brilliant colors of perfect happiness.

It may be argued that a man of superior education ought to take an interest in Anglo-Saxon matters as well as in German. That is very true. But German books are cheap beyond belief. The German book trade is most obliging to its foreign customers. The little Reclam

editions which cost a few cents swamp the country, while five and six shilling editions stand forlornly on the counter until they turn yellow with age.

This exchange of literary products works both ways. The Germans have been careful to discover new talent among the Scandinavian people. Almost every book of importance written in Swedish is at once translated into German. The author is happy to receive added fame and added royalties. Let a Swede sing or play the piano, and he is certain of a warm welcome on the other side of the Baltic. Mind you, this is not a question of a few years' intentional propaganda. It represents a condition of affairs which has been going on for more than half a century. Germany has endeavored to win the friendship of the Swedes. She has encouraged young Swedes to study in her universities and has welcomed Swedish talent. There was nothing secret or hidden about it, no more than about the German money which was invested in Swedish industries. It was a very careful attempt to gain and retain the good-will of a neighbor.

Meanwhile on the eastern frontier hardly a year went by without some cause of friction between Sweden and her former rival and her present neighbor, Russia. Of Russia and its political life Sweden saw only the worst sides. Sweden had to guard against wholesale smuggling. It had to watch its frontier against undesirable revolutionary elements. It was obliged to look on while a supposedly neutral part of the Baltic was heavily fortified. Then came the crash of war in 1914. For almost a month Sweden was cut off from all Allied news, and was liberally supplied with German news. Thereupon came a time of extreme irritation caused by the blockading measures of the Allies. Meanwhile the German propaganda worked with steady industry. And yet, when all is said and done, the mass of Swedish people never accepted the plausible explanations of Belgium's violation. If the Swedes are not highly enthusiastic about the cause of the Allies,

neither do they show any desire to take the side of the German friend. Sweden is the only neutral country in this war which has really and truly maintained all its rights to the best of its ability. The Swedish Government has often been too formalistic, too pedantic, in its attitude toward practical affairs of modern politics, but the neutral observer knows exactly where Sweden stands. The cocked hat of King Charles may make us smile, but there is an idea beyond all this naïve comedy. There is unity of purpose and strength. There is the will to live up to the native ideal of a sovereign nation which will be the master of its own destiny. It may be right and it may be wrong, but this feeling exists. And those who wish to study the case of Sweden will do well to go beyond the statistics of import and export. These tell something, but the real story is told in terms which have no connection with direct material gain.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

It used to be said that each country could be known by the Jews who lived within its borders. In the same way every city can be judged by the character of its policemen. In Christiania the policeman is a mild and amiable citizen in a rather shiny coat, and none too neat, who stands in the middle of the roadway and tries to maintain some semblance of order in the democratic muddle of the city's traffic. In Stockholm the policeman is a walking arsenal, with sword and pistol and a brass helmet, and the arrest of a disorderly person becomes an act of state. There the policeman represents the high authority of a proud country. He fulfils his duty with stern severity. He is the symbol of law and established order. Let no one touch these fundamentals of a well-regulated commonwealth. In Copenhagen the policeman is neither the happy-go-lucky citizen who patrols the streets of Norway nor is he a creature of resplendent glory like his colleague in Sweden. He strikes a happy medium. In this he is an excellent representative of a land where the art of

sensible and peaceful living seems to have been brought to its highest perfection. If only the chauffeurs of the Danish capital would learn how to drive their cars, we should not have a single complaint to make against a country where everybody seems well fed, where beggars are as scarce as very rich people, and where the women live up to the best traditions of the charming china which is made in the royal factories of this delightful kingdom.

Indeed, the atmosphere in the three capitals of the Northern countries is about as different as anything can well be. Christiania, the rustic metropolis of a people of small farmers and sailors; Stockholm, the seat of a mighty idea, and the heart of a nation which clings to its own proud recollections; Copenhagen, the center of a small country which has played its rôle, which is quite contented to let bygones be bygones, and which has for all time retired from the field of perilous international politics. Happy the land which keeps its name from the front page of the newspapers. Denmark enjoys this distinction. Just at present it receives some attention on account of the sale of its West Indian colonies. Many dark motives have been seen behind this very simple exchange of good American dollars for some useless territory in the Caribbean. The facts of the matter are really very simple. Denmark had retained these colonies because nobody had ever wanted them badly enough. Since the African slave was set free, these islands have produced nothing. The Hamburg-American line has been using them as a sort of coaling-station and general storehouse. Outside of a few Danish officials, the islands were virtually the private possession of a German steamship line. It is of greater advantage to America to make these islands the official possession of the United States than to allow them to fall into the hands of the very high senate of the Hamburg municipality. Hence America bought them. Since such colonies are sold only once, Denmark asked a great deal of money. America offered a little less. As soon as a happy medium was

struck, the islands were sold. The money will undoubtedly be used to excellent purpose for the benefit of some social improvement in the Danish state. Everybody here is satisfied with the transaction. So much for Denmark's transoceanic policies.

What about her attitude toward the present struggles? Here again we touch a difficult subject. The Danes like the English and the French. They have an admiration which borders upon a genuine affection for the mother of England's king. They like to go to England, and in many ways they entertain a cordial sympathy for the cause for which England is fighting. Will they ever do anything more than that? There is every reason to doubt it. I know that this attitude in Denmark often puzzles the American reader. "Here," he argues, "is a country which was deprived of one third of its territory by Germany, yet it does not want to come and help us fight the good fight and avenge itself for the brutal attack which it suffered fifty years ago." This is an excellent bit of reasoning, but it does not go far enough. The Dane continues the same line of thought, and adds: "When our great hour of need came and we asked for help, when we appealed to those who had agreed to support us, then we found that Europe was not willing to go to war about a scrap of paper. We do not like the thief, neither do we have any love for the policeman who had promised to protect us and who did not move a finger to rescue us when the Prussians invaded Holstein."

This brings me to a point which I should like very much to make clear to the American public. I may be easily misunderstood, but perhaps it would be better that what I have to say were more generally known. I now refer to the attitude of virtually all the smaller states of Europe toward the claim of the Allies—that they are fighting for a cause which means the freedom and the liberty of the world. Try to make clear to yourself what this means to the average citizen of Holland or Greece or Denmark. It means something which he has heard so

often before that he does not take any stock in it. I have written about the interest which the people of the small nations take in history. When the war broke out the continuity of historical feeling in the Allied countries was rudely broken off. Age-old enemies became friends, and historical traditions which have survived centuries of mutual prejudice were suddenly thrown overboard. Wellington and Blücher coöperating to destroy the common enemy seemed to belong to a very remote past. Lord Kitchener and Colonel Marchand cordially shaking hands seemed no more incongruous than eulogies of the Russian czar, whose recent efforts to suppress a revolution had made him and his Government an object of Liberal scorn. All this was quite natural. When you go out to fight a fire which threatens your city you do not ask whether your neighbor who helps you to work the pumps worships in the same church with you or drinks cognac before or after dinner. You have a common purpose. All other considerations disappear before the grave crisis which faces you. With the neutrals, however, the logical line of history continues without interruption even during war.

The crime committed against Belgium affected the people everywhere. But when you ask the Dane or the Swede or the Swiss to draw the sword against the enemy of mankind who has so cruelly betrayed a weak nation, he will ask you to whom you are referring, and he will recite that dreary list of ill-treated small nations which characterizes the history of the last hundred years. Europe now asks all countries to come and punish the Germans. What the Central powers have done cannot be excused, nor can it be explained by a claim of necessity. That is true. "But where," your neutral citizens will ask you—"where was Europe when Hungary was murdered out by the combined forces of Austria and Russia? A few London brewers afterward tried to lynch an Austrian general, but Europe did not move a finger. Why did the leading powers of Europe combine to maintain the unspeak-

able Turk in his ill-gotten territories? And why did these same powers violently deny the truth of the same Armenian massacres which now fill the world with horror? Where was Europe when Denmark was attacked by a highwayman? One powerful sovereign wrote a polite note to an uncle, and stated that the Danish question was not worth a European war; and that was all there was to the cause of Denmark. Where was Europe when M. Thiers, the spokesman of agonized France, tried to discover it? Where was Europe when every wrong between heaven and earth was perpetrated in Italy, in the Balkans, in China, everywhere where the white man has ever gone?" And with the recollection of so many ills suffered because their countries were too weak to defend their good right, neither Dane nor Hollander nor Swede nor Swiss will risk the future of their fatherland for the benefit of those who were often his enemies and rarely his friends.

Of course an argument like this, and it is much more common than you would suppose, can be answered by the simple question, what would become of these small nations if Germany should be victorious? But there we enter the domain of speculation. The recollection of former disappointments is stronger than the anticipation of ills which belong to the future. The neutral citizen plainly fears that nothing has changed. His old suspicion has not left him. You can tell him that the world has changed; that a new era of international ethics will take the place of the old system of predatory politics. He will tell you that this may be true, but that he fails to understand it. He is better informed than many of the belligerents. He has very likely seen the copper trains which during the first part of the war traveled from obscure Italian harbors to the German factories. He may have seen Russian grain sold to the Austrian Government. All the sordid details of international trading and smuggling take place right under his nose. His hotels in Copenhagen and Stockholm are filled with a motley and nondescript crowd of flashy

gentlemen who will guarantee to sell you or your warring neighbor anything under the sun provided you pay cash and take the insurance risks.

Of the self-sacrifice and the devotion which can be witnessed in the countries at war the neutral citizen notices nothing. The passport regulations of the last few years make traveling virtually impossible. He sees only a game of diplomatic dexterity by which the different parties try to gain his support. On all sides he feels himself surrounded by belligerent spies. Every motive of either side is at once discredited by the enemy. The neutral cigar store windows are filled with rival announcements of the different consulates, which call one another by a short and uncomplimentary name. The neutral moving-pictures show the spectator the virtues and all the bad qualities of all sides. Every claim upon neutral sympathy by those who fight for the "future of democracy" is answered by those who fight to defend civilization against the "aggression of Asiatic barbarism."

What is the poor neutral to do? He has heard all these things before. In the past such claims have not defended him against sudden attack by either side. He does the only thing which he feels that safety compels him to do: he makes up his mind to keep out of it. International politics he regards in the light of high finance. A poor man has no business to go and gamble in Wall Street; a small nation has no business to play the political game. And Denmark and her small sister states will follow the only policy which experience has taught them to be comparatively safe. They will mobilize their armies, they will send all their men to the frontier, and they will proclaim in the most forcible way to all sides this one command, "Leave our territory alone."

This does not mean hostility to the side of the Allies. The personal sympathies in Denmark, as well as in Norway and for the greater part in Sweden, are certainly with France and England, and absolutely with Belgium; but the international methods of the last hundred years have filled all

these small countries with a dread of all foreign complications. They are willing and more than ready to alleviate the suffering of the war's victims. As for the war itself, they recognize only one maxim, "Keep out!"

The Hague, Holland.

Of all the neutral countries, Holland has to maintain her neutrality in the most trying and difficult circumstances. The kingdom is situated between the devil and the North Sea. It is in no immediate danger. Its defenses (a system of inundations the counterpart of which have stopped the Germans on their way to Calais) are ample, and every able-bodied man is at the frontier. It is in no direct danger of invasion. It is, however, in constant danger of starvation. It is obliged to go abroad for all its raw material. Without coal, except for a few mines in Limburg, near the German frontier, without grain and iron and wool and everything else, it depends for its daily existence upon the good-will of the powers who command the land and the water, and it depends upon these to a far greater extent than any other nation.

This very difficult position seems to have been well understood by the British authorities. In the many delicate negotiations which have taken place between the British Government and the ministers of Queen Wilhelmina the authorities in London have repeatedly shown that they understand the perplexing problems of international law which have faced the Dutch minister of foreign affairs.

What is white in London is the deepest black in Berlin, and what appears to be of a pink hue in the Wilhelmstrasse is discovered to be a flaming red in Downing Street. The German Government insists upon every treaty, agreement, and scrap of paper, be it tissue or cardboard, which, since days immemorial, have given the German hinterland the right to import merchandise through the adjoining country of the Netherlands. The British authorities are just as insistent that not a solitary herring or a single egg or half a

loaf of bread shall reach the Central powers by way of Rotterdam or Amsterdam.

Something which is generally ignored is the fact that previous to this war Holland, among several other free-trading countries, kept virtually no statistics of import and export. Things came and things went. Except for a few goods, there was no duty of any sort. Therefore it was not necessary to bother about the details of trade. Most of the imported merchandise went immediately to Germany or England. The commodities which Holland needed for its own use entered the country from the east and the west, and nobody bothered. Then came the war, and the old trade routes were suddenly stopped. America became the only purveyor of everything that was needed. Coal continued to come from Germany. The expense of carrying it across the ocean would have been excessive.

The great problem was the import of goods from Germany. It soon became apparent that the blockading rules of modern time had created an entirely new state of affairs. The harsh rules of former times had disappeared. The hostile country was now blockaded at a thousand miles distance. The picturesque old days when the war-ship hunted down the blockade-runner had made room for more prosaic, but equally efficient, methods. A short type-written note to the effect that such and such a ship would not receive bunker-coal upon its next voyage made the neutral captain sail into the port of Kirkwall or Falmouth. The nature of the merchandise, its character as contraband or provisional contraband, these questions were all settled long before the voyage was undertaken. A little room in a sky-scraper of Broadway and a filing-cabinet took the place of the ancient boarding vessel. In Holland an elaborate machine was constructed with the assistance of the British commercial attaché at The Hague. The Netherlands Overseas Trust Company was founded to enable legitimate Dutch trade to continue and to prevent the smuggling of goods into Germany. Those who pay

due regard to the difficulties of such an undertaking know that this Netherlands Overseas Trust Company has worked well. Every possible means of evading the trust's regulations was of course tried by the commercial class which had learned its lessons in the good international school of modern commerce, in which nothing but the profits count. One after the other the different tricks were detected, and after two years of war it would take a very inventive genius to carry a pound of acknowledged contraband of war into Germany.

It is different with the immediate products of the Dutch soil. With these the Overseas Trust Company has nothing to do. When a Dutch chicken lays an egg, that egg, if its owner does not desire to consume it himself, is in the open market. If a Dutch fisherman catches a ton of eels, those eels will go to the highest bidder. That is not a matter of neutrality or pro-German or pro-British feeling. It is a question of that system of highest profits upon which empires have been built. How far will political considerations go? Some papers have suggested to use the entire power of the Allied fleet to prevent this. Very well. Nobody in Holland doubts that the Entente can do this; but at the same time the Dutch people as a nation have too great a trust in the fairness of the English and American statesmen to expect such a course in a matter in which the evidence appears to be on the side of the neutral countries.

As a matter of personal feeling, ninety per cent. of the people would rather sell to the Allies than to the Germans. Holland, as a nation, has very little reason to love the big powers. The just treatment of South Africa after the Boer War was the first ray of light which seemed to announce the coming of a better day. The old distrust of the big powers is as strong in Holland as in Denmark and elsewhere. The more theoretical and doctrinaire part of the people could see so many ills on the side of all the big nations that to them it did not appear that there was much to choose. All theoretical meditations, how-

ever, were swept away by the sight of that endless procession of Belgian refugees who crossed the Dutch frontiers during the first months of the war. Holland had always been good neighbors, and even good friends, with Germany. But the people in Belgium are of the same stock as those in the Netherlands. They speak the same language. They have the same traditions of political development and art. What is more, they share the same faults. And the Hollanders who lived through those first days of the war will neither forget nor forgive what was done to Belgium. To have come into the war at that moment would have meant a repetition of the Belgian devastation on Dutch soil. By staying neutral, Holland could at least become the asylum for all those who preferred a voluntary exile to living under Bissing's rule.

This strict neutrality of Holland has been more detrimental to the Germans than to the Allies. When Germany took Antwerp in October of the year 1914, it obtained the strongest and most important harbor of the North Sea, and found it sealed with seven seals. The complete possession of both sides of the Scheldt enabled Holland to keep the river closed. The entire part of the North Sea coast which is nearest to the British Isles, and which might be of the greatest value to Germany as a station for her Zeppelins and submarines, is safely in the hands of a friendly neutral power, which upon every occasion has shown the greatest leniency toward shipwrecked men belonging to the armies and the navies of the Allies. A century of abuse by her neighbors has been forgotten, and every opportunity has been used to show that the Dutch people at large are on the side of the Allies. But their participation in this war will not depend upon material gain or political calculation. Their final resolution to join the Allies or remain neutral will depend upon the new code of international ethics which the small nations of Europe hope to see promulgated by the President of the United States of America.

Dinarzade's Three Weeks

Or, The Thousand-and-one Words'
Entertainment

By GELETT BURGESS

NOW it was the thousand-and-second night after the marriage of Schariar, Sultan of Persia, that Shahzenan, his brother, King of Samarkand, espoused Dinarzade, sister of the Sultana Scheherazade.

And when they were alone, he said unto her:

"Lo! ever since my first wife deceived me have I longed to wreak my vengeance upon women, even as did Schariar, my brother. Wherefore, every night shall I also marry a maid, and slay her in the morning. Prepare thyself to die, and think not to cajole me as Scheherazade cozened Schariar; for verily, had I wed her, on her first night would she have so bored me with her tale of the genie that surely would I have slain her forthwith.

"Nevertheless, on one condition will I spare thy life. To my mind, a tale should be short, merry, and provocative to the imagination; and a rambling narrative sickeneth my soul. If, therefore, thou canst tell me a tale of *ten words only* that shall tickle my fancy, that day shalt thou live."

And Dinarzade's heart was troubled, but she answered:

"O King, thy will be done! Yet suffer me at daybreak to have in a slave to coif me, that, should I fail, I may die as beseems a princess."

That night she despatched a messenger, privily, and in the morning at daybreak came a slave with long, streaming hair in a cloud, and bent over Dinarzade, and coifed her handily.

Then said Dinarzade:

"Lo! I am ready."

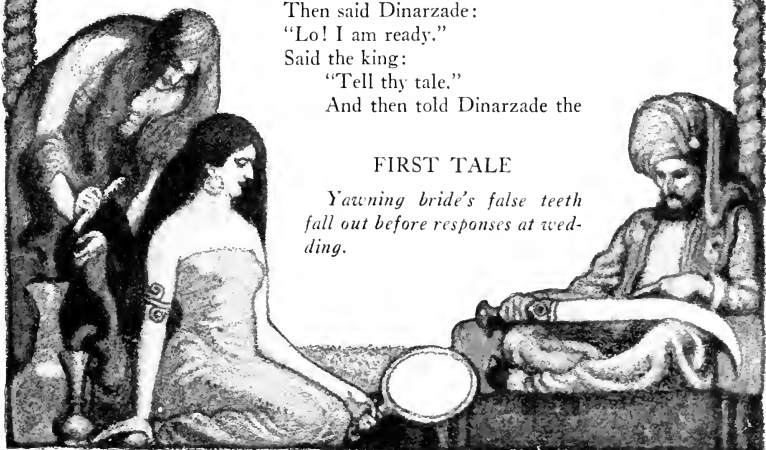
Said the king:

"Tell thy tale."

And then told Dinarzade the

FIRST TALE

*Yawning bride's false teeth
fall out before responses at wed-
ding.*





"But wherefore did she yawn," demanded Shahzenan, "and how, in such dilemma, was the marriage service completed?"

"That is for thy wit to finish," said Dinarzade. "Is not the tale short, merry, and provocative to the imagination?"

"Live on!" said the king, and all that day he laughed at the bride's predicament.

And on the second day came the slave and coifed Dinarzade, and then was told the

SECOND TALE

Clergyman's love-letters scattered by wind on summer hotel piazza.

And when Shahzenan had kept silence a moment, pondering on the clergyman's misfortune and how his letters fared, he laughed mightily.

"Hast more?" he demanded.

"Enough," said Dinarzade.

"Now if thou canst beguile me so for even three weeks," said Shahzenan, "thou shalt prove thyself greater even than thy sister Scheherazade, who prated nigh three years; and through thee shall all wordy women be forgiven."

"O King," said Dinarzade, "live forever!"

And so every daybreak came the slave, and when she was coifed, Dinarzade told her tales as followeth:

THIRD TALE

Old maid forgets to remove cotton from ears during proposal.

FOURTH TALE

Affectionate lion seeks refuge in launch filled with Christian Scientists.

FIFTH TALE

Aged lady, ambitious to become Steeple Jack, practises village church.

SIXTH TALE

Escaping murderess detected through characteristic drinking milk through green veil.

SEVENTH TALE

Burglar, finding suffragette under bed, unwillingly contributes swag to cause.

EIGHTH TALE

Buried treasure in cellar proves to be cat in coffin.

NINTH TALE

Animal lover spends month in stable searching for pet fly.

TENTH TALE

Mouse on platform disturbs New Thought lecturer on "Banish Fear!"

ELEVENTH TALE

Circus fat woman obliged sleep in baggage-car with corpse.

TWELFTH TALE

Drummer in far-away hotel hears wife tangoing in next room.

THIRTEENTH TALE

Débutante makes millionaire roller-skate Fifth Avenue to prove love.



FOURTEENTH TALE

*Fighting in dark, man cuts own throat,
thinking it enemy's.*

FIFTEENTH TALE

*Eloping couple capture
irate father; imprisoned in
cave till forgiven.*

SIXTEENTH TALE

*Jew, economizing on meals
outside, finds his hotel Amer-
ican plan.*

SEVENTEENTH TALE

*Husband of seasick bride
precipitates quick divorce by eating liver.*

EIGHTEENTH TALE

*Eating million crackers on wager, win-
ner wills estate to brewery.*

NINETEENTH TALE

*Spinster dreams promenading Broad-
way undressed; wakes to find it true.*

TWENTIETH TALE

*Press agent's "For men only!" packs
house for religious play.*

TWENTY-FIRST TALE

*Philologist invents substitute for pro-
fanity; experiments unsuccessfully with
Longshoremen's Union.*

And when three weeks had passed,

Shahzenan embraced Dinarzade with joy,
saying:

"Verily art thou a pearl among wo-
men! Thy life is spared for-
ever. Come now and exult
with me over Schariar."

And he loaded her with
jewels, and they went to Schar-
iar's palace. And he said:

"Brother, truly of the
vizir's daughters have I wed
the wittier, and thou the dul-
lard. For three weeks hath
Dinarzade regaled me with
tales short beyond belief, yet
diverting withal."

Then smiled the sultan
and said:

"Let Scheherazade appear!

To her shalt thou make thy vaunt."

And when the sultana stood before the
two kings, then said Schariar:

"Brother, look!"

And Scheherazade unbound her hair,
and it streamed about her in a cloud. And,
behold! it was Dinarzade's slave; and
Shahzenan marveled.

Then said Scheherazade:

"O Brother-in-law, for the sake of the
diversion thou hast had, forgive thou me
and my sister Dinarzade for the trick we
played upon thee. For in sooth Dinar-
zade, though a virtuous and loving wife,
is witless in the lore of tale-telling; where-
fore did I, when I coifed her each morn,
whisper in her ear a tale to tell thee.

"For, since my marriage, O King, some-
what have I learned of other lands. And
this was told me: that unbelievers in the
West do, in their daily story-papers, tell
first a tale in one diverting sentence, but,
repeating it lengthily, cause boredom. And
from them learned I my lore."

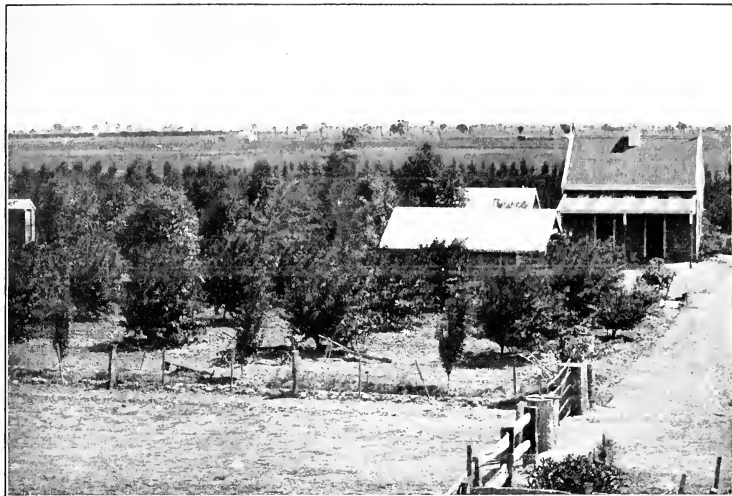


"By Allah!" cried Shahzenan, "thou art the pearl of women and the queen of tale-tellers. Thy fame shall be known while this world lasts. Verily, I swear, an thou wouldst, thou couldst tell tales of *one* word only!"

"Even so," answered Scheherazade, "and the most marvelous tales tellable, without number. And of these the saddest tale is LIFE, and DEATH is the most adventurous.

"But the merriest tale is LOVE; and that tale shall Dinarzade, my sister, witless though she be, tell thee thy whole life long."





The Problem of the American Farmer

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

DURING the last three years I have watched the incoming tide of immigrants as it passed through Ellis Island from Scandinavia, Italy, Greece, and central Europe, and wondered, with many other Americans, why it was that on their arrival in this country the peasants of Europe abandoned the only calling with which they were familiar and flocked to the cities and mining-camps. Three quarters of our immigrants go into industry, while those who go to the land frequently drift back to the cities in a few months. It is not that there is not land enough, for if America were peopled as densely as are many countries in Europe, we could sustain ten times our present population. To-day the population of the United States is only 30 for each square mile. In Belgium it rises to 671 a square mile; in the United Kingdom to 382; in Switzerland to 237; in Italy to 318; in

France to 191; in Denmark to 178; and in Austria to 224.

Thinking that possibly the immigrants did not know of the farming opportunities, I gathered together 150 Italians who were ready for admission. I told them of opportunities in the agricultural regions, with wages at from thirty to fifty dollars a month, and then requested a showing of hands of those who would go out as farm-laborers if the opportunity were offered them. Out of the group less than a dozen responded. I made the same proposal to a group of Greeks, and only a handful of them were willing to go to the land. Yet almost all of these men had come from farms or small villages and were familiar with agricultural life.

The attitude of these aliens reflects the attitude of the American people. They are abandoning the farm. The State Board of Agriculture of New York



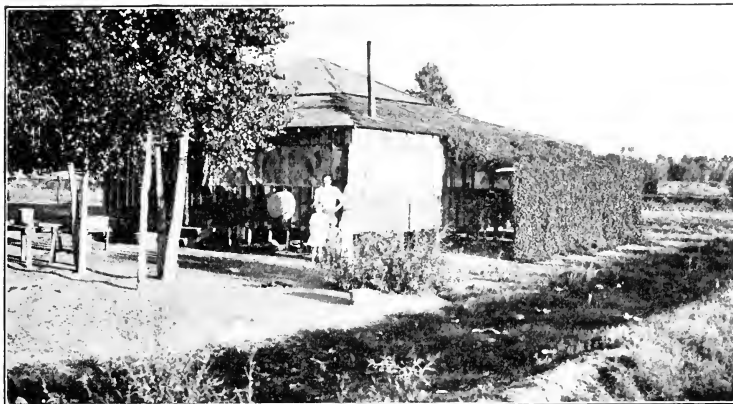
THE HOUSE OF A SETTLER

recently announced that out of 22,000,000 acres of land in that State only 8,200,000 or thirty-seven per cent., is being cultivated, and that of a total population of over 10,000,000 persons only 375,000 are agriculturalists. It is said that less than one third of the cultivable land in the country is properly tilled at all. Tens of millions of dollars are being spent by the federal and state governments to encourage farming and maintain agricultural colleges, and yet a large proportion of the boys trained for farming seek other employments. There is a constant drift of boys and girls from the farms to the cities, and no compensating drift from the city to the country. The population of our cities is growing year by year, while the number of persons engaged in the production of food is relatively, if not absolutely, diminishing.

What is the matter with farming? Why does the farmer abandon the land or let it to another? Why the shortage of food in the most fertile land in the world? Surely these questions are susceptible of answer.

I am satisfied that the current explanations of the decadence of agriculture are inadequate. I do not believe that men leave the farms willingly or that they will not go to the land if it is made profitable to them to do so. Hundreds of thousands

of our people from the middle West moved into Canada before the war, and thousands of applicants present themselves whenever an Indian reservation is opened up to settlement. Moreover, there are millions of farmers who are tenants, and five millions more who are agricultural workers. This is proof enough that men, even under the most unsatisfactory conditions, are willing to remain on the land. All over the country tenancy is increasing very rapidly, and along with it a rapid rise in the price of land. The working of farms is passing from owners to tenants. Taking the country as a whole, farm tenancy increased from 25.6 per cent. in 1880 to 28.4 per cent. in 1890. In 1900 it jumped to 35.3 per cent., and to 37 per cent. in 1910. In the latter year there were 2,354,676 tenant farmers in the country. In some States tenancy is becoming the rule. In Iowa the number of tenants shot up from 23.8 per cent. to 37.8 per cent. in thirty years. In Oklahoma, from 1900 to 1910, it increased from 43.8 per cent. to 54.8 per cent. In Alabama the increase in thirty years was from 46.8 per cent. to 60.2 per cent., while in Texas the increase from 1880 to 1910 was from 37.6 per cent. to 52.6 per cent. From 1910 to the present time the increase in tenancy is even more rapid than in previous years. In some counties in the West



ON THE YUMA RECLAMATION CLAIM, CALIFORNIA

where more recent censuses have been taken farm tenancy had risen above 70 per cent., and was close to 80 per cent. of the total. As compared with this condition, France is a nation of home-owning farmers, while in little Denmark, the country which has developed agriculture into an exact science, only ten per cent. of the farmers are tenants, and the number is being rapidly reduced.

The reports from States like Texas and Oklahoma read very much like the stories of Ireland in the days of the famine. They show that the tenants are largely American-born whites; that the whole family works upon the land; that their united efforts keep them barely above the poverty-line, and that the tenants are indifferent and ignorant. They do not send their children to school; they exhaust the ground as quickly as possible, and then drift on to another farm.

Here is discouragement enough to drive these farmers from the soil; yet despite all these difficulties, there are 219,000 agriculturalists in Texas alone who are willing to stay on the land as tenants, while Oklahoma, Iowa, and many other Western States are but little better. Now, tenancy is not only bad for the tenant; it is destructive of agriculture. Tenancy destroys ambition, enterprise, hope. Ultimately it drives the tenant from the land,

as it did in England and Ireland. From the time of John Stuart Mill down to the present, political economists have condemned tenant-farming as destructive of farming and the farmer as well.

Herein is one explanation of the decay of agriculture in the United States. Nearly forty per cent. of our farmers are tenants. Along with this, the public domain of the nation is gone. There is no more free land. Land values have gone up in consequence. The value of farming land in the United States increased one hundred and eighteen per cent. in ten years' time. It has acquired a speculative price, and is held at so high a figure that buyers can make a living, if at all, only by the hardest kind of application. This has made it difficult for the man with a little capital to become a farmer. This is true not only in the East; it is true in the West as well, where the great estates carved out of the public domain, sometimes of a million acres in extent, are being cut up into small holdings and sold to immigrants and workers from the cities. Instances have been reported to a California commission of men who had accumulated from two thousand to five thousand dollars and who had purchased worthless farms, only to lose their entire savings because they could not meet the annual payments. They paid from one hundred to three



THE HOME OF A SETTLER

hundred dollars an acre for land that was not worth one third that sum. One instance was reported of a colony of Russians whose members had invested \$150,000 in worthless hard-pan in a Western State, while great numbers of persons have been lured into the reclamation projects of the Southwest, which are so inhospitable and hot that women are able to live there only a portion of the year.

I have in my possession reports of individual men who have been induced to invest all they possessed in land on which they worked for two or three years and realized less than two hundred dollars a year from it; of men who had responded to some alluring advertisement, and had lost the accumulations of ten or twenty years' labor in a worthless investment.

This by no means exhausts the explanations of the decay of agriculture or the drift of population from the farm. Inability to dispose of crops; the lack of organized marketing facilities; the protest against railroads, commission brokers, and middlemen, and the feeling on the part of the farmer that if he produces a large crop it may rot in the fields, and that if the crop is short the profits which should come to him are taken by the speculators. It is this feeling that lies back

of the Non-Partizan Movement of farmers, which had its birth in North Dakota a year ago and swept the State at the last election, and is now expanding into South Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, and the far Western States. This Non-Partizan Movement is a political movement, its platform being the public ownership of grain-elevators, of terminals and slaughter-houses, of state credit to the farmer, and of adequate protection against the fraudulent grading of wheat, and such control of the packing-houses and cold-storage plants as will give the farmer a secure market for his produce.

The Western farmer insists that he wants to farm, that he has no desire to go to the city, but that economic conditions over which he has no control are making it increasingly difficult for him to make a living. It is this that is driving him and his children into the city, just as it is the incoming immigrant.

The fact is, agriculture is breaking down. The old order of things really ended ten or twenty years ago, and a study of land monopoly, of tenancy, of farm credits and marketing conditions confirms the farmer's complaint. Strangely enough, that which has happened to America has happened to other countries, including



A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA

Australia and Canada. But America is almost the only agricultural nation that has not recognized these facts or the necessity of a new agricultural program. We are almost the only people who have not begun to work out a constructive policy for placing people on the land under proper conditions and for the protection of the farmer from exploitation after he has gone there.

Denmark was the pioneer in a new agricultural policy fifty years ago. Denmark has been followed by Germany, Great Britain, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Italy, and the Australian states. Since the war broke out nearly all of the warring nations of Europe have worked out more or less comprehensive agricultural policies, all following substantially the same lines, and all looking to financial and other support from the state. And all of these projects include cheap credit, long-term loans, and the purchase and sale of land for farming purposes by the state.

As long ago as 1903, Great Britain undertook a solution of the Irish question by the subdivision of the great estates owned by the English gentry. In thirteen years the Government has expended \$550,000,000 in the purchase, subdivision, and

settlement of 9,000,000 acres of land, or about one third of the total area of Ireland. An unhappy, poverty-stricken country has been converted into a nation of contented land-owners. It is expected that by 1920 tenancy will have almost ceased to exist, at virtually no cost to the empire. The money appropriated for the purpose is being repaid by the purchasers in instalments, with interest. A royal commission for England and Scotland is now engaged in making a census of estates, and is framing a law under which land will be subdivided and sold to returning soldiers at the close of the war.

In the five years prior to the war Germany appropriated over \$200,000,000 in buying and preparing farms for settlers. Waste land was reclaimed. In the years prior to 1907 the number of holdings under five acres in extent increased by 316,678, while in the same period holdings over one hundred acres decreased by 20,744. It is said that in the neighborhood of three quarters of the agricultural land in the empire is now in small holdings. This work is carried on under a settlement commission. Even the great estates in East Prussia, Posen, and Pomerania are being parceled out, much as was done by Stein

and Hardenberg a hundred years ago. Speaking of this policy, the official report on land settlement says:

The existence of such large landed estates [as those of East Prussia] not only hinders the national progress of the peasant class, but, greatest evil of all, it is the principal cause of the diminishing population of agricultural territories, because the working classes, finding no chances of moral or economic improvement, are driven to emigrate to the great cities and manufacturing districts. Scientific researches also prove that small farms nowadays are more profitable than large, above all small live-stock improved farms, the importance of which for the nutriment of the people is constantly increasing.

In 1913 the German government provided for the compulsory purchase of 70,000 acres of land. Speaking of the areas which were subdivided, it was stated, "Where formerly there had been at one end of the social scale a few rich landowners, often non-residents and exercising an undue political influence, and at the other end a large number of poverty-stricken and discontented peasants and farm laborers, there is now a great middle class of society, devoted to the Empire for what it has done for its members.

In the last ten years the Russian Government improved and equipped farms for 3,000,000 settlers. It contracted in the United States for millions of dollars' worth of farm machinery to be delivered after the war, so that homes could be provided for the returning soldiers. As long ago as 1893 New Zealand realized the evils of land monopoly and farm tenancy. The first experiment was very successful, in three years' time the number of people on a single estate having been increased from forty to one thousand. During the twenty years from 1893 to 1913 New Zealand appropriated \$65,000,000 for buying, subdividing, and settling large estates. During these years the agricultural population grew more rapidly than that of the cities, and in twenty years' time it doubled. When the present war

began, New Zealand led the world in the per capita value of its agricultural exports.

The same policy has been followed by other Australian states. Since 1909 over 3,000,000 acres of land have been bought, subdivided, and sold to settlers, and over \$40,000,000 has been loaned to the colonists by the state. Speaking of the results of this settlement policy, the Premier of Victoria, in his budget speech in 1914, said:

The settlement policy is a demonstrated success. Over large areas in widely separated districts more than ten times as many families are settled comfortably under attractive social conditions as were there five years ago, and they are obtaining returns from their holdings that even less than five years ago were regarded as impossible. The demonstration that families can be fully employed and obtain a comfortable living on from 20 to 40 acres of irrigable land not only insures the financial success of our investment in irrigation works but gives a new conception of the ultimate population which this state will support and the agricultural wealth it will produce.

The land-settlement policies of all these countries are substantially alike. They provide for the purchase of land by the Government or the use of the public domain. The land is divided into holdings which can be cultivated without the aid of other labor. The size of the holdings depends upon the nature of the soil and the kinds of crops produced. Applicants for farm ownership are examined to ascertain their fitness and general moral worth. The would-be farmer is required to make an initial deposit of possibly ten per cent. of the total capital outlay as an assurance of good faith. The farm, when sold, is equipped with a dwelling and out-buildings, with such cattle as may be necessary, and sufficient working capital for one year's operation. Usually the farmer is not required to pay interest on the capital cost for several years. Then from three to four per cent. interest is charged, and one per cent. additional for the ulti-

mate extinguishment of the debt in thirty or forty years.

Usually the state coöperates with the farmer by providing advice and supervision from experts or from the agricultural colleges. Efforts are made to locate the farmers in a colony or village, so that the settlers will have some social intercourse. Schools are provided, and recreation as well. Farmers are aided to organize coöperative buying and selling societies, so that they can acquire goods at cost and sell in the best markets.

The state-aided settlements in all these countries have been a success. They have not proved a burden to the tax-payers in any country where the plan has been carried out. In some instances they have earned a profit. Under the stimulus of ownership the farmers have built better homes. Owning only sufficient land for a single man to cultivate, they have brought a larger acreage under cultivation. They have improved their live stock, have purchased more labor-saving machinery. They have piped water to the dwellings and developed irrigation projects. The number of live stock has been so largely increased in New Zealand—and the same is true of other countries—that the farmers amortize their loans in a shorter time than that provided by the state. The Canadian commission says of the New Zealand experiment:

Throughout the country a higher and better civilization is gradually being evolved. The young men and women who are growing up are happy and contented to remain at home on the farm and find ample time and opportunity for recreation and entertainment of a kind more wholesome and elevating than can be obtained in the city.

When the war is over, it is safe to assume that most of the countries of Europe will turn their attention to the intensive cultivation of the land. England will endeavor to feed herself instead of being dependent upon America and Denmark. The Russian revolution will open up hundreds of millions of acres of land to the peasants of that country. Germany

will undoubtedly extend the colonization projects successfully started before the war. Canada was already experimenting with this policy as well as with the taxation of land values to break up large estates, and will seek to lure settlers not only from Europe, but from the United States. Even Mexico has worked out an agricultural program in some of her states patterned upon the experiments in Europe. All the world will compete for able-bodied men in order to meet the burdens of this war and to reestablish their industry and life. And partly in anticipation of these conditions, the State of California has created a state colonization commission which is projecting a big program for the colonization of home-owning farmers in that State. Legislation has been enacted, and an appropriation of \$250,000 has been made with which to buy a large tract of land. The federal farm-loan board is to be asked to coöperate in the development of a colony as described above. It is planned to purchase 10,000 acres of land, and with the aid of experts to determine the size of farms, the kind of agriculture to be adopted, the character and grouping of houses and farm buildings, and the educational, recreational, and coöperative agencies that can be developed in connection with it. The state university is coöperating in the project. It is planned to limit the right of settlers to speculate by restricting the right to sell their purchases. The individual farms, fully equipped, are estimated to cost about \$5000, to be paid for by the owners within fifty years' time, with interest at the rate of four per cent. A minimum capital of about \$1500 is to be required from each applicant, a large part of which is to be used as working capital.

A similar measure, known as the Crosser Bill, is now before Congress. It looks to the creation of a rotary fund of \$10,000,000 for the purpose of developing farm colonies, the farms to be either sold or leased to settlers under terms similar to those provided in the California measure. Public lands and reclamation projects will be used for the purpose. It



THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE ON THE LAND

has been suggested that the money deposited in the postal savings-banks should be used, and as the payments by settlers come in from year to year, that the fund be rotated, and that new colonies be opened in different parts of the country to serve as experiment stations for States or private persons that are willing to carry out similar projects.

The state-aided farm colony plan does not fully meet the agricultural problem. It does not solve the difficulties of marketing or of transportation. It does not provide cold-storage warehouses or terminals.

Nor does it insure cheap land, which is essential to successful agriculture. It does, however, lend the aid of science to agriculture. It does provide education and direction by experts. It offers very cheap credit. Most important of all, ownership awakens ambition and hope. It insures permanency of tenure. It aims to reestablish conditions similar to those which peopled America with land-hungry immigrants in the days when land was to be had for the asking, and places agriculture on a firmer foundation of security than that which now prevails.



Next Year's Food

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "The New Farmer and his New Water-Supply," etc.

IT was Napoleon, unmatched master of campaigns, who said that an army marches on its stomach. Knowing how to feed an army, Napoleon brought kings to his feet.

Well fed also must be the Americans, the Belgians, the English, the French, the Italians, and all our Allies—armies and civilians alike. The task is Napoleonic in its size. Who will do it? There is only one answer to this question. America must do it.

In times of peace western Europe imported heavily of food-stuffs. Germany has now cut off much of this supply, and this at a time when the Allies' local food production is also lessened by the tremendous effort of war. America must supply this double deficiency. We can do it, but it means that we must work as never before. It means that we must have a new labor supply for the American farm. Where shall we get it? Not from Europe, as we did four years ago. Not from the factory; already factories are busy on war work. It cannot, of course, come from the army. Whence, then, the new food-producer? It must come from the boys of the country.

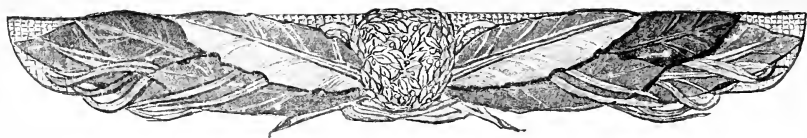
"If we had only known of this last February, when we were making our plans," said a farmer to me when talking about the Philadelphia High School Farm Volunteers—"if we had only known of it in February instead of in May, we could have planted thousands and thousands of acres of land that cannot be seeded now."

Next February these farmers will again be planning their season's food campaign. They will need to know what help they can depend on when the spring rush begins, and when the planting starts they will need young men by the hundreds of thousands. Will your sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boy be ready to help in this vital, wholesome, and withal safe service?

A long vacation on the farm will help both the boy and his country. But if the young man is entirely green to farm ways, the farmer will hesitate. The farmer fears for his stuff. On the other hand, there is abundant testimony that the city student makes excellent farm help—after he learns. Here as elsewhere it takes more than mere good intentions.

Last April a Philadelphia high-school teacher took thirty-six of his students out to camp on a farm. The neighborhood was most conservative. The farmers said they needed help, but were sure they did not need city boys. The teacher in charge of the camp divided the boys into squads. With the help of the two men of the farm, he taught them the elements of farm-work. The boys curried the horses until their coats shone, they harnessed and unharnessed, they plowed, they harrowed, they planted, they cultivated, they cut bushes with scythes. They had come to stay two weeks in camp, but they taught the farmers as quickly as they themselves learned. In five days the neighboring farmers, converted, began to beg the boys to help them for the season.

Here is work for the stay-at-home patriots. Men and women of all ages, whether in city or country, can help the cause of civilization by making plans and arrangements whereby town boys under military age get similar experience this season in camps or on farms. Next year, when the farmer makes his plans, these boys will be known quantities and dependable parts of the army of food-producers, which must give us the greatest crop ever grown if we are to beat off the Germans and beat off starvation from hungry millions. Every city boy who gets three weeks' serious training at farm-work this year becomes next year a national asset, and also capable of earning a fair wage during his vacation from school.



The Lamentation of the Lonely

By JOHN ROLAND

AFTER the departure of the brave, beginneth the lamentation of the lonely. To be sung to the plain chant which is set for the singing of the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah during Holy Week.

Here beginneth the lamentation of the lonely.

Antiphon: Behold, and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

God for us, or God against us, do Thou so to me, and more also, if ever I forget him that loved me, and the blood-debt of mine enemies that crieth for vengeance.

Behold, and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

Aleph: Where are the cheeks that pressed close against my bosom? Where are the lips that clung to mine in sweetest fellowship?

Where is the soft brown skin, with its flush of roses? Where are the quivering eyelids, and all the love that lay between them?

Where are the hands that so often upheld me, the arms that lay about my neck, and the voice of my beloved?

Where is the heart that throbbed against my heart-beats? Where is the thick brown hair that lay all night against my shoulder?

Where is the soul that spoke to my soul, and knew it; in whose sight I stood naked as God made me, and was found still desirable, and knew neither shame nor sorrow?

God for us, or God against us, do Thou so to me, and more also, if ever I forget him that loved me, and the blood-debt of mine enemies that crieth for vengeance.

Beth: Gone are they all, vanished as the snow in summer; torn from me, and given over to a world of evil thinking.

Gone from my sheltering arms to walk in lonely places, without love, friendless, and far from my caressing.

Gone to become a prey to Moloch, the god of armies; the feet to tread in hard ways, the hands to learn murder, and the eyes to know no pity.

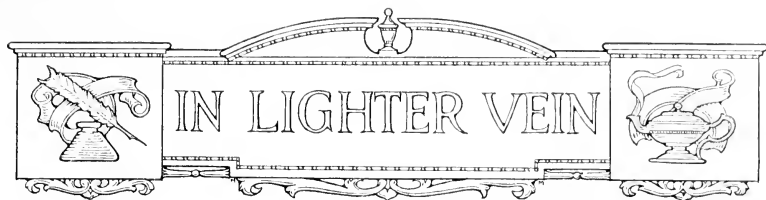
Gone to be desecrated by the sweat of ten thousand companions; with them hurried as a beast to the slaughter; with them to suffer, to die unknown, and no longer above all men desired.

Gone to be torn by the leaden hail, to be wounded in the glory of all its beauty; at best, to perish and lie alone under the stars; or else to suffer shame and die in the torment of the transgressor.

Gone—gone—gone from me—gone from me forever. What hope is there left? What desire of life or further loving?

God for us, or God against us, do Thou so to me, and more also, if ever I forget him that loved me, and the blood-debt of mine enemies that crieth for vengeance.

Behold, and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow.



Mutations

By MARGARET ARMSTRONG

THE physiologists agree
That Darwin's doctrines do not gee
With what we know of bugs and worms,
Of atoms and of other germs;
And paleontologists deny
That microbes slowly multiply
Until at last an Eve and Adam
Emerge from what was once macadam.
Let natural selection go;
Its methods are by far too slow.

Survival of the fittest, too,
Is out of date for me and you,
And to the rubbish-pile is sent
The shibboleth of environment.
See, in their place, by bounds and leaps,
Mutations simply come in heaps!
Poor Darwin 's dead, De Vries is
king;
Mutations have become the thing.

It 's possible you 've never heard
This new and rather curious word.
Remember that it means a "sport"—
Not Belmont Park's; the gardener's
sort.

Life stories I will now relate
This theory to elucidate.



THE ELEPHANT

WHEN first I gazed upon the world
My nose was, like a rosebud, furled.
'T was small and pink and retroussé,
A very fetching little *nez*.
Alas! it grew; it touched my toes.
I found I 'd lost my little nose.
I almost thought that I was drunk;
My nose had turned into a trunk
That seemed to have no useful end.
You see, I did n't comprehend.
One happy day I saw with joy
A peanut on a little boy,
And all at once I, blissful, knew
Why to such lengths my small nose grew!

THE GOAT

WHEN I attained to adolescence
I had a very youthful presence.
Where'er I went to find employ
They said, "You 're nothing but a boy.
You can't expect to earn much cash
Without some whiskers or mustache."

They spoke. That instant there appeared
Upon my chin a handsome beard!
They rubbed their eyes and looked again.
"We now observe your beard is plain;
In fact, we think you imitate
A Presidential candidate."



Pray, be director in our bank!"
Perhaps kind Nature played this prank

Because she likes to see ambition
Secure a really good position.

THE PARROT

IN days gone by, you may have heard,
I was a famous singing bird;
The high-brows, and the *Hofbraus*, too,
Considered me a *succès fou*.
But though I was a social pet,
My talents I do not regret.
One sunny morn, with waddle brisk,
I fluttered to a tamarisk,
Prepared to chaunt my matin hymn,
Like nightingale or seraphim.
I oped my beak, and forth there broke
Not liquid music, but a croak!
Just at that moment, from a tree
Of nuts in my proximity,
A horrid monkey chanced to throw
A cocoanut upon my toe.
Forth from my lips there poured like rain
A flood of language most profane.
The simian fled. I understood

That I was somehow to the good.
I find that billingsgate, though wrong,
Is far more useful than a song.
Wise Nature, it appears to me,
Encourages profanity.

THE KANGAROO

WE kangaroos, you 'll all agree,
Are proud of our agility.
But though forever on the move,
Of family life we quite approve;



And so, like acrobats, we leap
Yet balance babies while they sleep.
(It 's rather hard at the equator
To buy a good perambulator.)
One day—my leaps were getting bolder—
I dropped my infant from my shoulder.



My leap had left it far behind,
And so I had to be resigned.
I sadly said, "Upon my soul!
I think I'll vote for birth-control!"
There was no need for such a grouch;

That very night I grew a *pouch*!
So now I pouch my children three
And join in any sort of spree.
Dame Nature thus insures a wife
Maternal, yet athletic, life.



The Origin of Philosophy

By CHESTER DENNIS

THE world is made of dirt and water.
Thus fraught with truth did Wisdom bud;
And then she grew a little fraught,
And said these two make mud.

And from this mud at once there sprouted
The three schools of philosophy
By which mankind have ever pouted,
Or borne their destiny.

To keep our souls a little drier,
One school stands in the mud and blubbers,
The second set denies the mire,
The other gives us rubbers.



An Eating-song

By DEEMS TAYLOR

SING, my lads, a merry song!
Sing as loud as you are able.
Hark! the butler beats the gong:
Let us to the supper-table.
Buoyant hearts as light as cork,
Happiness too deep to utter;
Hear the clash of knife and fork—
Comrade, will you pass the butter?
Raise on high the brimming plate!
Let us eat, and laugh at fate!

Carpe diem, as they say;

Art is long, and life is fleeting.
Heed the warning while ye may:
Let us, then, be up and eating.
Orchids have to live on air.

Think, and shudder, O ye glutton!
Scan anew the bill of fare—
Won't you try a slice of mutton?
Brothers, pass the platter round,
Thankful that our health is sound.

Let us grasp the joys of life!
Tarry not to doubt or question;
Bravely wield the carving-knife,
Fearing naught save indigestion.
"Though the morrow bode thee ill,
Let to-day be bright," says Plato.
Be the future what it will—
Have another baked potato?
Fling aloft your napkin-rings!
Eating is the sport of kings.

The Hall of Infamy

Nominations in verse by W. R. BURLINGAME

Seconded in charcoal by W. E. HILL



III. THE SUCCESSFUL DENTIST WHO SINGS

THE singing person pictured here
Is most successful in his sphere,
Which does, however, not include
The art of vocal pulchritude.
At home he is a dentist, and
I never doubt his skill of hand;
But when he sings, I find that he

Remains a dentist still to me.
Not that his singing lacks in verve,
But somehow jars the naked nerve
And vividly recalls the rare
Sensations of his dentist's chair.
And so an alcove I decree
To operatic dentistry.

IV. THE MAN WHO DRESSES IN THE AISLE



I CAN'T, in sleeping-cars, I find,
 Maintain a Christian frame of mind,
 Nor, after sleeping on a shelf,
 Still love my neighbor as myself;
 But most of all I cannot love
 The gentleman portrayed above.
 He stands and waves his arms while I

Manœuver grimly to get by,
 And others, far behind, give vent
 To mutterings of dark intent.
 Within the hall I shall devise—
 His effigy, heroic size,
 And place it in an aisle so wide
 That I can pass on either side.



"PAPA!"

THE DISCRIMINATING TASTE OUR CHILDREN SHOW AT TIMES

What Happened to the Poet who Read All the Magazine Advertisements

By CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

RONDEL

ODE

BELLE Limousine, je pense à toi!
Le Page de Vogue, c'est gelatine,
Batiste et crêpe Georgette—ma foi!
Belle Limousine!

Je t'aime—ah, mieux que Listerine,
Gillette, Lablache et Riz-la-Croix,
Bayonne Nujol, ou Vaseline!

La Veuve Clicquot—trop chic pour moi,
Mais Bon Ami est Malt Nutrine;
Je n'aime pas Crème Yvette—pourquoi,
Belle Limousine?

CLUPECO thermos dioxogen, temco sonora
tuxedo,
Resinol fiat bacardi, camera anscó
wheatena;
Antiskid pebeco calox, oleo tykos barometer
Postum nabisco!

Prestolite arco congoleum, karo aluminum
kryptok,
Crisco balopticon lysol, jello bellans
carborundum!
Ampico clysmic swoboda, pantasote necco
britannica,
Encyclopædia?







THE GATE OF THE CITY
FROM A PAINTING OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, BY WILLIAM JAN BEUTLEY



Acting for the Camera

The Experiences of a Woman in the Motion-Picture Studios

By VIRGINIA TRACY

Author of "The Handicap of Beauty," etc.

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

I.—INDOORS

SHE was one of those young actresses out of work who ask themselves with terror, "What has happened to the business?" Floundering deeper and deeper in that tide of panic where the majority of the regular theaters seemed sinking, she had become aware that more and more of her friends were clambering upon the raft of moving-pictures. Desiring to inspect this raft at closer quarters, she remembered that among "picture people" she possessed a friend who was a friend of a star's aunt. At last she got this friend to say, "Well, Edna, I'll take you to the studio."

THERE was a big skylight in the middle of the roof. Otherwise there fell through the large loft no beam of day. There was no air anywhere. It was a scalding afternoon, but the only windows—little ventilators bordering the base of the skylight—were shut tight. The star's aunt said that her niece had begged to have them open, but it was felt that they blew things about too much. At irregular distances among the shadows were set up four scenes: a prairie court-room; a "parlor suite," three

rooms deep; a throne, with terraces of steps; a cellar. Some of these sets were only angles; none had more than three sides; the fourth was occupied by the camera and by lights in tall stands and hanging racks. Indeed, the lights took all the sides they could get, hemming the scenes in close and pressing forward in half-circles like wolves on a cornered prey. Their glare was concentrated on the sets, and these were so numerous and so much smaller than regular stage-sets that in the dark loft they suggested a series of caves in the Chamber of Horrors at the Eden Musée. Yet each set, entirely self-contained and self-sustaining, housed a different picture, with its own separate scenario, star, company, camera-man, director, and director's staff. Between them and all round them stage-hands were building new sets, and the whole loft roared and clanged and shook with the noise of carpentry. Wherever building was not going on, furniture and properties were stacked together, sometimes covered with sacking or old portières, sometimes boldly blushing in the uncovered pride of gilt and plush. Whoever had succeeded in

shutting out the air had not succeeded in shutting out the dust; grime covered everything.

Near the front railing, talking to an official and dressed for the street in spotless white, stood a young lady whose golden curls were the most famous curls in America; within the parlor suite an elderly gentleman, still a distinguished Broadway star, and a pretty opera singer, the rage of the season, discussed a point with their director; toward the visitors there advanced out of the cellar, barefoot and in beggar's rags, but smiling through the disarray of her dark hair, what appeared to be an adorable child. But she was not a child. She was the star whose potent name Edna's friend had invoked for their admittance; a young princess of the films whose lovely little shadow was the center of competing contracts and vaulting offers of salary that came near to rivaling Charlie Chaplin's before an awe-struck world. Four celebrities, the least of whom was enough to shake the matinee heart into hysterics, caged in one loft at one time! Infinite riches in a little room! For a million a year would not have covered the salaries of that eye-ful of celebrities. For their background the dust lay thick; the grimy twilight rang with the voice of hammers; absorbedly, in each of the blazing Musée caves, actors were acting and pictures functioning. The new-comer stood bewildered.

In the first place, the strangely pallid make-up of the actors and the yellow tint of garments ordinarily white looked ghastly to her. She knew already that in motion-picture photography white caused something called "halation," which was particularly deadly if brought near people's faces; but, much as she had heard of it, to see bed linen and table linen, gloves, collars, and shirt-fronts all yellow proved disconcerting.

In this confused and casual chaos one could hardly tell a rehearsal from a performance. Nothing seemed to have any beginning or end. What was anybody doing? What was any scene about? From within the sets, a few feet away, she

could not hear one word; the actors were speaking in conversational voices, without any attempts at the concerted vocal effects to which she was accustomed, and the batter of carpentry inclosed them within a privacy as dense as a deadened wall. It was then that Edna observed with wonder that all the unheard acting concentrated within the little caves was incredibly slow, as slow as if weighted with a ball and chain. She was told that if one moved faster, one only made a smear across the film. So that in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of your passion you must beget a temperance—Well, of course, if the house was blowing up around you, after the manner of motion-picture houses, you must indicate that you were in something of a hurry; but even then you must make haste slowly.

With new sympathy she presently began to recall the monotonous complaint of moving-picture actors, "It's the hanging about that kills you." She had asked: "How do you mean?"

"Oh, you know how you hang round at a dress-rehearsal? Well, pictures are like nothing on earth but a dress-rehearsal that never comes to a final curtain."

To-day, for instance, Edna had arrived at the studio at one o'clock. There had been a crowd rehearsing in the "cellar." It was now four, and the crowd was still rehearsing. There was no sign that it would ever stop. Since Edna came, the star had done nothing whatever, nor had any of the principals. But since at any moment they might be called upon to do something, they did not like to go to their dressing-rooms; they did not like even to alienate their minds by reading. They merely stood about, huddled on any clumps of scenery or property furniture they could find,—she soon learned that the rarest thing in a studio was a chair,—they stood and waited.

Edna began to watch the rehearsing of the crowd. She discovered that a good part of the time the camera-man seemed to be directing the director. Everything was arranged to suit his verdict; the whole energy of the mechanical staff appeared

to be bent on "focusing." Before every rehearsal a board was held in front of a selected object to get the focus while the camera-man examined everything through his camera; sometimes this was done again after the rehearsals; sometimes during the rehearsals the scene was rearranged to suit this imperious camera-man; sometimes "tests" were taken, a few feet of film being run off, with one person moving about the scene, to make sure that all was well. Every scene was rehearsed several times; then the lights, which during rehearsals had been kept in eclipse, were sprung on again; the director said, "Camera!" or "Action!" or merely "Take!" as his habit was; the scene was taken, then taken again. Everything, Edna now saw, was taken twice. These second takings were the "dupes" or "repeats," made in case of accident as well as

to provide a choice; after every scene and every repeat a stage-hand ran forward and held up a slate on which were registered the name of the director, of the picture, of the camera-man, the number of the scene, and the verdict whether it was to be accepted or cast out. No wonder things took a long time. These were the legitimate delays of motion-picture acting; of the unnecessary delays she was to learn through many long hours in quite other studios. Now she was mainly occupied in trying to understand why the action of the

crowd in the cellar was so confused, why it told her no story and meant nothing. It was not consecutive; that was why. It was taken in tiny scenes, "flashes" of half a minute, of a few seconds, like little,

separate, scarcely related eddies in an invisible stream; they would be run together later when the flowing stream, the whole picture, was "assembled and cut."

Now, by this time Edna had heard often enough that moving-pictures were not taken in their story sequence; she knew that the scenes that were taken in rotation were those which occurred in one location, or set, until all in that set or location were done with, quite without regard to their place in the story. So frequently one acted one's scenes in such order that one buried one's husband before one married him, or one died of a wound that one had not yet re-

ceived. But she was unprepared for the fact that even in the same set sequence was not always the determining factor.

This afternoon, for instance, the scenes of the crowd in the cellar were not only done first, but those scenes in which the principals mingled with the crowd were reserved to the end, even if they happened in the middle. The crowd was taken alone, shrinking from the advance of the hero, welcoming the footsteps of the villain, acclaiming his triumph and the hero's (temporary) defeat, fleeing finally from



Gertrude Kowalsky

"SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE YOUNG ACTRESSES OUT OF WORK WHO ASK THEMSELVES WITH TERROR, 'WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BUSINESS?'"

the arrival of the police, though neither the police, the villain, nor the hero had as yet set foot within the cellar walls.

The leading man, made up and ready, prowling back and forth among the shadows without having been able to go out even for lunch, had now waited eight hours for his biggest moment in the whole picture—that moment when, all fresh, radiant, youthful grace and manly beauty, breathing out vitality, impassioned ardor, and electric force, he was to burst into the cellar like an archangel out of a bomb. The leading man was looking a trifle cross.

For to keep radiant freshness, impassioned ardor, and electric vitality on tap for eight hours is no smiling matter. If Phœbus Apollo, ready to usher in the dawn, had to stand waiting in his chariot all night, he might lose his spirit for storming heaven's battlements.

But now it was so late that the leading man began to relax. It was becoming improbable that they would get to him at all that day. To be sure, he still made occasional rushes at a broken tombstone in one corner upon which reposed a powder-puff, a hand mirror, and a jar of cold cream, for moving-picture make-up crumples into patches unless frequently retouched. Finally, motioning with a desperate thumb at the director's back, the leading man expostulated, "He 's had me here since nine o'clock this morning; and now I believe he is n't going to use me at all!"

He looked at his watch and relaxed all together. The sacred fire, which for the whole of every studio day must be kept banked, but always burning, in one blessed instant of secure repose was allowed to go out. At that moment the director said over his shoulder to the leading man, "Come on, Jimmy! I 'll do your scene next."

Jimmy stood at the head of the cellar stairs. He had made his last rush at the tombstone. Edna, privileged as a guest of the beggar princess, had pushed near enough to hear the director direct. The scene was in rehearsal.

"Now the queen 's been deposed,

Jimmy, and your princess is here in the coal-bin. Guendolin 's in the coal-bin, hiding from this gang. You remember. After this comes the scene where you push her up through the coal-hole to the sidewalk; we did that yesterday. There 's a scene comes just before this where you follow her here along the alley; we 'll do that to-morrow. You 've watched her disappear in here, but you don't expect to light on this gang. You hide your astonishment, and get back to the tough-disguise manner you had in the last set; but they 're suspicious this time, even when you give 'em the password. Then you see that broken board in the coal-bin move, and you realize that Guendolin 's hiding there and that getting her out safe is up to you. Got the idea? All right. Stand back for your entrance, Jimmy."

Now, at such a moment, in any studio, any Jimmy has behind him no month of rehearsals, nor has he any eloquence of the author's to lie back upon while it carries him on its current. He may have had no moment of introductory acting, and certainly has had no series of scenes to work him into the part. All that these things would do for him on the speaking stage must be accomplished by Jimmy for himself in one silent flash, one moment of concentrated suggestion. Instantly and out of his own resources he must convey to the audience his surprise at the crowd, his discovery of the Princess Guendolin, and his determination to act a part with the enemy. His means are a pause, a hint, a turn of the head, a change of countenance, "a glance of the eye, Reginald, a glance of the eye!" Edna began to understand what moving-picture acting asked of you.

Whether the actual scene was worth it or not did not matter. If not, so much the more, Edna saw, must one put into it out of oneself. It might be all very funny that Guendolin should be in the coal-bin, but what 's in a name, and what 's a coal-bin? Say, instead, that a girl is in grave danger, and one has to get her out of it. On these sufficient grounds alone, out from the eyes of the hero in the cellar must look



"IT'S THE HANGING ABOUT THAT KILLS YOU!"

one of the world's great nightmares. If you can show him only as an individual hero in a single silly melodrama, and not as manliness keeping one of the world's great good faiths, Heaven help you! You would better be out of the movies in particular and the dramatic profession in general; you would never do much better with *Romeo*.

This particular Jimmy had ceased to think about his make-up; he had forgotten that he had had no lunch and had been

waiting since nine in the morning. With some buried spark of imaginative vitality he achieved the impossible: he lighted his cold fire.

"Now, boys," continued the director, "when he comes, you're startled out of your wits; then you recognize him. Still, you suspect him—that's it! One, two, three—come on, Jimmy! A little stronger astonishment, Jimmy. Control it quick, Jimmy—quick! Bill,"—to the assistant director,— "did you tell your men to turn

round before he 's well on? No! no! no! no! Let him get well on! We 'll try that over. Go back, Jimmy! Now, one, two, three—come on, Jimmy! Astonishment, control— Good Lord! Bill, can't you keep those men from turning round as if you turned them on a crank? They have n't been standing waiting for him, expecting to sing, 'Hail to the Chief!' Go back, Jimmy! See here, you,—you, there in the corner,—straighten up as if you heard a noise, and nudge the man next you. He listens, but he does n't turn. Come on, Jimmy! You at the foot of the steps—turn and move back, signaling 'em to be quiet. You over there by the barrel—keep on with your card-game; you don't notice anything. The man left of center—you spin right round, looking up at him scared, and reaching for your knife. Here! here! here! Not like that! Were n't you ever scared to death? That 's the idea! Go back, Jimmy. Now, one, two, three—come on, Jimmy! Camera!"

The lights blazed out; the camera turned.

"All right."

The scene was taken, then repeated. It was over; it was over irrevocably. Jimmy might not have been quite satisfied; he might have longed to experiment, to expand or tone down, to try it again differently, like a part in a play; but it could never be tried differently. It was done. Just as it was it would go forth and carry all over the world that moment of Jimmy's after eight hours' waiting without lunch. He could never again stand on that top step and discover Guendolin in the coal-bin.

He was now to get her out,—this was the biggest of his big moments,—but it was suddenly decided not to do any more of Jimmy's scenes. They were going to take a close-up of the star and let her go home for the day.

The moment was tense; for though the revelation of dramatic beauty in the physical universe may be the very eyesight of the motion-picture, the close-up is its heart. So Guendolin got into the coal-bin—where hitherto she had n't been at all—and

pulled aside a loose board to peep forth. Upon this opening in a coal-bin the director and his crack camera-man now bent the ardor of their spirits. The camera, ignoring the rest of the cellar, was nosed up to within a distance of six feet. The director sat on a broken stool, just out of range of the camera, but within three feet of the star, and began whispering to her with wide, eager motions of his describing hands. From above and from a level great lights were turned on her; at her feet low stands of stretched white cloth were set round her in a semicircle to reflect these lights full in her face. What does it matter if even the most expensive moving-picture actors sometimes go blind? The beggar princess herself, after prolonged work at "double exposure," had waked up one morning to a world of complete blackness; but neither she nor anybody else thought of that now. Straight ahead of her she looked, while the director whispered to her what she was hearing the gang say, and described the action which she was supposed to see. The description took root deep down in her eyes, and as it crept to the surface it grew into the emotion of the scene, and flowered there. Terror, caution, the bewilderment of a small, spoiled princess, the desperate courage of little, hunted things—it was true that all these not so much crossed her face as grew into it. For the "close-up," like all real motion-picture acting, is not an assumption of feeling, but its revelation. The thing is not that something is done, but that, an X-ray being provided, something is shown. Edna could not make out how the star achieved this effect except by an exercise of pure imagination. The outsider remembered a line from an old poet that ever afterward remained for her the essential description of motion-picture acting:

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and so distinctly wrought
That you had almost said her body thought.

Only, as Edna came to know, it must n't think too violently.



"A LITTLE STRONGER ASTONISHMENT, JIMMY. CONTROL IT QUICK, JIMMY—QUICK!"

What the theater diminishes the camera enlarges. Every motion, taken on strips of celluloid an inch long, is magnified several thousand times before it is thrown on the screen. In consequence, any but the slightest quiver of the lids or twitch of the brows will loom like a thunderstorm. So much as one's action must be slowed down before the camera, so much must it be lightly touched in. Afterward, when Edna heard glib gabble about the

down-town studio, after ascertaining that she would work for three dollars a day, undertook to speak for her to the director.

At nine o'clock in the morning the hallway was already crowded; men, most of whom suggested small clerkships, women who looked like duchesses, and women who looked like servants, stood packed together in uneasy waiting for the director or his assistant to arrive and make his selections. Though the picture was sup-

posed to begin at ten, Edna waited an hour and twenty minutes. It was very cold in the little hallway, which became more and more jammed all the time. The hall opened directly off the street, and at each arrival the wet November wind swept in and took more curl out of Edna's hair. Terrifying anecdotes of omnipotent, but too human, directors enlivened, without warming, the atmosphere, as when a girl's rowdy voice was heard in shrill and injured reminiscence: "I'd been kneeling for two hours on a marble floor, with nothing on but a pair of tights and a gunny sack, and when we got up in the middle of the scene I rubbed my knees. He jumped right at me and shook me. He must have shook me five minutes. I was so scared I never came back."

Edna began to feel that she

"necessary exaggeration" of moving-picture acting, it made her laugh.

But how and when, if ever, Jimmy's big moment got done she never knew.

It was early winter when Edna, none too much encouraged by her glimpse of the camera's requirements, gave up her last hope of a regular engagement, and joined the procession toward the studios. She found the studios more densely besieged than the theaters themselves, and unable to attract any one's attention in her quest after a part, she decided to apply for extra work. An acquaintance engaged at a

might follow the same course.

But this director, when he at length arrived, accepted her as if she had been fate. She was sent with many other girls into a big, dusky, dusty room, where most of the hanging space was taken up by piles of old scenery; a room with a very dirty floor, no wash-basins, a few chairs, and a long shelf, with several blotchy mirrors. She had, of course, her own make-up, and the assistant director had given her a bundle containing a soiled Turkish costume. She was dressed by eleven o'clock, but it was one before the set was ready in the studio.



This set was a scene in a harem, and Edna's was the absorbing duty of sitting on the floor. She sat there until four o'clock, while the director was arranging his scene; then the scene was taken and repeated; then a "still," or an ordinary photograph of the set; then a close-up of the star entering. Then her duties were changed; she had to stand at a window until six o'clock, when that scene was taken. She and everybody else then stood about until seven-thirty while another set was being put up. For this scene a well-known dancing-team had been engaged to do their Peacock Dance at a remuneration of three hundred dollars. Dressed as those rather comfortless birds, they, too, had been "hanging around" since nine in the morning. Now it was discovered that the musicians—union men—had gone home over an hour before, and there was no use waiting any longer. The dancers were reengaged for the next day at another three hundred, and Edna was reengaged at another three; about fifteen minutes of acting had been done that day; no more.

It became an old story. She was employed about ten days a month, some companies, when the extra furnished an evening dress, paying as much as five dollars a day. As her face became vaguely familiar to the directors, she was kept busy more than half the time. She came to know moving-pictures as deserts of unregulated tedium, as yawns from six to sixteen hours long. They existed in artificially lighted studios that were only refashioned skating-rinks, churches, and garages, often large enough for only one picture at a time, fusty, airless, as well as unheated through the long winter, with the corpse-like reflections of the yellow accessories falling dispiritedly through the mustard-tinted atmosphere on everybody's skin. Music of a sort was apt to be braying through the extras' scenes, the director indistinguishably bawling, the lights shaking, the carpenters hammering. One was always racked by hours of standing, could never get out for lunch, never knew why one was doing anything. Edna could not

discover that the principals, equally hungry, jaded, and exhausted, were any too well informed.

Occasionally an extra exhibited interest enough to ask another:

"Do you know the name of this picture?"

"No, do you?"

"Do you know what it's about?"

"About? No. Why?"

"What's supposed to be happening in this restaurant?"

"Search me!"

Once a girl, seeing that Edna was strug-



gling to hear some single line or gather the gist of a situation, said to her:

"At the beginning you think you care, but you soon learn not to."

Edna was beginning to despair; she seemed to make no progress, and she could not see how anybody ever did. How could anybody ever get up enough enthusiasm to become more than a cog in that creaking and halting machinery? As summer came round again, the prodigal and senseless waste of time and money, the ghastly waste of spirit, were all hardening for her into one blank monotony; she remembered the phrase of some military satirist, "Being now quite ready, we waited four hours to begin": he seemed to her the prophet of moving-picture studios. Then one day a girl said to her:

"They're putting on a costume-play across the river. Don't let's mind the

car-fare. Let 's go over to-morrow and see if we can get in."

II.—OUTDOORS

THE fogs were lifting from the river when the eight o'clock boat put forth. Edna had come from a down-town lodging-house, and there was delicious novelty in the bright air, the freshness, the lapping and sparkling water, the salt smell blowing up from the bay. The young day was still cool, the green on the nearing leap of the hills was still moist and still trembled with little golden lights. On the boat were other girls who carried suitcases, some with the uplifted air of those whom directors had "sent for," some only eager, hopeful, nosing after the least advantage. It was like the beginning of an adventure. The trolley-car that met the boat carried these poor city sparrows up rocky curves and through deep woods, with the dew still in their shadows, then boldly out, cresting the wide brilliance of the harbor. When did ever actress go to her work by an approach like this?

They left the trolley at sight of a high wall inclosing a space equal in extent to many city blocks. In the lane beside it cow-boys rode under the interlacing trees. From a gateway in the concrete wall the riders were saluted by two ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette; a Chinese nobleman, who had evidently borrowed an overcoat from an English tourist, plunged across the car-track toward the drug-store; and out of the open gate an automobile filled with young people dressed for a garden-party swung into the lane, as if borne on their shouts and laughter, and swept off on some "location" over the hills and far away.

Within the gate Edna saw great spaces of trodden earth that farther on turned into broken, grassy ground dotted scantily with trees. There were some outhouses, a solid-looking building like a model factory, and here and there and farther on glittering erections that, save for their height, might have been giant greenhouses. These were the glass daylight-studios of which she had heard much; not one, but half a

dozen, a colony in full blast. Between a brace of them stood a huge tent where costumes were being given out; on the farther side of the nearest studio two more tents were arranged for extra dressing-rooms. When the roll was called there were seven hundred and fifty extras on the grounds for this one picture.

Everything here was new to Edna, but something in the air was particularly new. When she came forth in her peasant's dress she noticed with surprise the "featured" people—Olympians in automobiles—already driving into the yard; springing to earth, indeed, with the manner of those who had brisk business ahead of them. It was scarcely later when the arrival of the director's car, the dramatic event of the day, thrilled through the ranks like a bulletin from Napoleon, and Edna could not but wonder what he was doing there so soon. She made her way across the grounds to see what kind of set they might be building, and found the set standing ready and waiting! On that young day the tradition of inertia seemed to be tottering.

Three intersecting streets and the market-place of an old Italian city had been built, solid, on the solid ground. They had been painted and stained to weather-mellow tenderness of tone, hung with deep-hued draperies, and set with little shops. There was an armorer with a blazing forge, there were stalls filled with brass and ivory that gave back certain tones of light; a little brown house huddled under the protection of a great archway that was somehow newly overgrown with ancient ivy; in the square a fountain was in full play, fed by a hose connecting with a barrel that stood on top of a tall shed just outside the picture. There were girls at this fountain, soldiers and hucksters in the streets, good wives marketing, and a great earthen vase, carried in a sort of litter, was being filled by water-vendors. How many attempts at this had Edna not seen in the cramped spaces and artificial light of theaters! But never before sprawled widely on the rough earth, with little winds blowing its draperies under a morning sun!



"FOR THE 'CLOSE-UP,' LIKE ALL REAL MOTION-PICTURE ACTING, IS NOT AN ASSUMPTION OF FEELING, BUT ITS REVELATION."

A man in maroon velvet, with a gold cap, stepped out upon his balcony and dispersed some chatterers from under his window with an annoyance as convincing as if he had stuck his head out of a window in the Bronx. A strangeness mingled with an intensified, sharp realness, like an old dream come true; and in the earthy vitality the whole outdoor aspect of that little, living town, the matter-of-fact gait of the

costumed figures going about their business through its streets, something oddly like a challenge to the best that was in her, caught at Edna's heart, and the clutch thrilled. But just then she staggered under another shock of smashed tradition. The hero had stepped into the marketplace, and he was dressed from head to foot in white!

Hauberk and tights and shoes, long

cloak embroidered in silver, and plumed cap—all white from tip to toe! Edna was left to conclude that though halation may be a scientific fact, there are some studios where scientific counter-facts are more promptly discovered than in others. But again she was left without time to think by a still more startling miracle. Authority was already manifesting itself. She



and the rest of the mob were being drilled. The director was here, ready, and he was explaining the action to the extras! The impossible was occurring before her eyes. They were scheduled to begin at nine-thirty; at nine-thirty they began. And there was nothing remarkable left beneath the visiting moon.

Life became an exciting business. There was the director on horseback, shouting his directions through a megaphone, while his assistants barked and ran like excited sheep-dogs, forgetfully waving their own megaphones in frantic gesticulation; there were the six camera-men, placed hither and yon, on the ground, on steps or platforms, to "shoot" the scene from different points of view; there, ensconced on the shed beside the water-barrel, like window-holders on election night, were the silver hero and his bull-terrier and the wardrobe

woman's baby and the heroine's chauffeur and a visiting star dressed as a geisha, calling to one another, above the din, enthusiastic comment. Even the extras were no longer coolies driven in a gang; they were volunteers enlisted in a cause. It was they themselves who were out after the right effect; the honor of the studio had become their honor, and the success of the picture their success. The fusty veil of the dark studios was gone like a fog in the sun; everything was different; overnight the business of moving-pictures had acquired a new face.

"That 'll do, Jake," came the director's voice. "But where 's your distressed flower-girl—the distressed flower-girl for this close-up? I told you to get me an actress. This one? No. Sorry, my dear; you 'll never do. Jake, did n't I tell you an actress? Here, you, young lady! Miss! You in green! Let me see you do this distressed flower-girl!"

Edna had risen from the ranks, for it was decided to have the flower-girl carry her distress into a couple of groups with principals. In the next picture a really responsible Gipsy was required, and before long Edna had taken root in that busy, thriving, varying colony.

As she went from studio to studio she came to know that there were incompetent directors even in New Jersey, while her occasional engagements with her earlier employers sometimes uncovered competence even in New York; but she never quite lost the pulse of that first day—that day when they began on time, and diligence was rewarded, and the chains of all dark tradition lay broken as if by the sunny, windy battle in that Italian marketplace.

To work out of doors! Sun-plays! Not for nothing did the great Griffith call them so. To get out of the studios, even the glass studios, and act in the "yard," on a hillside, on a sea-beach, under the open sky!

"LOCATIONS," the scenes taken outside the studio-grounds, carrying you to Palm Beach or the handiest substitute for Si-

beria, to the West Indies and the Adirondacks, to the show-palaces of Newport and the harnessing of sand-storms in the desert, are the plums of the motion-picture pudding; they are the picnics of the workshop: but, far more than in the studio, they are liable to one grave disadvantage.



There came a day when Edna noticed a slim girl leaving the director's office. She had a frowning glance, and her compressed lips

were pale. The first person whom Edna asked about the girl pronounced the name of a well-known acrobat.

"She's going to do the lead in the governor's new picture; got to run ahead of a herd of stampeded cattle."

"Really stampeded?"

"What else? As an actress it may n't require much, but as a sprinter—"

Edna turned away her head.

She herself had clung for her life to the sides of speeding motor-cars; she had crept, soaked to the skin, over the slippery planks of innumerable wrecks; with four other girls she had been hurled, hit or miss, off a flying toboggan: but these little matters, like being involved in the collapse of circus tiers or charged by a troop of cavalry, are so much in the day's work that the heavy man who complained of his sleeve being ruined by a horse's treading on his shoulder only made himself unpopular by his fussiness. It took something exceptional to bring about such rebellion as that of a tall youth whom Edna had lately heard unexpectedly resisting the persuasions of a whole management.

"No, I won't do it. Cancel my contract if you want to, but I won't dive off the prow of a burning ferry-boat while she's going, for any picture. What? No, I don't care how low you burn her. I'll stand on her deck till she's in midstream, I'll dive off her from the stern; but I *won't* dive off in *front* of her." As Edna was about to admire his good sense he added: "If you could guarantee my being killed, that 'u'd be one thing. But just to be

sucked under a paddle-wheel and have my back broken— My God! I'd have to live with myself, you see, all the rest of my life!"

"If you could guarantee my being killed"—it was certainly a point of view! Yet the man with the injured sleeve had himself risen unscathed; once, before Edna's eyes, the beggar princess—and she a beauty!—had flung herself flat, face downward, into a deep puddle of slime-crusted mud that had been carefully filled with toads; Edna had watched a girl wrestle with trained bears waist-deep in Adirondack snows; had seen a young man cast from a runaway sleigh and dragged along the road clinging to its runners, the camera grinding hard after him; one January day she had seen a star, a young girl who did n't know how to swim, walk out into the Sound in her nightgown until, chin-deep amid floating blocks of ice, she could pull her head under the water and pretend to drown; but she did not drown or die of pneumonia. Next morning a trooper rode his horse full gallop toward a frozen pool where it was "hoped" the ice was thin, and cast himself over his horse's ears head

first through the ice.

And he emerged unharmed. Edna had begun to breathe easily the motto of the studios, "Oh, it 'll be all right."

Then came a day when they arranged to catch one of the villains as he stepped backward off a high cliff—and the arrangement did n't catch. What was left of the villain did n't bear thinking about. And now there swam into Edna's memory the eloquence of an unhappy lady, a star,

whom she had once heard vehemently expostulate: "I don't care how busy he was, I call it very inconsiderate. Anybody who knows how sensitive I am knows it was



hard enough on me that our automobile should run over Willie, anyway. Then when I'm dressing to go out in a canoe with a hole stove through it so it'll sink in God only knows what depth of water, I call it a very inconsiderate director that'll use the 'phone right outside my dressing-room to make Willie's funeral arrangements." Edna laughed, shuddered, and shut her eyes.

But she could not shut out that hour, near or distant, when she should hear some director say: "Oh, Miss Murray, here 's the window-sill where you hang by your hands. Don't drop till I give you the word. Oh, and, Miss Murray, don't wear anything gauzy, so the wind'll blow it, will you? Because if it should catch in the flames—" When that time came would she give up her hard-won citizenship in this new world, or would she simply refrain from wearing anything gauzy and drop when he gave the word? Well, till then don't think about it!

She had plenty to think about that was closer at hand, that evening, when the picture was finished and once again no other showed on the horizon. Edna had heard of a vacancy in the stock company of some people who knew her work well and she was virtually certain of their engaging her if she applied. She began to write her application.

She had now been two years in pictures; half the time as an extra, half the time as a more and more established actress, one of the first persons whom directors sent for when a small part was important. Of late she had begun to be intrusted with an important part. A pleasing, intelligent, and highly competent little actress, recognizable to any experienced eye as a reliable, thoroughly professional worker, she had gone pretty far; but she had now to face the fact that this was about as far as she ever would go. Though a pretty girl, she had no signal personality or temperament to lift her into public favor, and as for a preference in mediums of expression, Edna was no revolutionist; she instinctively, automatically preferred the medium of speech, partly because she was

used to it and partly because, having no particular communication of her own to make, she was naturally contented to make the author's. It was impossible for her to regard that kaleidoscopic world from the point of view of those to whom it offered, either in money or in art, a supreme opportunity.

Opportunity there was, of course, in plenty; freer and more accessible than Edna had ever seen it, as sensationally swift, as spectacularly sudden, as the opportunities of *Cinderella*. The old, false stories of the amateur who steps upon the stage and sets the world afire have come true enough in pictures, where opportunity, indeed, comes running to one with open arms almost at first sight, or forever continues to cut one dead. Only one must be the very special kind of amateur whom the gods love; one must be *Cinderella* herself.

Edna had never known conditions so unequal. Here, if ever, the rich were richer and the poor poorer. The world revolved round the stars and poured into their laps fortunes which the most distinguished careers could not have earned upon the stage in a long life, while the rank and file had less than the stage had ever given them in money, in security, in consideration. It was the increasingly crippling tendency of all modern theatrical conditions, but here twenty times intensified; for here there were no gradations, no strong class of Magna Charta barons to stand between the people and the crown. There were the stars, and there was, so to speak, the cannon-fodder. Either one mattered supremely or one did n't matter at all; one was everything or nothing. If there was anything one balked at, there were hundreds and hundreds of others, and anybody else would do as well. Not that Edna had found anywhere sweeter or lighter-hearted manners than in the studios; it was n't socially among one's mates, but economically and by the good-natured ruthlessness of one's employers, that one was aware of the gulf between the royal family and the mob. Edna had learned well enough by

this time that it was with the mob that she belonged, and her sole hope was to prove herself of the most popular and frequently needed type. If only she could be desirable enough to all the companies for one company to keep her under contract!

An ordinary picture lasted about a month. Then, unless one had a contract, one was evicted again, left sitting on the curb till one could grab another picture as the swift procession floated past. Everything depended on the frequency, the comparative consecutiveness, of these grabs. The gaps between ate up all one's savings. Then a picture devoured at least twice as many dresses as a play. Edna had accumulated so many now that they formed an excellent capital with which to enter stock, and in a breathless desire to be done with this catch-as-catch-can employment, she dashed off her application to the stock-company at full gallop.

If she got the engagement, it would mean fifty-two weeks' work, a whole year of security, of steady knowing where one was, of rest from piece-work, of planning one's costumes economically in advance instead of plunging for them ruinously as they were required from day to day. Fancy coming to look upon twice-a-day stock as rest! Rest and peace! Safety! Safety first! Almost with a gasp, she stamped her envelop. The telephone rang.

Edna took down the receiver absently; the voice of an assistant director came to her faintly as from a world already outworn and far away. It was saying:

"She's thrown down the governor on his new picture because she's afraid of a few old cows!"

"Yes. Well?"

"Scared she can't run faster 'n some poor bulls, after he's engaged the company and all! He's got to have some reliable person in a hurry, and he wants to know—would n't you like to do that run for him?"

A scarlet wave of fury swept over the tired girl. In an effort to think of some repudiation sufficiently violent, sufficiently complete, words failed her.

"It's a grand opportunity," the cheer-

ful voice went on, "to get established as a lead in stunts. We're starting the picture to-morrow; but in a couple of weeks we'll be going west for the locations, and the governor says to tell you they've worked out a trap that's going to be dug and roofed over. That's all the far you'll have to run. You touch a spring with your foot as you light on it, and it'll open to let you through, and close over you again just as the herd passes overhead. Never'll show in the cutting, of course. Gee! it'll make a fine picture!"

"And suppose"—Edna found her scornful voice—"the trap does n't work?"

"Does n't work? W-ee-ll, in that—case—of course—"

It was the final outrage. This was the complete example of what one amounted to in pictures. Nothing they would n't do to you—nothing! When an acrobat would n't run their race, they would snatch up an untrained girl, trusting her to save the situation, trusting her blithely with their whole investment, not even hiding from her that the acrobat had thrown down the picture. "Thrown down the picture"—dreadful phrase, as one might say, "deserted in action, on the field of battle." Tears of indignant helplessness rose in Edna's eyes. She saw the stampeding herd; she felt it behind her; she felt the shaking earth; before her the wind that pushed to hold her back and over her shoulder the breath of death; she saw her fleeing figure stumble, and then a shuttle turned in her brain. She saw all this no longer on the prairie, but on the screen; she saw it with the eyes of the breathless audience as it rushed down upon them. "Gee! but it'll be a fine picture!" A fine picture, a new standing in the business. Why, had n't she always said the thing was n't even a business; it was nothing but an adventure? It was wrong, wrong, all wrong; it was murder, that's what it was—murder.

"Beginning to-morrow, Joe?" she said.

"To-morrow, studio at nine-thirty. Oh, and, Miss Murray, bring a wedding-dress."

"Nine-thirty? All right. I'll be there."

She began to rummage in her trunks. There was a satin slip in one, and where was that lace shawl of her mother's? It ought n't to take her much past two A.M. to fix up a wedding-dress, and she *must* look rested to-morrow for the picture.



Morning and I

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

WHEN the corn is full of glory from the wind-play,
Morning, the blue-caped singer,
Crosses his legs on the hills, and with sun-eye winking,
Sings me this song:

Young laggard!
Why laugh as you loaf alone in the garden?
Why laugh?
It 's seven o'clock, and no one 's up,
Saving, of course, the chicks,
Saving, of course, the calves.
No one 's up;
Why laugh as you loaf alone in the garden?

I pick a seckel pear from the grass,
Bite it, and wink back slowly at laughing Morning,
And, looking careless,
Sing him this stave:

Old lover,
I laugh because of a mighty secret that 's mine;
That 's why.
Is it seven o'clock? Then let it be;
Let the chicks go pecking the corn,
And the calves go cropping the grass.
Am I alone?
Oh, only alone with a mighty secret that 's mine.

Then Morning bursts out laughing; twenty birds are startled to song;
And he and I in the silence
Wink once again to each other.
Had n't he been blowing kisses to Earth millions of years before
I was born?

Observations on French Schools

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Hillsboro People," etc.

THERE is no denying that the Great War has made most of us over into somebody else even as concerns things quite unconnected with the war. One of the results in my own case has been a new respectfulness in my attitude toward the French schools. I have long been a lover of France and a frequent sojourner in her borders, but from my earliest childhood I have been steeped to the marrow of my bones in that blandest of American aphorisms that when it came to primary public education the United States of America had the whole world beaten without half trying.

But since the war it has seemed to me that the school system which has helped to produce such a nation as the French must be worth more than the indifferent and, to tell the discreditable truth, slightly supercilious glances that I had from time to time bestowed on it. This change in feeling coincided with a change in the circumstances of my family life. My little daughter is now attending a French lycée, and my new humility has induced me to consider attentively the differences between her French and her American school, and as always happens when one gives honest observation to other people's ways of running their lives, I have run across some very thought-producing phenomena.

There are, of course, many, many similarities between our system and the French. By this I mean, to put it brutally, that for the most part their conception of education is just as medieval as ours, and ours as theirs. But in the matter of certain resemblances it is the most polite as well as the safest policy for the pot to keep a civil tongue in its head about the complexion of the kettle, so I will say nothing about French arithmetic or gram-

mar or geography or writing or reading or "formal discipline," for there is not a pin's difference between their way of treating those subjects and ours. And even as regards the differences which do exist, it is in no spirit of proselytism that I am reporting them to other American parents. I merely maintain that it is always wholesome to look hard at all the different manners of solving the same difficulty.

To begin at the beginning, the very existence of such a school as the one my little daughter attends is an anomaly to an American. It is a public school,—that is, it is under government control,—all the teachers are paid by the Government and all are pensioned by the Government,—just remember this item, please,—and the courses of study are prescribed by the ministry of education; and yet all parents pay four dollars a month tuition in addition to their taxes. Although it was absurd to complain of paying four dollars a month for the excellent schooling given to my little girl, I was vastly disturbed about the principle involved, and for some time I declaimed on the subject in my circle of friends and acquaintances, comfortable French bourgeois for the most part, putting a great many heated questions to which—I felt a certain triumph in the fact—they found no ready answer. It seemed to me that I was confronted with an apparent attack on the sacred principle of democracy.

"Was it not iniquitous," I asked, "that schools which were supported in part with the taxes of the working-classes should not be freely opened to their children?" I had discovered that the working-classes sent their children to the *real* public schools, the *écoles communales*, which

were, so my circle of comfortable French bourgeois friends assured me, "impossible" for "nice" children to attend.

Finally some one, tired, perhaps, of hearing me hold forth, suggested an interview with a certain official high in the administration of the primary schools of France. When the interview was granted me, I found myself in the presence of as thoroughly modern a personality as ever I met. He bent his sandy brows intently while once more in glowing terms I set forth my unanswerable arguments about the sacred principles of democracy. When I drew breath he threw out at me, quite casually, an ironic, unanswerable supposition of his own.

"The free public schools of New York, now—of course all the well-to-do, well-educated people of the city send their children there?"

There was a silence as I hastily ran over the list of my relatives, friends, and acquaintances in New York City. I gazed at him with a glassy eye. Of course they did nothing of the sort. And what were the paltry four dollars a month I paid here compared, for instance, with the thirty dollars a month asked at my own old favorite school in New York, though by no means in the list of really expensive private schools?

My interlocutor did not permit himself a smile at my plight, but putting the tips of his competent fingers together, he gave me the following statement:

"Before the French Revolution the education of the people was an affair of religion; since then the effort has constantly been to take it out of religion and put it where it belongs, along with clean streets and good sewers and the extension of the franchise and the development of public spirit, among matters relating to the public welfare, under the control of the state, and hence finally under the control of the people. But it takes a long time to advance, as perhaps even Americans have discovered. When the lycées for girls were organized,—like your girls' high schools, you know,—it was soon found that in large cities they would have

no pupils under existing conditions. Comparatively well-to-do people are as a rule the only ones to give their daughters higher education, and comparatively well-to-do people have a deep-rooted distaste to sending their children to public schools frequented by children of the poorer classes. Our ideal was of course the same as yours, free public education for all. Obviously what ought to be done in America and France and any other republic is to make the free public schools so good that all classes would prefer to send their children there. As a matter of fact, at least as far as large centers of population are concerned, that result has not been achieved in any republic. What happened here was what has happened in New York, what has always happened in all very large cities. The well-to-do sent their younger children to private schools; and in eight years' time the private school got such grip on every child that almost none was ever sent to public high schools. The education of the well-to-do classes was thus entirely in the hands of private persons who undertook the business to make a cash profit out of it; they were, moreover, in no wise responsible to the state for that element most vital to the state, the education of its future citizens. The state would never dream of allowing a group of wealthy citizens to take the sewers or the streets or the politics of their part of the city under their private control. Why should the state allow them to take those children who are very apt to grow up into the leading class of the republic? In Paris we were confronted by the same facts as those which you have just now recognized as New York realities. What should we do? Should we proclaim in theory our unswerving fidelity to the ideal, and in practice recognize a system of very expensive private education, restricted to the few with large incomes, a system which, under the pretext of admitting no alloy in democratic institutions, totally separates the very well-to-do child from the child of the well-paid working-man? No; in France, instead of trying to secure all of the ideal

and getting half, we prefer as a rule to try for three quarters and to get three quarters, if you will allow me a metaphor. The small tuition fee of which you complain is quite within the means of the fairly prosperous shopkeeper or clerk or even well-paid workman. It does keep out the very poor element of the population."

At this I could not restrain an indignant start of wounded American idealism.

"Oh, I know that does not sound well to an American," he added. "It does not sound well to a Frenchman. But in this matter of education we were not looking at people as we should like to have them, but as they are. We French educational organizers were not making speeches; we were struggling sincerely and wholeheartedly with the problem of devising a system of state-controlled education which would reach and benefit the largest possible number of children, and which would insure the contact and good-fellowship during childhood of as many different classes as possible. *As possible*, mind you." He fixed me with his shrewd, blue eye, and waited an instant to be sure I was not idealistically shedding the significance of his phrase. Then he went on: "Secondly, the tuition fees, plus the subvention of the state, add enough to the resources of the lycées to permit them to indulge in those ornaments and elaborations of school-life to which the well-to-do give importance, in my own opinion a greatly exaggerated importance. Personally I think that the open public schools of Paris are quite as good for the children as the lycées; but that is of course not the question.

"As a result we have gathered under state education vast numbers of city families who would otherwise have been out of touch with modern France; we have succeeded in fusing inside the classroom representatives of virtually all classes save the proletariat,—and that will come in the future,—and we have avoided the formation of large numbers of exclusive, very expensive private schools that would cater only to the well-to-do people. On the whole, Madame, I incline to think that

our solution, though it is frankly a compromise, is not more undemocratic than some others which I could name. I hope I have answered your questions. I even venture to hope I have convinced you."

I rose to go.

"Monsieur," I said, "no American would ever admit being convinced by such arguments. But I confess that you have made a big dent in my complacency." I wonder if I have passed it on?

FOR that question one interview was all-important. For the next one I shall need to report varying opinions. This was the question of the marriage of women teachers, or, rather, the fact of it, for there is no question about it in France.

France is so traditional about women in many ways, so singularly, almost startlingly lacking in so-called feminist agitations, that it seems quaint to find here an entire acquiescence in a principle which is making slow headway in America. But the French people as a whole have always recognized what is, after all, the first and most important right of women, the right to work; and being endowed with a keen sense of the realities and exigencies of human nature, it has not occurred to them to make work for women a privilege to be purchased only by celibacy and childlessness. Half of the French women teachers of my acquaintance are married and mothers, often of grown-up children. My little daughter's teacher is fifty-eight years old, and has a son of twenty-seven. She brings into the classroom a sort of grandmotherly element of patience and wide experience with children, which is a most edifying spectacle to an American mother, accustomed to see almost all teachers young, unmarried women not very long out of their own childhood.

"Are there, then, no inconveniences? None of the troublesome results so dismally predicted by our own school-boards?"

To this question I received a variety of answers. The teacher mothers themselves looked reminiscent, and almost all of them said the same thing, "Yes, the

first years of the children's life were *hard*." I did not interrupt them to say that the first years of the lives of *all* children are difficult for their mothers. "It would have been better if we could have stayed at home with the babies. But there are so many compensations! After the children were old enough to go to school we really saw more of them than other mothers did, because we were at the school ourselves. But it was always hard when they were sick. But after they are grown-up—Heavens! what do other mothers do, when the children go away from home, if they have no work to fill their hearts and hands? We look forward to twenty years of active service after that."

"Were the children the only difficulty?" I asked.

"What other could there be?"

"Husbands, housekeeping."

"Oh, modern, wage-earning husbands are never at the house except in the evening. And as for housekeeping, the extra money we earned paid three times over for the extra service we needed to hire. And we were not tied to the dish-pan; were better thinkers, better companions for our children, for our husbands."

I carried the question to an old French philosopher, who said meditatively:

"What do you suppose would be the answer of a doctor if you asked him whether his life would n't have been on the whole easier and less complicated if he had never married and had children who are apt to be sources of anxiety just at the time when he needs all his calm for a critical case? Do you think he would be likely to answer that he would have been a more useful member of his profession if he had always lived in a room in a hotel free from all entangling human relationships? Don't you think it possible that an expert accountant is occasionally less efficient if his wife is very ill? Perhaps it would be for the best interests of the grocery business if the law forbade the scattering of the grocer's energies by the inevitable erosion and attrition of domestic life."

I stopped him by one of the decorous

French equivalents for "I get you." But I went on asking questions of other people. You must understand that every one to whom I presented the matter needed a moment to collect himself, to formulate an opinion on the subject, so entirely is it taken for granted. One of my interlocutors, when he grasped what was at issue, leaped joyfully at the idea that it might be possible to prevent women teachers from marrying and having families. This was an official in charge of school statistics, tabulation, reports, etc. He was heart-felt in his denunciations of the unspeakable nuisance of married teachers. Their irregularities messed up his record-cards to a degree that was almost unbearable to a conscientious tabulator, he assured me. It was impossible to keep things in parallel columns. If he had *his* way, marriage lines would automatically bar any women from connection with the school system. This sounded very like old times in New York.

The head of a department in the ministry of education said judicially:

"From the technically administrative point of view the motherhood of women teachers has undoubtedly many inconveniences. From the strictly educational one I never have been able to see that there was any difference between unmarried and married teachers. Of course from the point of view of the welfare of the state it is of the highest importance that the most instructed class of women should not be the childless ones. You do not perhaps know that in every way we officially facilitate the marriage of women teachers and try to make life easier for them in the case of children." No, I did not know it. This did not sound a bit like old times in New York.

At the last I went to the head of the hierarchy himself, M. Liard, the greatly revered rector of the University of Paris, and from that militantly vigorous person I had a final and ringing answer.

"I have," he said, "just one complaint to make about married teachers, and that is that there are not enough of them. If I had my way, every woman teacher in

France would have a good husband and babies of her own."

I ventured to murmur something about "administrative difficulties," and had them blown away like chaff.

"Oh, such trifles compared with real live children! Any form of life is more complicated and troublesome than death. If it is good for every one else to marry and have children, it is good for women teachers. And it's good for education, because they undoubtedly have in the long run more patience for and comprehension of children than childless women, and because their years of service to the state are so much longer than if they retire when they marry. And of course it's good for the state that such women should be mothers. What is n't it good for?"

My tabulator seemed too unimportant to mention just then, so I merely asked:

"May I quote you, Monsieur Liard?"

He gave a large, but slightly astonished, assent.

"Why should any one be interested in my opinion about the advisability of marriage? It's a pretty well-established institution."

"Because, Monsieur Liard," I said, "until recently any married woman teacher in New York City who gave birth to a child was thereby automatically dismissed from the service of childhood in the schools. And such mothers are even now frowned on by the authorities."

Even when it is not to your own credit, there is always something pleasing about being the bearer of genuinely astounding news, and on a wave of this dubious triumph I left M. Liard's office. He was frankly dumfounded, managed to articulate, "Incredible! Monstrous!" but was beyond any other comment.

I HAD plenty of side-lights cast on that subject, but on the question of the exclusion of parents from French school-rooms I have been reduced to solitary meditations. Perhaps you do not know that parents are as rigorously shut out from French classrooms as German spies from French fortresses. Now that you do

know, I am sure that you are giving the same start of indignation with which I received that intimation. Yet to all questions about the reason for that rule I met only with the blank wall of "Good gracious! Whoever thought of doing anything else!" which is the most unsurmountable obstacle known to the professional searcher after reasons. To tell the truth, I never *have* found out why all casual visitors are carefully shut out. But, reduced to mere conjecture as to cause, I have had all the more leisure to concentrate on effects. For one thing, it seems to me that there is vastly less emphasis laid on immediate results in French primary work than in American. This may be, probably is, due to many other deep-lying, national causes. But it is possible that the complete absence of visitors may also have something to do with it. With nobody before whom it is more or less advisable or desirable to "show off," an immense number of well-known temptations are removed from the path of teacher and pupils. I do not need to name them. Every one with any experience of class life will think of them at once. For instance, there is no reason to call frequently on the clever, forth-putting child to recite because he can always be counted upon to make a good showing; and no reason to avoid toiling over a problem with a slow child whose progress is apparent to his teacher, but who makes an impression of dumb imbecility on the casual visitor. There is no need by hasty pressure of personality and the employing of emergency measures to galvanize the class into the feverish animation of interest which always pleases visitors, but which teachers know has an inevitable reaction. There is nothing to prevent unhurried, steady, consecutive industry in the class. It is also to be noted in this connection that, with the exception of an occasional showing of handicrafts, that diabolical institution known in America as the "annual school exhibition" has never been heard of in France. The children study in order to understand their lessons, not in order to produce something which may be shown to the credit of the

teacher and the school in competition with other teachers and other schools.

Furthermore, let me cite the large number of comfortable, plump, matronly, middle-aged teachers whom one sees in France, going their round of daily work with calmness and poise, the gray coming into their well-dressed hair, the crow's-feet coming at the corners of their clear eyes, with none of those annually recurring signs of nervous tension and uncertain mental equilibrium which along about March and April we expect to see in our own younger and more vigorous teaching force. Of course this is due partly to the fact that a family life is not denied them. It may be due partly also to the fact that French cooking is better than Yankee, or that the servant problem is not so cruel. But I do not think it fantastic to connect it also with the absence of the friction and loss of energy caused by the coming and going of irregular, casual, criticizing or gushing visitors, who, whatever else they do, always dissipate the attention of the classroom. When the French school-teacher settles down to a morning's work it is with the entire certainty that she is going to have her children all to herself for hours of quiet, uninterrupted activity; and not only that day, but the day after that and the day after that, and so on till the end of the year. I wonder how many American teachers would heave a wistful sigh to learn of this detail in the life of their French colleagues.

Finally, taking a leaf from the book of the official who had given me so shrewd a nip about the attendance of well-to-do children in the New York public schools, I asked myself seriously just how often I had taken advantage of the open door in American public schools, how often I had gone to visit the school-rooms of my town, how often my brother and my sisters and my cousins and my friends had visited their children's classrooms. Among all those typical American instances I remember not one whose visits had been frequent enough or informed enough or consecutive enough to make their formal exclusion from the classroom a matter of the least importance

to them or to any one else. Individually our visits had amounted to nothing for us. Collectively they had represented a considerable sum of irregularity and interruption for the schools.

Understand me, I do not in the least say that the French are right here and we are wrong. I still have a lively distrust of anything which takes place behind closed doors. This is a racial characteristic, perhaps a characteristic of a rather primitive people. You will remember the apocryphal story of an effete Easterner who hung a towel across the window of the shack where he was taking a bath, and the cow-boy who twitched it down, exclaiming, with honest distrust of hidden processes, "What 's so damned private going on in here?" At any rate I still have my feelings hurt, as any self-respecting American would have, at the idea that I am forbidden to go to a place to which I would go with extreme infrequency if I were allowed. I call to your attention the above phenomena only in the hope that they may arouse in your mind, as in mine, that grudging, but salutary, interest we all feel when we observe that policies totally different from our own do not lead to certain destruction.

As to the institution of the *répétitrice* I venture to predict that your interest will be anything but grudging. I give the French name of that school official because there is no such person in American schools. She exists there only as the potential solution of one of the most trying and formidable problems in school administration. There are few American families who do not number a school-teacher among their connections, and so almost all American families are familiar with the doleful complaints of school-teachers about the strength, time, and effort consumed by work connected with the administrative side of the school organization. Nearly all of us have heard school-teachers cry out: "It is not the teaching which uses us up so. If, when we were finished with teaching, our days' work were over, we would be in paradise. As it is, we sometimes think the actual teaching the least part of our work. We

are responsible for order in the halls, for the entrance of our pupils, and for the conduct of pupils studying at their desks. For tardiness or absence we must write notes to parents and see them when they come. We lose long afternoons in teachers' meetings not discussing methods of instruction, but how to keep the cloak-rooms in better order; and always and always we spend hours bent over our desks long after the children have gone, making out averages, reports, filling up blanks, filing papers, and figuring out attendance averages. Heaven only knows what all those statistics are for. We are only sure that they have nothing to do with teaching the pupils, which is the work that we are supposed to do."

American educators have long deplored these burdensome tasks; they have brought them up for discussion and anxious consideration in educational conferences. American ingenuity has exhausted itself in devising administrative systems which will be slightly less onerous to the teaching staff; but apparently no one has thought of the simple expedient employed by the French to avoid giving this work to teachers; that is, giving it to somebody else. Now you see why there is no English word for *répétitrice*. The *répétitrices* in a big French school are women who have little or no connection with teaching, and the teachers, paradoxical as this sounds to an American, are women who do little or nothing except teach. The French consider that after the state has paid a considerable sum to teach a woman, already especially fitted for that purpose, how to impart a knowledge of grammar, it is rather a wasteful procedure to use her nervous force in marshaling pupils up and down halls, in watching over a "study period" of subjects not her own, in making out reports about shades that will not work, radiators that will not shut off, or children who will not come to school regularly. It is quite possible that a very good teacher of history may not make a good supervisor of a high-school lunch-room, and the nervous strain involved in doing work for which

she is not suited by nature or training is not good for her teaching of history.

In the lower grades, with little children, where the personal element is still very important, where the teacher is almost a mother, this division of labor is less clear-cut; but exactly in proportion as the work of actual academic instruction becomes more formal and exacting, the purely administrative work is removed from the teacher's cares. A professor of literature in a French high school walks into her classroom in the morning to find her class assembled, counted, and ready to receive instruction. When that period is over, she has no responsibility for anything they do thereafter. She teaches literature for about the same number of periods a day as her American colleagues, and when she has done that, she gathers her compositions to correct under her arm, walks out of the classroom, and goes home. No one thinks of bothering her about securing better attendance from the pupils or better discipline in the halls any more than of asking her to see that the furnace drafts work well or that the drains are in good condition. She is no more obliged to do clerical work, such as making out and copying reports or filling up blanks, than she is obliged to clean the snow from the school-house steps. The state has taken considerable trouble to secure her expert services in the matter of teaching literature, and the state expects her strength, freshness, resiliency, and staying power to be concentrated on that undertaking.

Are you asking, "And who, pray, can be found to undertake all the tedious, disagreeable administrative work?" Why, if you please, it is tedious and disagreeable only when it is loaded on the back of people wholly interested in something else, who have not been trained for it, who do it in scraps of their time, and with what is left of their strength after they have done a day's work already. It is in reality very important and worth-while work, and to people who have an aptitude for it, who are paid for it, expect to do it, and who do nothing else, it presents none of the dreary difficulties which we are accustomed

to associate with it. It is in many cases another career in the educational world open to people with organizing, executive ability who otherwise might misguidedly take up teaching as a life-work. How many a painstaking, over-conscientious teacher have we all seen who would have made a far better clerical worker! How many professors of history who know much more about "keeping good discipline" than about presenting the march forward of the centuries, how many teachers of literature deeply imbued with the spirit of Shelley or Milton who are incapable of adding up the averages in a report!

The upshot of the matter seems to be that the French have seen with clearer eyes than we that there are at least two kinds of holes in the organization of the typical large modern school, the square and the round; and, bearing in mind the traditional waste of energy connected with misfitting pegs and holes, they have bestirred themselves to secure the accurate distribution into the right holes of both round and square human pegs.

Is not such accuracy of peg-filling, after all, one of the important and distinguishing marks of an intelligent, a flexible, and a genuinely democratic civilization?



Summer, 1917

By B. PRESTON CLARK, JR.

I WATCHED the dusk upon the sea delay,
And in the shallows the black herons stalked,
And in the leaves some lonely spirit talked,
Then a gray pause—and then the end of day.

I saw the tide turn by the river's-edge,
And cedars stand more black against the sky,
And something dark that swooped and fluttered by,
And herons leaving the tide-covered ledge.

Stars stirred at the beginning of the night,
And wind, descending, made the still leaves quiver,
And once a fish splashed in the silent river.
There was no beauty in the white stars' light.

Then, as a thread breaks and disaster comes,
Came in the stillness a far roll of drums.





Old Houses

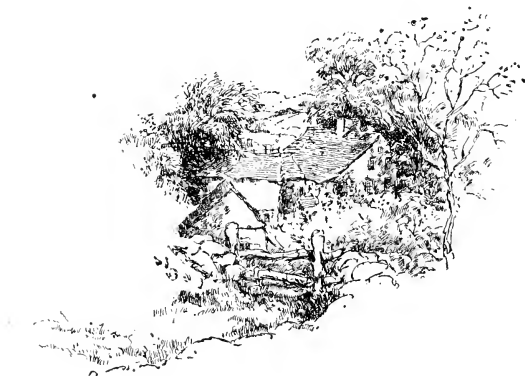
By ALICE CORBIN

THE images of old houses are as beautiful as old tunes,
Old faded music that brings a remembered pain,
Music that awakens music,
Like pain added to pain.
How many old houses are scattered
In the white ghost-field of the brain!

A room with four white walls
Where I read the Bible at thirteen:
Who can find a virtuous woman?
For her price is far above rubies."
And "Evangeline" and "Lucile,"
And the dark mysteries of Poe;
And when I was tired,
Powdered the face of the old negress
Who had fallen asleep
And who would awake
To see herself in the glass.
I was afraid to sit up alone.

A room in another house:
I remember when I stood with my hand on the knob,
Uncertain.
That door is no longer there.

Where the door hung there is no house.
 Yet I can open the door and pass in,
 And take down my coat from the corner,
 And brush the books from the chair,
 And sit down and look out the window
 Over an orchard of blossoming apple-trees
 At a landscape that has disappeared;
 Only the sky remains.



House of my childhood,
 As I grow older you come back to me
 And stay with me:
 Old house on Main Street,
 Where cattle browse in the ruined garden,
 And hollow-eyed memories
 Dwell in the dark shadows of the hallways,
 And rooms let to lodgers;
 Behind the heavy red curtains
 Of the recessed windows
 Were many curious little baskets
 Covered with painted flowers and fish and shells,
 Where lovers sat and whispered.
 Is it your unhappy shades
 Haunting the corridors?
 Sorrowful Mansard windows,
 Gazing down upon the grinning faces
 Of the darky quarter,
 It is not thus that I remember you.

House of love,
 House that is gone, house that is destroyed,
 Hidden and forgotten to make way
 For the bigger house built over you,
 For me you can never be destroyed or forgotten.

I run up and down your steps—
Steps of thin air;
I go to fetch the broom
From behind the door—
Door that has vanished;
I answer the impatient click
Of the little gate on the stairs;
I go through all the rooms,
Shells of sunlight or moonlight,
And through all the rooms
Love follows me.

I remember an old house in France—
Ah, countless old houses in northern France!
They stand in rows, in broken ranks;
They wait quietly in the sunlight,
Where they used to stand
There is a hollow filled with water,
And the wide sky overhead.

Do you think that old houses have no souls?
That they do not stay
Where the body perished?

In a forgotten place
I have seen the corner of a crumbling basement
And the stunted half
Of an old apple-tree
Whispering together.

The lip of an old well-curb
Pushed up through the grass
With forgotten secrets.
It did not matter whether anybody
Listened or remembered.





CADETS OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AT THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET
FROM THE PAINTING BY E. WEST CLINDENST

"Molly McGuire, Fourteen"

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

Author of "The Bunker Mouse," etc.

Decorations by John R. Flanagan

GENERAL TAZEWELL entered his office and, humming a tune slightly off the key, searched rapidly through his morning mail. Reaching the last envelop, he clucked softly, and followed the odd sound by a prolonged, gently breathed "Ah-h!"

"I wonder," he said aloud, "what 's wrong with my friend Molly, Fourteen. This is the first alumni day in nine, yes, ten years, that he 's failed to report."

Edward Tazewell, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, looked years younger than his friends knew him to be. On this June morning, trim in white uniform, his shoulders held, as always, well back, he did not appear a day above fifty. A rustle of skirts interrupted the general's thoughts. He rose quickly, standing at attention.

"Has it come, Colonel?" He had held that rank during their courtship, and Mrs. Tazewell seldom used the higher title.

"No, my dear; his letter is not here."

"Well, don't be disappointed; the institute does n't need the money." Mrs. Tazewell had a brisk, cheerful way of speaking.

"I don't care a hang about the money, Evelyn; I want to see him make good. To have him fail now would hurt."

"Perhaps the mail is late." She glanced at the clock. "My gracious! They 'll all be down in a minute, and I have n't told Lydia about the waffles." At the door she stopped and asked eagerly, "Is it all right about Mr. Duval?"

"I think it will be; the board is to decide his case to-day."

"Edward, they just must agree!" Mrs. Tazewell declared.

The general joined her.

"I believe you are more concerned about Duval than I am about Fourteen's letter. I 've been too busy to read Mrs. Duval's note. Did it please you?"

She took his arm and drew him out through the wide doorway to the porch.

"Oh, it must mean so much to the old cadets to feel that they are a part of all this!" Her gesture took in the level acres of the parade-ground, glimmering brilliant green under the morning sun. Beyond, the mountains stretched mile after mile, an unbroken chain of rugged, blue peaks.

The general smiled into her glowing face.

"They can't all see it with your bright eyes, Evelyn," he said, and not one of the six hundred cadets under his command would have recognized his voice. "But tell me about Mrs. Duval's letter."

"Every sentence in it has a nice, whimsical twist. I know I shall like her."

"You were careful to say I could make no definite promise?" the general asked seriously.

"Indeed I was. She has not told her husband a word about what we hope the board will do; she has persuaded him to come just to please her."

"How about Duval's mother?"

"I 'm not going to tell that dear old lady a word until everything is settled. She can reach here in four hours." Mrs. Tazewell held up her hand. "Listen!" From far down the valley came faintly the sound of a whistle. "That 's the Richmond train. I feel sure it will bring Fourteen's letter." She turned quickly. "Gracious! I 've forgotten all about Lydia!"

Finals were in full swing, the most trying time of the year for the general and his wife, a week of morning drills, review and parade at sundown, and dances at night, at which they must at least appear. The small college town was jammed to the last attic-room with fathers and mothers of the cadets, with all of whom the general must shake hands. His own home was crowded with officials from Washington and Richmond. In his big heart General Tazewell liked all this gay turmoil; the knotted contour of his forehead had come from concentration upon higher mathematics, not from impatience.



Later that morning, when Mrs. Tazewell had poured coffee from her ancient silver urn for her many guests, an orderly entered, and placed a letter before the general. He glanced at the large envelop, but put it aside unopened.

"Oh, Colonel, please!" Mrs. Tazewell smiled down the long table. "Won't you all let him take just one look? We're so anxious for a certain letter to-day!"

The superintendent opened the envelop.

"Great Scott, General! do you get them like that every day?"

Mrs. Tazewell sprang to her feet. "There! I knew Fourteen would not fail you!"

Two one-thousand-dollar bills had fallen from the opened envelop, and though the general did not smile, content showed in his homely face.

"Now the day is nearly perfect," Mrs. Tazewell said to the distinguished guest on her right, no less a personage than the chief of staff of the United States Army.

"With such a windfall, Madam, and such waffles, I should call the day entirely perfect," the officer answered.

GIVEN unlimited funds to spend, it would still be impossible to build another institution that could have the spirit of V. M. I. That collection of historic buildings dominated by the war-scarred barracks, the parade-ground on which Jackson and Lee reviewed the cadets, the library filled with records and portraits of the institute's battle-famed sons, the grounds studded with war-trophies—all these give to the little kingdom tucked away in the heart of the Blue Ridge traditions that are unique.

To an outsider the officers will speak of the Battle of New Market, that red-hot engagement in the valley where the V. M. I. battalion made its charge. With sparkling eyes they tell how those boys—pitifully young boys, called in the dying hours of the Confederacy—waited from daybreak, fretting to go under fire; how they steadily worked their way forward, reaching the front late in the afternoon, and charged in perfect formation through a straggling regiment of beaten, retreating veterans. They will describe that steady rush across the open wheat-field straight into a driving hail of Minié balls, while shells, bursting above, tore ragged gaps in the ranks; how, without disorder, those gaps were closed, and finally, with a rebel yell ringing shrilly from their young throats, the battalion plunged up the hill, captured the battery, and put the enemy to flight.

With eyes that do not sparkle they tell

more: how, of that band of two hundred and seventy-nine, fifty-seven boys fell wounded and dead on that shot-torn field.

If you still show interest, you may hear that Stonewall Jackson was an officer of the institute; how in a day after Virginia had seceded he changed from an eccentric professor to an inspired soldier, and, gathering a company of the older cadets, seized a canal-boat packet, and floated down the James to Richmond and undying glory.

And there is Lincoln's answer to the impatient statesman who demanded to know why the Federal Army took so long to put down a starving nation.

"We could do it in a month," the great man told him, "were it not for a troublesome little school down in Virginia that turns out new officers as fast as we kill off the old ones."

These are only three out of the many traditions that the outsider may find set down in the printed history of the old school; but others are known to the insider, and chief among the secret ones are the acts of that mysterious band, the Molly McGuires. Who the members of this carefully selected organization were none save a duly initiated Molly ever knew; but every one connected with the college, from the negroes who swept the long barracks galleries up to the superintendent himself, knew that the sole aim of this clan was to make life interesting for the officers and faculty.

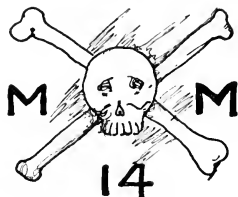
Being in intimate touch with military affairs and gunpowder, a Molly McGuire's favorite means of expressing himself was through an explosion, and the greatest of their many ingenious plots was the blowing up of the arsenal. Though this was carried out twenty years ago, you, if you are an insider, will hear talk of it to this day.

From the fog of secrecy that shrouded the band only these facts drifted clear from the mist: it was formed of boys who could pass some difficult test; it numbered thirteen, never more or less.

After breakfast on that alumni day the general asked himself, as he had countless

times before, which one of the hundreds in the corps when the arsenal blew up was the mysterious person who for ten years, without a break, had written to him. Always his letters contained a cash remittance, and always the last page had been signed,

Gratefully yours,



Heaven knows the skull and cross-bones with the two M's were familiar enough. Evidently it was a law of the Molly to leave these insignia marked in red somewhere near the spot where one of their bombs had been exploded, and the number of the member who had lighted the fuse was added as a final touch of bravado. The general had seen the sign numbered from one to thirteen at many places in and out of barracks, but nowhere except on these annual letters had he found the number fourteen. He thought that he knew who had blown up that arsenal. The present finals marked the twentieth reunion of the "Arsenal Class," and one of the first returning members to report at alumni headquarters had been Bolling, the man he suspected. The general had recognized him at first glance, though his once black hair was streaked with gray. As their hands clasped and each looked steadily into the eye of the other, the general sounded his friendly cluck and then said, with his broadest smile:

"Ah-h, Bolling, too bad we have n't another arsenal ready for you."

Bolling, true to cadet ethics, which reveals nothing to members of the faculty, had neither denied nor admitted the implied compliment. Now, while going to meet his board of visitors, the general began to doubt. But if not Bolling, who? He reviewed in memory every member of

Bolling's class. There were a dozen boys of that year who had sufficient daring; besides, there was always the chance that some member of another class might be guilty. The general dismissed the problem. He had the Duval affair to discuss now, and opening the council-room door, he saluted the members of his august board.

The conference lasted the better part of an hour, but when the superintendent left the room he was smiling. With the spring his step still held he crossed the parade-ground and signaled to his wife when he passed her on the porch. Mrs. Tazewell left her guests, and hurried to join him in his office.

"Tell me quickly, did they agree?" she asked eagerly.

The general began a very creditable jig step, smiling at her the while. It was a boyish trick he allowed himself when well pleased and sure that no cadet was within range.

Mrs. Tazewell put both hands upon his shoulders.

"Now everything is just right," she said happily.

The general's jig came to an end.

"But why are n't they here? I would n't have Duval miss finals now on any account."

"He 'll be here on time. Mrs. Duval telephoned from Staunton; they 're coming by motor."

"Well, you can now safely notify his mother; she 'll have to make an early start to-morrow." He followed his wife to the door; when she was about to open it, the general took both her hands. "Evelyn," he said slowly, "we are two very happy people, are n't we?"

She showed that she held full partnership in his happiness, and they left the room together.

"Luncheon will be a little late," Mrs. Tazewell said to her guests; "we 're waiting for some new-comers, the Duvals. It 's the twentieth reunion of Mr. Duval's class, and he 's bringing his wife, who was a New England girl, I believe."

She was still talking of the Duvals

when a motor, rounding the corner of barracks, turned into the drive leading to headquarters. The general rose, and walked down the brick pathway.

"Welcome, Duval!" he called, then paused. Was this determined-looking man the dreamy boy he had known?

The new arrival sprang from the car, and saluted in old-cadet fashion. A tall, well-knit man, he held himself with military straightness. One look into his frank eyes ended the superintendent's uncertainty.

"I 've come to report for duty, General." Duval's deep voice had a pleasant ring.

"We 've waited twenty years to have you, my boy," the general answered, and their hands gripped hard.

"I 'm glad to be back. It 's good to see the old place again, and it 's good to see you, General." Holding the superintendent's hand, Duval looked toward barracks. "I 'm glad she made me come," he said, as if thinking aloud, and with a note of the old shyness the general had not forgotten. During the moments they stood together he studied Duval, and was not disappointed.

"Here, you scamp, I have no more time to waste on you," he said, and turned to Mrs. Duval, helping her from the car.

"Ah, Madam," he said and bowed, "I see New England is to be charmingly represented at our finals." The general liked her thoughtful gray eyes.

Mrs. Duval blushed.

"If I had known what I 've been missing, I should have persuaded my husband to bring me here years ago." She gave him a quick smile. "Is that the proper answer to a Virginian's greeting? But tell me, General, has he changed?"

"Attention, Peyton Duval!"

Duval straightened.

"Ready for inspection, sir," he said, a smile easing the firm line of his mouth.

"I 'd have known him anywhere by that studious look. But, man, you must be a good two inches taller than when you graduated." The general stopped abruptly; he had caught the quick flush in

Duval's face. He was relieved to hear his wife's voice.

"I could n't let the colonel keep you away from me any longer," she said, shaking hands with Duval. She turned to Mrs. Duval, saying, "I believe your husband was his favorite cadet."

She took her guest's arm, and all four walked toward the house. Before reaching the porch the general saw Mrs. Tazewell lean close to her companion; though he caught no word of the hastily whispered sentence, Mrs. Duval's glance toward her husband told him what had been said.

During the introductions he noticed that Duval drew immediate attention. His manner, even during this trivial observance, left an impression of quiet strength. Later, the chief of staff said:

"Yes, General, I get the same idea. That line from ear to chin is strong. He looks like a man who finishes things, and I 'll wager he prefers the hard jobs."

After luncheon the superintendent found opportunity to ask a question that had long puzzled him. All the guests had left the house except Mrs. Duval, who had stayed behind at his request.

"Come into my office, you two girls," he said, his eyes twinkling, "and we will complete the plans of our conspiracy."

When they were seated, Mrs. Duval leaned toward the general, and her earnestness showed how much this interview meant to her.

"I don't know how to thank you for all—all you have done for Peyton. It will mean, oh, so much to him! More than he has ever admitted even to me."

Her voice broke, and the general flashed an appeal to his wife. Mrs. Tazewell moved to a seat close beside her guest and said:

"Nothing the colonel has done all this year has given him half so much happiness." She took in her own the tightly clasped hands in Mrs. Duval's lap.

The general's softest "Ah-h!" followed an embarrassed cluck.

"Will you permit a question?" he said gently. "When I recall Duval's fine record until—until that unfortunate last day,

I've asked myself a thousand times, Why, in the very last hour, he did that—that incredible thing?"

Mrs. Duval hesitated before answering. "It is almost impossible to explain; something we women, Mrs. Tazewell, can never quite understand."

"Ah-h, then he has told you his motive?"

"Oh, many times! He said that he hated being called 'Demeritless Duby.' He had grown tired of hearing how easily he took calculus and analytical geometry. He longed, he told me, to be known as a daredevil, if for only just once." Mrs. Duval looked appealingly at the superintendent. "Can you possibly understand it all?"

"Yes, I can understand," the general answered thoughtfully. "I could understand it better, however, in some other boy, for Duval was the one man of that daredevil class never in a scrape of any kind." The general remained silent for some moments, his brow knotted in deeper ridges. Then suddenly he rose.

"I have it!" he exclaimed.

"What is it, Colonel?" Mrs. Tazewell asked.

"I've just found out, my dear, that your husband has been blind to several things for a very long time." He turned to Mrs. Duval with keener interest. "What else did he tell you?"

"He has often said that he wanted to be a Molly McGuire. That name does n't sound daredevilish, though, does it?"

General Tazewell chuckled softly.

"Evelyn, you would never think to see him now that he was once dreamy, shy, always keeping in the background except in studies. But Duval a Molly!" A smile smoothed the superintendent's mathematical brow. "Impossible! So he did that fatal thing because he wanted his classmates to think him a daredevil?"

The conspirators remained in session until the call for review, sounding across the parade-ground, ended the conference. Then three contented people left the general's office. But Mrs. Tazewell made one last protest.

"Colonel, I think it 's mean. Can't Mrs. Duval give him just one little hint?"

"No, Evelyn." The general tried to look stern. "The board has given orders that only we three are to know what 's going to happen."

THE biggest day in all the year at V. M. I. is alumni day, and the biggest parade of her many parades is the alumni review. It is the only formation that permits the mother to hold in one great embrace her sons of to-day and her sons of yesterday, and yesterday on back through the years. Once in a year, on a golden day in June, she gathers her children; and all, from the boys still under her care to the gray, age-worn men long gone from it, thrill with loyal memories at her call.

Under the maples bordering the parade-ground is gathered a great throng, a happy, expectant crowd of mothers and fathers, sisters and sweethearts of the cadets, impatient younger brothers, longing for the day when they may take their place in the ranks.

A hundred feet beyond the maples, well out on the field, another crowd is waiting, a long double line of men. The superintendent and staff are on their right, he and his aides arrayed in the splendor of full dress, gold-corded and tasseled. At the general's left stands the oldest of V. M. I.'s sons; from here on down that waiting line age runs the scale. The extreme left is flanked by the youngsters only last year released. These last joke and laugh, a bit self-conscious in this great gathering of the family.

The ringing notes of a bugle sound from the sally-port. Instantly six hundred cadets come to rigid attention. The captains' swords leap from scabbards. Drums beat a short sharp roll, and Company A comes swinging into view. In perfect step, with every musket held at precise angle, these boys stride over the close-cut turf. Following Company A, another and another come through the sally-port, until the world seems crowded with high-strung, manly lads, marching inspired to the stirring strains of "Dixie."

The crowd under the maples, edging forward, breaks into applause. Every head in that double line out on the field is thrown high, every shoulder stiffens. Now and again, above the applause a rebel yell is cried. Often it comes in rusty tone from some old boy no longer able to hold himself in check.

One after another the companies halt. When all are in place, the gray coats stretch in two long lines from end to end across the broad field.

"Present arms!" is called, and six hundred pieces snap to salute before the alumni.

The band crashes out once more, and "Dixie" gives place to "Maryland, My Maryland"; but now the time is not so fast, for the old boys are to have their turn at marching, and the mother remembers that many of them are in truth old boys. The general and his staff step off; behind them, his snow-white head held high, follows a man walking alone. He is dressed all in gray, and his uncertain step is steadied by a long staff of mountain laurel. He is the only one left of 1859, but he carries for his alma mater a love still young in his eighty-year-old heart. There is a gap behind him, for the institute has lost all her sons of '60. Then come two old men, supporting a third between them. These wish it known that '61 has not forgotten, so they march with their war-maimed brother, who refuses to be left standing like a crane behind. What matters if one leg lies buried at Seven Pines. He *will* march.

Slowly passes this record of the years; from its tottering front ranks of the men of yesterday, through its steady center of the men of to-day, on to the rear-guard of eager, ambitious youth, the old cadets march on. The long column circles about their young brothers and returns, with faces aglow, hearts beating faster.

"Pass in review!" Again the band plays, a quickstep now, and the gray ranks, breaking front, take up their swinging stride. In straight lines, every foot striking and leaving the ground as one, company after company sweeps past the

alumni, all the white trouser-legs creasing and smoothing in unison, as if the twelve hundred knees were being bent and straightened by machine. The colors flutter by in the June breeze, the Stars and Stripes on the right, the blue field-flag of Virginia at its left, and the men of the alumni line stand stiff at attention, every head bared.

When the last gray-clad boy had passed from sight through the sally-port, the chief of staff hurried to General Tazewell.

"That 's the finest thing I 've ever seen in a military way," he said, wringing the superintendent's hand.

The general flushed.

"Then our boys marched well?"

"They always do; but that review is more than marching; it 's the very essence of V. M. I. spirit, past and present, spread out a picture before us."

The general, plainly moved, thanked the officer for his appreciation, then turned to search the crowd.

"Have you seen Duval?" he asked.

"Yes, he stayed in his car. Is he ill? His face was white, and once, just as the colors passed, I saw his wife reach over and touch his hand."

General Tazewell was silent for a moment.

"Come to my office," he said finally. "I 'll tell you about Duval; it may save you both embarrassment."

When the superintendent had unbuckled his sword and cigars were lighted, he began speaking with more than his usual earnestness.

"Duval's old home place, where his mother still lives, is in the adjoining county; but his interests are now so wide that he makes New York his headquarters. Of all the boys who have been here, there is not one for whom I hold a higher regard; and yet Duval is not entitled to take part in that review."

The chief of staff, a good listener, merely bowed.

"Any man, whether he receives his degree or leaves before the four years are served, is considered an alumnus provided he left here in good standing."

"But Duval surely left in good standing!"

"That 's just the trouble; he did n't." The general drew thoughtfully at his cigar. "He was the youngest boy in his class and a good soldier, having no demerits charged against him; and you know, sir, that 's a record hard to gain here or at West Point. Well, as you will see tomorrow, our final exercises are opened with a ceremony we have carried out for many years. In the recess back of the rostrum hangs a fine portrait of General Francis Smith, the founder, builder, and rebuilder of the institute after its destruction during the er—the unfortunate occurrences of sixty-four."

The chief of staff smiled. "You mean when General Hunter, after shelling the barracks, committed that act of vandalism of burning all your buildings to the ground."

General Tazewell bowed assent.

"This portrait," he continued, "is concealed by a curtain. After the tribute has been spoken, the audience rises, the band plays an old march that General Smith had been fond of, and the curtain is drawn slowly aside."

The army officer touched the general's arm.

"Let me interrupt you. If we in the North could be sentimental as you people down here are, without being afraid of seeming ridiculous, our institutions might gather tradition to their advantage."

Again the superintendent bowed.

"We had an unusually large crowd in Duval's year, Fitz Lee made the final address, and the rostrum was filled by dignitaries. After General Briggs, then superintendent, had spoken in memory of General Smith, the audience rose; but when the curtain was drawn the band stopped dead. For a moment a tense silence held the crowd, then from every throat came a sharp gasp, followed again by silence. The strange stillness lasted perhaps five seconds, then some one laughed; another and another took it up until the room shook with uncontrolled shouts. Briggs, who faced the audience, yelled to the drum-

major for music; but the shouts of laughter rose above the band's notes. He wheeled at last and faced the picture, and I shall never forget the black look that settled on his face. It is a full-length portrait; the general is seated in deep thought at his desk: but now from the chin hung a long, bushy beard made of cotton; pasted across the calm lips were jet-black mustaches, the horse-hair ends turned fiercely up; a villainous black patch covered the left eye; and above this were heavy, cotton eyebrows. You can imagine how these decorations altered the expression of the benign old gentleman. And there was more. In front of the canvas, rigged out in a moth-eaten uniform of General Smith's,—Heaven only knows where he got it,—with face made up to match the changed portrait, was seated, in the same pose, scowling in exactly the same way, a replica of our revered superintendent. Briggs reached that boy in one bound and tore away the false beard and patch. Then the figure in the ludicrously bagging uniform rose and bowed to the faculty and the hysterical audience. It was our exemplary cadet, Peyton Duval!"

The army officer put aside his cigar.

"Had he gone suddenly crazy?"

"I had some such idea until to-day," the general answered. "But to end my account: Briggs was trembling with rage.

"Report to your room under close arrest, sir!" he ordered in his gruff rumble. And that boy, saluting with exaggerated deference, turned and marched down the aisle, through all that crowd of people, his head high and a smile of triumph on his lips.

"No"—the general paused, distress in his kind face—"no, that's not altogether correct. I saw his mother in the audience. She sat stunned, white, no tears in her shame-stricken eyes. Duval saw her, too. He faltered when he reached her; then walked on again, his head held not so high."

"What a fool trick! What a breach of discipline!" the chief of staff exclaimed.

"He paid for it; you saw to-day that he's paying still." The general remained

silent for some moments. "Well, the curtain, of course, was redrawn, and later, during one of the speeches, Briggs handed a sheet of paper to the adjutant. After the exercises the order that he had hastily written was read before the battalion and the crowd witnessing the last formation on the parade-ground. It was as significant as it was brief: 'Cadet Duval, for conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman, is hereby dismissed from the institute.'"

"I understand now why he did not join his classmates in that impressive review," the chief of staff said.

"*Could not* join them," replied General Tazewell.

THE evening events of alumni day run unfinished into the following morning. There is the superintendent's reception at headquarters, when the old mansion is filled with Southern beauties, visiting and institute officers, and a gentle hurricane of soft, slow-speaking voices. Later the old boys form on the general's broad lawn, and, with the band leading, march through the summer night to the mess-hall for their annual smoker. Here until midnight speeches of V. M. I. achievements are applauded as heartily by the women as by their husbands. Then follows another traditional ceremony, never omitted. When the last speech has been made, the members of the class celebrating its twentieth anniversary gather about the superintendent and march back to headquarters to enjoy just one hour more of memories. They cling, these old sons of V. M. I., to the last minute of the day set apart for them. When all are seated about the general's big office table. Old Ben enters, smiling his wide smile and carrying two great pitchers, their silver sides thickly frosted and bunches of fresh mint showing above their wide mouths. Following Old Ben comes Old Ben's boy, a man of twenty-five who will some day take his father's place as the superintendent's head butler; he carries a small regiment of long-stemmed, silver goblets. Bringing up the rear, marches Old Ben's,

son's son, barefooted and bow-legged, his white teeth gleaming behind the grin that splits his black, shining face. On little Benjamin's tray are piled beaten biscuits, divided in exact halves, with slices of Virginia ham between.

The night that the "Arsenal Class" gathered for its hour, the general rose before the toast to absent members had been proposed.

"Gentlemen, your institute's guest of honor this year is the chief of staff of the army; with your consent I should like to have him with us."

Bolling rose quickly.

"By all means; and I want to break another rule. I move we have Duval in here, too."

His motion was carried by a shout of approval; but the general shook his head.

"I took the liberty of asking him to join you, urged him to do so, but he refused." Looking about him, he saw regret. He hesitated a moment longer, then, and the old boys smiled, he clucked softly: "Ah-h, Bolling and you, Ainslie—I detail you to

bring Duval in here dead or alive." His order raised another shout.

All three left the office. General Tazewell returned with the chief of staff, and a moment later Bolling and Ainslie entered with Duval.

The men greeted their dismissed classmate as if his coming was in no wise unusual. Duval's lips were tightly closed; before taking his seat he studied each face about the table, and the general knew that had he found one dissenting look he would have left the room. The superintendent, diplomat that he was, steered the talk into easy channels, and before cigars had been well started all outward traces of tension disappeared. Then the general bade Old Ben clear out, and following the negro, made sure that the door was closed. When he returned there was a look of mystery in his face.

"Gentlemen, I 'm going to tell you a secret to-night, one known only to Mrs. Tazewell and me. It 's about the arsenal. The story of the arsenal, sir,"—General Tazewell bowed to the army officer,—"is



old to all here except you; but if I don't talk about it, they will, so I 'll save you from them. Twenty years ago the State owned a double-walled building on that hill over yonder," and the general waved his hand toward the north. "The roof and outer wall were of stone, the inner wall eighteen inches of hard brick. Inside this solid pile of masonry we had gunpowder stored, four thousand pounds of it. One of these boys"—he smiled at the men about the table—"can probably tell you what kind of job he had to cut through those walls. For the life of me, I 've never understood how it was managed. It certainly required heavy labor and good tools; but—and bear in mind that building was inspected daily—those walls were cut through. The man who did it—"

"Don't look so hard at me, General!" Bolling interrupted.

"Keep your guilty conscience quiet, sir," the general advised. "The man who did it must have worked for weeks, always at night and between inspections, not more than an hour at a time. He had to remove and hide all debris, and reface the outer wall after each shift. I tell you, sir, any boy who worked half as hard at his studies would graduate first in his class."

"And all this just to make a noise?" his guest asked.

"Exactly. Do you wonder my hair is gray? Look at these scamps about you. See that sparkle in their eyes? There 's not one of them that does n't gloat over the affair to this day.

"Well, it came off one rainy, dark night about a month before finals. The corps had just returned from supper, the boys were enjoying a quiet half-hour before study drum, when a terrific blast shook the earth, a tremendous report that sounded like the bursting of a hundred big guns. A blinding flash lighted up the whole place, every building on the grounds staggered, and a moment after a shower of brick and stone struck the metal roof of barracks. This with the noise of glass, falling in a torrent of shattered panes, made a din that, I tell you, sir, was simply terrifying."

Bolling, who had listened excitedly, leaped to his feet.

"O you Molly boy! here 's to you!" he cried. And in the presence of their superintendent those youngsters of forty or more rose and drank to the unknown hero who had made their class famous. The chief of staff, falling in with their mood, suggested that he and the general join them, and that good sportsman, smiling, held his goblet high.

"Here 's long life to the scamp!" he called. "And may we never have another like him!"

"But, General, if this happened immediately after supper, why could n't you find the cadet who had been absent from roll-call?" the officer asked.

"You answer that, you rascal," the superintendent said to Bolling.

"He 's at me again!" Bolling assumed an injured tone. "Nothing I say can hurt my reputation, so here goes. Whoever blew up the arsenal, sir, probably lighted his fuse two or three hours before the spark reached the powder. He was at supper all right with the rest of us; and the man clever enough to get through those walls was smart enough to be talking to some officer, very likely the commandant himself, when that glorious explosion went off."

"Yes, that 's clear. But surely, General Tazewell, you had suspicions?"

A good-natured laugh greeted the question.

"Every boy in the class was under suspicion at one time or another."

"Oh, no, General, not so bad as that," Ainslie protested. "There was little Beverly, the librarian, and Duval here, Russel Coles, and one or two others who were not even called before the court of inquiry."

"I 'm interested to know what you did to catch your man," the officer persisted.

"We were extremely clever about it." The general winked broadly at the Arsenal Class. "Long-roll was beaten immediately, but the sergeants reported all present or accounted for. We held the men in ranks, however, while we inspected barracks. Result: one pair of muddy shoes.

The next morning we found strips of burlap wrapped like a turban about the head of Washington's statue, and later discovered tracks leading from the arsenal. You know, sir, what a steep bluff there is on this side of the Nile. Well, after our Molly crossed that stream his tracks were worthless as a clue, for he had slipped backward six inches at each step. His footprints looked as if a giant had made them. 'We 'll get him on the flat ground on the other side,' we said, and hurried across the stream to fit the captured shoes into what prints we might find there. No use! We picked up the trail, but the steps were huge, shapeless affairs; the thoughtful gentleman had wrapped both feet in burlap for his enterprise. He used it later, I fancy, for Washington's head-dress."

"That boy, General, had a greater genius for making trouble than any regular in the army," the chief of staff declared.

"I suppose that's a compliment, sir; not, however, for our detective powers. But now, gentlemen, for that secret I promised." The general brought a bundle of papers from the safe. "Here 's the strangest thing connected with the arsenal affair; and I 'll ask you to consider what I say from now on an institute secret." Chairs were drawn closer to the table. "Ten years ago I re-

ceived this letter." He opened one of the envelopes and read:

Dear General Tazewell:

I am sending \$500.00 in cash on account for bill inclosed. I blew up the arsenal. It has taken me all these years to realize that what I once thought a joke was nothing less than a crime against the institute and the State.

As large a remittance as I can afford will be sent each year until the entire amount is paid. Will you kindly keep these letters secret? It will oblige me if you will turn the money over to the treasurer, saying it comes from one who begs you not to reveal his name. I hope to wipe out the obligation in ten years. You may then speak of the matter if you wish.

The name in which this letter is registered is fictitious, but I know if I ask it you will make no effort to discover my identity.

General Tazewell spread the letter on the table, and all saw the crudely drawn



skull and bones, the two M's and the figure 14. A swift exchange of meaning glances passed between at least four of the men about the table.

"Why fourteen?" Duval asked, joining for the first time in the general talk. "I thought there never was a fourteenth."

"Of course there was n't," Bolling answered. "That fellow must be crazy."

"Well, gentlemen, here 's the itemized bill." The general showed a neatly typewritten statement.

Molly McGuire, 14. to The Virginia Military Institute		Dr.
Value of building destroyed . .	\$5,000.00	
Black powder, 4000 lbs.		
@ 12 cts.	480.00	
Glass replaced, 1800 panes,		
@ 20 cts.	360.00	
Repairs to roof of barracks . .	250.00	
Net amount	\$6,090.00	
Compound interest, 10 years		
@ 6%	4,816.22	
Total	\$10,906.22	
Less on account	500.00	
Balance due	\$10,406.22	

During the comments following the inspection of the statement, Bolling called out tragically:

"At last I stand vindicated! You know, General, I could never have computed that compound interest."

"I 'm not so sure," the superintendent said dryly. "Some of you fellows have mighty smart stenographers."

"But to finish my story. Each year, always on or just before alumni day, I have had a letter from Molly, Fourteen. They have come from all sorts of places. The first was postmarked San Francisco, there were two from London, one from Dawson City, and so on. The money inclosed, except to-day's remittance, which, by the way, came from Montreal, has always been in one bill. Once he sent fifty dollars and apologized, saying he had had a bad year of it." The general paused and thoughtfully collected the papers. "I 'd have sent that back if I 'd known where to reach him."

"How does the account stand now, General?"

"The interest has been carefully recomputed each year. The balance this

morning was just under one hundred dollars."

The chief of staff rose.

"If you will permit a stranger," he said, and bowed to the men of the Arsenal Class, "here 's to Molly McGuire, Fourteen, who, if I 'm any judge, is a soldier and a gentleman."

And the toast was drunk standing.

THE next day shortly before the final exercises General Tazewell spoke to his wife.

"Be sure, Evelyn, to start with Mrs. Duval in five minutes. I have given orders to let old Mrs. Duval wait in the quarters of the officer of the day. Join her there, and take the seats reserved for you."

New guests were approaching and Mrs. Tazewell had time only to nod assent. The general went at once to his office.

"My compliments to Mr. Duval," he said to an orderly, "and ask him to step in here. You will stay outside and see that we are not interrupted."

The superintendent seated himself with a troubled sigh. "I 'll have some difficulty with him," he thought. He shook his head doubtfully, but turned smiling to Duval when he entered.

"You sent for me, sir?"

The general caught the strain in Duval's voice; he knew how hard this day was likely to be for his guest.

"Sit down, Duval; we 've a few minutes before it 's time to go." When the superintendent chose he could put much kindness in his tone. He so chose now as he asked, "You 're coming with us to Jackson Hall, are n't you?"

Duval rose and paced the room.

"If you don't mind, I 'll let Mrs. Duval go without me." He brought the words out with an effort.

"No, Duval; I want you to go with us."

"But, General, it will be—" Duval stopped and looked steadily at the superintendent. "There is something behind all this."

"Yes, there is; but what it is, you must leave to me," the general said earnestly.

"You make it hard to refuse you." Duval's voice was less strained; for a moment

the superintendent thought his point won. But suddenly his guest's hands clinched. "No, General, I cannot do what you ask!" "Come, come, man! It was twenty years ago."

"Yes, twenty years! Twenty years of regret," Duval said fiercely. "Twenty years of remembering the look on my mother's face when her son walked from that hall *disgraced*."

"My boy, this is morbid. Once more I ask you to come with me. I've saved a seat on the rostrum for you." The general's tone was still kind.

Duval took a quick step toward him.

"And face that crowd when half of them know that I, a dismissed cadet, have no right even to enter the building? No!" His voice shook. "No, I will not do it!"

The superintendent rose, his shoulders straight, heels together.

"Steady, Duval!" It was the ringing command that so many cadets had heard and obeyed. "You'll accompany me, sir, to final exercises to-day!"

Then for both these men life turned swiftly back; in the fraction of a second twenty years of time lay flattened on the trail of its recoil. Duval's body jerked erect; his hand swung to prompt salute.

"Ready, sir!" he answered firmly, though his face had lost all color.

"Come then, boy!" The general took his arm, and together they headed the group of special guests that filed across the parade-ground.

Final exercises are attended by as many people as can possibly crowd into the Gothic hall dedicated to the memory of Stonewall Jackson. The enthusiastic audience and the room, stored with pictured records of V. M. I. history, make an interesting sight. Between the high leaded windows are paintings of former institute officers: Colonel Claud Crozet, president of the first board of visitors and before that an officer under Napoleon; Preston, famous for his gallantry in the Mexican War; Brook, designer and builder of the *Merrimac*; and a score of others in Confederate uniforms. In the place of honor hangs a fine portrait of Jackson, the one

showing the misplaced button carelessly pinned to his coat after he had given the original to that little girl in Winchester who cried for it when the great soldier rode one day through the town.

From the flower-covered rostrum, stretching to the rear wall, the cadets sit twenty abreast, clear-eyed athletes, trained to the last ounce after their year of drills and sports. All are eager, expectant, for each will hear for the first time to-day his standing in his class. In the front rows are grouped the first classmen who soon must leave this place that for four years has been home to them. One look into these faces tells better than can a thousand written words their love for the old school. The eagerness in their eyes is veiled by sadness; there is sadness in the way they search uneasily about the familiar room, or turn to one and another, forcing smiles to keep up their drooping spirits.

The side seats are set apart for the mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, of these boys. Southern families are large, but all must be here to see "brother" graduate. The balcony filled by summer-clad girls curves a great horseshoe above the main floor; here and there the gold-braided uniform of some young officer adds a still brighter tone to this circling bank of color.

Mrs. Tazewell once said of this gathering: "Those gray-coated boys at attention in the center, surrounded by the many-colored, moving fans, always remind me of a still, blue-gray field with hundreds of butterflies fluttering about its edges."

When the general and his guests reached the platform he turned to Duval.

"Well, boy, we're mighty glad to have you here again." He felt Duval's arm trembling in his.

"If I only had the right, I should be proud to be here," he answered earnestly. Then indicating a far corner: "May I take that seat?"

"Anywhere you like," the general answered casually; but he was pleased that Duval had chosen the seat reserved for him. A palm concealed the greater part of the audience from his view.

There are features in the ceremonies that followed unknown to other colleges, and two that for a visitor from above the Mason and Dixon Line are altogether extraordinary. The first is the valedictory address, or, rather, what happens immediately after; for here as elsewhere the student orator thunders platitudes as if proclaiming hitherto unknown truths. But to these boys who have lived for long under the same roof his words are less impersonal; the class listen tensely to reminiscences of their struggles and friendships. When the speaker leaves the platform, usually overcome by the

scenes he has sketched and which they all know can never live again, his classmates, crowding about him, grip his hand; handkerchiefs come suddenly into view, and are pressed to eyes that are not ashamed. And the visitor, looking on, be he never so world-hardened, does not smile.

The graduation address, which that day was a call to the patriotism of these boys made by the chief of staff, is followed by the conferring of degrees. As each name is called a cadet steps forward to receive his diploma, signed and sealed by Virginia's governor. Applause sounds through the room; friends cry out his name above the cheers of classmates. Then the cadet turns and searches for the one who is waiting to share his victory, usually some mother who watches proudly her boy's approach. And when he has placed his degree in her outstretched hand, that man, be he twenty or twenty-seven, lowers his head, his arm closes about the mother's shoulder, and as though the world held only themselves, he kisses her happy, tear-

ful face. It all comes so naturally, so simply, this tribute to parents from these manly boys, that no one wonders no one smiles.

And so it goes, name after name, on down through the class, applause following each cadet who answers. Then at last the general pauses, and though he has gone

through this for many years, humor kindles anew in his eyes when he calls the cadet who has graduated last in his class. At this name all the applause that has gone before is as a summer breeze to the storm of hand-clapping, the cries and cheers that burst from class and friends. For



this boy, the last one helped over the fence, has received the "Bull Dip." He marches to the platform as proudly as did the first-stand man; and who shall say that his mother is not happy when her boy's diploma, snatched from the teeth of defeat, is safe at last in her keeping?

When the degrees have been given there are only a few minutes left, and that day the audience began to stir, making ready to leave after the army appointments as lieutenants had been announced. But the superintendent held up his hand.

"There is one thing more. Before the battalion forms for the last time this year I have another duty to fulfil." His eyes swept the crowd. He saw his wife reach out and take Mrs. Duval's hand. Next to Mrs. Duval a white-haired woman was sitting straight in her chair, her lips pressed hard together. "To-day," the general continued, "the institute will do something for which there is no precedent in her history." The room became suddenly still; not one fan in that crowded

audience was moving. "Twenty years ago a cadet whose record until the final day of his four years had been without a flaw forgot himself." He glanced toward the far corner of the rostrum, and saw a face flushed from chin to forehead. Duval had turned toward the speaker; both hands gripped one arm of the chair. "Forgot himself so far," the superintendent went on in even voice, "that he very nearly broke up the final exercises of that year."

The general turned squarely to Duval with his kind smile.

"I'm afraid we're a bit old-fogy down here at times, for it has taken us all these years to catch the humor of that joke. But, my friends, it was a good joke,"—he faced the audience, which was now smiling with him,—"too good! It caused the dismissal of one of the best students this institute ever matriculated."

The set lips of the white-haired woman parted; she covered her eyes with one trembling hand.

The general raised his voice.

"And now that time has robbed that joke of its sting, the institute wishes to give that man all the honors the boy had won and would have received."

Far back in the hall where the men of twenty years ago were gathered a cheer burst from some strong throat, and instantly the tension that held the crowd broke. Wave after wave of applause rang through the big room. The general, signaling for silence, turned to the man hidden behind the palm.

"Mr. Duval, step to the front, sir."

The great audience rose. Again there was applause, every pair of hands in the room beating furiously together. For a moment Duval did not move; then with an effort he rose and walked unsteadily to the front.

"Mr. Duval,"—the general's voice filled the room,—"your institute now confers upon you the degree which for so long has been withheld. You will find the number (four) written in its proper place, and as fourth graduate of your class your name will appear hereafter in the register."

He thrust the diploma into Duval's hand, who stood before him white, shaken, his trembling fingers hardly able to hold this mark of his reinstatement. Again the crowd broke into applause, and the general, throwing his arm about the dazed man's shoulder, shouted above the noise:

"It's all right, boy! It's all right at last!"

When the applause died down he asked Duval if he cared to make some reply; but his old pupil stood still dazed, looking aimlessly over the crowd. Suddenly he started in surprise; a smile parted his set lips. He had seen two upturned faces that were smiling back at him through happy, tear-dimmed eyes. Instantly all hesitation dropped from the man's bearing. Duval left the rostrum, his eyes fixed upon those faces, and walked up the crowded aisle. Before the two women he stopped and put the degree into his mother's old hands; then he bent low and gave this mother the kiss he had lost for her twenty years before.

The crowd was silent while he walked back to his place; no one moved from his seat. But a stir went through the gray field in the center of the room. Every eye in the cadet ranks had followed their older brother; they knew him now for such, for he had carried out to the last act the last tradition of the corps. When Duval reached the platform the first captain of those boys sprang to his feet.

"Together, nine for Duval!" he shouted.

Instantly a mighty cheer roared out, rising and falling in unison as they gave the call: "Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Nine times the cry rang from six hundred young throats, followed by the crash- ing ending: "V. M. I. Duval! Duval! V. M. I."

While the visitors were applauding this demonstration the general watched the two women holding tightly that age-tinted parchment. He clucked softly and breathed a long-drawn "Ah-h." There are moments, he thought, moments in this life.

At his order the cadets marched from

the room, company after company, and after them the guests filed out. For the better part of two hours the general had been standing; he sat down now with a sigh of relief. From his chair he would be able to see the formation out on the parade-ground, and the music of "Auld Lang Syne" would float in to him through the open windows; so he asked to be left alone. The last to go, coming from his corner behind the palm, was Duval. He stopped at the superintendent's chair.

"There is nothing—nothing I can say, General; not just now." He was dangerously near breaking down. "Perhaps—perhaps later—"

"There is nothing you need say, boy, now or later." The general held out his hand. Duval caught it in both his own, gave the general a hard grip, and walked quickly from the room.

For a long time the superintendent sat motionless, smiling. Outside the band had played "Auld Lang Syne" half-way through before he lifted the hand Duval had pressed. A crisp yellow bill, released by his opening fingers, rolled open. It was wrapped about a leaf torn from a notebook, and on this paper, scribbled in pencil, the general saw: "When not even suspected in the arsenal affair, I became desperate. Paid in full."



Food or Famine?

The American conscience will decide, and the selective draft in industry is the answer

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "The Island and the Continent at War," etc.

WAR was easy in David's time. We much prefer it to the present variety. Look at the simplicity of that historic campaign between the Israelites and the Philistines, culminating in a combat in which the mighty David established a reputation so brilliant and enduring. The two armies lay lazily in camp, facing each other across the vale of Elah. Every morning the giant Goliath came out and dared the Israelites to send a man to meet him. "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

For forty days this restful camp continued, with nothing to stir it save the gentle morning excitement of Goliath's derisive challenge. The simple commissary arrangements are indicated by the fact that the three sons of Jesse were fed from home, the younger son David being sent down with parched corn, loaves, and cheeses. The campaign was finally settled not by warfare between the two tribes, or even by a pitched battle between armies, but by the fight of the two champions, and the decisive munitions were five smooth stones from the bed of the brook that flowed through the vale between the camps. Such simplicity, alas! is no more.

War is not settled to-day by picked champions or even by far-flung armies manœuvring and clashing in battle. The kind of campaign of 1860 or 1870 seems to be as definitely extinct as is the fight of champions in David's time. War is transformed. Think of the contrast between a

Zeppelin and David's sling. Science, industry, and transport have knitted whole peoples into units. In war they press against each other as two glaciers flowing slowly, but solidly, down from opposite sides of a valley, until finally they press against each other with their entire weight, grinding each other to bits at the awful point of contact, but still pressing, still grinding on with their whole slow weight. War has become a struggle of whole peoples, a veritable tug of war, an industrial struggle of railroading, of mining, of manufacturing, of farming, of ship-building. The side that fails in any one of these may lose the victory just as surely as it may be lost by inferiority in flying above the clouds, diving beneath the sea, burrowing in trenches, or blowing up barbed-wire entanglements preparatory to the final sickening bayonet-charge against the few remaining machine-guns.

When, in early June, the British blew up a section of the German line in Belgium, they used millions of pounds of explosives planted in a system of tunnels deep in the earth. After it was over they found a yet deeper, but uncompleted, system of German tunnels 120 feet beneath their own lines. The deadly torpedo of the U-boat is a more expensive machine than a fine limousine. A single shell of a great gun costs more than the yearly wage of a working-man. It costs less to run a great university for a whole year than to bombard the Germans in a French village for an afternoon. The trenches of the Western battle-line represent an amount of engineering skill and labor that would almost have rebuilt civilization. War is

the labor of whole peoples. How do they strip for the contest? The answer is in two words, "selective draft." This thing, fully applied, welds a whole people and all their resources into one mass, as snow-flakes are finally congealed into the solid, grinding glacier.

The June listing of those ten million young men who may be ordered to the trenches was a recognition of the fact that in times of danger or disaster the individual man belongs to the nation. Look at the awfulness of it. The nation says, in effect, to half a million or two million of us who happen to be young and healthy: "The general welfare requires that a few hundred thousand men shall be shot. You go." And we do go. We go to death, to maiming, to blindness, and to blasted, shattered lives of torture.

If it lieth in a man to be sobered, it is to be a part of a nation that has taken that dreadful step. We are that nation. Already we have applied the selective draft to men; now what is the next step? It is that we must apply the selective draft to industry, or the war cannot proceed. As we have called some men to the unusual business of fighting, so must we call millions of other men and women to the equally unusual business of making and transporting the almost inconceivable amounts of goods, materials, and supplies that will be required in this the greatest task of history. It is all past human comprehension, but we can do it even if we cannot fully comprehend it. But we cannot do it merely by sending men to the trenches in France; it cannot be done at all until we readjust the life of the millions who stay at home as definitely, though not so extensively, as we readjust the life of those whom we send to the army.

The nation must work. It must work as a unit. Never was greater task placed upon any people. We have had nearly three years of busy munition-making, during which we have been sending off billions of dollars' worth of goods, and getting nothing in return but inedible, unwearable, and at present unusable prom-

ises—bonds—to pay something sometime. We were getting well pinched by that, and were beginning to get the results in high prices and scarcity of usable things, while our allies had approached the starvation-point. Then we entered the war. Now hundreds of thousands must be withdrawn from industry; other hundreds of thousands must minister to them. The hungry ones across the waters are our allies now and must be supplied. They can no longer pay, but, nevertheless, they must be fed. Ships must be built, whole fleets of them, and cargoes must be fed to the submarines. Our own hundred millions of people at home must not be forgotten. They, too, must be fed and clothed and warmed and sheltered. Truly this war is a call to labor. Leisure cannot go on as usual; neither can business.

The old volunteer system is gone from the army, going from industry. We are one people. We must work as a unit to a common end. All our resources must be used most effectively, whether those resources are laborers, dentists, engineers, bachelor girls, blocks of wood, or blocks of metal.

IN May came the announcement that the canners of the United States had been forbidden to use tin for canning soup or beans. What did this mean? It meant that tin was scarce, and that we had more imperative use for it than for the canning of beans; for they will keep as well dried as with tin around them. Some other goods, such as green vegetables, will not, and so the very wise order went out from Washington to spare the tin for vital uses. Industry spared the tin. Until the war is over, industry in America will receive some such order on an average of about once a day. Sometimes it will be a specific order; sometimes it will come in the guise of prohibitive prices; always, if wisely done, it will be a lopping off of the things that can for the time be spared, and an increasing of the things that cannot be spared.

We are to be like the ship in which Jules Verne, the romancer, had his globe-

trotting champion cross the Pacific. She ran out of coal, but had to reach San Francisco by a certain date to win the wager; so the crew burned the surplus food, most of the furniture, and then started in on the superstructure of the ship itself. The deck-houses went into the furnace, then the upper deck, then the second deck; but the hull and the engines remained, and, consuming herself, half a wreck, but still floating, she steamed on and made port, cut down almost to the water's-edge. We must do that, too, if the war lasts. Like the other warring countries, we must strip ourselves to bare necessities, use up our capital, and work like beavers in the first cool nights of autumn.

Ships, food, flying-machines, and men—these and in that order are the first wants of Europe, according to Marshal Joffre's plea to the American people. What does it involve? We must increase our labor output at the same time that we greatly reduce our apparent labor supply. That means two things: one is to get work from people who did not work before, create a new labor supply; and the other is to draw workers from the industries that we can do without if we must.

Does a woman wear high-heeled slippers? She may find that the shoe factories and the shoe operatives have been commandeered by the Government for work on the millions of broad-toed, foot-shaped infantry shoes that are necessary if the soldier is to endure the weary marching of the battle-front. She does not *have* to have the high-heeled wonder. She can wear street shoes for a year or two, patched ones, if necessary. Nearly all of the better-dressed people in our cities could wear last year's suit or last year's dress, though a bit shabby, perhaps, and out of date. But we shall find, as the Germans have, that it still covers and warms us, and that by sticking to it we have spared the wool and the workers for the dirt-colored, man-concealing apparel of him whom we have ordained to be target for the deadliest missiles ever yet devised.

Can we reduce the number of men in

the iron industry? By no means. This is a war of grain and steel. Increase the smoking furnaces and the roaring mills whence cometh the steel for gun and shell, engine and ship, track and truck, nail and wire. No man can be spared from this industry unless a youth or a woman takes his place. Shall we build a new steel skyscraper on Broadway? Take the steel over to the ship-yard on the meadows, and take the men to build the ship. What becomes of the branch line that a transcontinental railroad company planned to build in Oklahoma this season? The money goes into liberty bonds, not railroad bonds. Part of it bought the steel that was meant for the railroad, but the steel is going to France to build new lines to supply the base camps for our army and to replace worn-out lines along the battle-front. Instead of buying ties, another portion of the money that might have built the railroad in Oklahoma was used to buy timber, and the workmen who were not drafted flocked to the gulf coast to build it into ships. The railroad can wait; the ships cannot.

A woman of wealth, not sobered into temperance of expenditure, decides to buy a new limousine, but finds that there is none. The factory is busy making flying-machines and motor-trucks for the army; that army wins which has the best air service and best truck service. She must content herself with a second-hand machine, and she must learn to drive it, for the chauffeur has been drafted into the army transport service.

Shall we build a new house for the suburbanite or shall we build new buildings at an army training camp? We have not the men and the materials for both, and it has been decreed that we shall have an army, and the army must have camps, so the thing settles itself.

England has been through all this. She has spent three arduous, painful, dreadful years learning how to use most efficiently all her resources both material and human. She started with a volunteer army, letting any one join who would. Then in three months she learned that it was to be a war of artillery, machinery, and goods as well

as a war of men. She called on her machine-shops for shells, shells, a double, triple, quadruple, tenfold output of shells. "I cannot do it," said the manufacturer. "John and Bill, the foremen, have joined the army. Send them back, and I will make you the shells." For months the British Government combed its army, taking out expert machinists, mine bosses, and other technical men whose industrial skill was more valuable to the nation than was their presence in the trenches of Flanders. There is the principle of the selective draft which England has slowly evolved and is now applying in a very complicated, but effective, way. We in America are to a surprising extent profiting by Great Britain's experience, and beginning where she now is. This principle must be applied to food as well as to employment and industrial raw materials.

THE food question is already acute, and is forcing upon us far-reaching changes. Within nine months wheat jumped from one dollar to three dollars a bushel, and flour reached nineteen dollars a barrel. The price of meat has also climbed to unprecedented heights; so has the price of potatoes. The importance of bread, meat, and potatoes in the American dietary makes it very clear how this doubling and trebling in price means inevitable under-nutrition for hundreds of thousands, probably millions of people, right here in rich America. It makes us listen with sobriety when Mr. Hoover cables to the American people, as he did from London in April, "We must plant everything and everywhere it will grow, or this time next year the world will face absolute starvation."

What has happened? We are dealing with world conditions which have been kind to us for a few generations, banishing famines from the world, but which have now suddenly become malevolent. In a busy half-century Western civilization has developed a world trade and a world market. If there was food anywhere upon the shores of the seven seas or their far-reaching arms, the ships brought it to us, and

we were fed as by miracle. Suddenly the seven seas are almost closed, and food is scarce on all their shores. By some estimates sixty million people in Europe are busy in one way or another with the war. It engrosses the activities of millions here in America. In the piping times of peace we of the Western World thought that we had our hands full in keeping starvation from most doors, and now sixty million people are put to work on destruction, the submarine ravages the sea, and the battle-lines chop world trade in two. Before the war about half the bread of western Europe came from eastern Europe,—Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria,—with rich contributions of meat, butter, and cheese from Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. Germany has shut all this off with her control of the Dardanelles and the Baltic. The shortage of shipping prevents the arrival of the grain of Australia and Argentina, and the labors of war reduce production in France and Italy; hence the unexampled need of a billion bushels of foreign grain in western Europe from this year's harvest. There is only one place from which it can come—North America. Under any ordinary conditions we should say that we had not the fifth of it to spare. Nevertheless, we must give up that billion. It will come hard. It will tear our habits, our palates, and our pocket-books; but we can do it if ships can be found to take it across the sea.

How can we spare a billion bushels when under ordinary conditions we should not have the fifth of it? The miracle is made possible by the fact that agriculturally North America is a continent of unparalleled riches. Our people live at the peak of an agricultural pyramid with an animal base. Look at China for a moment, and our advantage becomes apparent. The people in China are so numerous in proportion to the land that each person has only the fraction of an acre. This patch is not large enough to permit the man to grow food for animals and for himself also. Therefore he has few beasts of burden, cultivates his patch with a hoe, and

raises food for himself direct. In America, with our broad land, we devote the bulk of the produce of our agriculture to the feeding of millions of cattle, horses, mules, sheep, and swine, which, in the aggregate, far outnumber us. We, the people, eat five or six hundred million bushels of grain; they, the beasts, eat five times that much. The food of the American beast, that three thousand million bushels of grain, is the reservoir that will save the Western World from starvation and the kaiser's heel.

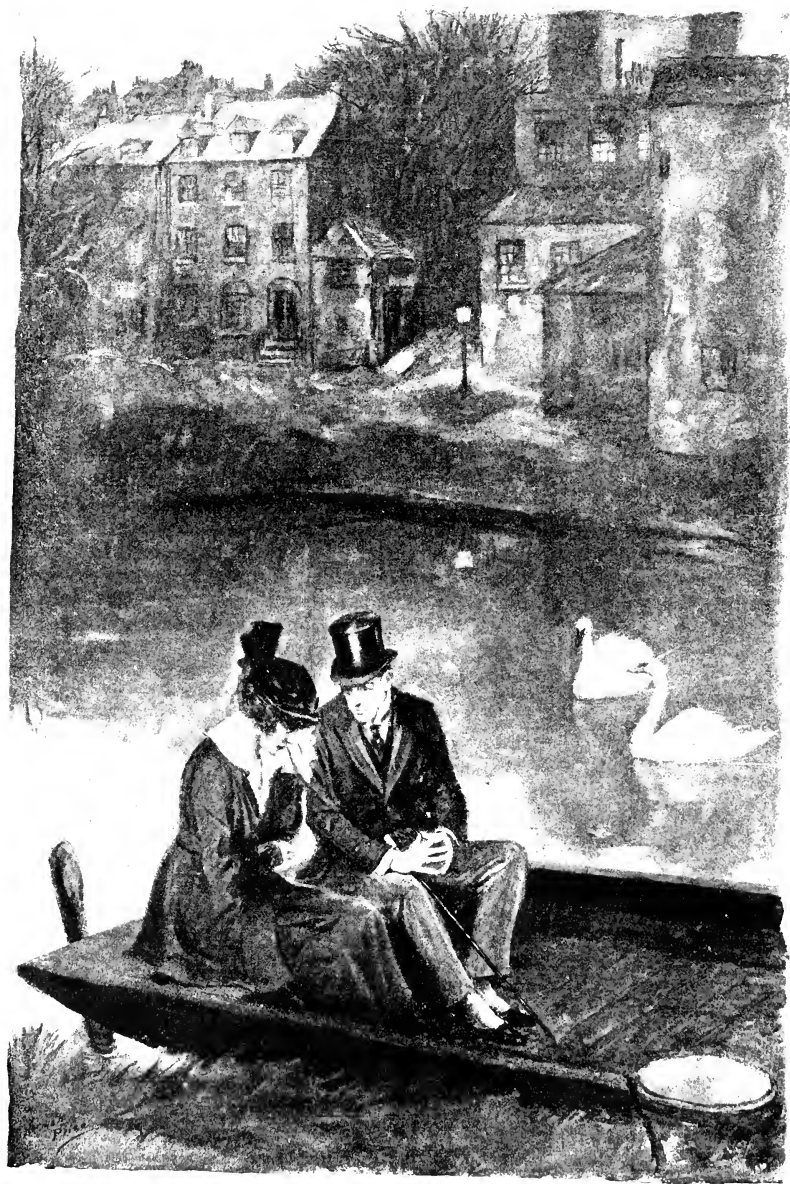
Here comes the selective draft again, this time applied to food. We face a task of substitution, and food substitution is not pleasant. But we should rejoice that we have the possibility. There is not wheat enough to go around. Europe needs to import five hundred million bushels, and we shall have barely the third of it above our normal needs. Liberty bonds cannot increase the amount. No, not ten billions of them, nor could a price of twenty dollars a bushel increase the wheat supply this year. A dollar or a liberty bond is not a fairy-wand; it is merely a medium for the exchange of goods that already exist. *Crusoe* found that out. The wheat for next winter's bread was all sown by the end of May, and we must put up with this harvest until July, 1918. We can economize some and substitute much. We can be thankful for corn. Corn, Indian corn, the food that saved the Pilgrim fathers in that first bleak winter in Massachusetts, is at our disposal again. It is our rock of salvation. We feed 2,500,000 million bushels of it to our animals every year. It is also good food for men, and the peer of wheat in nutrition. It is the chief breadstuff of many millions of people in the Balkans, Italy, Spain, Portugal, China, and the United States. Corn-bread has the one great drawback of not keeping well, of not being good when it is cold; but toasted corn pone is surprisingly good, and no epicure questions the excellence of well-made, hot corn-bread.

The armies need wheat bread, but the patriotic civilians of this and allied countries will heed the appeal of Mr. Hoover to spare the wheat flour and divide our wheat with our allies. Hence the necessity of an unparalleled season of food preservation in our homes, so that the factory product may go to fill the unexampled void across the sea.

Then, too, we must find substitutes for meat. Prices and statistics alike demand it. The beasts are being reduced in numbers. They perish that we may live. If we eat the corn, the oats, and the barley of the beast, it is plain that the beast cannot eat it. Hence his numbers decline, the price of meat rises, and we must learn to do with less. Here is where the principle of the selective draft calls upon the patriotic and thrifty housekeeper, if she has not already gone off as a wage-earner to the factory making war supplies.

Grain is higher than ever before in the history of America, but even so the farmer must keep up the supply of *work animals*, or disaster is upon us. As Chinese agriculture depends upon the hoe, so American agriculture depends upon the plow drawn by the beast of burden. While we are reducing our total animal population, we must do it with discretion; for we must increase the horses, the mules, and the milch cows to help keep down the famine that will threaten even for two or three years after the war ends. As our farm animals are of three classes,—work animals, milch animals, and meat animals,—it is plain that the increase of the first and second must produce sharp reduction in the third. Therefore, for a time at least, we must perforce take a strong step toward the vegetarian diet.

With changes in work, changes in investment, changes in food, changes in clothes, changes in the crops and beasts upon the farm, it will be impossible to find the intelligent, patriotic person to whom the principle of the selective draft does not bring changes in the daily conduct of life.



"DON'T MAKE ME CRY!" SAID STELLA, SUDDENLY.

The Second Fiddle


By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-IX.—Professor Waring of the South Kensington Museum lives in London at No. 9 Redcliff Square, with his wife and three daughters. Stella Waring is employed as secretary to Leslie Travers at a town hall. She asks for leave upon a certain afternoon to take her sister Eurydice (who has "dared life to disappoint her") to the Russian opera. Cicely, the third and "practical" sister, is now a student in a women's hospital. A few days later Marian Young, Stella's best friend, invites her to tea to meet Sir Julian Verny, Marian's fiancé, and his mother. He is an explorer. Marian is really not in love with Sir Julian, though she thinks she is, but he is with her. On returning to her daily work Stella begins to encounter the financial injustice done to women in business. She surprises Mr. Travers by speaking her mind. The Austrian assassination now begins the European War, and Sir Julian, who is at the time cruising on a yacht, returns to London determined to serve his country by going over into Germany as a spy. He has to break this news to Marian, who has gone to his mother at Amberley. He wishes Marian to marry him at once. She demurs, and begins to reveal her real attitude toward him.

Part II. Chapter X



IT sometimes seemed to Stella as if Chaliapine had brought on the war. Those last, long summer days were filled with his music, and then suddenly out of them flashed the tents in the park, the processions of soldiers and bands, the grim stir that swept over London like a squall striking the surface of a summer sea.

The town hall did not collapse, but it shook. It was a place where, as a rule, the usual things took place, and even unusual things happened usually; but there were several weeks at the beginning of the war when all day long strange things happened strangely. Officers were changed, the routine of years was swept up like dust into a dust-pan, and a new routine, subject to further waves of change, took its place. Workers voluntarily offered to do work that they were unaccustomed to do. The

council hall became a recruiting office. No. 8, the peculiar sanctum of the sanitary inspector, was given up to an army surgeon. Tramps asked the cashier questions. It was like the first act of "Boris Godunov." Even food was carried about on trays, and as for proclamations, somebody or other was proclaiming something all day long.

There was no religion, and no dancing, but there was the same sense of brooding, implacable fate; it took the place of music, and seemed, without hurry and without pause, to be carrying them all along in a secret rhythm of its own toward an unseen goal.

Mr. Leslie Travers ruled most of the town hall committees, and he required innumerable statistics to be compiled and ready to be launched intimidatngly at the first sign of any opposition to his ruling.

Stella, to whom the work of compiling fell, had very little time to consider the war.

When she got home she usually went to sleep. From time to time she heard Mrs. Waring announcing that there was no such thing as war and Eurydice reciting battle-odes to Belgium.

For the first time in her life Eurydice shared a common cause. She was inclined to believe that England was fighting for liberty. She knew that France was, partly because France was on the other side of the channel and partly because of the French Revolution. The destruction of Louvain settled the question of Belgium. To Eurydice, whatever was destroyed was holy. Later on she became a violent pacifist because Mr. Bolt said that we ourselves were Prussian; but for the moment nobody, not even Mr. Bolt, had traced this evasive parallel.

Professor Waring wrote several letters to the papers, asking what precautions the Belgians were taking about Sanskrit manuscript. He had a feeling that King Albert, though doubtless an estimable young man and useful in the trenches, might, like most kings, have been insufficiently educated to appreciate the importance of Sanskrit. That men should die in large numbers to protect their country was an unfortunate incident frequent in history, but that a Sanskrit manuscript should be destroyed was a national calamity, for the manuscript could never be replaced.

He made an abortive effort to reach Belgium and see about it himself, but at the Foreign Office he was stopped by a young man with a single eye-glass, from whom the professor had demanded a passport. The exact expression used by this ignorant young person was, "I'm awfully sorry, sir, but I'm afraid just at present Sanskrit manuscript will have to rip."

Professor Waring promptly addressed letters of remonstrance and advice to several German professors upon the subject. They were returned to him after three weeks, with a brief intimation that he was not to communicate with the enemy. Professor Waring had considered German professors to be his natural enemies all his life; this had been his chief reason for communicating with them. He was fitted,

as few officials in the Foreign Office can ever have been fitted, to point out to the German professors the joints in their armor.

They had a great deal of armor and very few joints, and it discouraged Professor Waring to leave these unpierced spots to the perhaps less-practised hands of neutrals.

But it was not until the destruction of Louvain that he grasped to the full the reaction of his former antagonists. When Professor Waring read a signed letter from some of the German professors agreeing to the destruction of the famous Belgian library he acquiesced in the war. He stood in front of his wife and he woke Stella up in order to make his decided declaration.

"Henrietta, there *is* a war," he announced. "It is useless for you to assert that there is not. Not only is there a war, but there should be one; and if I were twenty years younger, though wholly unaccustomed to the noisy mechanisms of physical destruction, I should join in it. As it is, I propose to write a treatise upon the German mind. It is not one of my subjects, and I shall probably have to neglect valuable work in order to undertake it; still, my researches into the rough Stone Age will no doubt greatly assist me. Many just parallels have already occurred to me. I hope that no one in this house will be guilty of so uneducated a frame of mind as to sympathize with the Teutonic iconoclasts even to the extent of asserting, as I believe I heard you assert just now, Henrietta, that none of them exists."

Mrs. Waring murmured gently that she thought an intense hopefulness might refine degraded natures, but the next day she bought wool and began to knit a muffler. She had capitulated to the fact of the war. While she knitted she patiently asserted that there was no life, truth, intelligence, or force in matter; and Stella, when she came home in the evening, picked up the dropped stitches.

It was strange to Stella that her only personal link with the war was a man

whom she had seen only once and might never see again. She thought persistently of Julian. She thought of him for Marian's sake, because Marian was half frozen with misery. She thought of him because unconsciously he stood in her mind for England. He was an adventurer, half-god, half-child, who had the habit of winning without the application of fear. She thought of him because he was the only young, good-looking man of her own class with whom she had ever talked.

Marian was afraid that Stella might think she had been unsympathetic to Julian about his mission. She told Stella, with her usual direct honesty, how angry she had been with him.

"I know I was nasty to him," she said. "I can't bear to have any one involve me first and tell me about it afterward."

"Of course you can't," agreed Stella, flaming up with a gust of annoyance more vivid than Marian's own. "How like him! How exactly like him to be so high-handed! Fancy whirling you along behind him as if you were a sack of potatoes! Of course you were annoyed, and I hope you gave him a good sharp quarrel. One only has to look at Julian to see that he ought to be quarreled with at regular intervals in an agreeable way for the rest of his life."

"I don't like quarrels," Marian said slowly. "They don't seem to me to be at all agreeable; but I don't think Julian will act without consulting me again."

Stella looked at Marian curiously. What was this power that Marian had, which moved with every fold of her dress, and stood at guard behind her quiet eyes? How had she made Julian understand without quarreling that he must never repeat his independences? Stella was sure Marian *had* made him understand it. It would be no use to ask Marian how she had done it, because Marian would only laugh and say: "Nonsense! It was perfectly easy." She probably did not know herself what was the secret of her power; she would merely in every circumstance in life composedly and effectively use it. Was it perhaps that

though Julian had, and could, involve her actions, he had never involved Marian? Was love a game in which the weakest lover always wins?

"Of course I 've never been in love," Stella said slowly, "and I have n't the slightest idea how it 's done or what happens to you; but I fancy quarreling might be made very agreeable. Love is so tremendous, is n't it, that there must be room for concealed batteries and cavalry charges; and yet of course you know all the time that you are loving the person more and more outrageously, so that nothing gets wasted or destroyed except the edges you are knocking off for readjustments."

"I don't think I do love Julian outrageously," Marian objected. "I did n't, you see, do what he wanted: he had a mad idea of getting a special license and having a whirlwind wedding, leaving me directly afterward. Of course I could n't consent to that."

"Could n't you?" asked Stella, wondering. "I don't see that it matters much, you know, when you give that kind of thing to a person you love. If you do love him, I suppose it shows you 're willing to marry him, does n't it? But how, when, or where is like the sound of the dinner-bell. You don't owe your dinner to the dinner-bell; it 's simply an arrangement for bringing you to the table. Marriage always seems to me just like that. I should have married Julian in a second if I 'd been you; but I should have made him understand I was n't a sack of potatoes, if I 'd had to box his ears regularly every few minutes for twenty-four hours at a stretch."

"Surely marriage is sacred," said Marian, gravely. Stella's point of view was so odd that Marian thought it rather coarse.

"But it need n't be long," objected Stella; "you can be short and sacred simultaneously. In fact, I think I could be more sacred if I was quick about it; I should only get bored if I was long."

"You have such a funny way of putting things," said Marian, a little impatiently. "Of course I know what you mean, but I

don't like being hurried. I love Julian dearly, and I will marry him when there is time for us to do it quietly and properly. Meanwhile it's quite awful not

much of Julian—the fear that he might be dead. It would not interfere with Marian or with Julian. Hopes interfere: but Stella had no personal hopes; she did not even envisage one. She claimed only the freedom of her fears.



"HENRIETTA, THERE IS A WAR," HE ANNOUNCED

hearing from him. I have never been so miserable in my life."

Stella sat on the floor at Marian's feet with Marian's misery. She entered into it so deeply that after a time Marian felt surprised as well as comforted. She had not thought grief so pictorial. She felt herself placed on a pinnacle and lifted above the ranks of happier lovers. She thought it was her love for Julian that held her there; she did not know that it was Stella's love for her. Stella for a time saw only Marian—Marian frozen in a vast suspense, Marian racked with silences and tortured with imagined dangers. She did not see Julian until Marian had gone, and then suddenly she put her hands to her throat, as if she could not bear the sharp pulsation of fear that assailed her. If all this time they were only fearing half enough and Julian should be dead?

She whispered, "Julian dead!" Then she knew that she was not feeling any more for Marian. She was feeling for herself. Fortunately, she knew this did not matter. Feeling for oneself was sharp and abominable, but it could be controlled. It did not count; and she could keep this

CHAPTER XI

IT is disconcerting to believe that you are the possessor of one kind of temper—a cold, deadly, on-the-spot temper which cuts through the insignificant flurries of other people like a knife through leather—and then to find a sloppy explosiveness burst from you unaware.

Mr. Travers had never dreamed that in the town hall itself he could ever be led to lose a thing he had in such entire control as his temper. He did not lose it when the blush-

ing Mr. Belk had the audacity to stop him in mid-career, on his way to his sanctum through No. 7, the outer office of the assistant clerks, though they were, as a body, strictly forbidden to address him while passing to and fro. Mr. Belk was so ill advised as to say:

"If you please, sir, it's four o'clock, and Miss Waring has n't been out to lunch yet." Mr. Travers merely ran his eye over Mr. Belk as a fishmonger runs his eyes over vulnerable portions of cod laid out for cutting, and brought down his chopper at an expert angle.

"Since when, Mr. Belk," he asked, with weary irony, "has Miss Waring's lunch been on your list of duties?"

Then he passed swiftly into his office and faced Stella, closing the door behind him. Temper shook him as a rough wind shakes an insignificant obstacle. He could not hold it; it was gone. It blew inside out, like a deranged umbrella. He glared at Miss Waring. There was nothing in her slight, bent figure, with its heavy, brown hair neatly plaited in a crown about her head, which should have roused any town clerk to sudden fury.

"It 's abominable," Mr. Travers exclaimed, bringing his trembling hand down with a bang upon Stella's table, "how women behave!"

Stella said out loud, "One hundred pounds, ten shillings, sixpence," and then looked up at her employer. She asked very quietly who had vexed him. There might have been a fugitive gleam of laughter at the back of her eyes, but there were shadows under them that made her look too tired for laughter.

"You, of course," he cried. "How are we ever to get through with our work if you won't eat? It 's so silly! It 's so tiresome! It 's so uncalled for! Why are you doing these wretched lists now?"

"Because," said Stella—and now the laughter ran out at him unexpectedly and tripped him up—"the town clerk has a meeting at five o'clock at which these statistics must be at hand to justify him in having his own way."

"Put them down!" said Mr. Travers, savagely. Stella laid down her pen with the ready obedience which can be made so baffling when it proceeds from an unconsenting will. "Now go out and get something to eat," he went on, "while I do the wretched things. And don't let this occur again. If you have too much to do,—and I know the correspondence gets more and more every day,—mention it. We must get some help in."

She was gone before he had finished his sentence—gone with that absurd dimple in the corner of her cheek and the sliding laughter of her eyes.

She had left behind her a curious, restless emptiness, as if the very room itself waited impatiently for her return. It was half an hour before she came back. The town clerk had had to answer three telephone messages and four telegrams. If the outer office had not known that he was there and Miss Waring was n't, he would have had more interruptions. Nevertheless, the figures had helped Mr. Travers to recover his temper.

He was an expert accountant, and you can take figures upon their face-value.

They are not like women; they have no dimples.

Mr. Travers was prepared to be the stern, but just, employer again. He remained seated, and Stella leaned over his shoulder. He had not expected that she would do this.

"What have you had to eat?" he asked. It was not at all what he had intended to say to Stella.

"A cup of tea, two ham sandwiches, and a bun—such a magnificent spread for sevenpence!" replied Stella, cheerfully. "You've forgotten to put in what the insurance will be—there at the bottom of the page."

Mr. Travers rose to his feet. He was taller than Stella, and he considered that he had a commanding presence. Stella slid back into her seat.

"You ought to have had," said Mr. Travers, with labored quietness, "beef-steak and a glass of port."

"Anybody could tell," said Stella, tranquilly, "that you are an abstemious man,



"STELLA SAT ON THE FLOOR AT MARIAN'S FEET
WITH MARIAN'S MISERY"

Mr. Travers. Port! Port and steak! You mean porter. All real drinkers know that port is sacred. Bottles of it covered with exquisite cobwebs are kept for choice

occasions; they are brought in softly by stately butlers, walking delicately like Agag. It is drunk in companionable splendor, tenderly ministered to by nothing more solid than a walnut, and it follows the courses of the sun. There, you did quite a lot while I was away, and if you don't mind just looking through those landlords' repairing leases on your desk, I dare say I shall have finished this before five."

Mr. Travers opened his mouth, shut it again, and returned to his repairing leases. He was not an employer any more. He was not an icy, mysterious tyrant ruling over a trembling and docile universe: his own secretary had literally told him to run away and play!

But it was in the night watches that the worst truth struck him. He had been furious with Miss Waring for not spending more upon her lunch, he had upbraided her for it, and she had never turned round and said, "Look what I earn!" The opportunity was made to her hand. "How can women secretaries earning a hundred a year eat three-and-sixpenny lunches?" That ought to have been her answer. Why was n't it? She had n't been too stupid to see it. She had seen it, and she had instantly, before he had had time to see it himself, covered it up and hidden it under that uncalled-for eulogy on port. It was not fear. She had n't been afraid to stand up to him (uncalled-for eulogies *were* standing up to him); besides, she had previously called him unfair to his face. It was just something that Miss Waring *was*—something that made the color spring into Mr. Travers's face in the dark till his cheeks burned; something that had made Mr. Belk dare his chief's displeasure to get her lunch; something that was n't business.

"She would n't take an advantage, because I'd given it to her," he said to himself. "I thought everybody took an advantage when they had the sense to see it; but she does n't, though she has plenty of sense. But the world could n't go on like that."

This brilliant idea reassured Mr. Trav-

ers; he stopped blushing. He was relieved to think that the world could n't go on like Stella; but there was something in him, a faint contradictory something, that made him glad that Stella did n't go on like the world.

He went to sleep with these two points unreconciled.

CHAPTER XII

STELLA had always known that it would come; she had spent two months seeing it. It had usually taken the form of a telegram falling out of Mrs. Waring's wool, or Eurydice standing upon the steps, Cassandra-like, to greet her with a message from Marian. Marian would come to give her the message, but she would n't wait; she would drive swiftly away in a motor, and leave the broken universe behind her. But disasters do not come as we have planned their coming.

It was a dull November day, the streets were full of dying leaves, and at the end of the cross-roads surrounding the town hall a blue mist hung like a curtain. Marian, in black velvet and furs, with old Spanish ear-rings gleaming from her shell-like ears, stood in disgust upon the steps of the town hall. Her small face was frozen with unexpected pain, but she could still feel annoyed with the porter. She stood in the thronged corridor and asked decisively for Miss Waring.

The porter told her that Miss Waring worked in No. 7, or, at any rate, No. 7 would know where she was working.

Marian stared slightly over the porter's head.

"My good man," she said, "how am I to know where No. 7 is? Go and tell her to come to me. Here is my card."

All the way to No. 7 the porter concocted brilliant retorts to this order. He would tell her he was not a footman and that this was n't Buckingham Palace. He would say roughly that, if she had eyes in her head, she could find No. 7 for herself. But he was intimidated by Marian's ear-rings. A secret fear that she might turn out to be the lord mayor's daughter drove him to No. 7.

Stella was filing letters when he knocked, and when she saw the card she knew the messenger had come; but she did not forget to say as usual, "Oh, thank you, Humphreys."

She finished filing the letters before she looked for Mr. Travers.

He was coming out of the council chamber at the top of a flight of stairs. She stood there for a moment, holding him with her eyes, her lips parted. She looked like a bird that has been caught in a room and despairs of finding the way out.

Her face was strained and eager, and her sensitive eyebrows were drawn together in a little tortured frown; but she spoke quietly as soon as her breath came back to her.

"Mr. Travers, a friend of mine is in trouble. May I go to her for the afternoon? There is still a great deal to do,—I know I ought not to ask you to let me go,—but Mr. Belk and Miss Flint are so kind that I am sure they would help me. I—I should be very grateful if you could spare me."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Travers, sharply. "I mean, of course, you can go; but I won't have Mr. Belk or Miss Flint near me. I will do the work myself."

"Oh," she cried, aghast at this magnanimous humility on the part of her employer, "please don't! Do let me ask them! I'd so much rather—"

Mr. Travers waved her away. He wanted to do the work himself, and he wanted her to be aghast. He descended the stairs rapidly beside her.

"You may leave immediately, Miss Waring," he said sternly as they reached

No. 7; "and I will make my own arrangements about your work."

Stella fled. Again he felt the sense of wings, as if he had opened a window, and a bird had flown past him into liberty.

He did not want her to be grateful, but he thought she might have looked back. She had noticed him only as a barrier un-

expectedly fallen. She had not seen how strange it was that a barrier of so stubborn and erect a nature as Mr. Travers should have consented to fall.

If any one else had asked him for an afternoon with a friend in trouble, Mr. Travers knew that he would have said, "Your friends' troubles must take place outside office-hours." But when he had seen Stella's face he had forgotten office-hours.

Marian was sitting on a chair in the corridor. Her ex-

pression implied that there was no such thing as a town hall, and that the chair was a mere concession to unnecessary space. She said as she saw Stella:

"Please be quick about putting your things on. Yes, it's bad news about Julian."

Stella was quick. Marian said no more until they were seated together in the motor; then she gave Stella a letter she had received from Lady Verny. Lady Verny wrote:

My dear Marian: You must prepare yourself for a great distress. Julian is in England, but he is very much injured. I want you to go to him at once. Whenever he is conscious he asks for you. My dear, if he recovers,—and they think that if he has an incentive to live he will live,—he



"A NURSE OPENED THE DOOR"

will be partly paralyzed. I know that he will want to free you, and it will be right that you should even now feel free; but till then—for a month—will you give him all you can? All he needs to live? It is a great deal to ask of you, but I think you are good and kind, and that I shall not ask this of you in vain. His life is valuable, and will still be so, for his brain is not affected. Before he relapsed into unconsciousness he was able to give the Government the information he acquired. I think it is not wrong to help him to live; but of course I am his mother, and it is difficult for me to judge. All this is very terrible for you, even the deciding of whether you ought to help him to live or not. If I might suggest anything to you, it would be to talk about it with that friend of yours, Miss Waring.

Come to me when you have seen him. Do not think, whatever your decision is, that I shall not realize what it costs you, or fail to do all in my power to help you to carry it out.

Yours affectionately,

HELEN VERNY.

Stella dropped the letter and looked at Marian. Marian sat erect, and her eyes burned. She was tearless and outraged by sorrow. There are people who take joy as a personal virtue and sorrow as a personal insult, and Marian was one of these people. Happiness had softened and uplifted her; pain struck her down and humiliated her solid sense of pride.

"Why was n't he killed?" she asked bitterly, meeting Stella's questioning eyes. "I could have borne his being killed. Value! What does Lady Verny mean by value? His career is smashed; his life is to all intents and purposes over. And mine with it! It is very kind of her to say he will release me. I do not need his mother to tell me that. She seems to have overlooked the fact that I have given him my word! Is it likely that I should fail him or that I could consent to be released? I do not need any one to tell me my duty. But I hate life! I *hate* it! I think it all stupid, vile, senseless! Why did I ever

meet him? What good has love been to me? A few hours' happiness, and then this martyrdom set like a trap to catch us! And I don't like invalids. I have never seen any one very ill. I sha'n't know what to say to him."

"Oh, yes you will, when you see him," said Stella; it was all that for a while she could say.

She had always believed that Marian had a deep, but close-locked, nature. Love presumably would be the key.

It was unlocked now. Pain had unlocked it, and Stella shivered at the tearless hardness, the sharp, shallow sense of personal privation that occupied Marian's heart. She had not yet thought of Julian himself.

Stella told herself that Marian's was only the blindness of the unimaginative. The moment Marian saw Julian it would pass, and yield before the directer illumination of the heart. Marian's nature was perhaps one of those that yields very slowly to pain. When she saw Julian she would forget everything else. She would not think of her losses and sacrifices any more, or her duties.

Stella felt curiously stung and wasted by Marian's use of the word "duty." Was that all there was for the woman whom Julian loved? Was that all there was for Julian?

But she could deal only with what Marian had; so, when she spoke again, Stella said all she could to comfort Marian. She spoke of Julian's courage; she said no life in Julian could be useless that left his brain free to act. She suggested that he would find a new career for himself, and she pictured his future successes. Beneath her lips and her quick outer mind she thought only of Julian, broken.

They stopped in a large, quiet square, at the door of a private hospital. There was no sound but the half-notes of birds stirring at twilight in the small square garden, and far off the muffled murmur of distant streets.

A nurse opened the door.

"You are Miss Young?" she said to Marian. "Yes, of course, we were ex-

pecting you. Sister would like to see you first."

They stood for a moment in a small neat office. The sister rose from an old Dutch bureau, one of the traces of the house's former occupants, and held out her hand to Marian. Her eyes rested with intentness upon the girl's face.

"Sir Julian is almost certain to know you," she said gently, "but you must n't talk much to him. He has been much weakened by exposure. He lay in a wood for three days without food or water. There is every hope of his partial recovery. Miss Young; but he needs rest and reassurance. We can give him the rest here, but we must look to you to help us to bring back to him the love of life."

Marian stood with her beautiful head raised proudly. She waited for a moment to control her voice; then she asked quietly:

"Is the paralysis likely to be permanent?"

The sister moved a chair toward her, but Marian shook her head.

"It is a state of partial paralysis. He will be able to get about on crutches," the sister replied. "Won't you rest for a few moments before going up to him, Miss Young?"

"No, thank you," said Marian; "I will go up to him at once."

She turned quickly toward the door, and meeting Stella's eyes, she took and held her arm tightly for a moment, and then, loosing it, walked quickly toward the stairs. Stella followed her as if she had no being. She had lost all consciousness of herself. She was a thought that clung to Julian, an unbodied idea fixed upon the cross of Julian's pain. She did not see the staircase up which she passed; she walked through the wood in which Julian had lain three days.

He was in a large, airy room with two other men. Stella did not know which was Julian until he opened his eyes. There was no color in his face, and very little substance. The other men were raised in bed and looked alive, but Julian lay like something made of wax and run

into a mold. Only his eyes lived—lived and flickered, and held on to his drifting consciousness.

The nurse guided Marian to his bed, and, drawing a chair forward, placed it close to him. Marian leaned down and kissed his forehead. She had determined to do that, whatever he looked like; and she did it.

His lips moved. She bent down, and a whisper reached her: "I said I'd come back to you, and I have." Then he closed his eyes. He had nothing further to say.

Marian did not cry. After the first moment she did not look at Julian; she looked away from him out of the window. She did not feel that it was Julian who lay there like a broken toy. It was her duty. She had submitted to it; but nothing in her responded to this submission except her iron will.

The nurse had forgotten to bring a chair for Stella. She leaned against the door until a red-haired boy with a bandaged arm, on the bed nearest to her, exclaimed earnestly:

"Do take my chair! You look awfully done."

She was able to take his chair because her hands were less blind than any other part of her, and she smiled at him because she had the habit of smiling when she thanked people. Then her eyes went back to Julian. Her heart had never left him, and she knew now that it never would leave him again.

She did not know how long or short it was before Marian rose gracefully, and said in her clear, sweet voice, "I shall come again to-morrow, Julian."

Marian stopped at each of the other bedsides before she joined Stella. She said little, friendly, inclusive words to the other two men, which made them feel as if they would like to sweep the floor under her feet.

"All the same," the red-haired one explained after the door closed, "it was the untidy little one, piled up against the door, that minded most. I dare say she was his sister."

He had no need to lower his voice,

though he did lower it, for fear of its reaching Julian.

Julian had been reassured, and now he was resting. Consciousness had altogether receded from him, perhaps that it might give him a better chance of resting.

CHAPTER XIII

JULIAN roused himself with the feeling that he had said only half of what he had intended to say to Marian. It had been in his mind a long time. They had winged him in the Tyrol, and his life had been saved by an Italian peasant who had found him in a wood. It was while he was lying out under the pine-trees that he had realized what he had got to say to Marian if he ever got back. There was a complicated cipher message for the Government, which he had kept quite clear in his mind, and eventually given to an intelligent doctor to send off; and there was the message to Marian, which he himself would have to say when he saw her.

"I 've come back, as I promised; but I can't marry you now, of course. I'm a crock."

The first time he saw Marian he had got through only the first part of the sentence. There was no hurry about the rest of it. The doctor and the sister had both assured him that there was no hurry. They had been very kind, and quite as honest as their profession permitted. They said Marian would come back, and he could tell her then.

They admitted, when he cross-questioned them with all the sharpness of which he was capable, that he would be a cripple. They did not bother him with futile commiserations. They gave him quietly and kindly the facts he asked for. He would never be able to walk again, but he could get about easily on crutches.

Julian did not want to live very much, but his mother's eyes hurt him when he tried not to; and then Marian came again, and he got through the rest of his sentence.

"You see," he explained in a low whisper which sounded in his head like a gong, "marriage is quite out of the question."

Marian was there with smiles and flowers, just as he had so often pictured her; but she sat down with a curious solidity, and her voice sounded clearer than it had sounded in his dreams.

"Nothing alters our engagement, Julian," she said. "Nothing can."

She spoke with a finality that stopped his thinking. He had finished his sentence, and it seemed hardly fair to be expected to start another on the spur of the moment. He gave himself up to a feeling of intense relief: he had got off his cipher to the Government and he had released Marian.

He had known these were going to be difficult things to do. The cipher had been the worst. The French doctor had taken some time to understand that Julian must neither die nor be attended to until he had sent the cipher off; and now the business about Marian was over, too. He had only to lie there and look at her day by day coming in with roses. They did not talk much. Julian never spoke of his symptoms, but they were too radical to free him. He lay under them like a creature pinned under the wreckage of a railway accident.

Slowly, day by day, his strength came back to him; and as it came back, peace receded. His eyes lost their old adoring indulgence; they seemed to be watching Marian covertly, anxiously for some gift that she was withholding from him. He did not demand this as a right, as the old Julian would have done, breaking down the barriers of her pride to reach it. He pleaded for it with shamed eyes that met hers only to glance away. Something in her that was not cruelty as much as a baffling desire to escape him made her refuse to give him what his eyes asked.

Julian had loved her for her elusiveness, and the uncaptured does not yield readily to any appeal from the hunter. The prize is to the strong.

She would not have withstood a spoken wish of his; but there is something in speechless suffering from which light sympathies shrink away. Pity lay in Marian a tepid, quickly roused feeling, blowing



“WOMEN LIKE YOU CAN'T MARRY LOGS OF WOOD.”

neither hot nor cold. She cried easily over sad books, but she had none of the maternal instinct which seizes upon the faintest indication of pain with a combative passion for its alleviation. She became antagonistic when she was personally disturbed by suffering.

She was keeping her word to Julian while her heart was drifting away from him; and he, while he desired her to be free, instinctively tried to hold her back. They had both put their theories before their instincts, and they expected their instincts to stand aside until their theories had been carried out.

Perhaps if Julian could have told her his experiences he might have recaptured her imagination; but when she asked him to tell her about them, he said quickly, “I

can't,” and turned away his head. He was afraid to trust himself. He wanted to tell her everything. He was afraid that if he began, his reticence would break down, and he would tell her things which must never pass his lips. He longed for her to know that every day, and nearly every hour, he had fought and conquered intricate, abnormal obstacles. He had slipped across imminent death as a steady climber grips and passes across the face of a precipice.

He had never faltered. All that he had gone to find he had found, and more. At each step he had seen a fresh opportunity, and taken it. He had been like a bicyclist in heavy traffic assailed on every side by converging vehicles, and yet seeing only the one wavering ribbon of his way out. And he had won his way out with knowledge that was worth a king's ransom. He could have borne anything if Marian would realize that what he had borne had been worth while. But after her first unanswered question, Marian never referred

again to what he had done. She behaved as if his services had been a regrettable mistake.

She talked with real feeling about the sufferings of those who fought in the war. Her eyes seemed to tell him what her lips refrained from uttering, that she could have been sorrier for him if he had been wounded in a trench, and not shot at and abandoned by a nervous sentry firing in the dark. He could not remember the exact moment when out of the vague turmoil of his weakened mind he gripped this cold truth: Marian was not tender.

When she was not there he could pretend. He could make up all the beautiful, loving little things she had not said, and sometimes he would not remember that he had made them up. Those were the best moments of all. He believed then that she had given him what his heart hungered for. He was too much ashamed of his ruined strength to feel resentment at Marian's coldness. It struck him as natural that she should care less for a broken man.

His mind traveled slowly, knocking against the edges of his old dreams.

He thought perhaps a nursing home was n't the kind of place in which people could really understand one another, all mixed up with screens and medicine bottles, and nurses bringing things in on trays. If he could see Marian once at Amberley for the last time, so that he could keep the picture of her moving about the dark wainscoted rooms, or looking out from the terrace above the water-meadows, he would have something precious to remember for the rest of his life; and she might n't mind him so much there, surrounded by the dignity of the old background of his race. One day he said to her:

"I want to go to Amberley as soon as I can be moved. I want to see it again with you."

"In December?" asked Marian, with lifted, disapproving brows. "It would be horribly damp, my dear Julian, all water-meadows and mist. You would be much more comfortable here."

Julian frowned. He profoundly hated the word "comfort" in connection with himself.

"You don't understand," he said, a little impatiently. "I know every inch of it, and it's quite jolly in the winter. We are above the water. I want to see the downs. One gets tired of milk-carts and barrel organs, and the brown tank on the roof across the way. You remember the downs, Marian?"

His eyes met hers again with that new, curiously weak look of his. Marian turned her head away. How could Julian bear to speak of the downs?

She saw for a moment the old Julian springing up the hillside assured and eager, the fine, strong lover who had taken her heart by storm. She spoke coldly to this weaker Julian.

"Yes," she said, "I am not likely to forget the downs. I spent the last happy hours of my life there; but I cannot say I ever wish to see them again."

Julian's eyes fell, so that she could not see if he had even noticed how bitterly she remembered Amberley.

The next day she found him sitting up for the first time. He was propped up by cushions, but it made him look as if he had gained some of his old incisive strength.

The other two men had been moved, and they had the large, bare room to themselves.

No sound came from the square beneath them; in the house itself there were passing footsteps and the occasional persistent buzzing of an electric bell.

"Look here," said Julian in a queer, dry voice, "I've got an awful lot to say to you—d' you mind drawing your chair nearer? I meant to say it at Amberley. I'd have liked it better there. I rather hate this kind of disinfected, sloppy place for talk. You must loathe it, too. But here or there it's got to be said. You said something or other when I first put it to you—about our engagement never being broken. It was awfully good of you, of course. I could n't see through it at the time. I wanted to let things slide. But

it's all nonsense, my dear girl. Women like you can't marry logs of wood."

He looked at her anxiously. Her eyes were shut to expression. She sat there, just as lovely, just as sphinx-like as some old, smiling portrait. There was the same unfluctuating, delicate color in her face, and the same unharassed, straightforward glancing of the eyes. She was not the least perturbed by what he said; she expected him to say it.

"We should be foolish," she answered quietly, "to try to ignore the terrible difference in our lives, Julian, and I was sure you would want to set me free; but you cannot do it. I took the risk of your accident, unwillingly at first; but, still, eventually I accepted it, and I will not be set free."

His eyes held hers compellingly, as if he were searching for some inner truth behind her words, and then slowly reluctant tears gathered across the keenness of his vision. He leaned his head back on his pillow and looked away.

"I don't think," he said slowly, "you're glad to have me back. I don't want to marry you, I could n't marry you; but I wish to Heaven you'd been glad! O Marian, I'm a coward and a fool, but if you'd been glad, I'd have gone down under it! I'd have married you then. I ought n't to say this. It's all nonsense, and you're quite right. It's awfully fine of you to want to keep your word; but, you see, I did n't want your word. It's your heart I wanted. I used to say out there sometimes, when things were a bit thick: 'Never mind. If I get through, she'll be glad.'"

Marian drew herself up. This did not seem to her fair of Julian. She had prayed very earnestly to God for his safe return. Neither God nor he had been quite fair about it. This was not a safe return.

"I don't know what more I can do, Julian," she said steadily, "than offer to share my life with you."

"That's just it," said Julian, with that curious look in his eyes which kept fighting her, and yet appealing to her simultaneously. "You can't do more. If you

could, I'm such a weak hound, I'd lie here and take it. If you wanted me, Marian,—wanted a broken fragment of a man fit for a dust-pan,—I'd land you with it. But, 'pon my word, it's too steep when you don't want it. Out of some curious sense of duty toward the dust-pan—I'm afraid I'm being uncivil to the universe, but I feel a little uncivil to it just now. No; you've got to go. I'm sorry. Don't touch me. Just let me be; but if you could say just where you are before you go! But it does n't matter. I should n't believe it. I would n't believe the mother that bore me now. I've seen the end of love."

The tears burned themselves away from his eyes; they gazed at her as sunken and blue as the sea whipped by an east wind. Rising to go, she turned slowly toward the door.

"I want you to remember, Julian," she said, "that I meant what I said. I mean it still. I wish to carry out our engagement."

Julian said something in reply that Marian did n't understand. He was repeating out loud and very slowly the cipher he had sent to the Government.

After all, it had been easier to send the cipher to the Government than to release Marian. His mind had sprung back to the easier task.

CHAPTER XIV

It was not often that Stella took anything for herself, least of all Saturday afternoons. They belonged by a kind of sacred right to Eurydice, and what was left over from Eurydice was used on the weekly accounts. Mrs. Waring found it easier to explain to Stella than to any one else why one and sixpence that was really due to the butcher should have been expended upon "The Will of God," bound in white and gold for eighteenpence, an indisputable spiritual bargain, but a poor equivalent to the butcher.

But this Saturday afternoon Stella hardened her heart against Eurydice and turned her mind away from the vista of

the weekly bills. She wanted to think about Julian.

Marian had left London the day after her interview with him. She belonged to that class of people which invariably follows a disagreeable event by a change of address; but she had found time before she went to write to Stella. There was something she wanted Stella to send on after her from the army and navy stores. She was really too upset and rushed to go there herself. Julian had been so extraordinary; he apparently expected her to be fonder of him now than when he was all right. She had really made tremendous sacrifices going to that horrid nursing home every day for a month. Both her parents were delighted that the engagement was at an end, and of course it was a relief in some ways, though horribly sad and upsetting, especially as Julian behaved as if she were to blame. Marian was afraid he was n't as chivalrous as she had always thought. She had idealized him. One does when one is in love with people; but it does n't last. One wakes up and finds everything different.

Stella wanted to forget Marian's letter. It seemed to her as cursory and callous as a newspaper account of a storm in China. It was all so far off, and drowned Chinamen are so much alike; and yet she had written to tell Stella about Julian and the end of love. "Many waters cannot quench love"; it had not taken many waters to quench Marian's. It occurred to Stella for the first time that the quality of love depends solely upon the heart that holds it; not even divine fire can burn on an untended hearth. It was a mild December day; winter had given itself a few soft hours in which to brood upon the spring. London, the last of places to feel the touch of nature and the first to profit by it, had passed into a golden mist.

Stella left the town hall at two o'clock, and walked down the busy highway. All the little, lively shops were awake and doing their noisy business of the week, while farther west all the big, quiet shops, with other habits, closed in the face of their departing customers. Stella slipped

away from the eager, friendly crowd, glued together in indissoluble groups upon the pavement. She wanted to be alone and not to have to keep reminding herself not to think of Julian until she had finished what she had to do.

She turned down a narrow lane with high brick walls. Silence and solitude were at the turn of a corner. London fell away from her like a jangling dream.

She passed an iron-scrolled gateway which led into an old garden. The low-browed house, with its overhanging eaves, was once the home of a famous poet. Poetry clung about it still; it was in the air, and met her like the touch of a friend's hand. A little farther along the lane she came to an opening in the wall, and saw before her a small, surrounded field of grass. It was a Quaker burial-ground. This unique and quiet people, in their enmity with form, had chosen of all forms the most resilient. They had made in the heart of London a picture, and a place of peace, for death.

There was no sense of desolation in the silent field; only the sunshine, the old walls, and the green emptiness. It might have been the grass-grown citadel of Tusculum spread out at Stella's feet, it was a spot so acquainted with the air, with solitude, and with a nameless history.

Beyond it lay a maze of old and narrow streets, with quaint, lop-sided houses, uneven roofs, and winding causeways.

At the end of one of these she came suddenly upon a waste of waters the color of a moonstone. Stella had never been abroad; but she felt as if a wall between her mind and space had broken down and shown her Venice. Drifting slowly down the broad stream were two white swans, and across the river a green bank stood beneath a row of shining towers.

They were a row of factory chimneys; but rising out of the mist, above the moonstone flood, they looked like ancient towers. Stella sat upon a wooden float; it made a luxurious seat for her opposite the drifting swans. She felt as if all her thoughts at last were free. There was no one in sight; old and dignified houses

leaned toward the water-front: but for all the life that inhabited them, they might have been the ghosts of houses. Nothing stirred, but sometimes up the river a seagull, on level wings, with wary eyes, wandered above the watery highway, challenging the unaccustomed small spaces of the sky.

Stella wished for the first time that Julian were dead. She did not believe in a capricious or an impatient God, moved by well-timed petitions; but all her being absorbed itself into an unconscious prayer for Julian's peace.

She could not have told how long she had been there when she heard the sound of footsteps, strangely familiar footsteps, direct, regular, and swift. She looked up, to meet the grave, intent gaze of Mr. Leslie Travers.

Stella rubbed her eyes as if she had been asleep. Surely in a place of whispering silences, town clerks did not burst upon you except in dreams.

Of course Mr. Travers might live in one of these old, quiet houses, though it did not seem very likely to Stella. She thought he must live in some place where the houses looked as if they knew more what they were about, and did not brood over a deserted waterway,

Seeing all their own mischance
With a glassy countenance,

like that immortal gazer, the *Lady of Shalott*.

Mr. Travers did not pass Stella with his usual air of cutting through space like a knife. He crossed the float gingerly, and asked firmly, but with kindness, if he might sit down.

Stella gave a helpless gesture of assent. She could not stop him, but he was inappropriate. The row of factory chimneys ceased to disguise themselves as towers; the float looked as if it knew suddenly how unsuitable it was for a winter afternoon's repose. The swans, approaching fatally near for the ideal, were very nearly black.

"Do you not find it damp here?" asked Mr. Travers.

Stella said:

"Yes, very"; and then, meeting his surprised eyes, she hastily corrected herself. "No, not at all." Then she gave a little, helpless laugh. "Forgive me!" she said. "You surprised me so. Has anything gone wrong at the town hall?"

Mr. Travers did not immediately answer her question. He had never sat on a float before. Still, it was not this fact which silenced him. He had not been sure when he approached if Stella was crying or not. There was still something that looked suspiciously like the pathway of a tear upon the cheek next him, and though she was laughing now, it had not the sound of her usual laughter; it stirred in him a sense of tears.

"I think I shall confess at once," he said finally, "that I followed you. I wanted to talk to you without interruption. I might have called upon you at your home, of course, but I have not had the pleasure of meeting your family, and in this instance my business was with you."

Stella gave a faint sigh of relief. She was glad it was business. She was used to business with Mr. Travers. She was not used to pleasure with him, and she was not in the mood for new experiences.

"I shall be glad to talk over anything with you about which I can be of use," she said gently, "and I think this is a beautiful place to do it in."

"The rents," said Mr. Travers, glancing critically at the silent houses, "must be very low, necessarily low. I hope you do not often come here," he added after a pause. "It is the kind of place in which I should strongly suspect drains. We might mention it to the sanitary inspector and ask him for a report upon it."

"Oh, must we?" murmured Stella.

"Not if you would rather not," said Mr. Travers, unexpectedly. "In that case I would waive the question."

Stella glanced at him in alarm. Was Mr. Travers going mad from overstrain at the town hall? He must be very nearly mad to come and sit upon a float with his secretary on Saturday afternoon and waive a question of drains.

"But that would n't be business," she said gravely.

"Yes, it would," said Mr. Travers, relentlessly. "It is my immediate business to please you."

Stella's alarm deepened; but it became solely for Mr. Travers. She did not mind if he was sane or not if only he refrained from saying anything that he would ultimately regret.

"I don't know whether you realize, Miss Waring," Mr. Travers continued, "that I am a very lonely man. I have no contemporary relatives. My father died when I was a young child. I lost my mother two years ago. My work has not entailed many friendships. I began office work very young, and it has to a great extent absorbed me. I think I should be afraid to say it to any one but you,—it would sound laughable,—but my chief attachment of late years has been to a cat."

It was curious that, though Mr. Travers had often been nervous of his secretary's humor, he understood that she would not laugh at him about his cat.

"Oh," she cried, "I hope it loves you as well. They won't sometimes, I know; you can pour devotion out on them, and they won't turn a hair. But when they do, it's so wonderfully reassuring. Dogs will love almost any one, but cats discriminate. I do hope your cat discriminates toward you, Mr. Travers."

"I think it was attached to me in its way," said Mr. Travers, clearing his throat. "It was an old cat, and now it is dead. I merely mention it in passing."

"Yes, yes," said Stella, quickly. "But I'm so sorry! I hate to think you had to lose what you loved."

"You would," said Mr. Travers. "But the point I wish to make to you is that a man whose sole dependence is upon the attachment of a cat does not know much about human relationships. I fear I am exceedingly ignorant upon this subject. Until lately this had not particularly disturbed me. Now I should wish to have given it more consideration."

"But I think you have," said Stella, eagerly; "I mean I think you've changed

lately about relationships. Now I think of it, I'm quite sure you have. I have always enjoyed my work with you, and you have never been inconsiderate to me. But I used to think people were n't very real to you, as if you wanted to hurry through them and stick them on a neat, tight file, like the letters, according to their alphabetical order. But now I know you're not like that. Even if you had n't told me about the cat I should have known it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Travers. "Thank you very much."

For a while he said nothing at all, and Stella wondered if that was all he wanted. She hoped it was all he wanted. Then he turned and looked down at her.

"I have formed an attachment now, Miss Waring," he said, "and I am in a suitable position to carry it out. You have been the best secretary a man ever had. Could you undertake to become my wife?"

Stella bowed her head. She had come here to think about Julian, but she had not been able to think about him for very long. She did not think about him at all now. She thought only about Mr. Travers. She was so sorry for him that she could not look at him. What compensation was there for what she had not got to give him, and in what mad directions does not pity sometimes drive? For a moment she felt as if she could not say "No" to him; but to say "Yes" would make nothing any easier, for after she had said "Yes" she would have nothing more to give.

There is seldom any disastrous situation in which there is not something that can be saved. Stella saw in a flash what she might still save out of it. She could save Mr. Travers's pride at the cost of her own. She was a very proud and a very reticent woman; she would take the deepest thing in her heart and show it to Mr. Travers that he might not feel ashamed at having shown her his own.

"I can't," she said quickly, slipping her small, firm hand over his; "not because it is n't beautiful of you. It is, of course; it's one of the most beautiful things I've



"THIS," STELLA THOUGHT TO HERSELF, "IS LIKE A BATTLE."

ever known, because you know nothing about me, and I'm so glad I'm not what you would really like if you did know me. Remember that afterward."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Travers, dryly; "I am the best judge of what I like."

"I wonder if you really are," said Stella, with a little gasp, as if she had been running. "I wonder if I really am myself. But we both think we are, don't we? We can't help that—and the very same thing has happened to us both: we've seen and wanted a little—something that would n't do—that would n't do at all for either of us ever. If you *had* to like somebody that would n't do, I think I'm glad you came to me, because, you see, I know what it feels like. I can be sorry and proud and glad you've given it to me, and then we need never talk about it any more."

Mr. Travers looked straight in front of him. Stella had not withdrawn her hand; but Mr. Travers pressed it, and laid it down reverentially between them. He would never forget that he had held it, but to continue to hold it until she had accepted him would have seemed to Mr. Travers a false position.

"There is another point to which I should like to draw your attention," he said after a slight pause. "Marriage does not necessarily imply any feeling of an intense nature by both parties. I wish to offer you security and companionship. As I told you before, I am a lonely man; I could be content with very little. I have noticed that when you come into a room it makes a difference to me."

"Don't make me cry!" said Stella, suddenly, and then she did cry a little, a nervous flurry of tears that shook her for a brief moment and left her laughing at the consternation in his face.

"You see how silly I am!" she said. "But however silly, I'm not a cheat. You offer me everything. I could n't take it and not offer you everything back. To me marriage means everything. It is n't only—is it?—a perpetual companionship, though when you think of it, that's tre-

mendous,—almost all the other companionships of life are intermittent,—but it's the building up of fresh life out of a single love."

Mr. Travers looked away. He was surprised that Stella had not shocked him. The idea of any woman mentioning the existence of a child until she had a child might have shocked him; but Stella failed to move his sense of propriety. It even struck him that marriage would be less inclined to lapse into the sordid and irregular struggles of his experience if it was based upon so plain a foundation. He looked away, because he felt that now he could not change her.

Stella wished that they were in a house. It struck her that a room would give more of the advantages of a retreat to Mr. Travers. She was very anxious to make his retreat easy for him.

"Would you do me a tremendous service?" she asked gently.

He turned quickly to face her.

"That is what I should like to do you," he said. But he looked at her a little suspiciously, for he was not sure that the service Stella asked would n't, after all, be only some new way of helping him.

"You said the other day," she said, meeting his eyes with unswerving candor, "that I might have extra help if I wanted it. I do want very much to find some work for my sister Eurydice. She is very clever; cleverer than I am a great deal, only in a different way. She used to write books, but that did not pay her very well, and when the war came, she went into the city and worked for a secretarial diploma. I think she would be of use to you, if you would go slowly with her and make allowances for her different ways of being clever. Would you like to help her?"

Mr. Travers hesitated. Then he stood up and held out his hand to her.

"The sun has begun to go," he said; "I assure you it is not healthy for you to linger here. Of course I will engage your sister."

Stella gave a little sigh of relief. She felt that she had found a way out for Mr. Travers.

CHAPTER XV

AFTER the arrival of Eurydice, Mr. Travers saw very little of Stella. At certain moments of the day she came and asked him for orders, but in some mysterious manner, she seemed to have withdrawn herself from personal contact. She had been impersonal before, but only in a businesslike and friendly way. She was as impersonal now as if she was not there at all.

She could control her attention, but she no longer felt any vitality behind it. She knew where her life had gone, and she was powerless to call it back to her. It hovered restlessly about the spirit of Julian. Stella had never known what it was to repine at her own fate. If there were many things she wanted that she could not have, she had consoled herself with driving her desires into what was left to her. But she could not do this for Julian.

He had had so much farther to fall. She saw his face as she had seen it first, with its look of human strength; his frosty, blue eyes, his heavy sledge-hammer chin, and all the alertness, the controlled activity, of his young figure. She saw him again like something made of wax, emaciated and helpless, with flickering eyes. He had not believed in knocking under, and he had felt defeat incredible.

But defeat had met him, a blundering defeat that wrecked his body and left his unprotected heart to face disaster.

Would he have courage enough for this restricted battle against adversity? Courage did strange things with pain. It transformed and utilized it; but courage does not spring readily from a mortally wounded pride. Marian, with a complete lack of intention, had robbed Julian of his first weapon. She had dissipated his resources by undermining his confidence, and left him perilously near to the stultification of personal bitterness.

Would it be possible for Julian to escape resentment? Or would he pass down that long lane which has no turning, and ends in the bottomless bog of

self-pity, in which the finest qualities of the human spirit sink like a stone?

Step by step Stella passed with him, by all the hidden and vivid obstacles between his soul and victory, between it and defeat.

She could do nothing, but she could not stop her ceaseless watchfulness. She was like some one who strains his eyes forever down an empty road. The days began to lengthen into a long, cold spring. There were no outward changes in her life: the drafty town hall, the long bus-rides, the bad news from France, and at home the pinch and ugliness of poverty. She had stopped being afraid that people would notice a difference in her. Nobody noticed any difference. She behaved in the same way and did the same things. She had gone down under the waters of life without so much as a splash.

"I suppose," Stella said to herself, "lots of us see ghosts every day without knowing it." She had a vague feeling that Mr. Travers knew it, but that he kept it in the back of his mind like an important paper in a case, which it was no use producing unless you could act upon it.

It was an awful day of snow and wind. Everybody but Stella and the porter had gone home. She had been stupid over the municipal accounts; over and over again her flagging mind stuck at the same mistake. At last she finished. She was still sixpence out; but she might see the sixpence in a flash the next morning, and there would be no flash in anything she could see to-night.

When she reached the door she found the gale had become formidable and chaotic. She staggered out of the town hall into the grip of a fury. All London shook and quivered; trees were torn down and flung across the road like broken twigs; taxis were blown into lamp-posts; the icy air tore and raged and screamed as if the elements had set out to match and overwhelm the puny internecine struggles of man. "This," Stella thought to herself, "is like a battle—noise, confusion, senselessness. I must hold on to whatever keeps stillest, and get home in rushes."

But nothing kept very still. She was doubtful about trembling lamp-posts, and area-railings twitched and shook under her hands. Her skirts whipped themselves about her like weeds in a river, trying to trip her up or hold her down. The darkness was blown across the sky, lifting in strange pauses, to show a battered moon and the pale silver of the falling snow. She could only breathe, with her head held down, in strange, short gasps that seemed compulsory and forced upon her by something outside. Beaten and tremulous, half lost and faint, there was a strange sense of pleasure in her: she was pitting her brain against a monster. Little by little, craftily and with many pauses and precautions, she slipped and stumbled down the long highway across the bridge and up the narrower street which led toward Redcliff Square. Tiles were tossed about the road like fallen leaves; from time to time there would be the sharper crash of a broken chimney. The street was empty. It stretched through the night, with its half-darkened lamp-posts, like the long-shaken strip of a Futurist drawing. It was a victory to be alive in it. Stella could not believe in her own door-step; it seemed like some wild rescue out of a dream.

She tried to laugh as she began to tell her adventures to her assembled family; but when she laughed, a pain so cruel cut across her breath that she collapsed helplessly into an arm-chair. She could not explain anything after that. The household wavered and shook about her. Professor Waring gazed solemnly at her.

If she had been a mummy he would have known exactly what to do. As it was, he touched her wet clothes and murmured, "Surely there must be some suitable ceremonies?"

Eurydice spun him aside, and in a fury of panic and anger began giving contradictory orders to the household.

"This," said the professor, wandering toward his wife, "seems to me almost the moment to accept the presence of Cicely."

"Yes, yes," agreed Mrs. Waring. "I forget what comes when you can't focus the invisible. I think Stella ought to rally

her life forces, but I hardly like to bother her about them just now. Perhaps brandy would be better; but I can't quite remember if we have any. There was a flask of something in the biscuit-tin, but it may be empty now. If we all believed that health was holiness—"

"If you want Cicely," said Eurydice, in whom panic was overcoming fury, "why not send for her? Lizzie, here are two shillings; go out and see if you can find a taxi."

Stella tried to say what might happen to Lizzie in the search for a taxi, but the effort to speak finished her strength. When she could realize what was happening again, Cicely had arrived. She pounced upon the emergency as a cat upon a mouse.

In a few minutes Stella was tucked up warm and dry, poulticed and eased, capable of a little, very short breath, propped up by pillows. The professor had retired to his study with a cup of cocoa hotter than he had known this cheering vegetable to be since Cicely's departure.

Mrs. Waring was breathing very slowly in her bedroom to restore calm to the household, and Eurydice was crying bitterly into the kitchen sink. She was quite sure that Stella was going to die, and that Cicely would save her.

The second of these two calamities took place. Stella was very ill with pleurisy, and remained very ill for several days. Cicely interfered with death as drastically as she interfered with everything else. She dragged Stella reluctantly back into a shaky convalescence.

"Now you 're going to get well," she announced to her in a tone of abrupt reproach. "But what I don't understand is the appalling state of weakness you 're in. You must have been living under some kind of strain. I don't mean work. Work alone would n't have made such a hash of you. Come, you may as well own up. What was it?"

Stella blinked her eyes, and looked round her like a dazzled stranger. Usually she was very fond of her room,—it was a small back room, over a yard full

of London cats,—but it struck her now that there were too many things she knew the sight of. It was the same with Cicely. She dearly loved and valued Cicely, but she knew the sight and sound of her extraordinarily well.

"Nothing," said Stella, deprecatingly. "It's no use applying gimlets and tweezers to my moral sense, Cicely. Not even the Inquisition could deal with a hole. Heretics were solid. I have a perfect right to be ill from a cold wind. The world seemed made of it that night, and I swallowed half the world. It must be rather a strain for a thin person to swallow half the world on an empty stomach. I'm quite all right now, thanks to you. I was thinking I ought to get back to the town hall next week. Only, queerly enough, I had another offer of work. Still, it's so sketchy, that I could n't honestly fling up my own job for it, though it sounds rather attractive."

"Let's see it," said Cicely, succinctly. "You do conceal things, Stella."

Stella withdrew an envelop from under her pillow. She looked a little anxious after its surrender. Cicely always made her a little anxious over a tentative idea. She had a way of materializing a stray thought, and flinging it back upon Stella as an incontrovertible fact. Stella was very anxious not to think that what was in the letter she gave to Cicely was really a fact. It was like some strange dream that has n't any right to come true. Cicely read:

Dear Miss Waring: You will think this a most extraordinary request for me to make, and in many ways it is too unformulated to be a request. You will have heard from Marian that six months ago her engagement with my son came to an end. This was the natural and right thing to happen, but it has left him in his invalid condition very much without resources.

You were, I remember you telling me, a secretary to Professor Paulson. I am inclined to think that my son might have his mind directed to some scientific work if he could meet any one who would interest him anew in the subject. Probably you are im-

mersed in other work, but if by any possible chance you should be at liberty and cared to make the experiment, could you come here for a few weeks? You would be conferring a great favor upon us, and if the secretaryship developed out of your little visit, we would arrange any terms that suited you. I may add that I find my son has no remembrance of your association with Marian; indeed, he has forgotten the occasion of your meeting.

He has been so very ill that you will understand and excuse this, I feel sure; and in the circumstances I think we had better not refer to it. I am very anxious to divert his mind from the past, and I have a feeling that if I could count upon your coöperation, we might succeed.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN VERNY.

"I don't see anything sketchy about it," said Cicely, slowly; "in the circumstances, I mean. You need n't definitely chuck the town hall. You'll get a couple of weeks' holiday. They'll give you a fortnight's extension easily, and if the job comes your way, it would be a suitable one. Anyway, you must of course accept it provisionally—"

"I don't see why I must of course accept it," said Stella. "You never see any alternatives, Cicely. Your mind is like one of those sign-posts that have only one name on it, with fields all round and heaps of other places to go to. It must be awfully confusing to be as simple as you are. Why could n't I go back to the town hall next week?"

"Well, I'll tell you one reason why," said Cicely, grimly. "Simple or not, your heart's as weak as a toy watch; you very nearly died a week ago, and in my opinion if you went back to the town hall, you'd be signing your own death-certificate."

"I could n't do that," said Stella, gravely; "it's not legal. I'm not the next of kin to myself. I know much more about death-certificates than you do. If I go to Lady Verny at Amberley, what's to become of Eurydice?"

"Eurydice will stay where she is," said

Cicely. "If you ever saw to the end of your nose, you 'd know that she is as glued to the town hall as she used to be to 'Shocks,' only this time, let us hope, more successfully. Some women have to be married. They contract a fatal desire for it, like the influenza habit every winter. Eurydice is one of them. It takes different forms, of course. This time it 's Mr. Travers; the Mr. Bolt attachment was far more dangerous. I have decided that she will marry Mr. Travers, if it 's humanly speaking possible."

"Oh," said Stella, "will she? How clever you are, Cicely! You know nearly everything. Why do you say 'humanly speaking possible'?"

"Because you 've always made him out as cold as a fish and as hard as iron," said Cicely. "He may be one of the few men who won't yield to vanity or fancy."

"I see," said Stella. "It 's not very nice of you to want Eurydice to marry an iron fish. But, as a matter of fact, I 'm not quite so certain about Mr. Travers. The iron and the fish are only on the top. I think, humanly speaking, he 's quite possible. I 'm going to sleep now. When you 've made up my mind about Amberley you can wake me up."

CHAPTER XVI

THERE are two winds in March; one comes in like a tight-lipped school-master set on punishment. It is frequently accompanied by dust, sunshine, and influenza. It has all the cold of winter, and acts as if life could be produced solely by formidable harshness.

But there is another wind, a mild, sensitive wind which carries the secrets of the spring—a wind that wanders and sings on sunless days, penetrating the hard crust of the earth as softly and as inveterately as love, a wind that opens while its forceful brother shuts.

It was this wind, calling along the railway lines against the swinging train, that brought Stella to Amberley. It lifted her out of her carriage to the small, wayside station, embracing her with its welcome

under shaking trees. The air was full of the earth scents of growing fields. The sky was wide and very near and without strangeness.

A porter, lurching out of the surrounding darkness, told Stella there was a car from Amberley House waiting for her. It could be only for her, because no one else was on the platform.

The station-master himself put her into it. She sank into soft cushions, and shut her eyes to feel the soundless speed. Stella had been on rare occasions in a taxi; but this creature that leaped without friction forward into the darkness, flinging a long road behind it with the ease with which an orange is peeled, was a wholly new experience. When she opened her eyes again they became gradually accustomed to the flying darkness, which was not wholly dark; trees loomed up mysteriously out of it, and the tender shapes of little hills as soft and vague as clouds.

Stella was sorry when the car stopped; she could not see the doorway of Amberley House, hidden under a mass of ivy. It opened suddenly before her into a dusky hall lighted by tall candles in silver candlesticks.

The hall was full of shadows. There was a fragrance in it of old roses and lavender, and it was quiet. It was so quiet that Stella held her breath. She felt as if for centuries it had been still, and as if no one who had ever lived there had made a noise in it. She was afraid of the sound of her own voice.

At the farther end of the hall there was a glow of firelight on old oak panels. A door opened, and Lady Verna came toward her, very tall and stately, but with the same kind, steady eyes.

Lady Verna came all the way across the long, shadowy room to meet Stella, and held out both her hands; but when she came near, Stella saw that only her eyes were the same. Her face was incredibly older. The firm lines were blurred, the delicate color was gone. The woman who looked down at her was at the mercy of the years. Grief had forced her prematurely out of her comfortable upward

path. Even her smile had changed; it carried no serenity.

"I am very glad you have come," Lady Verny said gently. "We will have tea in my room, I think, and then you must rest. I can see you have been ill."

She led the way into a room that seemed

quickly as if she were afraid that it might shake.

"Since his illness he has taken less interest in local matters," she finished tranquilly.

Stella did not dare to ask if Julian was better. She did not like to speak about his



"THE AIR BLEW FRESH UPON HER FACE, FULL OF SWEETNESS"

curiously like her. It was spacious and convenient, with very few small objects in it. Even the pictures on the walls had the same quality: they were very definite, clear-colored French landscapes, graceful and reticent.

The china, on a low table by the fire, was old and valuable; but it was used every day. Lady Verny had no special occasions, and nothing that she possessed was ever too priceless or too important for use.

"I hope you did not have a very tiresome journey," she continued. "I do not like a change on so short a run, but we have not been able to arrange to have a train straight through from town. Julian was thinking of doing something about it some time ago, but the matter has dropped."

Stella noticed that as Lady Verny spoke of Julian her voice hurried a little. It did not shake; but it passed over his name

interests; it seemed to her as if almost anything would be better than to say something stupid to Lady Verny about Julian.

"It was a lovely journey," she said quickly, "and I would have hated not to change at Horsham. I was so sorry it was nearly dark. Shelley lived there once, did n't he? I wanted to go and look for the pond where he had sailed five-pound notes because he had n't anything else to make boats with. Amberley came much too soon; and I could n't see anything but a bundle of dark clouds. I could only feel it, awfully friendly and kind, blowing across the fields!"

"Yes," said Lady Verny, consideringly, giving Stella her tea; "I think it is a kind little place. There is nothing dreadful about it, not even an ugly chapel, or one of those quite terrible little artist's houses,—you know the type I mean,—as uncomfortable as a three-cornered chair. The

kind that clever people live in and call cottages. They 've quite spoiled the country round Pulborough; but mercifully the station is inconvenient here, and a good deal of the land is Julian's. I hope you will like it,"—she met Stella's eyes with a long, questioning look,—"because I hope you will stay here for a long time."

"As long as you want me to stay," said Stella, firmly.

"We must not spoil your other opportunities for work," said Lady Verny; "that would be most unfair. I must confess to you, Miss Waring, that I am leaving the whole question very much in the air. It would be more satisfactory to have the arrangement come direct from Julian. If, as I hope, by your presence the old interest and the old questions come back to him, he will ask you to stay himself. For the present I have simply told him that you are my friend and that you have given up your secretarial work to come here for a much-needed holiday; but we must not waste your time or do anything against your interests. I could not allow that."

"It won't take very long, I expect," Stella answered, "because he would take a dislike so quickly. And if he did that, it would n't do, of course. We should see in a week or two. If he *does* n't dislike me, I can easily talk to him about Professor Paulson. I remember they had an argument once—about reindeer-moss. Your son said he had discovered it where Professor Paulson had said it did n't exist. I could bring that up quite comfortably. The mere mention of a fellow-laborer's effort stings a man into the wish to prove something or other about it; and once you start proving, secretaries follow."

"Make them follow," said Lady Verny, smiling. "I don't think he will dislike you,—we usually dislike the same people,—only Julian always goes further than I do; he dislikes them more." Then her smile faded. "You will see him to-night at dinner," she said gravely. She could not smile again after she had said that; but she took Stella herself through the dark oak hall and up the broad, winding staircase to a little, old, square room that

looked out over the garden to the flooded water-meadows.

"I don't know if you like gardens," Lady Verny said a little shyly. "It 's rather a hobby of mine. You 'll see it to-morrow."

"I like even my own," said Stella, "though it only holds one plane-tree and ten cats. At least it does n't really *hold* the cats. They spill in and out of it in showers like the soot, only more noisily; and I pretend there 's a lilac-bush in the corner."

Lady Verny stood by the door for a moment as if she were making up her mind for an immense advance, an almost dazzling plunge into a confidence.

"I have a feeling," she said slowly, "as if you would make a *good* gardener."

After she had gone, Stella opened the window, and leaned out into the garden. She could see nothing but the soft darkness, sometimes massed in the thickness of the yew-hedges, and sometimes tenuous and spread out over the empty spaces of the lawns.

The air blew fresh upon her face, full of sweetness and the promise of life. Stella told herself bitterly that nature was cruel; it let strong young things die, and if that did n't matter (and she sometimes thought dying did n't), nature did worse: it maimed and held youth down. But nothing in her responded to the thought that nature was cruel. A tiny crescent moon shone out between the hurrying clouds, and cast a slim shadow of silver across the dark waters. "Things are cruel," Stella said to herself, "but what is behind them is not cruel, and it must come through. And I 'm little and stupid and shy; but some of it is in me for Julian, and he 'll have to have it. I sha'n't know how to give it to him. I shall make hideous blunders and muddles, and the more I want to give, the harder it 'll be to do it. Fortunately, it does not depend on me. I can be as stupid as I like if I 'm only thinking of him and only caring for him and only wanting it to come through me. Nothing can stop it but minding because I 'm stupid. And as for being in

love, the more I 'm in it the better. For that 's what we 're all in really, only we 're none of us in it enough. As long as I 'm not in it for anything I can get out of it, everything will be all right. If I do mind, it does n't matter if only what I want gets through to Julian."

She lay down on the bed and listened to

the wind in the garden playing among the tree-tops. She listened for a long time, until she thought that the garden was upon her side, and then she heard another sound. She knew in a moment what it was; it struck straight against her heart: it was the *tap-tap* along the passage of wooden crutches.

(To be continued)



"The Kiss"

(A statue by Clio Bracken)

By RUTH FITCH

THE hurrying people push and stare,
 Pausing to praise in idleness
 Now laughing faun, now bronze Despair.
 Silent, I stand before "The Kiss."
 Like two white birches, joyous, swayed
 Into a wind-sweet harmony,
 So are their slender bodies made
 A symbol of love's ecstasy.

Close-crowding memories blind my eyes;
 I fear my lips will cry your name.
 Yet all the tenderness we prize
 Is but the shadow of the flame.
 This marble passion that endures
 In loveliness, untouched by tears,
 Could it but hold my soul and yours
 In white perfection through the years!



The Evolution of Liberty in Russia

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

WITH the fall of the Romanoff dynasty in Russia the greatest stronghold of absolutism in the world came down. None of the victories on any front of the present terrible war can rival in importance this most significant triumph of the Russian nation. It was an almost bloodless revolution and had hardly any organized preparation. 180,000,000 people who yesterday were the slaves of the most despotic power on earth are today free citizens of a free Russia.

This is not merely the triumph of a nation. It is the victory of an ideal, that of liberty; it is therefore a triumph for all mankind.

If I were to be asked, Was it the peasants who instigated this revolution? I should answer no; our peasantry was voiceless, patient, and apathetic in its dark despair.

Was it the Russian nobility? No; for although they knew that many things were wrong in the country, and most of them admitted that reforms were necessary, they thought it better to postpone all vital changes until after the war.

Was the revolution brought about by the Russian army? No; for the armies were pluckily fighting a foreign foe, and soldiers should always be disciplined and conscientious, and not take part in revolts against their rulers during a war which endangers their families and their homes.

Was it the members of the Duma alone or the leaders of labor? Again I answer no.

The glorious Russian revolution was brought about especially by the increasing intellectual enlightenment of the whole Russian nation. This is the reason why the climax came so suddenly and unexpectedly.

Before speaking about the present con-

ditions in Russia, I must say a few words about the views of my father, the late Leo Tolstoy, in relation to recent political changes. He never approved of revolutionists who desire to change the forms of government by violence. He used to say that the methods which they advocated were utterly opposed to the principles of true Christianity. His and their methods only seem to be alike, whereas in truth they are as far apart as the poles.

Believing only in the teachings of Christ, whom he regarded as the greatest interpreter of love and the brotherhood of man, Tolstoy affirmed Christ's ideal of non-resistance and repudiated the use of any kind of physical force. He therefore entirely disapproved of any form of government, because government cannot exist without force.

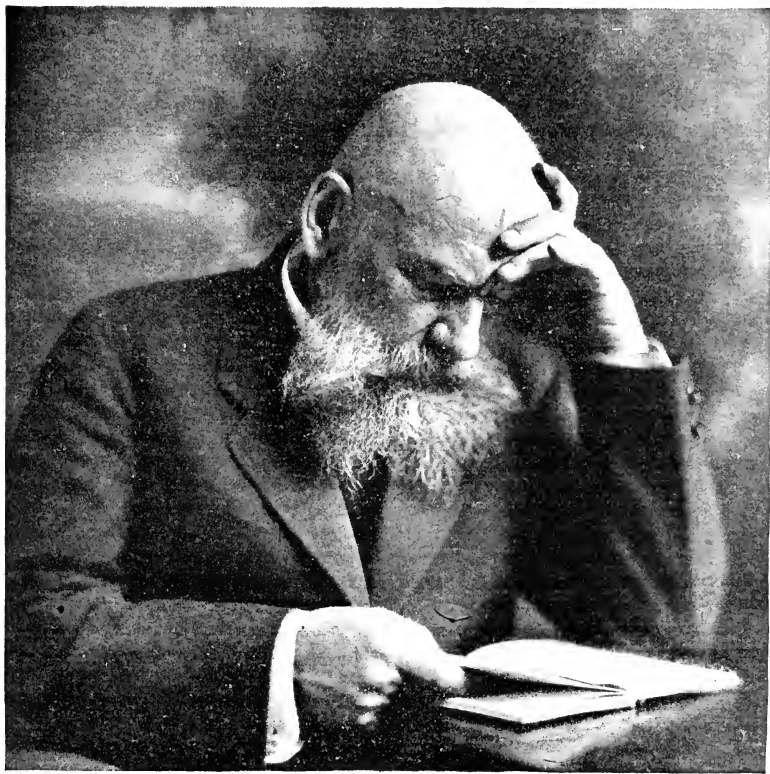
We should not fear to face the light. Let us not fear to acknowledge the imperfections of our human institutions. Let us open our minds wider to the light of truth, and we shall see for ourselves that we are not on the right path, that we have gone astray!

The causes of human calamities are deep rooted in the fallible nature of man, in his imperfect instincts, and in the great difficulty he finds in overcoming them. The most powerful and destroying instinct of all is that of egotism. Without conquering this instinct, how can we pretend to preach love, brotherhood, or the freedom of the soul? This instinct, when manifested by a person, we call egotism; but when manifested by a whole nation it becomes patriotism or nationality.

This is the instinct which separates people and divides them into nations. This sentiment of nationality is inflamed and glorified by all the governments of the world, with the result that the strug-

gle of the individual man against this sentiment is indeed most difficult. Only those who have reached the more commanding heights of the world of ideas are

The abolition of war is impossible by external means. Yet, nevertheless, war must be abolished. It is appalling, it is unthinkable, that humanity should con-



COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

able to secure a broader vision and fully realize this evil.

Leo Tolstoy believed that so long as armies and governments continued to exist, the abolishment of war was impossible. This belief he expressed publicly after the close of the first Hague Conference. It goes without saying that Tolstoy could never believe in securing peace by force; for, according to his convictions, force is evil, and is diametrically opposed to love and peace, and evil can never produce good.

tinue along the dark paths of the past. But what is the remedy? Where is the right path?

The answer of Leo Tolstoy was clear and definite. The only way to overcome evil, he thought, was to arouse to activity in every person the highest virtues of the human race,—the virtues of love and self-abnegation,—and this activity can be reached only by the path of individual self-development. This is in accordance with the teachings of Christ and of all the greatest sages of the world. Here is the

source of life, the sun, toward which every blade of grass lifts itself, to which every new-born child extends his hand, and toward which we all aspire.

I know the current objection that this is merely a utopian ideal that can never be realized. I know this, but I also know that if the wise men of the East had not seen the star above their heads, they would never have found Christ. I may say, therefore, that every step toward the ideal is a step toward the realization of the kingdom of God on earth. Toward that end every son of God should take his way. We cannot arbitrarily dismiss dreamers, for it is from dreamers like Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, and others that the race has gained its most precious intellectual and moral legacies.

Every nation has its own history, and has had to make its own struggle for liberty. It has been said that every people has the kind of government it desires. This may be true, yet step by step with the development of the individual men that constitute it, a nation, when choked and hindered by the bonds of despotism, struggles to breathe the air of freedom. And the Russian nation struggled a long time.

Speaking of the present revolution, I wish to remind my American readers that the ideals of liberty were long ago incultured by leaders of thought in Russia. Even before the beginning of the nineteenth century our greatest prose writers and poets suffered from the persecution of our despotic Government.

Later, in the reign of Nicholas I, there developed a revolutionary plot among the nobility known as the Conspiracy of December. It only resulted in the arrest and exile to Siberia of all the leaders, most of whom were great men, prominent by their birth, their education, their loftiness of thought, and the greatness of their achievements. Dostoyevsky was one of them. These men were the noblest characters of our country, and to this day the children and grandchildren of these exiled nobles are revered by all Russians because of the self-sacrifice of their forebears.

After this event reaction asserted itself with even greater severity. The entire period of the reign of Nicholas I was, in fact, one of the most reactionary in the whole history of Russia. The Crimean War proved Russia to be the most backward of all European nations. For this reason she was defeated, and in consequence Alexander II was at last compelled to grant liberty to the Russian peasantry. This was in 1861, only fifty-six years ago. In recognition of his action, the Russian people bestowed upon Alexander II the title of "Deliverer."

The communities of peasants were freed from slavery, and a considerable part of the land belonging to the nobility was allotted to them. They paid for their land in the form of taxes to the Government for a period of fifty years, and these payments were completed only a few years ago.

But the liberty of the people was only nominal, as they were entirely uneducated, subservient to an army of officials, and directed by petty local rulers almost as ignorant as themselves. Being also systematically corrupted by the use of vodka, the national poison, Russia could not arouse herself to liberty, and remained wrapped in a deep slumber, often dreaming, but never awakening.

From the sale of vodka the Government derived its principal revenue, and knowing that only ignorant people can be ruled autocratically, it purposely kept its subjects both intoxicated and uneducated. The primary schools of Russia, as I remember them from my childhood, were a disgrace to the nation. Only a small percentage of the peasants were taught to read and write, and even these few very badly. At the same time, owing to the lack of railroads, mails, and every other form of communication, it was extremely difficult for the people of Russia to come into contact with one another and with the benefits of civilization.

Their only instructors in morals were the priests, who were frequently more intoxicated than their flocks. Their club was a tavern, where they drank oceans of vodka, and their rulers were the cor-

rupt police, called in Russia *Ouriadnik*. These were the leeches who sucked the life-blood of the Russian peasantry.

Toward the close of the sixties and during the seventies the self-consciousness of Russia began to be aroused, especially the newly formed class, which was united in different political organizations were more or less radical. The aim of all these parties was the liberation of the people.

Of course they were persecuted by the Government. Czar Alexander II, however, had some progressive tendencies, and through the influence of one of his ministers he was finally persuaded to give the country a constitution. But poor Russia was unfortunate. The articles were already drawn up and were ready to be announced when the czar was killed by the bomb of an anarchist, and his son and successor, Alexander III, continued to perpetuate absolutism in Russia.

But the most reactionary reign of all was that of Nicholas II, who, now abdicated, was, I hope, our last Russian czar. His reign was the most unfortunate, the most sanguinary in the history of the empire. I cannot recall without horror the terrors that were perpetrated just before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War. This was the time when my father refused to read the newspapers because he could not bear to contemplate the atrocities of the Government in its criminal struggle against the people. Every day we read the accounts of more capital punishments, and every day the reaction and the terrorism became more pronounced and cruel.

It was at this period that my father wrote his famous article, "I can no longer remain silent." It created the greatest sensation among all classes in Russia. It began with the words, "Again murders, again capital punishments," and was published in the leading Moscow paper; but it resulted only in the temporary suspension of the newspaper.

The working classes were aroused, and sometimes manifested their indignation by striking. Then began the ill-fated Russo-Japanese War, into which Russia

was forced by the pecuniary interests of certain adventurers, among whom were included members of the imperial family. The war was not desired by the people, and was therefore unpopular.

On January 9, 1905, a great crowd of unarmed people whose only desire was to see the czar and tell him of their humble, but desperate, needs, were brutally beaten in Petrograd by the whips of the Cossacks and shot down by the soldiers.

During the whole of that year strikes and disturbances were frequent. The greatest of these occurred in October. This was a general strike of workers, involving the railroads, mail service, telephones, telegraphs, city waterworks, and electric plants. For several days both the Russian capitals, Petrograd and Moscow, were in darkness and without water or food. In the streets were barricades, and here and there the exasperated population fought the police and the soldiers with firearms. On October 17, 1905, the czar was forced to accede to the will of the people, and the first Russian constitution was drafted.

This constitution was not what the people desired. It was merely a suggestion of the real thing; but it was better than nothing, and Russia had to be satisfied, at least temporarily.

I well remember that evening when the news of the adoption of the constitution came to Moscow. I remember with what joy even strangers on the streets congratulated one another on this poor semblance of liberty. Order in the country was restored as if by magic, and industry was once again resumed.

That evening some of the constitutional leaders assembled in a club where we discussed the text of the manifesto issued by Nicholas II. The meeting opened with a powerful speech from Professor Paul Miliukoff, who was for a time minister of foreign affairs in the provisional Government.

He severely criticized the very evident defects of the constitution, the cowardice of the emperor in fearing to give his subjects greater political liberty, and espe-

cially the manner in which the members of the Duma were to be elected.

Despite all efforts of the Russian Government to influence the election of the members of the Duma, the first representatives of the Russian nation were democratic and liberal. The country was temporarily satisfied, and waited for the results which they hoped would be accomplished by the Duma. They waited in vain.

Nicholas II, fearful for his precious throne, and dreading lest the idea of liberty might be carried too far, issued his ukase dismissing the Duma. At the same time he altered for the worse the already defective method of electing representatives, a terrible blow to the people.

At first the members of the Duma refused to obey the royal ukase. Assembled in the city of Viborg, Finland, they attempted to continue their deliberations, and issued a public address to the people in which they advised the citizens of Russia not to pay taxes and not to enlist in the army until the Duma was restored. But this resulted only in the arrest of the deputies, who were sent to jail and deprived of all their political rights. This is a typical example of the methods employed by the Russian Government to rid itself of its most enlightened, most progressive citizens. The Dumas which followed were no more successful than the first one. Thus did the convulsions of liberty in Russia continue until the present time.

The period just preceding the European War was marked by moral decadence throughout Europe, and from this decadence Russia did not escape. The field of our literature was invaded by trashy detective-stories and unsavory romances not unlike many of the books which have been recently widely read in America. Art was contaminated by the influence of Futurism and Cubism. Classic dances were replaced by the tango and indecent performances; the political life of Russia was dormant.

Such was Europe's moral preparedness for the war. Nevertheless, at the opening of the conflict Russia appeared to be successful. After the invasion of East

Prussia, the Russian army advanced in Galicia to Lemberg, and also to the strongest of the Austrian fortresses, Przemyśl, and later to the Carpathians. But soon those heroes who had no fear of the enemies in front of them were compelled at last to yield to enemies at home, far back behind the firing-lines.

Quite unexpectedly Russia discovered that she was being deprived of munitions and guns. Then began the retreat of one of the world's greatest armies, equipped with shovels, and in some cases with sticks, instead of firearms, and supplied with shells that by some strange coincidence fitted only the guns of their enemy.

All Galicia and all Poland had to be surrendered to the Germans without a struggle. Treason was rampant throughout the empire; but, concealed behind the walls of autocracy, it was not readily detected. Only one of the arch traitors, an army officer, was apprehended. He was tried and hanged by order of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

The principal leader of the conspiracy, the minister of war, Sukhomlinoff, remained at large for a long time, and even continued unhampered his acts of treason. The German party of the Russian court, which has existed for generations, found its principal support in the wife of the czar. She had a most pernicious and ready tool in Rasputin, her personal friend and adviser.

That man was the most dangerous menace to the interests of Russia and her allies. A common peasant from Siberia, devoid of education, barely able to sign his name, Rasputin had an influence that one can hardly explain.

Was it the influence of an immoral fascination over her, such as he had practised upon other women of high society and the court, or was his influence due to the power of mysticism? Perhaps both.

However that may be, Gregory Rasputin was the unquestioned ruler of Russia until he met his death at the hands of an assassin a short time ago. One word from Rasputin to the czar was sufficient to displace a minister in the cabinet. All the

recent changes in the cabinet were made at the suggestion of this man, and all were equally bad. I will not say that all these ministers were disloyal to Russia, but among their number was Stürmer, the minister of foreign affairs and president of the cabinet. This man was appointed to the position for the specific purpose of concluding a separate peace with Germany. This was in 1916. He remained minister until a member of the Duma, Professor Paul Miliukoff, disclosed all of Stürmer's machinations and publicly branded him a traitor. After that he was dismissed, and his post given to Trepof.

The only organization which worked conscientiously in furnishing munitions and supplies to the Russian army was the zemstvos, or county councils, at the head of which was, until to-day, Prince George Lvoff, the present minister of the interior and premier of the free Russian nation.

Frequently the Government, supported by the czar, attempted to discredit and abolish this organization. They did not succeed, because the whole population of Russia was behind these popular county councils, because even the most ignorant muzhik appreciated their value.

Russian munition factories were until recent times almost all in the hands of Germans. This was altered only under the continued pressure of protests from the workers.

The Russian population, especially in the large cities, now began to suffer from lack of food. This was due to the inefficient and corrupt management of the government railroads and to speculation.

Prices began to rise abnormally. Russia, which formerly produced so much sugar that she was able to export great quantities to England and Persia, now discovered that she did not have enough even for her own consumption.

Russia used to have bread enough not only for herself, but even for half of Europe; yet now she suffered from a famine in flour, and there were times when both Moscow and Petrograd were without the bare necessities of life, with grain and meat decaying in the warehouses

of the stupid and greedy agents of the Government.

Tons of rotten meat were burned in Petrograd before the eyes of the people who for weeks had been deprived of meat.

The same criminal irregularities occurred in the manufacture of munitions. The blowing up of ships in the port of Archangel, the explosion of powder factories in Petrograd, and similar destruction of munition factories in the United States cannot easily be explained as accidents. All these disorders were known not only to the educated people of Russia, but also to the peasantry and the soldiers. All felt that some radical and fundamental changes had to be made.

Only one who understands the Russian character can properly understand the patience and forbearance of the people in such trying circumstances, and their unfaltering faith in themselves and their future. Had not Russia undergone in the past worse sufferings than these? But at last the cup of their patience overflowed. After the murder of Rasputin, who was killed with the connivance of certain members of the royal family, the czar completely lost his head. When the riots caused by high prices and scarcity of food in Petrograd broke out, he issued a ukase dissolving the Duma, by that act depriving the country of the only national organization representing the people, of the political body in which they had faith and to which they could look for guidance and leadership.

That ukase was the last drop in our cup of bitterness. The representatives of the Duma disobeyed it, and with one accord the whole people revolted against their oppressors and formed solidly behind the delegates of the nation. The police were unable to suppress this movement, and for the first time in the history of Russia the sixty thousand soldiers of the garrisons refused to obey the commands of their officers, some of whom, indeed, favored the people. By this act the Russian army proved that they were the true sons not of the rotten government of the last of the Romanoffs, but of free Russia.

This revolution, accomplished with the loss of only a few hundred lives, proves that the whole nation was weary of absolutism and ready for a new form of government. I am sure that the soldiers at the front will stand by the people and support them, because they also are tired of treason and disorder.

I do not know what form of government will be adopted in Russia. I hope it will be a republic, but I am sure that we shall never return to the despotism of the past. I know personally many of those who are now in power. They have been my friends for years.

Long ago, before the constitution was granted in Russia, there was an association of the most prominent people. It formulated the main outlines of a more desirable form of government. Their meetings, which I attended, were secret and under government espionage. Nevertheless, these people continued to meet. They were the chief exponents of the most liberal thought of the time. I rejoice to say that many of those progressive men are now in power, representing free Russia. They are Prince Lvoff, the premier; Professor Miliukoff, late minister of foreign affairs; Professor Manuiloff, minister of education; Ridichiff, governor-general of Finland; Gutchkoff, Rodzienko, the president of the Duma; and many others of the leaders of that body, who are now supporting the present Government.

Knowing these people and acquainted with their political views, I can predict some of the changes which are likely to take effect in Russia. Indeed, many of these are taking place at present.

First, direct election of representatives.

Second, freedom of speech, of the press, and of religion.

Third, the autonomy of Finland, Poland, and probably of the other nationalities on the outskirts of Russia.

Fourth, the abolition of all restrictions upon the rights of the Jewish people in Russia.

Fifth, a responsible cabinet of ministers.

Sixth, amnesty of all political prisoners in Russia and Siberia.

Seventh, the proper settlement of the land question.

These are the principal changes that I see ahead, that all Russia earnestly longs for and will certainly have. Americans should be patient, helpful, and wary of false rumors. The weaknesses attributed to the new régime are the accumulated deficiencies of the autocracy. We shall remedy them as fast as we can.

Among these questions the most difficult of solution is that of the land. It is not a new one, but it is the most urgent, because eighty-five per cent. of the 180,000,000 population in Russia work on the land. This is the only means of existence. The present disorders, which I trust will soon cease, are due to the infamous inheritance of the late dynasty. The past mismanagement explains why the Russian people have always felt the need of more land. This has caused constant local upheavals in Russia. The sole ambition of the illiterate peasant is for land, more land, and again more land. This question will be the principal problem to face not only at the present time, but in the future.

All the government land, combined with that of the royal family and that belonging to the Russian monasteries, will never satisfy the peasantry. They will never be content until they obtain the lands of the large land-owners, who are mostly members of our ancient Russian nobility. This question cannot be settled by the abolition of property in land, because that would be an attack upon the principle of property itself. It cannot be determined by state purchase of the land, and therefore the question will remain, I fear, the most acute problem for Russia, and one which will not infrequently prove the cause of new disturbances in the future. The only solution must be found in an increased tax on land, and this principle leads us inevitably to the doctrine of the single tax as advocated by the great American economist Henry George.

Leo Tolstoy, who lived closer to the people than any other man in Russia, realized the needs of the Russian people

and their struggles for land. He devoted to this question a great deal of his attention, believing that the solution of the problem was in the adoption of the single tax. After studying Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," he became a confirmed believer in the latter's principles, and wrote several articles on the subject, particularly "The Great Iniquity" and "The Slavery of Our Times." He even consecrated to this ideal the whole of the second part of his great novel "Resurrection."

He also tried to interest the members of the second Duma and the president of the cabinet. But single tax interested only a few members of the more radical party. Henry George's followers in Russia are not many, and I fear that during the present crisis his beautiful ideal will not have adequate support, although I hope that at some future time his dream will be realized in Russia.

This, in brief, is the history of the evolution of liberty in Russia.

Does not the fact that the revolution was accomplished quickly and apparently without serious opposition prove that the people are now at last ready for free institutions? This is the fruit of several generations of earnest effort on the part of progressive leaders. It indicates the probable permanency of the revolutionary reforms now in progress.

He who has once seen the light will never again return to darkness. A people that has once enjoyed liberty will never again bow, will never return blindly, to absolutism. This I know, and in such knowledge I rejoice.

Rather let us look more deeply into the unsolved problems of humanity. My countrymen have now won individual liberty, and have thus been placed upon an equal plane with the inhabitants of other free nations. But this is not the highest standard. The souls of the people are still bound by the prejudices of patriotism and nationalism. The greatest evil of the human race is not yet overcome. I refer to war.

Capital punishment, which is the

murder of one man by the state, is already abolished in Russia; but the murder of millions in war is still justified and glorified by all governments. The world must at last rid itself of this hideous nightmare. The only way to realize such an aim is to forget forever the prime cause of dissension among nations, the sentiment of nationalism.

You talk of war. You have opened recruiting offices in the streets. Everywhere I see soldiers. Do you know what war is? Let me tell you something about it, for I have met war face to face as a worker for the Red Cross in Russia.

I shall not speak of the hospitals, where I saw thousands of mutilated men. I shall not speak of the sufferings of these people, of the nights I spent hearing the unceasing cries of the wounded and the moans of the dying. Terrible as all that is, it is as nothing compared with the scenes on a battlefield after a fight.

I saw such a battle-field in Galicia. I rode over it alone on horseback. It was a dreary, dull autumn day. A drizzling rain was falling. Far ahead I saw the dome of a church shattered by shells. Through the twisted columns of the arch I could catch glimpses of the gray sky. Not far from the church were the trenches.

Nothing in the world gives a more impressive idea of chaos than deserted trenches after a battle: empty tin cans, torn bits of clothing, shattered shells, broken guns and rifles, twisted bayonets, dismantled artillery of all kinds, and everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, enormous cavities made in the earth by bomb explosions. Silence and death appeared where only a short time before were life and intense activity.

As I rode along one of these trenches my horse picked up his ears and shied at every object. In my heart I felt a sinking, a dread, as of a man entering a morgue or a graveyard for the first time.

Some distance ahead I saw in the bottom of one of the trenches a dark-looking object. It was a corpse. My horse shied as we passed. A step or two farther I found other bodies. Again and again I

saw them before me. As far as the eye could reach the whole field was dotted with these gray figures, stretched out, or piled up in every possible attitude.

Just in front of me, lying in a crater caused by the explosion of a shell, I saw two legs and the lower half of a man's body. I looked around for the other half of the trunk, but could not find it anywhere. A short distance away I saw a small wood. The trees were cut and hacked by shells, and the bark was stripped, so that the trunks and limbs were white and bare. Here had been the hottest part of the fight, and here were hundreds of corpses lying on top of one another, jumbled together in heaps. The dead bodies revealed most dreadful wounds, being torn by shells, or ripped by bayonets in hand-to-hand encounters.

Having my paints and brushes with me, I selected a pile of corpses that seemed to form a typical picture. Dismounting, I tied my horse to a tree and opened my cabinet. The shaking of the box in riding had caused some of the colored tubes to leak, among them the carmine. All the inside of the cabinet, the palette and the brushes, were smeared the color of blood.

While spreading the paints on the palette, I soiled my fingers, and my hands were red, as if I had touched blood. In front of me was this heap of corpses. On top was the body of a young Austrian officer, a boy not more than eighteen years old, with a beard just beginning to grow. I noticed his black, silken hair and a terrible wound in his open breast. His boots, like those of most of the corpses, had been stolen by some marauder.

I thought of this lad's parents, back home, perhaps hundreds of miles away in some peaceful village. I could see in imagination the father and mother of this boy and the parents of all the thousands who in the morning were alive and strong, but now were rotting corpses. Blood on my hands, blood on my palette, blood before me, blood, blood, blood; and I alone in the midst of it, in the gathering dusk of the evening.

I had begun to sketch the outline of my

picture, but soon felt that I could no longer stand this awful pageant of death; so I closed the cabinet and ran to my horse. In order to reach it I had to jump across a trench. Making a good start, I sprang over the wide ditch. But to my horror I saw that I was about to land on the face of a corpse that was peering from the earth with cold, glazed eyes, staring up at me. In landing, I made a frantic effort to avoid it. Without a second look I mounted my horse and rode hastily away. Then suddenly from under his feet came the fluttering of wings as a frightened partridge flew up, startling both me and my horse. There was at least one other living creature besides me in that valley of death.

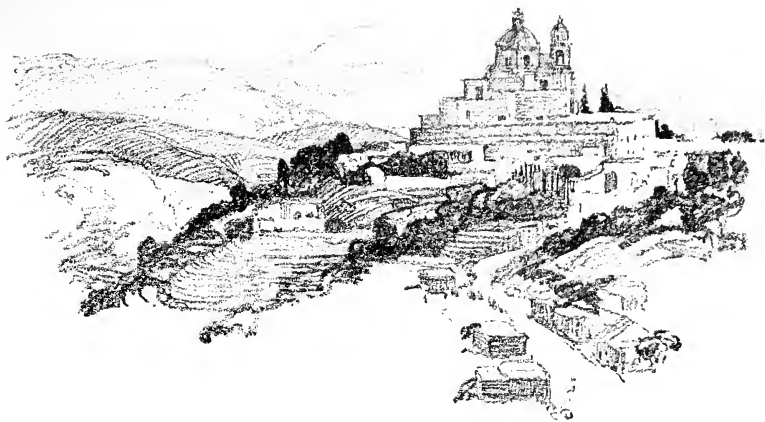
The world must finally rid itself of this nightmare. We may accomplish it by forever forsaking the prime cause of dissension among nations, the sentiment of nationality.

Do not charge me with being a dreamer, especially you Americans. Have you not already realized this dream? Have not your Stars and Stripes united the peoples of all nations? Is not your country a practical demonstration of the general brotherhood of man?

Was not this a dream in Washington's time? To-day it is a reality. So permit me to dream and to invite you to share with me this beautiful vision. Let us hope that, if not now, at some future day it will be realized in Russia also and throughout the whole world!

The day will come when we shall realize not only the brotherhood of individuals, but the essential unity of all mankind. The race must not only shake off the bonds of despotism, but must free itself from the slavery of national separatism. All are brothers, all children of the same Father.

The barriers which divide nations are artificial. I believe the time is at hand when these barriers will fall, like the walls of Jericho, before love's trumpet summons; when the banner of brotherhood and freedom will float forever over a new federation,—THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.



Jane Meets an Extremely Civil Engineer

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Author of "Jane Proposes," etc.

Illustrations by Oscar Frederick Howard

On a meandering train bound, more
or less, for Guadalajara,
December 7.

Sally dear:

"Can this be I? Can this be I?" I feel like the woman in the fairy-tale. I have n't written you for eons, but it 's a best-friend penalty to be treated worst. Besides, did n't we make a bargain long ago in our hectic young careers that whenever we had time to write each other a letter we 'd take a nap or a walk instead?

Just now, lolling across a languid landscape in this Stevenson train,—its motto is, "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive," and we 're eleven hours late already,—I find it hard to remember that eight days ago I was feverishly, frantically busy.

Hence this vacation. In any sort of creative work there comes a time for playing hooky. Write and run away, and live to write another day. I was talking about my work with a stuffy capital W. I was getting attitudinous and platitudinous, out

of touch with real living. I was too keen to *do*, and not keen enough to *be*. Exactly. I was overdoing and under-being. (Rather neat?)

So I thought I 'd fly out to the Budders, mother's cousins, in San Francisco. I sent them a cordial invitation to invite me, and, having a warm welcome by wire, ho-ed Westward.

I found the Budders (Does n't Budder sowd as if I ad a code id by ed?) sitting on their trunks, with their tickets in their hands, and mine reserved, and this Mexican trip all arranged; and of course I was pleased pink. They 're nice, restful old things, the sort who are called the "salt of the earth," but are n't at all, really. They 're the boiled potatoes and Graham bread and cereals, wholesome and nourishing, but not piquant. You, now, Sally Machree, are the strawberry jam, and there 's not half enough of you, and I 'm the olives and salted nuts and anchovies,—a little goes a long way,—and Michael Daragh is the rich and creamy milk of

human kindness, and he 's always being skimmed by a needy, greedy world.

Behold me, then, ambling through Mexico with a Spanish phrase-book in my lap and peace in my soul.

Adios!

JANE.

p.s. I 've just re-read this. Fiction of purest ray serene. I was n't overdoing in the least. I simply had to fly for my life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

Sarah, I was falling in love. At any rate, I felt myself slipping. You see, I intended Michael Daragh to be only an interesting character part in my New York drama; he 's threatening to take the lead, and it would n't do at *all*. That man's goodness is simply ghastly, and I could n't endure having a husband so incontestably better than I. Why, all my life I 've been a "wonderful influence for good" with my masculine friends. In kindergarten I coaxed sling-shots away from bad little boys and signed them up for the S. P. C. A., and I was always getting bad big boys to smoke less and drink less and study more and dance with wall-flowers and write to their mothers. Really, when I think of the twigs I 've bent and the trees I 've inclined, I feel there ought to be a tablet to me somewhere.

But the woman who marries Michael Daragh, I don't care who she is (Lie: I care enormously), will always be burning incense to him in her sinful soul, always on tiptoe to breathe the rarefied air in which he lives and moves and has his being.

You see, Michael, what time he renounced the fleshpots and embraced the Settlement, took to bride the Lady Poverty with such "perfect blythensse" that any literal spouse will be only a sort of morganatic wife, anyway. I don't mean that he might n't adore her and be wonderful to her after he 'd ministered unto a drove of sticky immigrants, but he 'd expect her to prefer having him assist at the inopportune arrival of the eleventh little Lazcanowitz in a moldy cellar than keep a birthday-dinner date with her.

Now, I, too, have labored somewhat in my time, and I 've frankly looked forward to matrimony as a sort of glorified vacation. Not that I 'd wish to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and live upon strawberries, sugar, and cream exclusively; but somewhere in the middle distance between that and washing the dishes and feeding the swine I did visualize a sort of gracious-lady leisure, with a worshipful being in the hazy-mazy background making me take care of myself.

Woops, my dear!

I fly while the flying is good.

JANE.

December 8.

That was a silly screed of yesterday, poor, dear receptacle of all my woes and wails. The chapter is closed. I 've neatly made up my mind to fall in love somewhere on this trip. Why not? One finds so many perfectly delightful people traveling, as witness Professor and Mrs. Budder and their charming cousin from New York. (I understand she writes!)

Something, which is to say somebody, may turn up at any moment.

Yours, Micawbering,

J.

p.s. I hope you don't expect to glean a lot of statistics and useful information about Mexico in my letters. The Budders are deep in histories and guide-books, but I don't know whether the Chichimecs were people or pottery, and I hope I never shall.

p.s. II. Cousin Dudley, just returned from the smoker, says he 's been chatting with a most interesting civil engineer.

December 9.

We are so late now that we have lost all social standing. We slink into sidings and wait shamefacedly for prompt and proper trains to bustle by. I don't mind. At this rate I shall be able to converse rippling in Spanish by the time we reach Guadalajara. Cousin Dudley knows a professor person there who will help to plan our trip.

Spanish is deliciously easy. It seems rather silly to make it a regular subject in our schools.

I adore the stations, especially at night: black-velvet darkness studded with lanterns and torches and little leaping fires; old, blind minstrels whining ballads; the mournful voices of the sweetmeat venders chanting, "*Dulce de Morelia!*" "*Cajeta de Celaya!*" Those candies, by the way, are the most—

December 11.

Alas! *muy Sally mia*, when I meant to drop you a line every day! Perhaps it was because, just where I left off, Cousin Dudley came in with his C. E., and really there's been no spare time since.

How's that for a demonstration of Mr. Burroughs's theory about folding your hands and waiting and having your own come to you?

He's an *extremely* civil engineer and very easy to look at. He has close-cropped,

bronzy-brown hair and gentian-blue eyes, and his skin is burned to a glowing copper luster. He is just idling about, slaying time during a vacation too short to make it worth while to go home to Michigan, and shows strong symptoms of willingness to act as guide, philosopher, and friend to wandering tourists.

We are actually going to reach Guadalajara to-morrow morning! Some one must be giving us a tow.

Adios, muy amiga mia!

Juana.

p.s. The C. E. is going to hear my Spanish lesson.

p.s. II. Is n't *Netzahualcoyotl* a cunning word?

Guadalajara, December 12.

Querida Sarita:

We sight-saw all the morning in this lovely, languid, lady-like city, and this afternoon we called on the Morales fam-



"HE . . . SHOWS SYMPTOMS OF WILLINGNESS TO ACT AS GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND"

ily. They were expecting us, and as our *coche* drew up to the curb the door flew open and *el profesor* flew out, seized Cousin Ada's limp hand, held it high, minuet fashion, and led her into the house. The señora, a mountainous lady with a rather striking mustache and the bosom of her black gown sprinkled with a light snowfall of powder that could n't find even standing room on her face, conducted Cousin Dudley in the same manner, while I fell to the lot of a beautiful boy. The *sala* was awful, with bamboo furniture and crazy with what-nots and knick-knacks and running over with people—plump, furrily powdered señoritas with young mustaches, cunning kiddies with gazelle eyes and weak-coffee-colored skin, and the oldest woman ever seen out of a pyramid.

There was an agonizing time getting us all introduced, and a still more agonizing stage wait afterward. Then Cousin Dudley—I thirsted for his gore—said chirpily, "My niece has learned to speak Spanish."

My dear, it made the Tower of Babel sound like "going into the silence." Everybody talked to me at *once*! In my frantic boast and foolish word about the easiness of Spanish it never occurred to me that people would talk to *me*! If the wretches had just held their peace and let me ask them to have the kindness to do me the favor to show me which way was the cathedral, or whether it was the silk handkerchief of the rich Frenchman which the young lady's father needed, all would have been well.

Then came rescue. The sweetest, softest pussy-willow of a girl, with a delicious accent, said, "So deed I also feel in the conevent when they all at once spik *inglés*." She was in pearl gray; no powder, no mustache, and slim as a reed. Her name is María de Guadalupe Rosalía Merced Castello, but they call her "Lupe" (Loopy, Sally, dear). She's a penniless orphan, just visiting the Moraleses, lives with an uncle at Guanajuato, where delves my C. E. when he's not on holiday, and is in disgrace because of an un-

desirable love-affair, so the aunt told Cousin Ada. They're taking us to the plaza to-night, and I fly now to sup with the C. E.

JANE.

P.S. 11:30 P.M. The plaza is still the parlor in Guadalajara, and it's enchanting: the staid background of chaparrons in *coches*; the slow procession of youths and maidens, two and two, girls in one line and boys in the other; eager, forward looks; a whisper at passing; a note slipped from hand to hand, a lingering, backward glance; all classes, yet each class intact, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; and over all, through all, the pleading, pulsing call of the music.

Sally, never did you make melody like that, decent little Anglo-Saxon that you are. It's so poignantly sweet and searching, so *unverschämt*, so *sin vergüenza*! They played "*La Golondrina*"—which means "The Swallow"—to start with, and everything else a hungry heart can pack into it. Lupe and I walked together, and she was spilling her dewy young confidences into my ear before we'd been twice round the circle. Montagues and Capulets! The rich uncle who reared her is the bitterest enemy of Emilio's papa, who is a general of revolutionary fame. "Me," she said and shrugged, "I can never marry. *¡Vestiré los santos*" ("I shall dress the saints"). Is n't that cunning? Old maids, you see, have unlimited time for church work.

O Sally dear, how I'd like to have a finger in this pretty pie!

Meanwhile I could do with a bit of sleep.

Buenas noches!

J.

December 14.

Sally! The loveliest idea came and sat on my chest in the pearly dawn! I'm going to take María de Guadalupe Rosalía Merced Castello on this tour as my Spanish teacher! She accepted with tears of joy, and the Morales family bore up bravely. They will be glad of a few



"SHE IS MADDENING, WITH HER UTTER HOPELESSNESS, HER ABSOLUTE LACK OF INITIATIVE"

nights' sleep, they say. Lupe's gallants come to "make a serenade" nightly, not a lone guitar, but the tenor from the opera-house, with a piano trundled through the streets! The more costly the ingredients, the greater the devotion.

To-day we visited the *hospicio* (see the Budders' for valuable information). I can only remember a little girl of six who sat by herself on the playground, the small, clear, cameo face, with its mournful eyes, a pathetic arrogance in the lift of her chin. I knew she must have a story, and the

pretty sister in charge of the playground burst into eager narrative.

Six years ago a young physician was called at night to the peon quarter. To his amazement, his patient was a lady, a girl whose patrician manner was proof against her terror. She utterly refused to look at her child, and said if he left it with her she would smother it. He took it temporarily to the *hospicio*, and one day, going as usual to call on the mother, he found her vanished. There was a note for him, requesting him to blot the inci-

dent from his memory, and a royal fee. The neighbors knew only that they had heard a *coche* in the night. The child—Dolores Tristeza they called her—was always the doctor's protégée. One day he came in great excitement to tell the pretty sister that he had been summoned the night before to the death-bed of a wealthy old man. The family was grouped about the dying father; among the weeping daughters was his patient! When he was leaving, she looked him squarely in the eye and said: "You are a new-comer in Guadalajara? You must be, for *I have never seen you before.*" He told no one but the sister of the affair, and not even to her did he divulge the name. But two days later, returning from a call in the outskirts of the city, he was shot. Sarah, is n't that the most eery thing you ever heard? To happen *to-day!* Dolores Tristeza! I dashed out and bought her a gorgeous doll, and she gave me a slow, gracious smile. Loads of people have wanted to adopt her, but she would never go with them.

Off to Querétaro to-morrow to drop a silent tear on Maximilian's dressy little tomb, the Budders, Lupe, the C. E., and I. "Follow my mother to market!"

Adios, querida mia! JANE.

Querétaro.

I've paid proper tribute to the poor pawn of empire who lived so sillily and died so finely, but the real zest of this pilgrimage is Lupe. Fresh every hour! Her mental processes are delicious. I was lamenting her frank delight in bull-fights, and she said:

"The first time I see a horse keel' I am ver' seek. *Now* they keel four, seven, ten horse', I like ver' *moach.*" When I tried to make her realize, she turned on me with, "*But* you watch you' *brawther* get keel' in foot-ball game."

"Pussy-willow," I said, "there 's no parallel. Our brothers are free agents; they adore it. They've toiled and sweated and prayed for the chance, and thousands are making the welkin ring with their

names." I argued till I was limp. She would only shrug and say:

"Oh, *eeef* you love some ol' horse more than you' *brawther!*"

The C. E., who says he could spare her very cheerfully, helps me to understand her and, through her, Mexico, the sad, bad, pitiful, charming, hobbled land. Even in her love-affair she is maddening, with her utter hopelessness, her absolute lack of initiative. Sometimes when we've gone to our rooms at night she will do a veritable mad scene with her yards of inky hair swirling round her ivory face; then quite suddenly she will shrug and say, "*But* my uncle and his papa!" and begin to nibble *dulces* with excellent relish.

Emilio is by way of being a poet, it appears, and he has sent her a little song, which we translated, and I put into rhyme, and the C. E., who has a very decorative voice indeed, hums it to a lonesome little tune distantly related to "La Golondrina." Here it is:

Through the uncolored years before I knew
you

My days were just a string of wooden
beads;

I told them dully off, a weary number—
The silly cares, the foolish little needs.

But now and evermore, because I've
known you,

They've turned to precious pearls and
limpid jade,

Clear amethysts as deep as seas eternal,
And heart's-blood rubies that will never
fade.

You never knew, and now you never will
know.

Some joys are given; mine was only lent.
You see, I do not reckon years or distance;
Somewhere I know you *are*; I am content.

I do not need your pity or your presence
To bridge the widening gulf of now and
then;

It is enough for me to know my jewels
Can never turn to wooden beads again.

Of course he's *always* known her, and she is frantically well aware of his devo-

tion, and he can reckon the time and distance quite easily by having recourse to a railroad-folder; but, as the C. E. says, "it listens well."

We are off to la Ciudad de Mexico in the morning.

Con todo mi corazon,

JANE.

P.S. I might remark in passing that it 's a perfectly good *corazon* again, free as a bee on a huckleberry-tree, and can only dimly summon a memory of New York.

Mexico City.

There 's no use trying to date my letters, Sarah; I 've lost all count of time.



"I ASKED HIM IF I COULD BUY THE BEAR A WEEK'S VACATION IF I PAID HIM TWICE THE WEEK'S EARNINGS IN ADVANCE"

We've been here for many golden days and silver nights in a land of warm eyes and soft words, where peons take off their sombreros and step aside to "let my Grace pass," and Murillo beggar boys are named "Florentino Buenaventura, awaiting my commands."

We sight-see so ardently that lazy little Lupe is "tired until her bones," and then we go alone, the C. E. and I. Oh, yes, the Budders are still with us, but they are keener on facts than fancies, and we capitulate only once in a while. Yesterday we went with them to see Diaz's model prison. My dear, after seeing how the people live in freedom, one is convinced that here the wages of sin are sanitation and education. I should think ex-convicts would be madly in demand for leading citizens. We were fascinated by a display of the skulls of prisoners who had been put to death in times past. I found one small, round, dainty one that looked as gentle as a kitten's, and I read the tag indignantly to see what he'd been martyred for. My dear, the busy little bee had done twenty-one ladies to death!

We listen to melting music in the Alameda, we ride in the fashion-show in the Calle San Francisco, we drive out the wonderful Paseo de la Reforma, and drink chocolate in the shadow of Chapultepec—chocolate made with cinnamon and so rich and thick it almost bends the spoon to stir it. One remembers with difficulty that one is a self-supporting young woman, heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time, who beats sprightly thoughts from a type-writer for six stuffy hours a day. Or that one was.

Hoy—to-day—for me. *Mañana* may never come.

JANE.

The next evening.

We went to the shrine of Guadalupe for the sunset. Lupe was named for it—Maria de Guadalupe.

Up the endless stone steps the pilgrims crawl; the lame and the blind and the halt, the too-dreadful-to-describe, and before the church they are encamped, whole

families, three generations, and they bring everything they own with them: their burros, if they are so opulent, their chickens, their goats, always their dogs. And when they go into the church to worship, with them go all their worldly goods; anything left behind runs the risk of being appropriated by another pilgrim. Is n't it whimsical and delicious and Mexican?

Lupe and the C. E. both warned me sternly against giving to the beggars; but I could n't resist, and soon I was rivaling the favorite saint with my swarm of supplicants. In all I spent less than ten dollars in our money, but, my dear, the plain and fancy blessings with which I am fitted out! Nothing can happen to me now. I'm armored in charms. Even the C. E., when he came to rescue me at last, his nice nose in the air, was hailed as my *novio* and given a full assortment of blessings for himself and a half-interest in mine.

Buenas noches, muy amiga mia!

J.

Christmas eve.

Felices Pascuas, Sally dear! You in the snow and I in fairy-land! It's a comic-opera Christmas, but a quaint and fetching one, with the long, pretty processions of singing children through the streets, the gay *pinatis*,—huge paper dolls filled with *dulces*,—the childlike, merry people, the music, the color.

I keep thinking of little Dolores Tristeza. I sent her a wonderful box.

My pussy-willow girl is star-eyed over a telegram, and my C. E. has told me what he wants for Christmas. I've asked for a fortnight's grace.

I am your servant who kisses your hands.

Go with God, best of friends!

JANE.

Cuernavaca.

Every month in the full of the moon the ghosts of Maximilian and Carlotta walk in the Borda Gardens, the old woman told me. I believe it. I believe

everything in Mexico. I even believe that I, Jane Vail of the type-writer and the booking-offices and the swelling royalties and the rejection-slips, am a creature of light, a being so fair and frail that not even the breath of heaven may blow upon me.

My much more than civil engineer says all his days were "wooden beads" before I came, and beside the still waters where those tragic lovers walk in spirit I almost believe that, as Lupe would say, "I have arrive" to love this boy."

Distractedly, J.

P.S. Almost too busy with my own love-affair to stage-manage Lupe's, but I have plans simmering for them.

Orizaba.

In the market-place to-day I found such a tired old bear dancing for a bored crowd. I've never seen anything quite so weary and patient as his eyes. The little man with him was half asleep, but he whacked his flat tambourine and whined his dismal little song without a pause. I left Lupe and my C. E. (the Budders were panting up the trail, which the French had built in a single night) and went out into the crowd and patted the bear and asked the man—I am *that* handy with my Spanish now!—how much he earned a day. About fifteen cents in our money! Well, I asked him if I could buy the bear a week's vacation if I paid him twice the week's earnings in advance. He accepted with a low, glad cry, and I believe he'll keep his word. He was as tired as his beast. The old bear came down on his four feet with a

gusty sigh, and they ambled thankfully off. The crowd thought me mildly mad, and the C. E. was a little annoyed at me. He said he would have attended to it for me if I'd just asked him. I said something very impertinent that Lupe taught me: "*Cuando tu vas ya yo vengo.*" Which means in crude English, "By the time you get started I'll be on my way back."

JANE.

P.S. One hopes this is n't a habit with him, being a little annoyed.

Córdoba.

This is n't a comic-opera country at all, Sarah; it's a land of grisly melodrama. We're here in this adorable city on the edge of the *tierra caliente*, but the day started wrong. An unsavory cherub of eight or so, smoking a cigarette, tried to sell me a baby lizard. You know how I love lizards, but I could n't take it on a day's sight-seeing, so I gave him a copper and refused. He said: "*No compra usted mi lagatito? Bien. Mira!*" and before my horrified eyes he held it to his cigarette and burned it to death. I suppose I'm tired with all this rushing about and so much on my mind, for I went all to pieces, and when Lupe said sympathetically, "Oh,

did you *want* it?" it made me worse. I told them to please go on without me, and I sat down in the plaza alone to think things over. There was a little fountain with a gurgling drip that sounded like a teasing laugh, and I rested in the ragged shade of the banana-trees and heard two hours tinkled from the cream-colored, crumbly cathedral, and came gradually to the point where I ceased to want to vivi-



"AN UNSAVORY CHERUB . . . TRIED TO SELL ME A BABY LIZARD"

sect the boy. Michael Daragh would say that he was only— There, that 's the first time in days, even to myself!

Well, I sat there cooled and calmed, and presently I heard something, and looked up to see two soldiers on horseback bringing a prisoner. His arms were bound behind him, and great ropes ran from their saddles to his neck, and the skin was all broken. The horses were steaming; they must have come fast. Another soldier went on to report or something, and they halted right there by me. The man's mouth was open, and his tongue swollen, and he was panting just like a dog, and his bloodshot eyes rested on the fountain and he gasped: "*Agua! Por el amor de los santos, agua!*" One of the soldiers gave the rope a jerk that flung his head back, and the other laughed. They were n't looking at me. I filled the big iron cup, and I found that the chain which held it was just long enough. I held the cup for the man till he drained every drop; then I dipped my handkerchief into the fountain and put it in the poor mouth. The soldiers, who 'd both been watching the man on his way to the prison, heard me and turned. Just at that moment the Budders and Lupe and the C. E. came up.

Sarah, they very nearly arrested *me!* The man is, they said, a dangerous *insurrecto*; I was giving aid to him. Lupe was shaking like a leaf, and the C. E. was white around his mouth; but, between them, they got me off. But I don't *care*. I 'd do it again.

The whole country is simmering and seething with revolution. Old Diaz's throne is tottering under him. If he is downed, the gringos must go, the C. E. says; but he thinks the iron hand will crush this rebellion, as it has all others.

Lupe was tearful over a letter from Guanajuato; Emilio 's begging her to return. Her uncle has had his papa put into prison.

The Budders are growing a little nervous and are anxious to hurry north. We 'll go on to Guanajuato to-morrow.

Disillusioned,

JANE.

P.S. Later. We 've taken a *pasco* in the velvet night, and things looked brighter in the dark.

The only reason why he gets annoyed is that he cannot stand seeing me in distress or danger. He was dear about promising to help me help poor little *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

We pass through Guadalajara, and I 'll run in to see Dolores Tristeza.

J.

On the train to Guanajuato.

Sally! She came *running* to me and held out her arms! The sister says she 's never done that to any one before in all her life. She says she 's talked about me ever since that first day. Is n't that the most touching thing? They 're going to let me take her out for a whole day when I come back: She called, "*Hasta la vista!*" and threw me a kiss. She 's quite wiped out the lizard and the revolutionist.

Later.

I 'm not a bit sleepy, though it 's nearly to-morrow. This is the most alluring place of all. I 'm glad he lives here. I 've seen it only by dark, but I 'm keen for it. The town is high above the station, and we came up in a mule-car, rattling through the twisting, toboggan streets. I sat near the driver, only his bright, soft eyes showing between his high-wrapped blanket and his low-drawn hat, and he told me his mules were named Constantino and the Pine-tree, faithful animals both, whom he tenderly loved. The few pedestrians scuttled into doorways or flattened themselves against the walls as we caromed past, and from time to time he blew a deafening blast on a lovely, crumpled horn.

We stepped from the car straight into the office of the hotel. The C. E. and I were to take Lupe to her uncle's house. At the first dark turning Lupe gave a soft little scream, and melted into the arms of a dusky cavalier. Emilio, when he could spare the time to be introduced, proved something of a landscape, large for

a Mexican, and very much the patrician, with his slim hands and feet and his Castilian manner. He wears the high-class native costume,—Guanajuato is rather old-fashioned,—and Lupe says she always wears a rebozo here instead of a hat. He is the son of so many revolutions that I should think it would make him dizzy to remember them, and I liked him so much that I determined more than ever to see them through. Poor babes in the wood! It needed only a look at their faces to see that their days would be pearls and amethysts together. He left us before we reached her house, and we delivered her to a very impressive, Bluebeardish sort of uncle. He was very gracious, and asked me to visit her, which fits in with my plans exactly. I shall go there to-morrow.

Meanwhile I shall go to sleep.

Drowsily,

JANE.

At Señor Don Diego Castello's.

Sally, you 'd adore this house. The floors are of lovely, dull-red tiles, and they are washed three times a day. They have a flock of dove-eyed, velvet-voiced servants who adore Lupe and are pledged to her cause, especially old Cristina, who waited on her mother before her.

Every night for an hour Emilio stands under her balcony "playing the bear." Lupe, her face shrouded in her rebozo leans over and whispers. I hover in the background like *Juliet's Nurse*. Afterward the C. E., who has ridden in from his work in the mountains, comes for me, and we sally forth in the night, like the calif, and walk slowly up and down the Street of Sad Children, where we have the music filtered softly to us through the trees. Sometimes "Emily," as the C. E. wickedly calls him, joins us. I shall never laugh at Mexican revolutions or call them merry-go-rounds again. They are too pitifully real and hopeless. My task just now is infusing hope into the love-affair. Sometimes their attitude of *Dios no lo quiso*—(Heaven willed otherwise) makes me want to shake them till their teeth rattle like castanets; but little by little I'm

rousing them to a vague, but rosy, state of *if*.

To-day we visited the prison, not the model of the City of Mexico. This one is a hold-over from the Dark Ages. Gentle and simple, murderers and newsboys, are herded in together. In the huge court, before pillars with chains fastened to them, a peon prisoner was languidly mopping up some dark stains. Ugh! This is the broken heart of Mexico, where tears and blood are brewing.

One morning,

Our little plans are perfected! We have to act quickly, for Lupe's Tio Diego is more and more irate. "Emily's" papa languishes in prison, and the rebels hereabout are simmering and seething rather more than in the rest of the country. The Budders are thinking longingly of the sanctuary of San Francisco, and we start north day after to-morrow night. They are interested in my plan for the *novios*, and will do their part loyally.

It is simple. In the afternoon Lupe and I shall stroll to the little old church where she was baptized and confirmed, and where the little old priest is a firm friend of "Emily's" family. E. and the C. E. will be waiting. We stroll back alone, take a cup of cinnamon chocolate in the *dulcería*, dine sedately with Uncle Diego as usual. Then I, reminding him that I go north with my relatives, take farewell of him, thanking him (a bit guiltily, I admit) for his hospitality, but stiffening my soul with the remembrance of what an old rascal he is. Lupe and I then repair to her rooms for a last chat. Presently Emilio and the C. E. arrive beneath the balcony. I emerge, join the C. E. in the soft dusk, go with him to the station, where the Budders are waiting, and leave for Silao on the nine-o'clock train.

Only, as the intelligent reader will already have divined, it will be Lupe who melts into the distance in my frock and ulster, with my thickest chiffon veil over her face, while I, her rebozo over my head, lean from her balcony, and Emilio who strides boldly off at her side in the

C. E.'s perfectly good overcoat and hat and the goggles he 's been diligently wearing lately, while that gentleman, in caballero costume, gazes adoringly up at me!

Rather neat, what?

We hold the pose until we hear the heartening whistle of the train, when the C. E. slips away to change, and I, chaperoned by old Cristina, go back to the hotel, following the Budders to Guadalajara in the morning. I don't see how it can possibly fail.

Emilio's family owns large *ranchos* up in Durango, where the runaways will be quite safe in a mountain fastness, and they will reach there craftily, stopping over, not buying through tickets, doubling now and then.

Excitedly,

JANE.

P.S. *After* we have them safely on the train, I promise the C. E., we shall gravely consider our own case.

The next night.

To-morrow night at this time it will be accomplished, Sarah. I 've never been so thrilled in all my life, not even when my first little play went over.

But something even nearer and more wonderful than the romance of my pussy-willow is dominating me now. (No, not that; not yet, at any rate.) It was this evening, early, when she and I walked alone in the plaza before the crowd. They were playing "La Golondrina." Lupe, deep in her own thoughts, a little dazed at this sudden lifting from tragedy to bliss, did not speak. We passed the entrance of the Street of Sad Children, and the mournful magic of the music brought me Dolores Tristeza, and the thought that I should see her again and say good-by day after to-morrow.

Then, Sarah, suddenly and serenely, with no bothering ifs or doubts, I knew what I 'm going to do. I 'm going to take her, to have her, to keep her always. I 'm twenty-seven years old, I have a fine young income, fattening all the while; I defy them to prove I 'm not the fittest

adopter they ever saw. I know she 'll come with me, and I know I could n't leave Mexico heart-whole without her. Just as I arrived at this heavenly conclusion I glanced up; we were passing a little *pulqueria* called "The Orphan's Tear"! Was n't it curious?

I can't *wait* to see her and tell her.

JANE.

The afternoon.

We are home from the wedding, Sally dear, and I wish you could see Lupe's dewy joy. It makes me ache with tenderness for her. I know why mothers always cry at marriages. I nearly did, and I could cry now when I think of seeing my Dolores standing so, star-eyed and quivering-lipped.

When she slips away in the dusk to-night I shall put a period to my thought of Maria de Guadalupe Rosalía Merced Castello. I want to keep her in my heart always as she is now.

Yet, ah, that spring should vanish with the rose!

That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

I refuse to think of my pussy-willow maid in ten years, with eight weak-coffee-colored babies and a mustache. *Adios, Lupe mia!* Go with God!

Everything is ready. The dear old Budders, flushed with sentiment, will be waiting at the train. I 'm not letting myself think of *me* until they are safely off. I am pushing away that moment on the balcony.

Guadalajara,
two days later.

Sarah dearest:

I think I can write coherently now; I 'll try.

It all worked like a charm. They got away. I leaned from Lupe's balcony in the fragrant dusk and listened to the last footfall. The C. E., shrouded to his eyes, looked up and whispered that Emily's *charro* trousers had nearly ruined every-



"EVERY NIGHT FOR AN HOUR EMILIO STANDS UNDER HER BALCONY
"LEAVING THE BEAR."

thing at the ultimate moment; he had needed a shoe-horn and a special supplication to St. James to get them on. We giggled like sixteen-year-olds. The C. E. said:

"Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair,
That I may climb by a golden stair!"

I was tremendously pleased with him for remembering his fairy-tales; I was so pleased with him and so fond of him and so happy that I could n't keep my beautiful plan a minute longer. I told him about Dolores Tristeza!



"HE PRODUCED A KEY"

My dear! I wish you could have heard him! He

was another person. It was the maddest, wildest, most ridiculous thing he 'd ever heard, on and on, coming back always to the point that she was an illegitimate child. I told him that was perfectly mid-Victorian; that everybody with a vestige of brain knew that there are no illegitimate *children*, only illegitimate fathers and mothers. It never budged him. He was a most uncivil engineer. "Besides," I said, "beauty and wit is the love child's portion!"

It must have been funny, really, raging at each other in whispers. He began to babble about heredity, and I told him I was planning an environment that would bleach out the heredity of Lucrezia Borgia. He said it could n't be done, and I said he was a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn, and just then the train whistled, and at the same instant old Cristina rushed out to tell us to flee at once, as Don Diego had decided to have Emilio arrested.

But before we could spread a wing, the little guard of opera-bouffe soldiers were rounding the corner. I just whispered: "Stick! They 'd catch them at Silao!" when they were on him. He was a brick, really. He just hitched his serape higher and pulled his sombrero lower and trudged off with them. It seemed only

decent for me to stick, too. I flung on Lupe's coat and covered up my face and fled after them. They did n't notice me till we reached the prison. The C. E. thundered at me to go back, and would have told them, but I hissed at him that I 'd never forgive him as long as we lived. The man at the desk was half asleep. He scribbled something in a book, and produced a key three feet long at least, and they unlocked a door, pushed us in, and clanged it shut behind us.

Sarah, we were in the main court, with the newsboys and the murderers and the dark stains on the floor!

A guard with a gun came slouching to us and showed us two cells opening off. We crouched on stools in the back of one of them, and the C. E. said between his teeth, "Keep your face covered, and keep still!"

As I shivered there in the dark the full madness of my escapade came home to me. A gringo girl in a Guanajuato prison! But every hour I stayed there saw Lupe and Emilio nearer safety. Gropingly, I remembered a quaint little verse Michael told me,—a proverb, I think,—
"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." But was I "a righteous"? I rather hoped I was; I remembered my *insurrecto* and my bored old bear and my pilgrims. What were those plain and fancy blessings for, if not to see me through in a pinch like this? I "runneth-ed" into my tower and felt safe.



There was a nameless age of black silence, and then there was a crowded hour of glorious life. When I heard the shots I tried to remember the French aristocrats and Sydney Carton, but the C. E. was superb. Only, when the great door was opened and soldiers swarmed in shouting

for *Emilio Hernandez*, naturally he did n't dash out to greet them. We both thought, of course, that his hour had struck, and you may fancy my horror and remorse. Well, they began a systematic cell-to-cell canvass; when they flashed the lanterns at us they shouted with joy. They were not executioners, but rescuers; they were revolutionists; they had come to save Emilio and his papa, the general. That gentleman arrived on the run, panting, demanding his son. Alarums, excursions, explanations. I think the bitterest blow of the whole hideous night for the C. E. was when Emilio's papa kissed him.

I 'm running down like a mechanical toy, Sally. I can hardly write another line. I was escorted to my hotel and thence to a train, which left for Guadalajara in the chill, gray dawn. The meek C. E. said I could have the whole *hospicio*; but I said "*Adios*," and I think in his heart of hearts he was relieved. He would always have been a little annoyed with me. Poor, dear, extremely civil engineer! His tastes are simple and his wants are few: just a limp, lovely lady somewhere in the back-

ground of his life, safely sheltered from the ugly and the sordid, waiting for him to come home. That man does n't want a helpmate; he wants a harem.

They are unwinding several thousand miles of red tape, but at the end, like the pot of gold and the rainbow, I shall find Dolores Tristeza, and then there will be one pair of mournful eyes the less in this land of chuckles and sobs.

Adios, poor, pretty, passionate, shrugging Mexico!

Go with God!

Good-by, Sally *mia*!

JANE.

P.S. The C. E.'s days before he knew me were just a string of wooden beads, and afterward they were a string of fire-crackers!

P.S. II. Michael Daragh is going to be tremendously pleased with me for wiping the orphan's tear; but, oh, dear, he 's going to make me see that there 's just as much poetry and more punch in wiping the orphan's nose!

J.

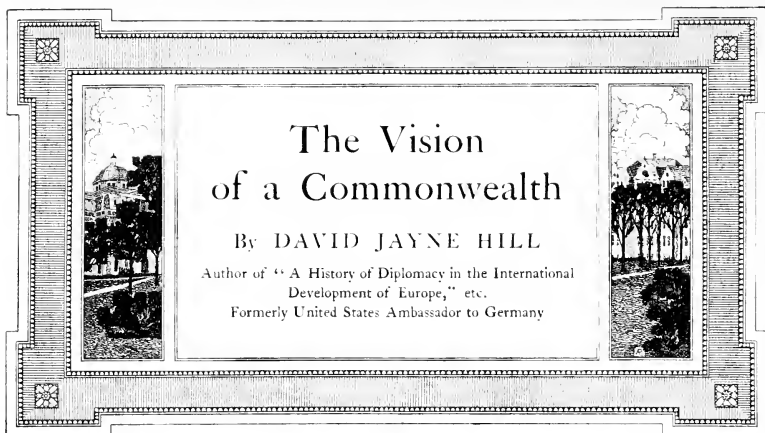


William Winter

1836-1917

By DAVID MORTON

HE would know where to seek them without fail.
 Some shade would tell him if perchance there be
 A tavern near dispensing English ale,
 And there he 'd find them deep in talk, those three—
 Shakspeare and Marlowe and Sir Philip, shapes
 Draining their mugs as some fresh yarn is spun,
 Or teasing Kit, or drawing close their capes
 In mimic scorn of William's latest pun.
 And he would pause a moment with grave eyes
 Beside the door, a keen and studious ghost,
 Till suddenly the Avon bard would rise,
 And lift his mug: "Good gentlemen, a toast
 To this old friend and mentor of our band,"
 And go to meet him, holding out his hand.



SO long as governments insist upon the right of a strong state to subjugate or to exploit against its interest a weaker state, there will be no international harmony, and the world will be subjected to the ravages of recurrent wars. The attitude of the great powers upon this subject is therefore of the greatest moment, for it will determine the fate of civilization; and, in the end, this attitude will, in all but the most absolute governments, be affected by the predominant opinions of thoughtful men.

It is, then, of interest to inquire, What is the present position of the great powers, upon whose decisions the future peace of the world will chiefly depend, regarding the rights of the small states, and of those colonial possessions which in the past have often been cruelly exploited for the benefit of their overlords? In brief, are there any powers that are willing to submit to a peaceful decision of their own rights in relation to the weaker states, and voluntarily to subject themselves to principles of law and equity in their conduct generally? Upon the answer to these questions turns the whole problem of even partial international organization and the prospect of eliminating the military control of international affairs. Even should it be found that a certain number of powers were disposed to apply strictly

business principles to their business transactions without throwing their military force into the scale, it would not follow that military force could be entirely dispensed with; for, so long as there remained in the world even one formidable military power that persisted in using force for its material advantage and refused to resort to pacific means for adjusting conflicts of interests, it would still be necessary for the powers that were ready to dispense with military decisions to arm themselves for defense against aggression, and perhaps to combine their forces in the interest of safety and of justice.

It would, however, mark the beginning of a new era if a number of great powers were sufficiently enlightened to perceive that economic imperialism is, in effect, an anachronism, and that their real interests would be better served by a combination not for the balance of power, but for a decided preponderance of power, that would be able, on the one hand, to establish a system of legal relations and conciliatory policies, and, on the other, to render military exploitation an unprofitable and even a dangerous adventure.

It would undoubtedly be both unwise and unjust to limit in any way the extent of international union were it not for the fact that, until profound changes occur, a uni-

versal union would seem impossible. There is at present no unanimity among the nations regarding any authoritative basis for a society of states. No proposal has ever been made for the recognition of any such basis in any international conference. Because some powers have held that the state is a law to itself, and that there is no law which it is bound to obey, it has been impossible even to suggest that there is for sovereign states such a thing as outlawry. If there is in the nature of things no super-state law, and if states cannot create it without general consent, then of course no state can be treated as an outlaw; for there is no standard by which the legality of its conduct may be determined.

But it is still possible for a union of states to be formed which can determine by what law its members will be governed, and it is possible for them to exclude from it any state that does not accept this law. It is likely that if the formation of civil society had been suspended until every brigand and every housebreaker in the community was ready to favor a law against robbery, civil society would never have come into existence. The only way, it would appear, in which a real society of states can ever be created is for those great powers which can find a sufficient community of interest to unite in the determination that they will themselves observe principles of justice and equity, and that they will unite their forces in defense of them.

It would be well if, at the conclusion of the present European War, or, if possible, even before it is ended, certain basic principles could be laid down that would be accepted by at least some of the belligerents as inherently just and equitable, and solemnly subscribed to as binding upon them. Upon no other basis would a permanent peace appear to be possible. Any other result would be a mere armistice; for, whatever it may have been in the beginning, the war is now declared to be "a conflict of principles," a battle for law and right on the one side, and for arbitrary power on the other.

If the conflict is really a struggle for a

just organization of international relations, it is of the highest importance to the cause of civilization that the principles necessary to a true society of states should be clearly formulated and, as far as possible, accepted now, while the conflict is still going on; and those who profess to champion them should not hesitate solemnly to pledge themselves to respect and obey them. We should then know with certainty what the purposes of the belligerents really are.

In a book on "The War of Democracy," Viscount Bryce, whose writings and personality are held in very high esteem in this country, employs in the subtitle the expression "the struggle for a new Europe." What, then, is this new Europe to be for which, as Lord Bryce would have us believe, the Entente Allies are struggling? Does it merely involve some changes in political geography? Thoughtful men will not be satisfied with that, for the mere shifting of frontiers, however reasonable it may seem at the time, has no guarantee of permanence except by means of armed force until a better system of international relations is adopted. Or is it for a mere form of government that the Allies are contending? Who, then, has the authority to impose upon Europe a particular kind of polity, and who can assure us that democracy, if made general, would always be wise and just and peaceable? No, it is something deeper than these outward changes that this experienced historian and statesman has in mind when he speaks of "the fundamental significance of the struggle for a new Europe." "The present war," he insists, "differs from all that have gone before it, not only in its vast scale and in the volume of misery it has brought upon the world, but also in the fact that it is a war of principles, and a war in which the permanent interests, not merely of the belligerent powers but of all nations, are involved as such interests were never involved before."

That the present war is on either side a purely altruistic championship of merely abstract principles is of course not pre-

tended. On the side of the Entente Allies, as well as on that of the Central powers, immediate national interests of great consequence are involved. But this does not signify that, in its underlying principles and in its ultimate consequences, the struggle may not in some sense be an affair of all mankind. Our own country has been already so vitally affected by it, and is now so deeply involved in all of its results, that we cannot regard the fate of these principles with indifference. What is truly surprising to us in this country is that two great empires, England and Russia, and the French republic, which has twice quelled the spirit of imperialism within itself and reasserted its love of freedom, are now solidly united in fighting the battle of democracy. Suddenly, through the mysterious working of some intangible, but all-pervading and overmastering, influence, we have witnessed this unexpected alinement of nations, in which there is an almost general repudiation of the past, a reassertion of the larger claims of humanity, and a spirit of sacrifice that is an astonishment to all who behold it. There is yet to be fought a battle more sublime than any ever yet waged in the name of democracy, because it will be a battle for that which gives to democracy its indestructible vitality—the essential dignity of the human person, and its inherent right to freedom, to justice, and to the quality of mercy at the hands of one's fellow-men. This is no tribal adventure, no thrust for territorial expansion, no quest for new markets and undeveloped resources, no aspiration for world supremacy; but a consolidated human demand that in the future the world be so regulated that innocent and non-combatant peoples may live under the protection of law, may depend upon the sanctity of treaties, may be secure in their independence and rights of self-government, and that the people of all nations may enjoy in safety the use of the great seas and oceans which nature has provided as the highways of peaceful commerce and fruitful human intercourse.

In its beginning the European War was

undoubtedly a conflict of national and racial interests, a struggle for the future control of the Balkan Peninsula and the debris of the disintegrating Ottoman Empire. Was the prize to be possessed by the Teuton or the Slav? The assassination at Sarajevo and the part in it attributed to Serbia were only signals and excuses for the beginning of a drama already carefully staged and in which the parts were supposed to be carefully assigned. It was to be a swift, short war, in which the principal prize would be won by a comparatively small effort, and others incidentally acquired. But interests were affected and forces were evoked that had not entered into the calculations of the aggressors. It was the unexpected emergence of these new forces, and the nature of the resistance met with in the course of the war, that entirely changed its character, and converted it into a war of principles; for the progress of the conflict disclosed an antithesis of conceptions regarding matters of general human interest that had hitherto been unsuspected. The whole system of law, treaties, and human obligations which had been counted upon as furnishing a sure foundation for civilized society was suddenly discovered to be without solidity. In the general debacle the hopes, the beliefs, even the friendships, with which the present century had opened auspiciously in matters international were swept away. It is needless to dwell upon barbarities on land and sea that a few years ago would have been utterly incredible. Our thoughts must take a deeper direction. We must face the fact that we have not to deal with mere incidents, but with the underlying causes of which they are the outward expression. If the postulates of imperialism are correct, there is nothing abnormal in all this destruction, desecration, and slaughter at which the minds and consciences of many have revolted; for upon this assumption sovereign power is acting wholly within its rights, and is even engaged in the solemn execution of its sacred duty. There is therefore, upon this assumption, nothing left to us but to arm, mine, fortify, and in-

trench, repudiating internationalism, and trusting solely to our physical instruments of defense. In truth, there are before the nations only two alternatives: on the one hand, the reestablishment of international existence upon a more solid foundation than that afforded by military rivalry and the supremacy of national power, and, on the other, a return to the life of troglodytes. If the world is to escape permanent international anarchy, it will be through the decision of governments to accept and loyally respect certain principles of justice and mutual obligation in the form of a constitution of civilization in which are recognized the reciprocal rights and duties of separate nations. It is within the capacity of a few great powers to adopt and maintain such principles; and they will do so whenever the masses of the people, speaking in their sovereign right, declare that their governments must accept and conform to them. If this is what Lord Bryce means when he speaks of the "War of Democracy," then he is voicing an appeal to all thoughtful persons in every civilized nation; for the democratic conception, based as it is on the rights of man, is the only true source of law for the rights of states also, and is alone adapted to that general extension which opens a vision of a commonwealth of mankind in which all nations, regardless of territorial boundaries, may rightfully claim a place.

Are there then any nations that are prepared to be guided by this vision, to forego the aspiration for world supremacy, and to unite with one another in the creation of such a general commonwealth?

It is an interesting fact not only that the people of Russia have overthrown autocracy, but that, in the midst of a great crisis, another power which the world has regarded as imperial should openly recognize the truth that it has, by the forces of its own national development, ceased to be an empire in the old sense of the word, and has become a confraternity of free and virtually self-governing communities.

The present war has revealed to Great

Britain, and made it evident to all the world, that British strength does not at present consist in the exercise of an *imperium*, but in the recognition of the essential freedom and the equal rights of what the most authoritative British statesmen now call the "autonomous colonies"; and it is especially interesting to find a conservative, like Bonar Law, saying that what was impossible before the war will be easy after it, and that the relation of the dominions to the mother-country would never again be what it was before. It is, in fact, a confederation of autonomous self-governing republics, rather than an empire in the proper sense, that is coming into existence through this internal transformation of the British Empire. Common aims, common safety, common interests, and common ideas—these are the foundations of this confraternity. It is not the bugle-call of imperial command that has brought troops from every quarter of the globe to participate with Great Britain in the present struggle, but the common conviction that democracy is in danger and that free nations must stand together. An English historian, in the midst of the war, writes:

This is a testing time for Democracy. The people of Great Britain and the Dominions, to whom all the world looks as trustees, together with France and America, of the great democratic tradition, are brought face to face, for the first time, with their full responsibility as British citizens. Upon the way in which that responsibility is realized and discharged depends the future of the democratic principle, not only in these islands, but throughout the world.

And* this is the conviction of the British Dominions themselves. To the astonishment of the world, not one has failed to respond. In an address at Montreal, Sir Clifford Sifton said:

Bound by no constitution, bound by no law, equity, or obligation, Canada has decided as a *nation* to make war. We have levied an army; we have sent the greatest

army to England that has ever crossed the Atlantic, to take part in the battles of England. We have placed ourselves in opposition to great World Powers. We are now training and equipping an army greater than the combined forces of Wellington and Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo.

Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and even India have responded voluntarily in a similar manner; but they did so, not as imperial possessions, but as virtually independent nations, sure of themselves, confident of their future, and inspired by the vision of a union in which for all coming time they are to be free and independent participants. From the uttermost parts of the earth they have gathered "to honor their uncovenanted bond, obedient to one uncalculating purpose; and the fields of their final achievement, where they lie in a fellowship too close and a peace too deep to be broken, are the image and the epitome of the cause for which they fell."

But in all this fine consciousness of British unity there is not the slightest touch of really imperial influence. The Canadian and the Australian do not wish to be rated as Englishmen, and would sometimes even resent it. Common traditions there are; but they are not merely traditions of race, of language, or of religion. They are primarily traditions of liberty. It is not the state that holds them together; it is the conviction that all that makes the state worth saving is the protection it affords to freedom, the value it gives to the individual life.

But such an inspiration can never end in a stolid and pertinacious tribalism. It feels a larger kinship and seeks a wider partnership. It gives unity to the nation, but it reaches out for international friendships and affinities. It seeks to establish the greater commonwealth of nations. It aspires to a place in a system. And the same Canadian who said that Canada was ready to take part in the battles of England said at the same time, "I say to you that Canada must stand now as a nation. . . . The nations will say, if you can

levy armies to make war, you can attend to your own business, and we will not be referred to the head of the Empire; we want you to answer our questions directly."

By the force of its own free development, democracy must become international. In no other way can it realize its own security. In no other way can it attain to its own ideals. "It is necessary," says a Canadian writer, "to declare with utmost haste . . . that motives of national aggrandizement and national enmity must be subordinated to the desire for the larger benefits growing out of peace and international good-will." And never will the autonomous colonies enter a war in the name of the empire in which they do not have a voice. Said the high commissioner of the Australian Commonwealth, Mr. Andrew Fisher, on his arrival in London:

If I had stayed in Scotland, I should have been able to heckle my member on questions of imperial policy, and to vote for or against him on that ground. I went to Australia, and I have been prime minister. But all the time I have had no say whatever about imperial policy—no say whatever. Now that can't go on. There must be some change.

In April, 1916, at the conference of the Entente Allies held at Paris, the sense of a commonwealth took a wider range, and this meeting, it has been held, assumed the form of "a legislative parliament of France, Russia, England, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Japan, and the self-governing British Dominions." The subject of interest was financial solidarity during the present war, and even after it. Some of the exclusiveness that marked that conference may vanish, and will certainly be diminished after the war is over; and it may well be that, "if the agreements growing out of this event stand the test of time, they will dispose effectively of the contention that dissimilar nations cannot act in harmony for their mutual advantage in matters international."

Three of these nations, Britain, France,

and Russia, are henceforth to be bound together as at the beginning of the war it was never imagined they could ever be by a new sense of the value and the meaning of democracy. They will be in relations that will enable them to dispense to a large degree with military action except for their common defense. With the support of other nations for common purposes, there should be no room in the world for economic imperialism in its existing form. Deplorable, indeed, would be a further and more powerfully organized example of it, which would be, in effect, an indefinite prolongation of international strife. But such a purpose is not in the interest of these powers; and, when this comes to be duly considered in the treaties of peace, it may happily be averted.

The main problem of pacification will be a method of insuring the future against new military adventures, and of providing that armed force shall henceforth, in some manner, be placed under the restraint of law. How far purely economic measures may be devised to produce this result is uncertain. But the united aim of all civilized peoples should be to see to it that there should be possible in the future no recurrence of the international conditions that existed on August 1, 1914.

It is useful for us to recall what those conditions were. Dismissing from our minds for the moment all questions regarding the underlying causes of the war, and without attempting to pass judgment upon any of the issues involved in it, let us fix our attention upon the military situation as it existed on that fateful day when the whole mechanism of European security suddenly broke down.

We may pass over the ultimatum to Serbia, Austria's invasion of Serbian territory, and Russia's resolve to protect the small Slav state or procure a hearing for its case as a question of European interest by which armed conflict might, perhaps, have been avoided. On August 1 the German emperor had in his hands the following documents:

1. A telegram from the czar, dated July

30, reading: "The military measures which have now come into force were decided five days ago for reasons of defense and on account of Austria's preparations. I hope from all my heart that these won't in any way interfere with your part as mediator, which I greatly value."

2. A telegraphic instruction by Sir Edward Grey, dated July 30, directing Sir Edward Goschen, the British ambassador at Berlin, to say to the imperial German chancellor "most earnestly," that "the one way of maintaining the good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe; if we succeed in this object, the mutual relations of Germany and England will, I believe, be *ipso facto* improved and strengthened. . . . And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves."

3. A telegram, dated July 31, from the Russian minister of foreign affairs, reading as follows: "If Austria will agree to check the advance of her troops on Serbian territory; if, recognizing that the dispute between Austria and Serbia has become a question of European interest, she will allow the Great Powers to look into the matter and decide what satisfaction Serbia could afford to the Austro-Hungarian Government without impairing her rights as a sovereign State or her independence, Russia will undertake to maintain her waiting attitude."

4. A telegram of July 31 from Sir Edward Grey, reading: "If Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not

accept it, His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences."

5. A telegram from the minister of foreign affairs of Austria-Hungary to all Austro-Hungarian embassies and legations, dated July 31, to be communicated to all governments, reading: "Negotiations dealing with the situation are proceeding between the cabinets at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and we still hope that they may lead to a general understanding."

In these circumstances, on August 1, the German emperor, having received no reply to his demand that Russian mobilization against Austria should cease within twelve hours, declared war on Russia, thus automatically involving France, Russia's ally, although knowing that France did not desire war. The sole reason given for this action was that Russia had not at that time ceased the mobilization of her army, there being no direct quarrel between Russia and Germany. How unjust the ultimatum sent on the previous day to Russia was, is shown by the telegram of the German emperor to King George, on August 1, the day he declared war on Russia, when under the erroneous impression that Great Britain had proposed to guarantee the neutrality of France, which reads:

I have just received the communication of your Government offering French neutrality under the guarantee of Great Britain. To this offer there was added the question whether, under these conditions, Germany would refrain from attacking France. For technical reasons the mobilization which I have already ordered this afternoon on two fronts—east and west—must proceed according to the arrangements made. A counter order cannot now be given, as your telegram unfortunately came too late, but if France offers me her neutrality, which must be guaranteed by the English army and navy, I will naturally give up the idea of an attack on France and employ my troops elsewhere. I hope that France will not be nervous. The troops on my frontier are at this moment being kept

back by telegraph and by telephone from crossing the French frontier. WILLIAM.

No one of these nations, it is alleged, desired a general war, but it came as a matter of military necessity! "I hope France will not be nervous. The troops on my frontier are *at this moment* being held back by telegraph and telephone from crossing the French frontier." And, according to Berlin, mobilization had not even been ordered until five o'clock of that same day!

What a white light is poured by this last telegram upon the mechanism of destruction that had been so laboriously prepared! Only one man in Europe who could stop the war, and he caught in the fatal toils of his own machinery! For technical reasons—telegram too late, German troops held back on the French frontier by telegraph and telephone, "I hope France will not be nervous." But why this solicitude for the nerves of France? Was Germany nervous?

I am making here no accusation. What I wish to emphasize is that the machinery for preserving peace had not been sufficiently organized, while the machinery of war had become so efficient as to be virtually uncontrollable. No one, we are assured, wanted war. All wanted peace. Serbia wanted justice. So also, it is said, did Austria. But Europe had not provided for justice to a small state.

THE time has come when Europe should reassert its moral unity and make an end of tribalism. All the machinery for international coöperation already exists, and needs only to be adjusted to the purposes of peace. The railways and the steamships that have facilitated the mobilization of troops and munitions of war, the telegraphic lines which have transmitted the orders setting great armies in motion, the vast factories that have been forging instruments of destruction, are already there, waiting to convey the merchandise, communicate the messages, and produce the commodities of peace. The one thing lacking is the organization of international

justice. Let it once be agreed that each people shall be secure in its freedom and independence, and that nations may be as sure of justice as are individual men in a well-organized state, and the transformation would be already accomplished.

Depending, as it does, upon good faith, this regeneration is essentially an inner process in the minds and souls of men. It cannot be imposed from without. It cannot be forced upon one nation by another. It cannot be effected by fighting. It will never come as the spontaneous act of governments. It must come from the overwhelming determination of the people of many nations to have it so.

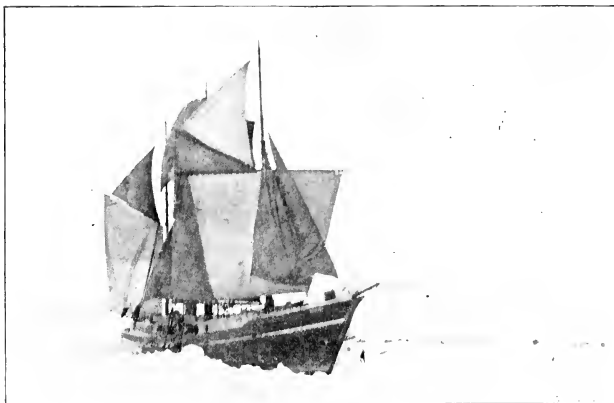
The real testing time of democracy will be the moment of victory; for victory there must be, and yet a victory that is not a conquest. If the claims of democracy in this war are to be accepted, it is intended to be a defense of the conquered against the conqueror, a protest against the ordeal of battle as the decisive factor in determining the fate of nations. To invert the rôles would be to abandon the cause. If there is to be a commonwealth of nations, the Central powers should not be excluded from it except by their own will. The first article in a treaty of peace should be a statement of the principles

for which we are now fighting in this war and the establishment of a commonwealth based upon them. Respect for treaties, the rights of the small states, the rule of law, the abandonment of conquests, the right of a people to choose its affiliations, the ultimate extinction of militarism as a system, the submission of justiciable differences to a competent tribunal, the responsibility of states to the society of states—these are the essential terms of a durable treaty of peace. If this can be attained, there will indeed be a new Europe.

Should a nation wait to be vanquished before accepting such a peace? Is it not the only peace in which any nation can place its trust? Against any other the vanquished would be in perpetual revolt. But in such a peace all men would at the same time have the support of their own sense of justice and secure the realization of their own highest ideals. It would be to all the peoples of Europe like a proclamation of emancipation. With it would come the joy of liberty, the sense of security, the flood-tide of human fellowship. For such a peace the mighty host of the dead on land and sea might well rejoice, if they could know, that they had bought it with their lives.

(The foregoing paper is the author's fourth article in the series on the reconstruction of Europe.)





DRYING SAILS ON THE *ROOSEVELT* AT CAPE SHERIDAN

Ice Navigation

By ROBERT E. PEARY

The first of three papers, in which the admiral reveals entertainingly the technic of polar exploration

ON July 6,¹ 1908, a black, rakish-looking steamer moved slowly up the East River, New York, beside a puffing tug. Seen broadside on, this craft was as trim and rakish as a yacht; seen end on, the impression given was of the breadth of beam and solidity of a battle-ship.

A sailor, glimpsing any feature of this vessel,—the slender, raking pole-masts; the big, elliptical smoke-stack; the sharply inclined stem; the overhanging stern; the sheer of the bows; the barrel at the mast-head,—would have noted its peculiarity, and looked the vessel over with great interest; and yet she did not look a "freak"

¹ The sixth of the month is a date of rather special interest to the writer. To begin with, it is his birthday. Then it is the day on which the *Roosevelt* steamed north on the successful quest for the pole; the day on which the pole was reached, and the day on which the wireless message of success was flashed over the world from the bleak Labrador station. Later it was the day on which the writer was made *grand officer* of the Legion of Honor by the President of France, the day on which he began his efforts for air preparedness for this country, and the day (ninth anniversary of discovery of the pole) on which this country, by the President's signature, formally entered the greatest of all wars.

ship. As she passed along, whistles on each shore vied with one another in clamorous salutations, and passing craft, from the little power-boat to the big sound steamer, dipped flags and shrieked a greeting.

With glasses one could make out on a pennant fluttering from the masthead *Roosevelt*. The Stars and Stripes at the stern were fluttering up and down incessantly, and the white jets of steam from her whistle were continuous in answer to the salutes.

This was the arctic ice-fighter *Roosevelt*, as sturdy and aggressive as her namesake, built on American plans, by American labor, of American material, and then on her way to secure the north pole as an American trophy.

At Oyster Bay the ship was inspected and given God-speed by President Roosevelt, then steamed out through Long Island Sound, to Sydney, Cape Breton, for her cargo of coal, then through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the Labrador coast,

through Davis Strait, across Melville Bay, and between the arctic Pillars of Hercules, Cape Alexander and Cape Isabella, to the battle-ground and the fight for which she was built—the conquest of the contracted channels filled with massive, moving ice which form the American gateway to the polar ocean.

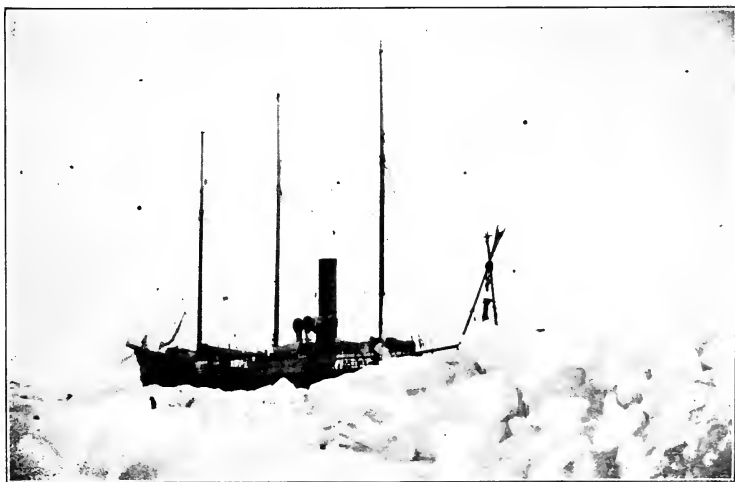
The design of the *Roosevelt* had been based upon twenty years of actual experience afloat and ashore in the very region where she was to be used. I had reversed all previous practice in regard to polar ships, and had made this one a powerful steamer with auxiliary sail power instead of a sailing-ship with auxiliary steam-power. I had seen her keel fashioned and laid, I had seen her ribs grow in place, I had seen them clothed with planks, the steel-clad stem and stern shape themselves, had seen every timber put into place and every bolt driven. I felt that I had beneath my feet a magnificent tool and fighting machine that would put me within striking distance of the pole.

Many qualities are necessary in a first-class polar-ice fighter. First, she must be of such generally rounded model as to rise readily when squeezed, and thus escape the death-crush of the ice. Then there

must be no projection of keel or other part to hold the ship or give the ice an opportunity to get a grip. In the case of the *Jeannette*, caught between two ice-fields, the ice on one side held her firmly, while the other, turning down and under her, caught her keel, and with resistless pressure forced it out of place, opening her from end to end along the garboard-strake.

The polar ship must be most heavily braced and trussed to enable her to keep her shape under pressures that will lift her bodily, or when hove out on the ice as if she were ashore on the rocks. She should be sheathed along the water-line with the slippery, metallic-like greenheart to reduce friction. For ramming, she must have a sharply raking stem, which will rise on the ice at each blow. This not only makes it possible for a loaded ship to deliver blows at full speed without danger of damaging her, but also gives her an initial impetus astern when she backs for another blow.

When it is understood that this ramming may continue for hours (I have used my ship in this way continuously for twenty-four hours in crossing Melville Bay), striking a blow, backing, then going ahead full speed for another, the value of this



SHEAR-POLES FOR HANDLING THE *ROOSEVELT*'S INJURED RUDDER

little assistance with each blow will be appreciated. The shape of the bow is also important in ramming. If too bluff, headway is deadened, and the force of the blows is lessened. If too sharp, the ship may stick at each blow, and require more time and power to back out each time. The run of the polar ship should be full rather than fine, to keep the passing ice away from the propeller as much as possible.

The ship must be as short as practicable, and have a lively helm to enable her to twist and turn rapidly and sharply through the narrow, tortuous lanes of water among the ice-fields.

In regard to engine power, my ideas have been radically different from those of other navigators. I have believed in all the power it was possible to get into the ship.

I know of few more comfortable feelings for the commander of a ship beset in the ice than the knowledge that he has beneath his feet the power that with the least slackening of the ice pressure will enable him to force his ship ahead on her course.

Two specially distinctive features of the machinery of the *Roosevelt* were a large "by-pass," by means of which, by

turning a valve, steam from all the boilers at full pressure could be turned into the big fifty-two-low-pressure cylinder, more than doubling the power for a short time; that is, for as long as the boilers could meet this excessive demand. The object of this was to give me a reserve of power with which to extricate the *Roosevelt* from a particularly dangerous position. On at least two occasions this device accomplished all that was expected of it, and, by resistless forging the ship ahead a length or two against all odds, removed her from the line of deadly pressure, and so saved her.

The other was an enormously heavy and strong propeller and shaft. The shaft was a twelve-inch-diameter steel forging, a shaft of the size that would ordinarily be put into a 2000-ton tramp steamer. The propeller was correspondingly heavy. The object of this was to prevent the complete crippling of the ship by breaking of shaft or propeller.

This idea entailed unusual weight and expense, but it served its purpose and was never regretted.

When in July, 1906, the *Roosevelt* was smashed against the unyielding ice-foot at Cape Union, tossed about like an egg-shell, and treated generally as if she were of no

account, a particularly vicious corner of an old floe struck her astern, broke one propeller-blade square off, tore off the ponderous white-oak skeg, or after stern-post, and, catching under propeller and projecting end of shaft, lifted the whole after part of the ship, as a man would lift a wheelbarrow, until her heel was out of water, and held her in this



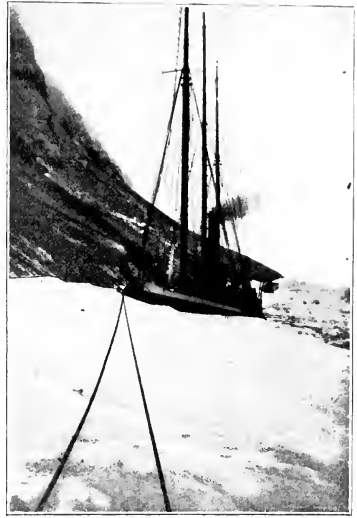
FLOE IN LADY FRANKLIN BAY THAT LIFTED THE *ROOSEVELT*
NEARLY CLEAR OF WATER

way for several hours until the tide changed. Had propeller and shaft been of usual proportions, neither would ever have made another revolution. As it was, my 12-inch shaft was not even thrown out of line, and barring the broken propeller-blade, the machinery suffered no damage.¹

Virtually all the boats used in the history of ice navigation have been those sailing-vessels built in Scotland, Norway, and the United States for the whaling and sealing industries. These whalers are all short and blocky, heavily sparred, and square-rigged. Steam was first used in 1829, when the *Victory*, used by John Ross, was fitted out with auxiliary steam-power for this work. This use of steam, with paddle-wheels, than which nothing could have been more impracticable for ice navigation, proved a decided failure, and the engine was finally torn out and thrown overboard, and the voyage continued under sail.

Later Norwegian and American whalers are still built on the model of the old-time sailing-vessels. The Scotch, however, thanks to the shrewdness of their seamen and builders and over one hundred years of experience in the whaling work, have gradually evolved a more powerful and efficient type of ship, and this type has been used exclusively by the British even in their latest expeditions.

With the advent of the *Fram*, the *Gauss*, and the *Roosevelt*, a new departure was made in the construction of ice-ships. The *Fram* was the first ship to be built for drifting purposes. Her beam was about one third her length, and her hull was so designed as to allow her to rise readily under ice pressure. She was very well adapted to meet this requirement; but appearance, speed, ability to push through the ice, and virtually everything that goes



THE ROOSEVELT LASHED TO A BERG

to make a ship seaworthy was sacrificed to this one great advantage.

The *Gauss*, the German Antarctic ship, is much like the *Fram*, though less pronounced in type, having a broad beam of thirty-six feet, but with a greater length to make her more seaworthy for the long voyage to the antarctic regions. Her excessive draft of nineteen feet, however, is a disadvantage in polar navigation, where every increase in beam means a corresponding increase in the power required to work a way through loose ice; and extreme draft makes it more difficult, if not impossible, to go closer to the shore to get around barriers or to avoid heavy advancing ice.

The British *Discovery*, built for antarctic exploration, was also of the sailing type with merely auxiliary steam-power. She was built with a little broader beam and a draft slightly less than that of the Scotch whalers. She differed from the *Fram* and the *Gauss* in that she was not specially constructed to rise under pressure, and the rake of her stern was somewhat greater than in previous ships.

With the building of the *Roosevelt* came a complete reversal of former practice in

¹ At the time of writing this (June, 1917) the *Roosevelt* is lying in the harbor of Seattle, Washington, having arrived there from Norfolk via the Panama Canal. She is now awaiting the enlistment of a crew to proceed to Alaska as patrol-ship along that coast for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, to which she now belongs. I was on board the *Roosevelt* for an hour late in May, and as I stood again on the bridge, the succession of scenes that passed before me was as rapid as the changing pictures of a movie.

ships for the arctic and antarctic regions. She was the first arctic ship ever built that was first of all a powerful steamer. All her predecessors had been sailing-vessels with steam as a secondary consideration. In the *Roosevelt* sail power was a mere auxiliary, and everything was given over to making steam-power first and foremost, with strength sufficient to withstand the ice.

She combines the qualities of shape which, as in the *Gauss* and the *Fram*, insure her lifting under heavy ice pressures, with the raking stem and irresistible ramming qualities of the largest Scotch whalers, which allow the vessel to be driven into the ice with all the force of her powerful engines—all that my own personal experience of years and the skill of naval architects could suggest. Thoughtful planning and earnest endeavor made the *Roosevelt* the clean, typical American schooner model she is, without sacrificing shapeliness to strength. Undoubtedly she is the ablest ship ever built for arctic work.

So much depends on the ship in serious work of navigation that it may be well to describe briefly the one which has proved herself the most powerful and successful of ice-fighters.

She may be described as a three-masted schooner-rigged steamship. Her principal dimensions are: length on load water-line, 161 feet; length over all, 184 feet; beam, over all, 35 feet 5 inches; mean draft, 16 feet 2 inches; full load displacement, about 1500 tons. These measurements were determined in advance to be the approximate size and proportion required to balance and meet the various demands. The difference between her displacement and her own dead weight were to go for cargo capacity.

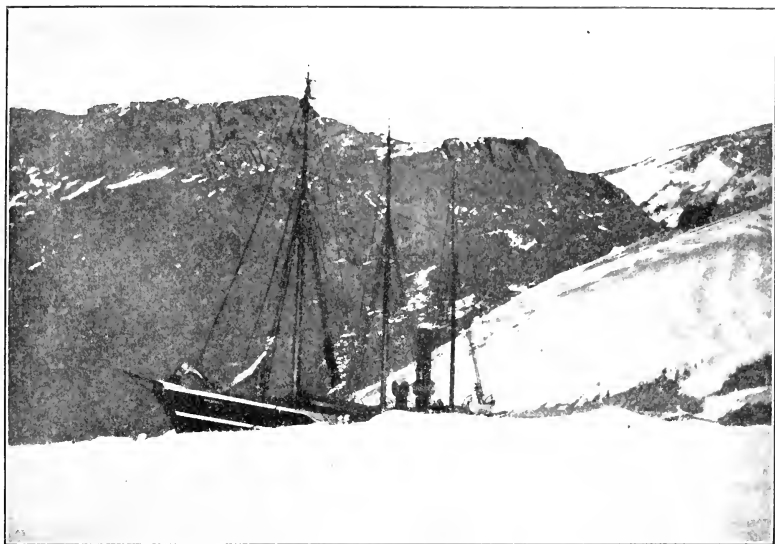
She was built on a model similar to modern steam whalers, but rather sharper, the principal features being her long, tapering bow and a pronounced raking stem and sloping bilges. With this peculiar bowl-like form she could easily and readily rise under ice pressure. To withstand very heavy pressure acting normally

to the sides, bilges, and bottom, the vessel has triple side frames of solid white oak, her sides being from twenty-four to thirty inches thick. In addition to this, she is strutted and trussed from stem to stern with massive timbers; the bow is backed by twelve feet of solid hardwood, thus insuring all possible strength where most required.

Four layers of planking and a sheathing of tarred canvas rendered the ship watertight and stiff as well as warm in cold weather. The motive power consisted of a single, inverted, compound engine, driving an eleven-foot, four-blade propeller. Two water-tube boilers and one Scotch boiler supplied steam. The engines were equipped with a simple device called a bypass, for turning live steam into the fifty-two-inch low-pressure cylinder. With this arrangement the power of the engines could be more than doubled for a limited time in order to force the ship out of a tight place, and it has more than once saved the *Roosevelt* from being crushed. To protect her from the grinding of the passing ice and to enable her to slip more easily from the grip of the ice-pack, the bow, the stern, and the water-line were armored with greenheart. The bow was protected with a one-inch steel plating extending from the keel to three feet above the water-line, and running aft ten feet. The hatch coamings were of stout white oak, and made almost as high as the top of the bulwarks, to add to the effective free-board of the ship.

Many are under the impression that steel should be used in constructing arctic ships. This idea is erroneous, for though a ship so made would be strong in structure, she would be particularly vulnerable to the ragged sharp corners of heavy ice. Wood, with its elasticity and toughness, is the prime essential in the construction of a ship of this kind.

Another device which added to the effectiveness of the *Roosevelt* is the arrangement for raising and lowering the rudder. A large open well was provided, reaching through the main-deck. This was large enough to permit the mas-



THE *ROOSEVELT* BESET IN WRANGEL BAY

sive rudder to be drawn up and hoisted to the deck. Instead of having to send a diver down to unfasten the gudgeons, these worked in an upright groove arranged in the after end of the stern-post. Heavy bolts attached the pintles to the rudder-post, and in hoisting the rudder, the gudgeons came up with the rudder itself, leaving the raking, steel-clad stern-post as smooth and clean as the stem, with nothing for the ice to get a grip upon.

The problem of protecting the propeller-blades and keeping ice away from them was solved by the full counter of the *Roosevelt*. The blades of the propeller, though short, were large in sectional area, and particularly strong and massive. Their extremities were so shaped as to make it difficult for a cake of ice to get between them, and the blades were so arranged that either two or four of them could be used.

GIVEN a suitable ship, the next necessity is a man to handle her, and an ice navigator is born, not made. He must possess nerve, judgment, quick decision, good

vision, and an almost uncanny prevision as to what the ice is going to do next. In order to disabuse the reader, let me say at once that I have absolutely no reference to myself.

While I perhaps might not feel inclined to take off my hat to any one as regards the ice navigation of the various channels which form the so-called American route from Cape York to the polar ocean, with Cape Sheridan or Joseph Henry on one side and Cape Brevoort or Bryant on the other, that is a specific problem for which long experience has specially fitted me, and I should make no claim to being an ice navigator in the general sense of the word and in other seas.

Bartlett is the type I have in mind, accustomed to the ice and to ships from his early teens, with wide experience in different portions of the globe, great endurance, abundant nerve, good judgment, and with the intensive training and experience of three voyages with me in what is probably the worst ice navigation of the north polar regions.

Innumerable conversations during a

number of years with all kinds of intelligent, well-read people have shown me conclusively that outside of the scientist, the geographer, and those who have made a study of polar exploration, the average person has no idea whatever of the real character of polar ice.

Perhaps the most general impression—I shall not call it idea, because it is not definite enough for that—is that the ice of the polar ocean is a smooth, even, permanent surface, and that the terrible cold of that region was the principal reason why it was not traversed long ago. Others think that this ice is snow-covered, and still others are far enough advanced to think of it as rough, hummocky, or even ragged, but yet as fixed as land itself.

Ideas as to the thickness of the ice are equally wrong, varying from a few feet to a conception of the entire polar ocean as solid. Most people take it for granted that the ice has been formed by the freezing of the ocean water.

The character of ice varies in different portions of the polar regions. North of Spitzbergen and Franz-Josef-Land and the long stretches of the Siberian coasts, there may be even in midwinter miles of ice of a few inches or a foot or two in thickness. This, however, the navigator of a ship rarely sees, as it has either been broken up by the wind or melted by the sun before the season of navigation begins.

In Melville Bay and the channels of the North American archipelago, like Lancaster and Jones sounds and their western extensions, ice forms early in the autumn and continues to increase in thickness through the winter until it reaches a thickness of six or eight feet or, in the fresher waters near the coast of North America, nine feet in thickness.

Some of this ice, with the advent of summer, slowly melts in places and disappears. Most of it, however, gradually decreases in thickness as spring progresses, becomes perforated with holes where the warmer and fresher water from the melting snow on its surface bores through, and then moves off in great fields.

Ice of this character, encountered in

July or August, presents about the simplest form of ice-work. Two or three well-directed blows at full speed by a ship like the *Roosevelt* will often start a crack across a field a mile or more wide through which the ship can slowly crowd her way. Or continuous ramming will result in progress, from half to a full ship's length being gained at a blow.

Ice of this character presents no menace at any time to a ship like the *Roosevelt*, as it cannot crush her, and is simply irritating because of the slow progress it causes and the persistent way in which it drags along the ship's side. At times like this the monotony is often relieved by the cry of "Nannook!" (bear) from the masthead, and the resulting scurry over the ice in pursuit of the animal.

North of Greenland and Grant Land, from their northern shores to the pole, the character of the ice of the polar ocean is entirely different.

In my final journey to the pole less than one tenth of the ice traversed was ice formed by the freezing of the ocean surface, and more than nine tenths was fresh-water ice, great fields, some of them of astonishing thickness, broken off from the low, undulating glaciers of northern Grant Land and Greenland, and the "glacial fringe" which skirts all those Northern coasts.

The thickness of ice varied from half an inch to an inch on cracks and narrow lanes a few yards wide that had just frozen over, to floes drawing one hundred and twenty feet of water, and with hummocks thirty feet above water-level.

During the winter this mass of ice is for the most part quiet, except that at the spring-tides of every month cracks and narrow lanes form, and then freeze rapidly again. Violent wind-storms will cause some disturbance in the ice, the pressure against the hummocks and ragged pinnacles of the large fields causing them to crush any thin ice before them and throw it up in ridges, thus leaving lanes or pools of open water behind, and causing a slow grinding, twisting motion of the pack, which, however, stops, and the open

water freezes over, with the cessation of the wind.

In June, July, August, September, October, and November the mass of ice becomes separated into its various parts, and while no water may be visible, the fields and cakes of ice are simply in contact, not frozen together. Then the spring-tides cause much greater motion, and a violent storm will set the whole mass driving before it, with the big floes wheeling and smashing everything in their course until the storm ceases or the movement is stopped by contact with land. Wide lanes and large areas of open water form, and do not freeze over, and the whole ocean is similar to a river in which the ice breaking up in the spring is moving.

This is the time when the ice pours into all the southward-leading channels; that is, between Franz-Josef-Land and Spitzbergen, between Spitzbergen and Iceland, between Iceland and Greenland, and down the American gateway between Greenland and Grant Land.

In none of these places is ice navigation

southwesterly wind and ebb-tide pushes a fan of open water or loosely drifting ice-cakes out from the northern entrance to this channel between Cape Sheridan and Cape Brevoort, the ice is constantly moving rapidly southward through this outlet. When strong northerly winds combine with spring-flood-tides, it rushes through with a violence that is startling.

Entering the widely flaring funnel between Cape Joseph Henry and Cape Stanton, then the narrower one between Cape Sheridan and Repulse Harbor, the ice is compressed between the iron cliffs of Cape Beechey and Polaris Promontory (less than eleven miles), while the swift current of this deep gorge does not permit it to stop, and, despite a slight overflow into Newman Bay, it is sometimes forced a hundred feet up the cliffs by the resistless momentum and pressure from behind. In mid-channel the pressure forces the ice to rafter, or ride, one field over the other, or the edges of the floes crumble as they come together, and pile up the huge ice blocks in long ridges fifty or seventy-five feet high. Many of the ice-cakes are forced far under water. One who has seen a big drive of logs which filled a rapid river pile up and plunge under and ride over when some narrow rock gorge is reached can get a crude idea.

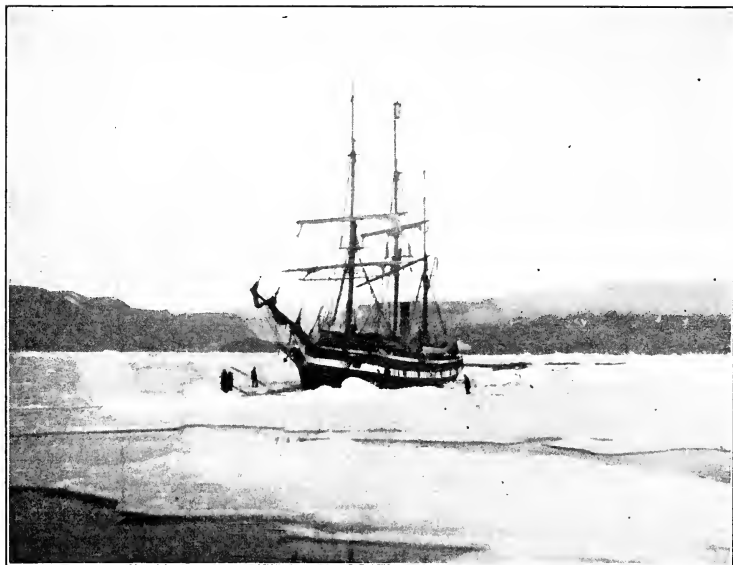
Once through this gorge, Lady Franklin Bay and Peterman Fiord give the ice a chance to expand, and a ship may find here in Hall Basin some open water. Then the walls narrow again between Cape Defosse and Cape Bryant, and farther south the passage is obstructed by Franklin Island and Cape Constitution, till the main channel is less than ten miles wide, before opening out into the wide expanse of Kane Basin, only to be constricted again between Cape Sabine and Cairn Point to a width of twenty-two miles.

When working north in these channels, the only sure way much of the time is to hug the shore, taking advantage of every sheltering point and shallow bit of water, crowding on all steam and forcing ahead a few miles on the ebb-tide, then making fast with all the lines and holding on des-



IN THE CROW'S-NEST

a more serious proposition than in the last. With the exception of brief and infrequent periods when the combination of a fresh



ICE NAVIGATION BEFORE THE ADVENT OF POWERFUL STEAMERS

perately during the flood-tide, with the ice spinning past only a few feet from the ship's side. Occasionally courage and judgment give a fifty or hundred mile run in mid-channel, but at its end a firm shore-hold is necessary to prevent being set back by the ever-southward set of the ice and losing all the hard-earned miles.

A kind of ice navigation that may be encountered by polar ships returning from a voyage late in the season is the tough, leathery, newly forming young ice. A fortunate experience and apprenticeship in the whaler *Eagle*, in a very late and unusual voyage in 1886, gave me some knowledge of this, which proved invaluable in later years, and on the expedition of 1905-06 kept me from being held in the Arctic a year longer with the crippled *Roosevelt*. For nearly twenty-four hours on the *Eagle* voyage, her crew, rushing back and forth across her deck, timed by Captain Jackman or me, rolled her from side to side, while her engines, going at full speed, slowly drove her out of the clutch of the young ice in Cumberland Sound. A day

later, and we probably would not have escaped.

In 1906, when at last, late in September, the battered *Roosevelt* forced her way out of the heavy ice some miles north of Cairn Point, young ice several inches thick extended all the way to Littleton Island. This ice was just a little too thick for the *Roosevelt* to steam through, and we rolled her, as we had rolled the *Eagle* years before, and she walked steadily through it. A little later an easterly breeze sprang up, and, with all sails set, these heeled the *Roosevelt* to just the right angle to have her lee bow turn the ice under her in a steady stream, and she walked along to open water without a hitch.

At this season of the year a returning ship should never stop in a deep bay, should, if possible, not get caught over night in loose ice, and should always have full steam up.

The key to all polar work is ice navigation. It has made possible the attainment of the north and south poles and the solution of many other mysteries of the

surrounding regions which have baffled scientists for hundreds of years. It is ice navigation which puts an expedition where it can do its work, puts it within striking distance of its objective, and without this key the knowledge which the world now has of polar conditions and geography would be comparatively little.

The history of ice navigation dates back to the latter part of the fifteenth century, when for the first time the arctic circle was penetrated by Sebastian Cabot. What ice navigation was in the earliest days it is almost impossible to imagine, though some of the old chronicles give here and there a glimpse of it, and the narrative of Barents's voyage helps us to form an idea. It is no wonder that in the little craft of those days the terrors of the ice to first adventurers loomed as terrible as the horrors of our childhood ghost-stories.

With the growth of the whale fisheries in Baffin and Hudson bays, the navigation of the ice by the Scottish and American sailors in the first whalers, square-rigged sailing-ships, became a science, and the way in which those ships were worked through tortuous leads under sail was almost unhuman, if some of the stories are believed. With a strong breeze, these ships could even at times do a bit of ramming, backing their sails to give them sternway, and then squaring them forward to go ahead. But when there was no wind, then they were often laboriously "tracked" by their crews walking along the ice; that is, towed along like canal-boats with a tow-rope. At other times a small anchor would be carried out ahead as far as the longest hawser on board, made fast in a hole cut in the ice, and the ship slowly warped up to it by working the windlass.

When the ice was in small pieces, the crew would get out with long poles and push piece after piece behind the vessel, enabling her to move slowly ahead. Often, however, hours and even days of laborious work would be set at naught by a shift of the wind or a movement of the ice setting the ship back for miles.

This use of poles to push the ice aside was the custom even up to very recent

times. I recall distinctly how the *Windward*, in August, 1898, coming out of Etah Harbor, was obliged to force her way through a stream of ice two or three miles in width. The engine power of the *Windward* was distinctly weak, and we were obliged to resort to this method to get the ice out of her way, so that she might strike feeble blows at the firmer cakes.

I also remember distinctly the feelings with which I watched the *Hope*, a more powerful ship, less than a mile north of us, moving steadily along through ice of the same character, finally emerging into the open water on the outside of the stream, and disappearing from sight to the south before the *Windward* was completely through.

The introduction of steam revolutionized arctic navigation, as it did all other kinds, though the first attempt to utilize it in the *Victory* was a rank failure. To whalers fitted with engines as well as sails, voyages, which before were a gamble, now became a regular certainty, and fishing-grounds were sought that before were absolutely impossible.

Without steam the conquest of the south polar regions would have been impossible despite Weddell's surprising voyage in the early thirties. Without steam the Northwest Passage and the Northeast Passage might still be unnegotiated, and without steam the north pole would still be undiscovered.

As late as the fifties and sixties the ships of Kane and Hayes were propelled by sails alone. Hall in the seventies was the first American to have a steam vessel.

With the construction of the powerful *Roosevelt*, built not only for avoiding ice pressure, but for forcing her way through it and, when necessary, smashing it with powerful blows, ice navigation became a gladiatorial contest, a royal sport, with the *Roosevelt's* steel-clad bow as cestus and her fifteen hundred tons of displacement to drive it home.

There is probably no place where ice navigation is so hazardous as in the Smith Sound, or American route, to the pole,

where the heaviest of ice, swift currents, narrow channels, and iron shores make the pressures sudden, erratic, almost continuous, and of great intensity. The negotiation of the three hundred and fifty miles of virtually solid ice of all conceivable shapes and sizes that lie between Etah and Cape Sheridan presents problems and difficulties which will test the experience and nerve of the ablest navigator and the powers of the strongest vessel that man can build. The value of detailed experience in such strenuous work cannot be too strongly accentuated. In my earlier expeditions I have traveled the shores of these channels anywhere from three to eight times, and know every foot of the coast from Payer Harbor in Ellesmere Land to Cape Joseph Henry on the Grant Land shore, and the ice conditions to be encountered. It was my minute familiarity with the tides of these regions, the small bays or indentations which would afford shelter to a ship, as well as the places which grounding icebergs would make impracticable and dangerous, together with the ice experience and determination of Captain Bartlett, that made it possible four times for the *Roosevelt* successfully to navigate these channels, a feat which was long regarded as utterly impossible.

The earliest voyages into arctic waters were made almost solely in the interests of commerce—to discover, if possible, a short route to China and the East Indies. Keen and costly was the rivalry among the various European nations, and many daring and hardy navigators were sent out by Great Britain, Holland, Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and France.

In 1588, John Davis, following the coast of Greenland from Cape Farewell to Sanderson Hope, a distance of eight hundred miles, gained for Great Britain the record of farthest north, $72^{\circ} 12'$.

Hudson in 1607 broke this record by reaching $80^{\circ} 23' N.$ Lat., and on his re-



THE ROOSEVELT STEAMING THROUGH THE ICE-PACK

turn reported the discovery of large numbers of whales and walrus. As a result the arctic circle became the Mecca for the next two centuries for hundreds of whaling-ships and thousands of men from Northern countries.

In 1773, almost one hundred and seventy-five years later, Hudson's record was surpassed by the small margin of twenty-five miles by Phipps, and this new record was not bettered until 1806, when Scoresby, an enterprising British whaler, ventured to deviate from the beaten track of the whalers and reached $81^{\circ} 30' N.$ Lat.

Several attempts were made by Parry to find the Northwest Passage, and although he was unsuccessful in this, the experience gained in ice-work was most valuable and marked a new era in polar exploration. He was the first to suggest the idea of a journey afoot from a land base to the north pole.

After Parry came Ross, and later Franklin; but it was not until 1850-55 that the Northwest Passage was accomplished by McClure on foot. McClure traversed the ice between his ship, the *Investigator*, which had entered the polar ocean via Bering Strait, and was crushed by the ice in Barrow Strait, and Collinson's ship, the *Enterprise*, in Melville Sound, and returned to England via Lancaster Sound and Davis Strait. The actual navigation of the Northwest Pass-

age was effected by Roald Amundsen, who in 1903-06 sailed from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the *Gjoa*.

Subsequently arctic navigators turned their attention to the attainment of the north pole, and in 1853-55 for the first time America took a part in ice navigation. Kane discovered and explored the shores of Kane Basin, and outlined a route to the pole, which is now known as the American route.

Hayes, who had accompanied Kane, undertook a later expedition, but did not materially extend Kane's work.

In 1871, Hall, another American, forced his ship, the *Polaris*, to a new northing of $82^{\circ} 11'$. Four years later Nares in the *Alert* attained $83^{\circ} 20'$ N. Lat. These two ships were the only ones up to this time which had successfully negotiated the channels forming the American gateway to the pole.

All previous records for ice navigation in the Arctic regions of the Western Hemisphere were broken by the *Roosevelt*, which reached Cape Sheridan in 1905, and penetrated two miles beyond it in 1908. One ship only, the *Fram*, has been nearer the pole, but this higher latitude was attained not under stress of her own power, but by drifting in the grip of the ice.

A glance at the history of north polar exploration will show that it is studded with crushed and foundering ships.

Barents, in 1594-95, lost his ship and his life, his crew barely escaping. Following him came Bering, whose vessels were wrecked, causing the loss of his life, and much suffering on the part of his men before they reached safety on the coast of Kamchatka. The *Dorothea* of Franklin's expedition in 1818 was badly crushed in the ice; in the expedition of Parry and Lyon in 1823-24 Lyon's vessel was nearly wrecked on two occasions, and Parry's vessel, the *Fury*, was actually lost; Captain Ross, who started out in the *Victory* in 1829, was obliged to abandon her. Franklin's two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were lost. The *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, *Intrepid*, *Resolute*, *Investigator* were all

lost in the course of the search for the Franklin expedition. The Bremen exploring vessel *Hansa* was wrecked (1860-70), and the crew forced to take to the drift-ice and later to their boats. Hall's ship, the *Polaris*, in 1872 was caught in and drifted with the ice, nearly destroyed in a violent gale off Northumberland Island, and later grounded. In 1874, Payer and Weyprecht, leaders of the Austrian expedition which discovered Franz-Josef-Land, were obliged to abandon their ship, and with their crew, in four small boats, struggled with the ice-pack for three months before they reached the open sea on their way to safety. In 1879 the *Jeannette*, under the command of De Long, was caught in the ice, and two years later was crushed and sunk, a number of the party, including De Long himself, losing their lives.

Some of these disasters have been the result of inexperience, others have been due to the disregard of the first principles of ice navigation, and still others are directly attributable to the utter unfitness of the ship for ice-work. Striking examples of the latter were the *Jeannette* and *Polaris*. These ships, because of their build, should never have gone into the ice. Wall-sided as they were, once caught between opposing fields of ice there was no escape for them, as their shape made it utterly impossible for them to rise and escape the deadly pressure.

The difficulties of ice navigation increase with higher latitude. Any vessel navigating in arctic waters may at any time be crushed so suddenly that nothing below can be saved. At Etah I have always made preparations for such an emergency, and had all the pemmican, tea, coffee, biscuits, sugar, oil, ammunition,—in fact, all the essentials necessary to sustain life and health,—placed on deck close to the rail, where it could easily be thrown off to the ice. In addition to this, the whale-boats, fully equipped for a week or ten-days' voyage, were ready at a moment's notice to be lowered. Each boat, besides the required complement of oars, oar-locks, boat-hooks, a liquid compass, and a bailer,

contained pemmican, conveniently packed in six-pound tins; biscuits, fifty pounds; coffee, ten pounds; compressed tea, five pounds; sugar, ten pounds; condensed milk, ten cans; salt; oil, five gallons; a small oil-stove; one rifle and one hundred cartridges; one shot-gun and fifty shells; one box of matches in a tightly corked bottle; one hatchet; knives; a can-opener; needles, and thread; and medical supplies consisting of quinine, astringent, bandages, cotton, gauze, boracic acid, dusting powder, needles, catgut, and liniment. And every member of the party, including the Eskimos, had a small bundle of extra clothing packed, and stood ready to leave the ship immediately after throwing off the supplies and lowering the boats.

The heavy pack-ice which surges down Smith Sound past Littleton Island usually makes it almost impossible to follow the coast of Greenland northward, and on leaving Etah it is necessary to cross to Cape Sabine, on the Ellesmere Land side.

As a rule, the trip from Etah to Cape Sabine presents no particular difficulty to a ship like the *Roosevelt*, and it may at times be made in continuous open water.

From Cape Sabine the most practical course lies along the west shore, where at ebb-tide a navigable lane of water is often to be found between the shore ice and the moving pack. In 1905, after leaving Cape Sabine and working northward along the west shore past Bache Peninsula and Hayes Point, we were forced to seek shelter in Maury Bay to avoid the heavy ice advancing swiftly before a stiff northerly wind. By keeping a close watch on the ice and availing ourselves of every opportunity to advance, we followed the shore-line up past Scoresby Bay and Richardson Bay. Two attempts to reach Cape Joseph Goode failed, each time the *Roosevelt* being driven back to Cape Wilkes by the ice-pack. Rawlings Bay was packed with ice, and conditions to the northward, on the Grinnell Land side, altogether so unfavorable, that I determined to cross Kennedy Channel and proceed northward on the Greenland side, previous experience in this region having led me to believe that

in most seasons Kennedy and Robeson channels could be more easily traversed on the Greenland side than on the Grinnell Land side.

After a long, hard struggle we reached the loose ice off Cape Calhoun, and headed north for Crozier and Franklin islands. Finding the channel which lies between Franklin Island and Cape Constitution impracticable, we followed the main channel close to Franklin Island.

As far as Joe Island it was fairly easy sailing as Arctic navigation goes. Making the *Roosevelt* fast to the ice-foot here, a trip to the summit of the island showed the Greenland side of Hall Basin as far as Cape Lupton, and possibly up to Cape Sumner, free from ice, while the Grinnell Land coast was filled with heavy ice, making navigation out of the question. Just beyond Cape Lupton, while breaking a way through a small gap in the ice, a quick change in the current, which runs very swiftly in this deep and narrow channel, forced the ice-floes together about the *Roosevelt*, smashing her up against and along the ice-foot. In less time than it takes to describe, it twisted the back of her rudder, snapped her tiller-rods, almost put her steering-gear out of commission permanently, and necessitated a stop of several days at Newman Bay to make repairs.

We had hoped that a lead across Robeson Channel to the neighborhood of Cape Union would make the return to the west side of the channel comparatively easy, but in this we were disappointed.

In 1908 the route of the *Roosevelt* from Cape Etah to Sabine and up the west coast of Kane Basin, past Victoria Head, was virtually the same as in 1905. This year, however, we found Kennedy Channel almost free from ice, and with no fog to delay, the *Roosevelt* steamed her way up the center of it, and broke all previous records by navigating the channel's one hundred miles of length in one day.

Before reaching Robeson Channel we encountered ice and fog, and were once driven over to the east coast at Thank God Harbor in an attempt to find an opening in the pack. With this exception the

Grinnell Land and Grant Land coasts of the channels were found practicable from Cape Sabine to Cape Sheridan.

On the return voyage from Cape Sheridan to Etah in 1908 I determined to try out a new route in these narrow and ice-filled channels. Instead of hugging the shore, the *Roosevelt*, on reaching Cape Union, was deliberately driven out into the pack-ice in order to work her way down the center of Robeson and Kennedy channels. For a ship not specially built for ice-work, such a course would be almost certain to result in disaster, but for one of the *Roosevelt's* type, and in the hands of experienced ice navigators, I consider this by far the preferable return route. It is also the quickest route, the trip from Cape Sheridan to Cape Sabine taking only twenty-three days, or twenty-three days' less time than by the old route in 1906.

The navigation of polar waters demands incessant watchfulness and instant readiness even under apparently the most favorable conditions. During the passage of Kennedy and Robeson channels Bartlett was nearly always in the crow's-nest, and while I had almost unbounded faith in his judgment, I spent much of the time in the rigging below the crow's-nest, watching the ice ahead, and in the worst places often relieving Bartlett of too great a load of responsibility by backing up his judgment with my own views. The periods of night at such times might as well not have been, for it is possible to get only snatches of sleep in the short times when nothing else

remains to be done, and Bartlett and I have spent days and even weeks at a time in these regions without thinking of taking our clothes off to sleep.

The chief engineer, like his assistants, stood his eight- or twelve-hour watch, and was almost always to be found in the engine-room when the *Roosevelt* was passing through dangerous places: for any slip in the machinery at a critical time would have resulted in the loss of the ship.

In all my experiences I recall nothing more exciting than the thrill, the crash, the shock of hurling the *Roosevelt*, a fifteen-hundred-ton battering-ram, at the ice to smash a way through, or the tension of the moments when, caught in the resistless grip of two great ice-fields, I have stood on the bridge and seen the deck amidships slowly bulge upward, and the rigging slacken with the compression of the sides: or have listened to the crackling fusillade of reports, like an infantry engagement, from the hold, and felt the quivering of the whole ship like a mighty bowstring, till she leaped upward free of the death-jaws, and the ice in snarling turmoil met beneath her keel and expended its fury upon itself.

Again I can see Bartlett up in the crow's-nest, at the head of the swaying mast, jumping up and down like a mad man, swearing, shouting to the ship, exhorting it like a coach with his man in the ring.

Ah, the vibrating bigness of it! How fine it would seem to be at it again!



The Man with Eyes in his Back

By ERLE JOHNSTON

"WHAT is to keep them from forming a whispered conspiracy to jump on you all at once? Why could n't they make it up to scatter out, like a covey of flushed partridges? If they did, you could n't stop but two or three of them. The others would get away."

The two men were seated on a high roadbank, in the shade of a green-leaved water-oak. It was so hot, even in the shade, that they were fanning themselves with their wide-brimmed straw hats. Young Rand, who had asked the question, was fascinated by the spectacle in the roadway below them.

Captain Stoning, in charge of the convict road-gang, stroked his drooping blond mustache, arranged his long legs more comfortably, fingered the cylinder of a big, ugly revolver at his side, and lazily smiled.

Sweltering under the rays of a July sun, about fifteen colored convicts were busily at work. Their spades, shovels, picks, and road-scoops were gashing and gutting the earth. The rank odors of sweating horses, mules, and men came up through the breathless, heat-trembling air. There rose the grind of cutting shovels, the thump of driven picks, the rattle of straining traces, and the horrible clank of convict chains.

The men wore as little clothing as the law allowed; Stoning did not make them wear stripes. They were known to him by name, not by number. Nearly all were barefooted and bare-armed, and wore trousers as light as they could get, which were soiled with dirt and wet with perspiration. Only one or two wore shirts. Most of them had on thin undershirts instead, which were open at the throat. As they moved about at their work, the half-dozen who wore chains seemed to strut. Stoning said they liked the distinction the chains gave them as being "bad men."

From a band of thick leather clamped about one ankle the chains ran up through the heavy belt buckled about each man's waist, and down to another band of leather fastened to the other ankle. They effectually prevented running.

Stoning at last answered Rand's question:

"Superstition. They know I dream about 'em."

One convict, whose face was more intelligent-looking than the others, looked up suddenly and chuckled. He was directly below the two white men. Stoning scowled down at him.

"Did you hear what I said, 'Rastus'?" he demanded.

"Yas, sah."

"No, you did n't," the captain stated flatly. "Did you?"

"Naw, sah. Never heard a word, sah."

'Rastus immediately and diligently applied himself to improving the public highway.

On the opposite side of the road, in a ditch he was deepening, a hard-featured, brown-skinned man was busily, silently at work. He was the only man in the ditch, which was deep enough to conceal him from the waist downward. As he worked, the clank of a chain he wore could be heard. He was lifting red earth, a shovelful at a time, up over the edge of the ditch, and tossing it into the road-bed. Now and then he glanced calculatingly at the trunk of a small tree on the bank just above him. It slanted in toward the road, and was almost, but not quite, in reach of his hands.

Stoning had been watching him for an hour. Rand, still wondering over the captain's last statement, asked him:

"What 's to keep that big fellow yonder

from jumping up into the woods when you are not looking and making a clean get-away? You could n't chase him down and stay with the gang, too."

"A dream I had last night," Stoning said in his languid drawl.

Rand was a bit mystified, but disgusted.

"I'm not superstitious. I don't believe in dreams."

"Stick around. You'll see."

"What has a dream got to do with that yellow convict making a get-away?"

"I dreamed he would make a break to-day, and know in advance every move he will make. I'm ready for him. 'Rastus!'"

"Yas, sah."

"Did you tell Buck Sledge I had been dreaming about him?"

"Sho did, jes like you tol' me to."

"What did he say?"

"Say he don't b'lieve in no dreams."

"Get to work!" he ordered loudly.

"What are you standing there looking at me for?" Then as 'Rastus seized his spade-handle and drove the edge into the earth, the captain asked softly, "Did I say anything to you, 'Rastus?"

Still working, without looking up, the convict said hastily:

"Yas, sah!"

"No, I did n't," the captain said, with low-voiced positiveness. "Did I?"

"Naw, sah. Naw, sah," whimpered the perspiring negro. "Did n't say a word, sah."

Stoning looked across at the tall ditch-digger; then he looked up between the leaves at the dazzling, heat-shot sky.

"If I'm any judge o' weather," he observed to Rand, "Buck Sledge'll believe in dreams at exactly twelve o'clock—noon."

"I suppose you don't put any faith at all in your little Gatling-gun," Rand stated, irritated by the heat and at the way Captain Stoning had answered his questions.

Stoning fingered the formidable weapon caressingly.

"She's a handy little watch-dog. Always bites what she barks at when I pull her tail."

Rand shuddered.

"You really don't have to shoot any of them often, do you?"

"Only once."

The inquisitive young man looked again at the slow-speeched, lazy-looking Southerner, and wondered if the man was a brute. He was said to treat the convicts well. They slept comfortably at night in "cages," iron-barred little rooms not unlike box-cars mounted on wagon-wheels. All of them were well fed. Every day at knocking-off time he forced them to wash up in some near-by creek.

Could Stoning have the heart to shoot them down like dogs at any breach of discipline or sign of rebellion? He controlled and worked the entire gang entirely without assistance. How did he do it? What was the secret of his power over them?

The captain indicated a very black man whose forearm had a bandage around the fleshy part.

"Had to shoot him a little. From now on he'll be a perfect gentleman. He got away—fifteen feet. I had dreamed about him and was ready."

A black mule, drawing a burly convict who stood on the bottom of an overturned road-scoop, suddenly lay back rebellious ears and viciously kicked. The negro had seen the mule's ears flatten and, grinning, sprang nimbly out of hoof-reach.

Stoning said:

"Ever notice how much kin mules are to niggers? Did you notice the expression on that black's mule's face? Pretty vicious. Look at Buck Sledge. See the resemblance between his squint-eyed phiz and the way that mule looked just before kickin' at Sam?"

Buck was looking out of his ditch across a shovelful of moist clay. His sweat-dripping forehead was corrugated with ridges; his coarse, black brows met across the root of his wide-nostriled nose; his yellow face was hard and set; his thick lips were compressed. Every line of every feature showed rebellion, hatred, surliness, cunning.

There was no conversation among the

convicts, which was strange, as Rand knew that Stoning permitted them to talk as they pleased so long as they spoke loudly enough for him to hear what they said. Usually they joked one another and sang as they worked. This morning some strange influence had stricken them dumb. They were not even making those grunting noises peculiar to laboring negroes. Rand thought at first that the intense heat had made them silent; but it was no hotter to-day than yesterday, when he had heard them laugh and sing and call each other unprintable names.

Stoning was watching Buck and twirling the big cylinder of his revolver. Along Rand's spine crept the sensation that he once had when from a helpless distance he witnessed a flying express-train mangle a tramp who slept on a curve of the railroad. The engineer had not seen him in time.

"Buck was n't working in that ditch yesterday," drawled Stoning. "He swapped his scraper to Sam for Sam's shovel and went to work in that ditch without any orders from me. Usually a nigger had rather run a scraper drawn by a horse than use a pick or shovel. He figured I would sit over here in the shade as usual since we've been working on this section of road.

"He knew that ditch would have to be cut pretty deep on account of the curve in the hill. A shallow ditch there would make the water cut the road across the middle after heavy rains. He also took note of that young sweet-gum-tree slanting over the ditch, and he knows the woods come right up to the edge of the bank over there.

"See how he is holding that shovel? He's dipping up dirt slower than any other man. Every time he draws the shovel back down into the ditch, the handle turns straight up. See that? And notice that little slashy, jerky motion to it before he scoops up another shovelful. See it? Watch the other men a minute. The handles of their shovels never turn up to vertical, and the motion is the same over and over. Get the difference? Can't you figure out what Friend Buck is doing?"

Rand swallowed hard, and his eyes began to feel strained.

"You mean—he is—"

"He can't run with that chain on him. He's got to get it off first. Every time he draws the shovel back into the ditch, where we can't see it, he makes a slash at the leather thongs around his ankles. Up until an hour ago he was cutting the band around his right ankle. I could tell by the direction the handle of the shovel slanted. Now he's slashing loose the left ankle-bracelet."

"Why don't you stop him?" Rand was growing horrified. "Are you going to let the man start just for the pleasure of shooting him in the back?"

"It'll be for the good o' the community to let him work off his steam. If I stopped him right now, he would be watching and waiting for another chance to break."

The captain unconcernedly lighted a mild cigarette. He tossed away the match, exhaled a cloud of smoke, then looked slowly, carefully, over the irregular group of perspiring, silent laborers. The glare from overhead was intense; heat-waves trembled between them.

"It ain't natural for niggers to work quietly."

Young Rand felt the atmosphere subtly thicken.

In the roadway below the convicts stole sidelong glances at one another. The white men could see the rolling whites of their eyes. Now and then a fellow-convict stealthily glanced at Buck Sledge, whose slow shovel continued its eccentric behavior.

"It's mighty plain to me that Buck's been boasting what he was going to do to-day. They are scared he'll get shot."

"You have figured all this out since you've been sitting here," Rand decided. "That dream-business is all—"

Stoning blew a smoke-ring into the green oak-leaves.

"If it had n't been for my dream, I would n't be noticing anything out o' the way."

Rand thought 'Rastus, overhearing, had chuckled again. Stoning must have heard

the sound. He scowled downward blackly.

"Niggers are like children: they 've got imaginations that make 'em talk to themselves and laugh and have a devil of a good time. 'Rastus is always figuring out some good joke and chuckling about it."

'Rastus straightened up, and looked across the road at Buck. 'The ears of both convicts worked slightly at the sides of their heads. It might have been some exchange of signals. Then 'Rastus stooped over and began lazily shaping down a scoop-load of dirt just dumped by a scraper. His thick lips were moving silently.

Stoning watched 'Rastus intently, and calmly puffed at his cigarette.

Rand was extremely uncomfortable. He could scarcely sit still.

"I dream true," said Stoning. "Buck will have his other ankle-strap cut loose in about ten minutes. He will swing himself up on the little sweet-gum-trunk and dodge into the woods."

"Good Lord!" Rand blurted. "If you are so positive, why don't you—"

"Don't talk so loud." Stoning was intently gazing at two men whose heads were held close together for a moment. "I dream true, and I can tell what the black rascals are saying without hearing 'em say it. See those two whispering to each other in the middle of the road? That little black fellow has just asked Sam who you are. Wait; I 'll show you. "Sam," he called out, "tell Joe this is Mr. Rand from Memphis. He is visiting his home-folks. They live in that farmhouse at the Forks."

The two convicts fell apart as if they had been shot at. Their mouths fell open, and their eye-balls bulged. They fell to work feverishly, dumb with amazement, ashen with fear.

The captain smiled and smoked complacently. Rand's astonishment was almost as great as that of the superstitious negroes. 'Rastus chuckled distinctly.

"Last week these boys made it up in their cage one night to jump on me when I opened the door next morning," Stoning

continued. "We were about ten miles from here. There was n't a house or another white man anywhere close by us. Guess it looked pretty easy to 'em. I always fool around the cage and look 'em over before I unlock the door. I can always tell when they are sulky or playing possum. They are just like children in a lot o' ways. That morning when I went to the cage they were talking and singing, making the usual amount of noise. Their play-acting was pretty good; it might have fooled me. 'Rastus was close to the bars, looking out at me, his mouth working, and his eyes mighty cunning. I just watched 'Rastus a minute, looked at the bunch, and remarked: 'Good morning, boys! Last night I dreamed you rascals had made it up to stomp my guts out when I unlocked this shebang to-day. Is that so?'"

The captain paused, critically examined the accumulated ash of his cigarette, flicked it off, then drawlingly finished his narration of the little episode.

"You ought to a-seen them falling over each other; every blessed son of a gun tried to deny it first. I let 'em out one by one, and kept them lined up in front of me. And they won't make up any such fool scheme again."

A heavy, oppressive hand was invisibly weighing upon the spirits of the sweating, odorous convicts. Their minds seemingly paralyzed under the apprehensive dread, some of them did idiotic things. One dumped a spadeful of dirt, then hastily scooped up the dirt and put it back in its original place. One dropped his shovel and picked up an ax. He nearly cut his bare foot trying to press the ax into the earth as he had been pressing the shovel. Another stooped down and tried to scoop up a load of dirt in a scoop that was turned bottom upward. Their eyes were shifting from fearful glances at the captain to wondering looks at Buck Sledge.

The drivers of horses and mules drawing road-scrapers or scoops were in eager, nervous haste to pass across the line from Captain Stoning to the convict in the ditch. At each trip and turn they whipped the horses' sides with the lines.

Buck now rested his shovel-handle in the crook of his left arm; both his hands were out of sight below the line of road-edge. His snaky eyes were gleaming. Still he did not jump. Captain Stoning rose and stretched.

"He seems bashful. Guess I'll have to turn my back on him to get the thing over with. I can watch him just as well with my back turned." He added, "I'd like for him to learn about the eyes I wear in the back of my head."

'Rastus backed away from his original position and stood in the middle of the road, facing toward the road-gang. He looked straight at Buck.

After turning his back toward the gang, Stoning could see only 'Rastus, whose thick lips were moving again.

A thrill of fear shot through Rand. He leaped to his feet, breathing almost suspended, eyes widening with horror. Words of remonstrance seethed in his brain, but his stammering lips could not utter them. Stoning's quiet voice said:

"Now Buck has decided to seek the tall timber. He is unbuckling his belt. Ah! hear the chain fall into the ditch behind him?"

To Rand the abrupt, muffled clank was sickening. Every man except Buck was still. The lips of 'Rastus alone of his motionless body seemed alive. Stoning did not turn. His heavy pistol lay on the ground at his feet. He said:

"What is he waiting for? Now he is watching me. His ears are working at 'Rastus, and 'Rastus is answering the sign. Now Buck is looking up at the sweet-gum. He is getting ready for a leap. Ah! he did n't jump quite high enough!"

Rand's lips and tongue were stricken with paralysis. He was stupefied. He was watching Buck's every move. The tall, lithe captain must indeed have eyes behind him.

"There he goes up again," Stoning murmured softly. "He caught it that time. Now he is trying to swing his legs up."

With swift, panther-like precision of movement and absolute accuracy of aim Stoning turned about, picked up his gun, and fired.

The bark of the sweet-gum burst at Buck's hands; blood trickled from his fingers. He fell limply back into the ditch, where he lay until found, inert, helpless, trembling with horror and fright. Stoning sat down. He lighted another cigarette as he said:

"Sam, you and Joe go pick him up. Tell him he made my dream come true. He ain't hurt. I just skinned a couple of his fingers."

The captain dipped his hand into his right trousers-pocket; it came out closed, and he fingered for a moment with the band around his hat. He held the hat awkwardly. It slipped from his fingers and rolled down into the dirty roadway below.

"'Rastus, pick up my hat!" he ordered. "Knock the dirt off before you hand it back." He added sententiously, "Another dream came true."

"Yas, sah, yas, sah."

The intelligent face of 'Rastus wore a pleased smile as he sprang nimbly to pick up the hat. He chuckled again. Rand saw the negro deftly extract a silver dollar from the hat-band.

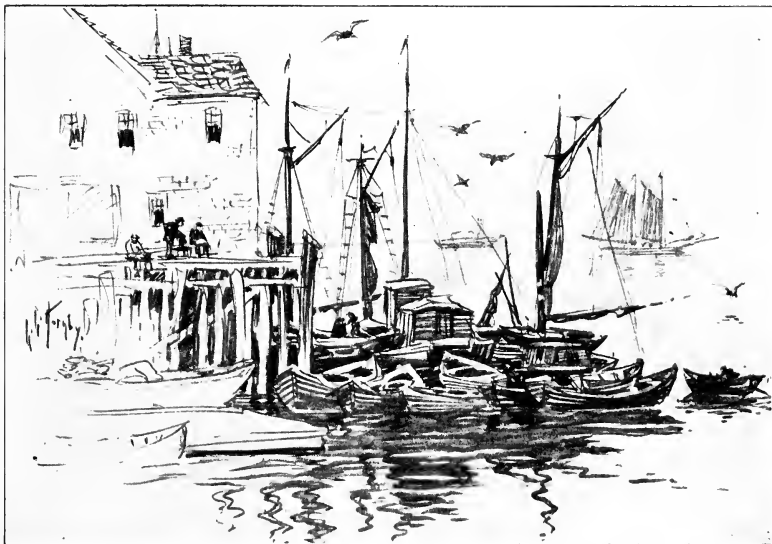


QUAINT PROVINCETOWN

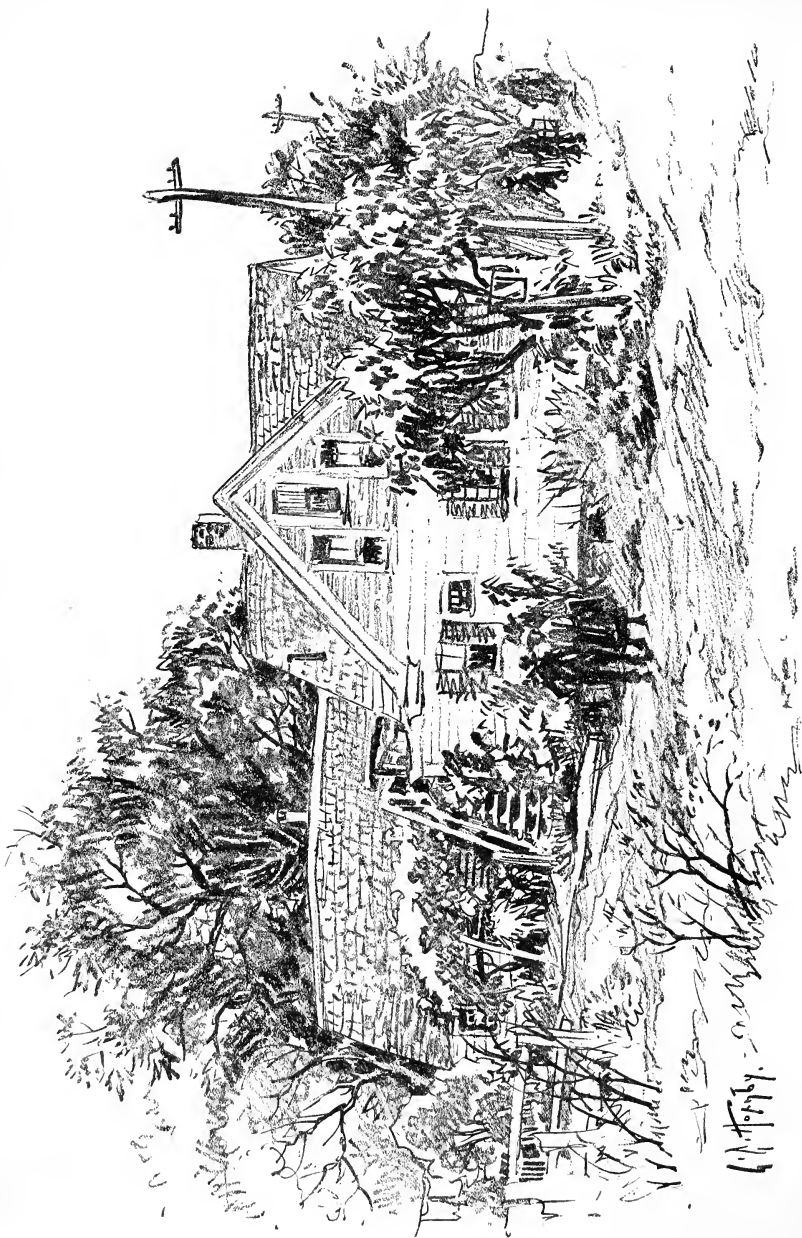
Nine drawings

Made for THE CENTURY

By Lester G. Hornby

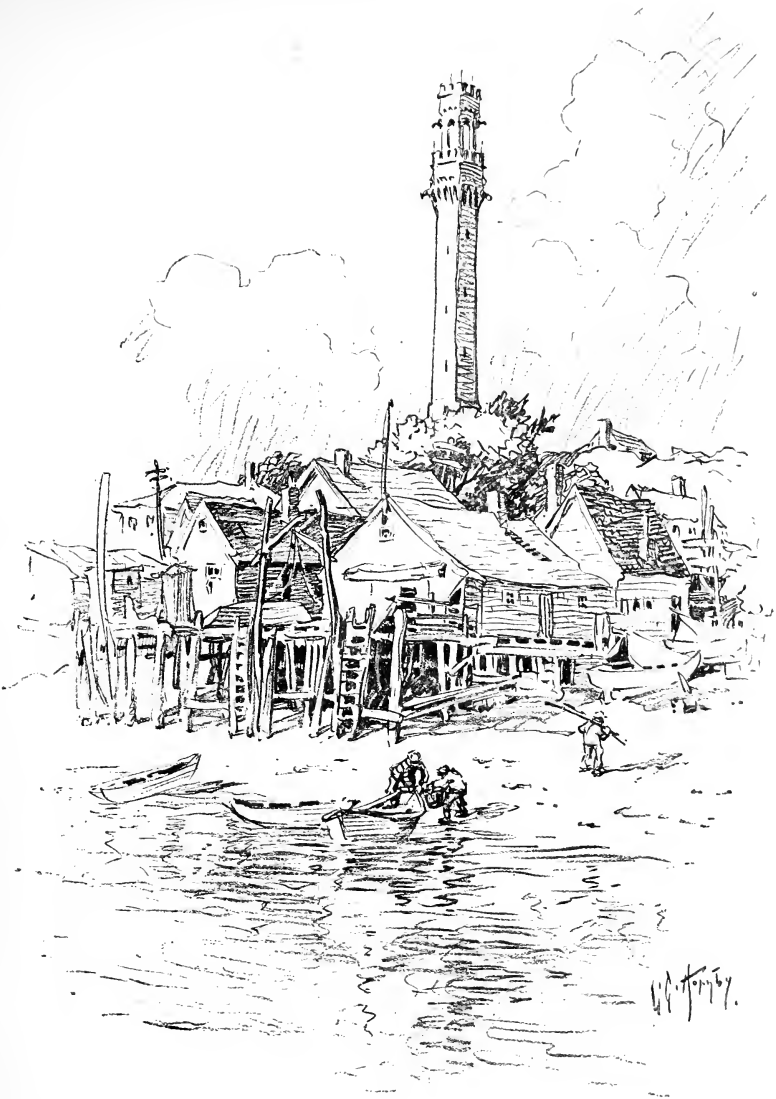


- I. FISHING-BOATS IN WITH THE CATCH
- II. CHESCO'S, THE ARTISTS' COLONY RESTAURANT
- III. PILGRIM MONUMENT. A LANDMARK
- IV. OLD WHARF, FROM BOAT-YARD
- V. AN OLD WHARF
- VI. THE HARBOR SEEN OVER THE ROOFS
- VII. HOME OF THE LONE FISHERMAN
- VIII. HOME OF THE "PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS"
- IX. COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN

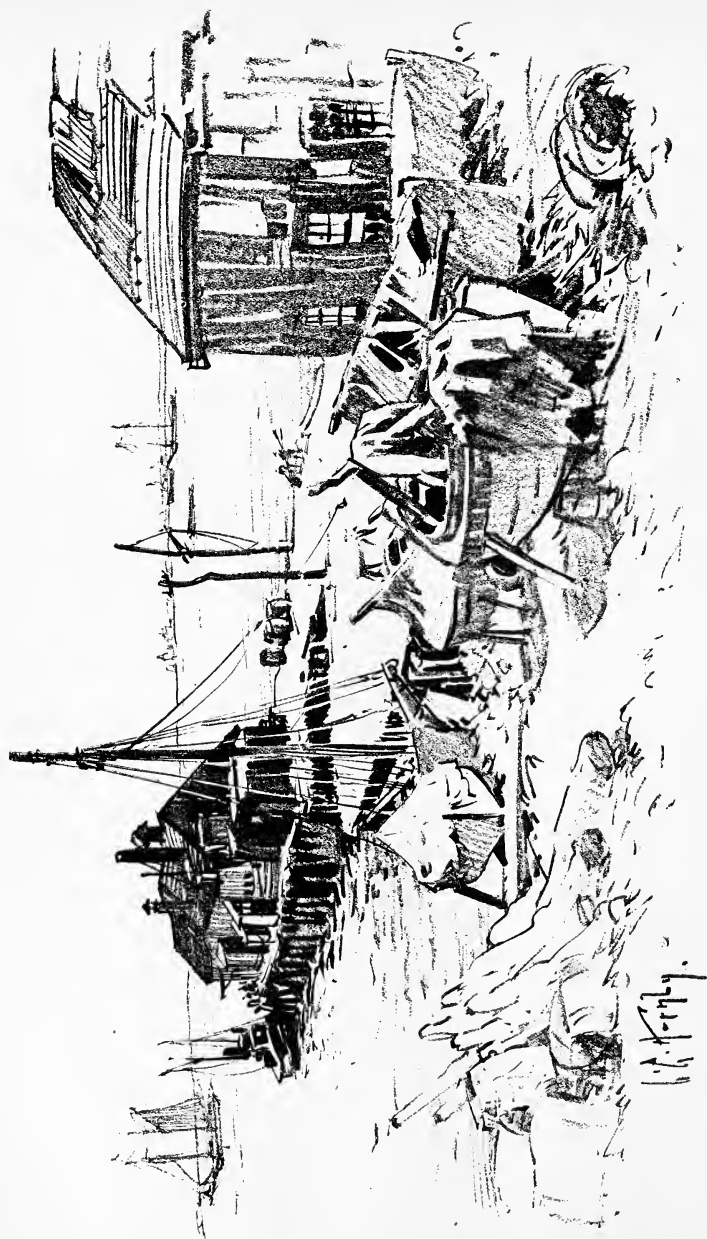


CHESCO'S, THE ARTISTS' COLONY RESTAURANT

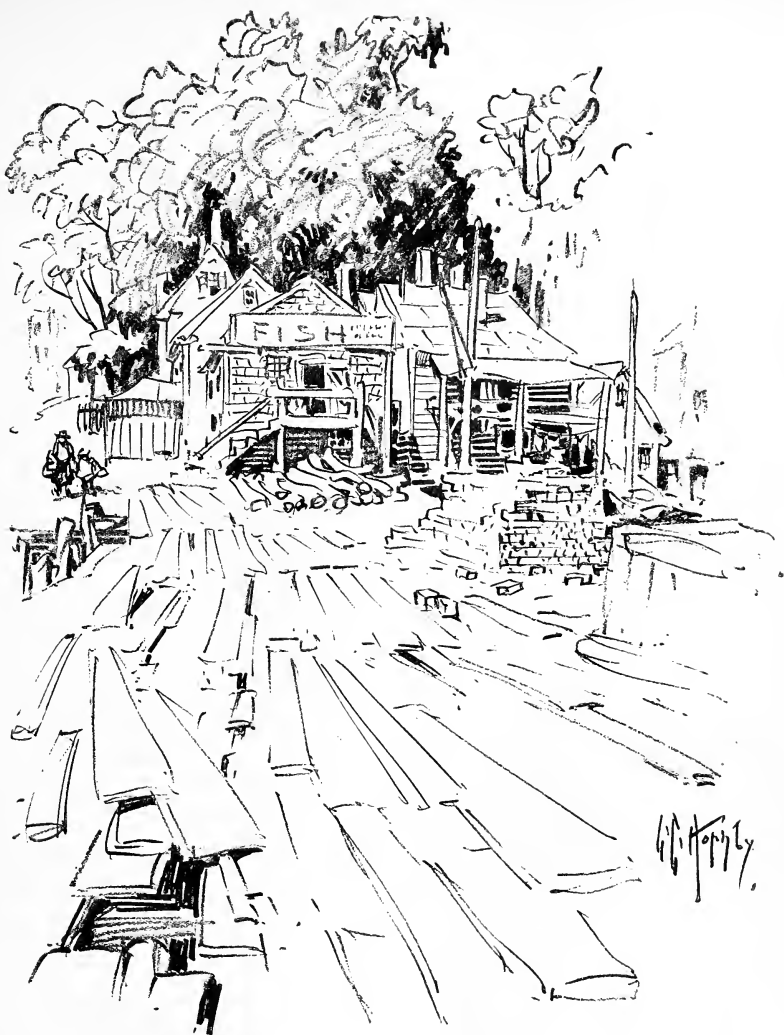
Chesco's - very good



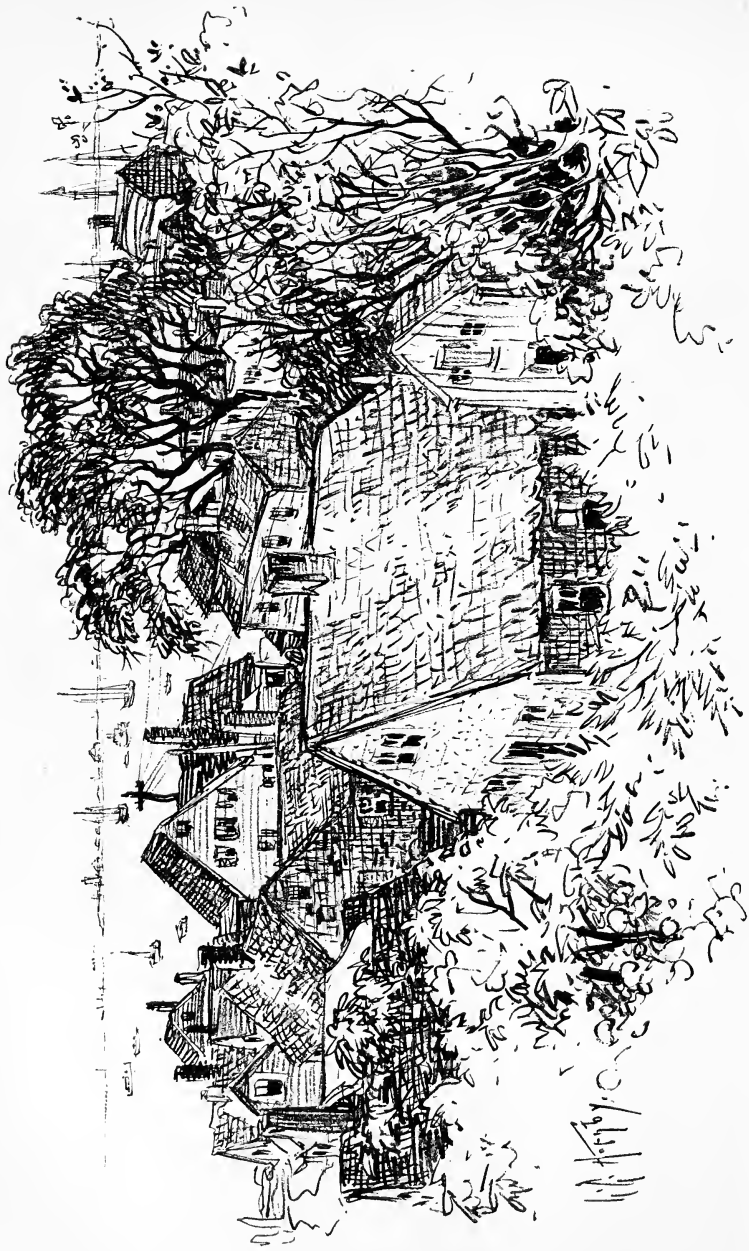
PILGRIM MONUMENT. A LANDMARK



OLD WHARF, FROM BOAT-YARD



AN OLD WHARF



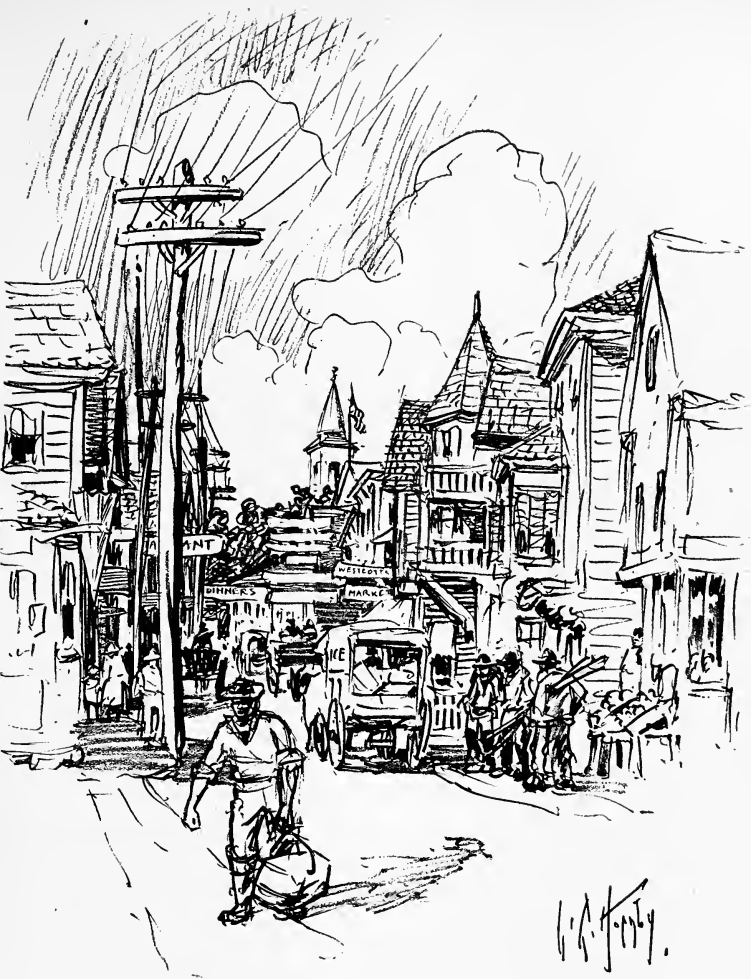
THE HARBOR SEEN OVER THE ROOFS



HOME OF THE LONE FISHERMAN



HOME OF THE "PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS"



COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN

The Third Year of the War

A summing-up and a suggestion

By J. B. W. GARDINER

THE beginning of the third year of the war disclosed Germany in the process of undergoing an entirely new experience—the experience of being attacked simultaneously on all sides, so that she could not concentrate against any single one of her foes.

THE FRENCH FRONT

FROM the beginning of the conflict Germany has had one great advantage—the advantage of position. Operating from the center of a circle against the circumference, with relatively short lines of communication, Germany has been enabled, whether on attack or defense, to throw to any given point the maximum number of troops in a minimum time. There is only one way to neutralize such an advantage, and that is by exerting pressure simultaneously at many widely separated points on the circle, and so prevent any point from receiving strength at the expense of any other. But this implies unity of control, a single directing force which would guide every move. This the Allies did not have. On the contrary, each of the Allied powers was conducting the war almost independently, attacking when and where it saw fit, without any comprehensive, co-operative plan. The result was that Germany was permitted to fight each of the Allies separately, without ever feeling the full force of their concerted action. But fortunately for themselves, for the United States, and for democracy itself, the Allies perceived this error before Germany could obtain a decision.

In February, 1916, there was formed an Allied general staff composed of representatives of all of the Allied powers. This body had its first meeting in March

of that year, and immediately began the work of formulating a general plan by which the operations in every field might be conducted with maximum effect. So radical a change in the scheme of things took time to work out, and delayed somewhat activities that had previously been scheduled. It was not, therefore, until early summer that the plans laid in March gave evidence of fructification. These plans involved one central idea—continuous pressure at as many points as possible on the circle by which the Central powers were circumscribed.

Russia began operations on June 1, with an overwhelming attack against the Austrian line in Volhynia and Galicia. This was followed by an Italian offensive in Trentino against a line weakened by withdrawals made to bolster up the Russian front; and finally, on July 1, by the opening guns of the Battle of the Somme. August 1, 1916, the beginning of the third year of the war, saw, therefore, the Central powers contending for the first time against the full strength of the Entente on every important front—saw their lines in Russia, in France, and in Italy under such extreme pressure that any transfer of troops from one front to reinforce another could be made only in the face of possible disaster. The Allies had at last adopted the only way by which Germany's initial advantage could be neutralized.

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME

THE Battle of the Somme was the great effort of the western Allies of the third year of the war. It was really not a single battle, but a series of major efforts, one following the other in quick succession, and each one directed against a particular

objective. It was entirely different from any other offensive campaign of the war. There was no dominant point or area of military or political importance to the capture of which the effort was directed. Nor was the object to break through the German lines. The possibility of such an accomplishment had been dispelled a year before in the battles of the Artois and in Champagne. It was rather an incident in the campaign of attrition, of wearing down the German strength and of thinning out the German ranks until the time came when there would not be sufficient strength left to prevent a decisive action.

There was, however, a strategic objective as well, though it was subordinate to the idea of depletion of man power. This latter object can be seen by a brief survey of the battle-line between Arras and Noyons. Coming south from Arras, the line traced a deep curve with a western convexity, then straightened out toward the south, turning westward on the arc of a great circle from the vicinity of Noyons. The fighting was directed against both of these curves. The plan was to press into this line at the point where the first curve turned south,*straddling the Somme River in the advance, while at the same time moving along the radius of the curve from Albert to Bapaume; to seize Péronne, Bapaume, and Chaulnes, and so threaten the great supply lines running through La Fère, St. Quentin, and Douai. In brief, the idea was one of continuous nibbling into the German positions until some great connecting link was reached, the cutting of which would force a large section of the German line to recoil as the only measure of safety.

By an unprecedented use of artillery the French and British pressed on, each attack biting deeper into the German lines than did its predecessor. The Germans were absolutely unable to hold back the advance. One village after another, each one a veritable nest of machine-guns, was leveled by the artillery, and then taken by the infantry. Step by step the British crept up the valley of the Ancre Brook, while the French hammered their way

through farther south along the Somme. Line after line of German intrenchments was passed until the Germans were forced to dig overnight their defenses for the next day. A deep wedge was pushed in between Péronne and Bapaume, and it seemed that both cities must be evacuated. But an unusually early autumn, accompanied by heavy rains, made it impossible for either artillery or infantry to move, and the attack had to be suspended. In this fighting the Germans lost over seventy thousand prisoners and suffered a total loss of not less than half a million men. Their positions were penetrated to a depth of approximately ten miles, and the entire Noyons salient was thrown into danger.

While the fighting on the Somme was in progress, the French made two attacks in force at Verdun. As if to demonstrate how well their plan was being carried out, they caught the German lines weakened, and in the first attack recaptured forts Douaumont and Vaux, restoring most of the important positions that had been taken from them earlier in the summer. Another attack toward the close of the year was still more successful, and resulted in the recovery of almost all of the ground on the east bank of the Meuse which had been lost in the six-months' battle. These operations closed the fighting, and all the belligerents in this field settled down in their trenches for the winter.

The real fruits of the Battle of the Somme were not garnered until the spring. The German high command had seen that his line was not sufficiently strong to resist the pounding of the Allies' artillery, and he was faced with the dilemma of either withdrawing his forces to a new line voluntarily or of having them driven back. In the latter case the retreat would have to be made under constant pressure.

The former method was adopted, and about the middle of March the movement was under way. The northern pivotal point was just south of Arras, and the entire line from Arras to Soissons was affected. The object was not alone to escape the danger which the Allied successes in

the Battle of the Somme had thrown around the line to the south. It was also to delay the offensive that Germany knew was coming as soon as weather permitted. The first object was successfully achieved in a most masterly retreat. The second was frustrated entirely because the British had never intended to attack on the Somme again, but had prepared their major effort against an entirely different section of the line—the section between Arras and Lens, the key to which is a ridge running almost parallel with the German front passing near the village of Vimy, from which it takes its name.

The Germans had just settled down after their retreat on a line running through Croisselles, St. Quentin, La Fère, and the Forest of St. Gobain, and over the Chemin des Dames, when the British blow was launched. It took the Germans entirely by surprise, and swept them back over the crest of Vimy Ridge into the level country beyond. Almost at the same time the French began an offensive along the Aisne with the object of crushing the German right flank at Laon. The Chemin des Dames position was taken, and the Germans were driven back into the valley of the Ailette River. Here, however, the French were held. The British suffered the same general experience. After the Battle of Vimy Ridge they pushed forward against the new German positions, but the way was slow and tortuous. The German lines had been built during the winter on sites of Germany's choosing. Moreover, the revolution in Russia had permitted the withdrawal of many divisions from the Russian front for use on the western front. The British advance, therefore, was literally made foot by foot and at severe loss. Finally, after weeks of such fighting, a loop was thrown around the great coal center of Lens, which, as this review is being written, is almost completely surrounded. Its fall is almost certain when the next attack is delivered against it.

While preparing for the blow against the Arras sector, the British at the same time were making ready the machinery for the destruction of the famous Ypres

salient, which had existed as a constant threat against their line in the north ever since the first attempt at Calais. This salient was guarded on the south by a ridge between Wytschaete and Messines, the only elevations in an otherwise perfectly flat country. The entire ridge had been extensively mined, and at a given signal the mines were exploded, and the British artillery opened fire on the German positions. After a brief artillery preparation, the infantry went forward, and in a day's fighting the entire ridge was in British hands and the Ypres salient ceased to exist.

The close of the year, then, finds the Germans in possession of a line constructed on carefully picked sites. The British and French have reached this line, but are apparently unable to effect a breach in it. Except for minor gains here and there, the attack has been brought to a complete standstill. There is nothing to indicate that the line can be seriously damaged until the Russian situation clears, and the forces of the new republic are again active in the field.

RUSSIAN FRONT

THE beginning of the year found Russia in the last phase of the most tremendous offensive movement the eastern European theater had seen since the days of the great Russian retreat. Russia had swept through Volhynia and Galicia, occupying completely the Austrian crown land of Bukovina, pushed her lines up to the Lipa River in Galicia and the Stochod in Volhynia, and was making most exhaustive efforts to reach the railroad between Lemberg and Kovel. Half a million prisoners had been captured, and the Austrian lines had been penetrated to a depth of over fifty kilometers. But German reinforcements had stopped all the gaps which the Russian artillery had torn in the line, and the resistance stiffened at every threatened point. The fighting continued for many days after the year began, but the results were negative. Russia had used up the greater part of her reserve store of artillery, and had no means of obtaining more.

The Russian army was almost exhausted by its great efforts, so that the attacks began to dwindle and finally ceased. The attack fell short of being a great success largely through the slowness of the Russians in seizing the advantage which they acquired through the opening efforts. The Austrian line was truly broken, and the Russians poured through the breach; but they allowed the break to heal before them. This was due partly to the transportation facilities, which are meager and poor; but was further due to the fact that the Russian troops were not kept in hand in their advance, and cohesion was lost. This is all that saved the Central powers on this front from a long and disastrous retreat.

The Russian attack, however, and the fact that it persisted to such an extent, proved conclusively that the revivification of the Russian forces after the great retreat of 1915 was an accomplished fact. To Germany it was the greatest shock of the entire year; for it showed clearly that Russia was yet a tremendous hammer, capable of beating the Teutonic armies back against the anvil of the Western lines.

RUMANIA

THE Russian attack had reached the stage of haphazard, unsustained attacks at various points of the line—a stage which always marks the end of an offensive—when Rumanian neutrality was thrown aside, and this state joined the lists of German enemies. It does not appear that Rumania's move was either voluntary or was forced by the Allies. On the contrary, it seems to have been forced by Germany herself. Rumania was not ready for war, and Germany knew it. As a result of a treaty negotiated a few months before, Rumania had acquired from Germany a number of Krupp guns in exchange for food supplies. But Rumania had no Krupp ammunition, and Russian ammunition would not fit Krupp guns. Germany, therefore, realizing that sooner or later Rumania would enter the war, anyhow, decided that she should enter it when it suited the Central powers best. Accordingly, Germany concentrated two large

armies, one in Transylvania under Falkenhayn and the other near the Dobrudja border under Mackensen, applied the necessary pressure diplomatically, and forced Rumania to act.

The Transylvanian army remained quiet and permitted the Rumanians to drive deeply into that province. In the meantime Mackensen began a drive through Dobrudja which finally gave him Constanza and Cernavoda, together with the great bridge which spans the Danube at the latter point. Then Falkenhayn began his operations. The plan was for him to drive southward from one of the passes which lead from Transylvania to the plains of Rumania, cut off the western half of the great Rumanian salient which projects into Hungary, and then begin a march eastward, take Bukharest, and link up with Mackensen. The plan was executed exactly as formulated. Falkenhayn broke through the Vulcan Pass, cut off nearly a division of Rumanian troops to the west, and exactly one hundred days after Rumania had declared war marched into Bukharest. From there it was a simple matter for him to extend his operations to the Danube, where he joined Mackensen and established the German line from Hungary across Rumania to the sea. Once this was accomplished, the combined armies attempted to continue the drive past the left flank of the Rumanian army, turn at the same time the Russian flank by an invasion of Bessarabia, and force another great Russian retreat. But the effort was unavailing. Along the Sereth and farther north along the Trotus, the Rumanian line, now an extension of the Russian line in southern Bukowina, held absolutely fast until winter put an end to the fighting.

There can be no question that this campaign of Germany's was one of the most brilliant of the entire war. At the same time it failed to reach a decision in exactly the same way as did the 1915 campaign against Russia. In fact, the Russian retreat and the Rumanian retreat were exactly similar, and were brought about through identical causes, the failure of ammunition supply. The Rumanian re-

treat was not the retreat of a defeated and disorganized army. On the contrary, it was well organized, carried out in perfect order, and was accompanied by a remarkably small loss in men and material. Rumania did lose about twenty-five per cent. of the men she put in the field as a result of battle, and the troops which were cut off when Falkenhayn split the Rumanian army in breaking through the mountains. The remainder, however, got well away, and began the work of reorganization.

Two things stand out in this campaign: the failure of the Saloniki army to begin operations when it was evident what Germany was trying to do, and the failure of Russia to come to Rumania's aid. The first of these was probably caused by fear of Constantine, at that time king of Greece, the second by disorganization and treachery in Petrograd, brought about by German agents who were working on Russia to good effect in the interests of a separate peace. Although Germany had not achieved a decisive victory because of the escape of the Rumanian army, the Allies had suffered a heavy defeat through the loss of the opportunity which the entrance of Rumania had opened up to them. With the undefended gateway of southern Dobrudja opening wide to Bulgaria and Constantinople, a remarkable opportunity was afforded to drive to the Golden Horn and separate Germany from her Moslem ally. But the Allies have from the beginning exhibited an uncanny penchant for muddling in the Balkan States, and running true to form, they permitted the opportunity for dealing Germany a mortal blow to pass by. With the early spring came the Russian Revolution. This put an end to all Allied hopes for 1917. There was a period when the Russian army openly fraternized with their old enemies, and German Socialists appeared to be in control of the situation. But out of the confusion and chaos rose one man, Kerensky, who saw straight, and who forced the new republic into the paths which led to safety and honor. On July 1, the anniversary of the Battle of the Somme, Russia again struck with something of her former

power, and although as this review is being written nothing definite has been accomplished, the mere fact that Russia has exhibited the strength and the élan to take up arms again holds out great promise for the future.

The Russian attack was directed against the same section of the line which saw such signal success a year ago—the line from Lemberg to Halicz. In the first few days nearly twenty thousand prisoners were taken, mostly Austrians. There was, however, no breaking through the line such as marked the offensive of last year. After the initial attack, the Germans countered heavily, but the Russians held their gains, and the attacks soon desisted.

The Russian Revolution may prove of advantage to the Allies in the end, but it came at a time when it virtually insured the defeat of any plans they may have had for this year. Germany was permitted to weaken the eastern front and throw her forces against France and England at a time when they held the greatest advantage since the Marne; Austria was privileged to add several divisions to her Isonzo army at a time when the Italians seemed about to grasp the control of the entire Carso region; Turkey was given a needed respite when all indications pointed to the complete disintegration of her entire military strength. Thus has the length of the war been increased and its sufferings augmented by the action of those who most strongly profess a desire for peace.

ITALY

ITALY'S plan in the war seems absurdly simple. From the outset it has been the same—to neutralize Trentino, blocking its passes so as to guard against a northern invasion, and then to strike across the open front of the Isonzo River. Nothing, indeed, could be simpler in essence, and yet in the execution Italy has been contending against disadvantages greater than those faced by any other nation now fighting. Virtually all of Italy's land frontier is mountain-bound. Only at Gorizia, where the rapid Isonzo emerges from the deep gorge of the mountains, does the frontier

open out; and even there the width of the valley does not exceed a few miles before the mountains are again encountered. No matter, then, in what direction Italy launched an attack, a mountain barrier had first to be conquered before any material success could be achieved. This must be borne constantly in mind in any effort to appraise Italy's accomplishments since she entered the war.

As the third year of the war was ushered in, Italy was just concluding a terrific counter-offensive against the Austrians, who only a short time before had threatened the invasion of northern Italy through Trentino. Italy's purpose accomplished here, she suddenly shifted the attack to the Isonzo front, several miles north and south of the Gorizia bridge-head. This city and its bridge were vital points in Italy's line of attack, and had to be taken before the acquisition of Istria could be dreamed of. The attack took the Austrians completely by surprise, and after a brief, but terrific, bombardment the Italian infantry went forward, seized the heights which guard the town on the north and the south, and established themselves on the east bank of the river. Before the Austrians could react, the Italians made themselves secure in Gorizia, and thus completed what was really the first stage of the Italian offensive.

The second stage, as yet incomplete, is the occupation of the Carso Plateau. Beginning at the Isonzo and running close by the coast is a wedge-shaped table-land which guards the approach to the city of Trieste. Honeycombed with caverns and pock-marked with great hollows, it has innumerable positions of great defensive strength. After taking Gorizia, the Italians immediately attacked this new barrier, and established themselves on its western and northern edges. At this point, however, they were overtaken by winter, and further operations were suspended until the advent of spring. Not until May was the fighting resumed. In that month Italy again took the offensive. Initial successes both in ground gained and in prisoners taken promised material progress, but the

failure of Russia incident to the revolution enabled Austria to put strong reinforcements in the field, and so check further advances. Italy's accomplishments in the third year of the war may therefore be summed up as follows: the capture of Gorizia, the occupation of the eastern bank of the Isonzo from Tolmino to the sea, and the conquest of the western end of the Carso Plateau. Italy, it is true, has furnished a large contingent on the Saloniki front, but the results obtained by these forces have been as negative as their future value is questionable.

THE SALONIKI FRONT

IN a belated effort to prevent the complete destruction of Serbia, the Allies, toward the end of the Serbian campaign, threw a cordon of troops about the Greek port of Saloniki, one flank extending well to the west of the Saloniki-Monastir Railroad, the other to Lake Tahinos, an arm of the Struma River. This force was augmented by Italians who crossed overland from Avlona and by British from Gallipoli, as well as by French and Russians from home. The hope was evidently cherished that through this force, aided later, perhaps, by Rumania, a situation akin to the Torres Vedras of Napoleon's day would be duplicated, the back door of Austria pried open, and the Teutonic alliance split asunder, to be subsequently defeated in detail.

There was little activity on this front until October, 1916, other than the natural clash of patrols; but in the early part of that month the Bulgarians took the offensive and penetrated deep into Greek territory south of Florina station on the Monastir road. Sudden concentrations, however, effected through unusually rapid marching, brought large bodies of French and Russians close to the Bulgarian main line of communications, and forced a retreat back beyond the original positions. But the Allies did not stop here. The Serbians, eager to recover their own land, took up the burden of driving the Bulgarians back into Macedonia. They first seized Florina station, and, establishing

there a supply base, launched a determined and well-sustained campaign for the capture of Monastir. Their plan of campaign was simple, and was formulated entirely by considerations of terrain. The Cerna River was generally the line of advance. On the east of this stream the mountains come up almost to the water's-edge. There is virtually no width of floor valley on this side. West of the river, however, the valley opens out into two wide plains, the plain of Florina and that of Monastir, with a somewhat narrower plain linking them together. The Serbian plan was to advance along the mountains buttressing the river on the east, and, as these command the valley floor beneath, to flank the Bulgarians out of position as they advanced. This plan was carried out methodically, and after nearly two months of desperate fighting, most of it in the wild and waterless mountains of northern Greece, the Serbians forced the evacuation of Monastir.

The occupation of the Macedonian capital was the climax of a well-ordered and brilliantly executed campaign. The sentimental appeal to the Serbs was great, but the military results were small. Monastir is in a sense an important road center of southeastern Europe, and, could it be used as an advanced base for continued operations, would be of enormous value. But it is a terminal point for railroads entering from the south. There is not a single railroad leaving the town for the north. As a base for a major operation, therefore, its value is not great. An excellent metalled highway runs north, it is true, but motor transport is not adequate to keep a large army supplied with munitions on the scale demanded by modern battle conditions. Consequently, after taking Monastir, the Allied forces settled once more into inaction. It also appeared that they did not dare press whatever advantage they had secured. And this, indeed, was the case. In addition to the poor transport facilities, there was another cause for their apparent apathy—a cause which is responsible for most of the lethargy on this front. Constantine, the Greek king, was openly

favorable to the Central powers, and Serrail, the French commander, was fearful lest, should he reach out too far northward, the Greek army would openly champion the cause of the kaiser, cut the railroad behind him, and so destroy his supply line. This condition prevailed until early June of this year, when the Allies deposed Constantine and placed his second son on the throne. The new king at once brought the ex-premier Venizelos into power and instructed him to form a new cabinet. Diplomatic relations with Germany were severed immediately, and Greece took her stand with the Allies. All danger to Serrail was thus removed, and he was given free rein to plan for the future.

What this future will be no man can foresee. It does not seem possible that much can be accomplished by the Saloniki army. The difficulties of water transport, with the Mediterranean infested with submarines, are considerable; the military difficulties of an advance up the only line—the valley of the Vardar River—almost insurmountable. Moreover, the possibilities of this army rendering valuable co-operation were greatly lessened by the defeat of Rumania. It is true that a large body of enemy troops is neutralized by the very presence of the Saloniki forces, but this is an imperfect gage by which to measure the value of active forces in the field, and is therefore of little value as a legitimate conception. The probabilities are that when the Greek army takes the field, the present forces will be greatly reduced, leaving the Greeks the task of acting defensively before the Mediterranean port.

THE NEAR EAST

THE Golden Horn, the Turkish gateway from Asia to Europe, is the most important strategic possession held by any of the nations at war. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Allies have made repeated efforts to destroy the military power of Turkey and so acquire control of this entrance. In the first two years of the war these efforts were manifest in the attack on Gallipoli, the first campaign against Bagdad, both of which were fail-

ures, and the Russian campaign in the Caucasus, which resulted in the occupation of the greater part of Armenia and the extension of the Russian line south of Lake Van almost to Khanikin on the Turko-Persian border. During the first half of the third year of the war there was little or no activity in the western Asiatic theater. The only move of importance was the withdrawal of the Russian right wing from the torridly hot plain of northern Mesopotamia to the mountains of Persia.

Early in 1917, however, two offensives were launched, one by the Russians in the mountains of Persia, and a second expedition against Bagdad by the British. Somewhat later a third was added, a British attack in Palestine. Though widely separated, these attacks all had the common purpose of driving Turkey from the war. The Bagdad operations were the first to begin. The British, who for months had been accumulating supplies and concentrating men for the purpose, began an advance up the Tigris, aiming first at Kut-el-Amara. The basic plan of General Maude, the British commander, was to hold the Turks in place on the left bank of the Tigris, where they were intrenched, and then by a series of rapid marches by cavalry on the right bank to flank the Turks out of position. The Turks saw the plan too late to take advantage of this division of forces, and were compelled to evacuate Kut in order to maintain their supply-line.

The British pushed this success rapidly. The cavalry and horse artillery, now on both banks of the Tigris, pressed hard against the Turkish right, while the gunboats on the river caught up with the Turkish retreat, and bombarded the columns at every opportunity. Not even at Ctesiphon were the Turks permitted to halt. Not until the mouth of the Diala River was reached, ten miles south of Bagdad, did the Turks turn and give battle. After several days of severe fighting at this point the Turks finally gave way, and on March 11 the British marched into Bagdad.

In the meantime the Russians had begun their offensive in Persia. Their object was to force their way through the mountains and storm the pass at Khanikin, where the main road from Kermanshah to Bagdad breaks through into the Mesopotamian plain; then to move down the valley of the Diala and form a junction with the forces of General Maude, which were moving up the river from Bagdad. Everything worked out according to schedule. Khanikin Pass was taken without opposition, and the Russians and the British joined hands on the banks of the Diala.

Coincident with the offensives in Mesopotamia was the British move in Palestine. The scene of the operations was the narrow belt of land between the railroad running south from Aleppo, through Damascus and Jerusalem, and the Mediterranean coast. Only one battle, preceded by many skirmishes, was fought—the Battle of Gaza, which resulted in a complete British victory. The Turks were driven back with heavy losses to the city of Gaza, where strong reinforcements enabled them to make a stand.

The combined campaigns against Turkey demonstrated that the Turkish military power was in every way unable to sustain the pressure from three fronts. It was deficient in numbers of trained, disciplined soldiery, in artillery, in air-craft. It was, moreover, cut off by long gaps of incompleting railroad from both Germany and Austria, so that its deficiencies could not be remedied by these powers. The initial successes of these three campaigns, therefore, held out promises of speedy disintegration of Turkish power if the pressure could be continued. It is easy to understand how this would have come about. The general plan in pursuance of which the campaigns of western Asia were undertaken was first for the British and the Russians to form a junction, and then for the British, pushing westward along both the Tigris and the Euphrates, to join with the right wing of the army in Palestine. Thus from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean the Turks would have been circumscribed by a steadily contracting circle. With Damas-

cus, Beirut, and Aleppo in British hands, the Turk would be hemmed in behind the wall of the Taurus Mountains, beaten, and out of the fight. A separate peace with the Moslem would then be in the air, and the entire empire east of Serbia would totter.

But the revolution in Russia intervened, and its effect on the Asiatic field was even more disastrous than on the theaters in Europe. The inaction of Russia following the revolution postponed the entire plan, and a postponement at such a critical moment meant abandonment. The Russians would not move, and without the Russians the British could not. The net result, then, of all the fighting in this field is, as the matter now stands, indeterminate.

But there is in the near East a greater object to be obtained than the occupation of a line east of the Taurus Mountains, and an object which it is possible to obtain, at great cost, it is true, but not at a cost which is excessive. Constantinople is the keystone of the Balkan arch; but it is more. It is the culmination of the German kaiser's dream. It is the *sine qua non* of a German empire of the East. With the Allies in possession of Constantinople, the castle of the Germans would fall to the ground, and all their military plans and aspirations find their way into the scrap-heap. Constantinople can be taken from the East by using the resources of the East for that purpose; and it would not be surprising if this was not in the minds of the British high command when the operations which have been previously mentioned were planned. China has a wealth of iron ore, Japan has enormous manufacturing ability by which Chinese ore may be converted, India, Egypt, and the Philippines have food, and there are no submarines east of Suez to break the flow of supplies. Russia's greatest ore-deposits and iron-works are in the Black Sea provinces, and the Black Sea belt is known as one of the world's largest granaries.

From Suez, from Bagdad, and from the Armenian Black Sea ports as bases, a com-

bined attack leading to Constantinople would stand a good chance of success. Transportation is difficult, but not impossible. The great wall of the Taurus Mountains is a barrier pregnant with defensive possibilities; but they can be overcome, if not by direct operations, by flanking movements launched from the Mediterranean and the Black seas. With the eastern Mediterranean coast in British hands, the Allied forces at Saloniki could in large measure be transported to Beirut, Tripoli, possibly to Alexandretta, to take part in the movement converging on the Turkish capital. It would probably be an expensive campaign, but it would be worth half a million men.

THE UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR

WITH the coming of spring of this year, the German leaders saw the specter of defeat rising before them. In every vital theater the fighting during the first half of the third-year campaign had gone against them. In the subsidiary field of Rumania alone had they achieved any signal success. And although they kept the conquered banners of Rumania waving before the people at home, they themselves knew that the Allies had bested them and that defeat was reaching out to envelop them. The reasons are simple. Successful war is the product of three factors, leadership, mechanics, and men. In all of these factors it had been proved that the Allies were supreme. Falkenhayn, their chief of staff, had been supplanted by Hindenburg, the people's idol. But Hindenburg's military genius is not of a high order; in fact, nothing that he has accomplished justifies the high regard in which he is held by the German people. The defeat at Verdun and on the Somme needed a scapegoat, and Hindenburg was popular; therefore he displaced Falkenhayn. Nevertheless, military men in Germany know that as a commanding general Hindenburg is of mediocre caliber.

The mechanics of war include guns, munitions, and air-craft. In all of these Germany has unquestioned superiority on the Russian front and has used it to great

advantage; but the issue will not be decided on the Russian front. Germany, the backbone of the Central powers, has at least three quarters of her strength on the western front, and a decision can be reached only by the defeat of this force. And it is on the western front, too, where the great mechanical superiority of the Allies is apparent. A modern battle is a contest of artillery. The infantry furnishes the final curtain, but the artillery is both prologue and play. The success of the Somme fighting was an artillery triumph, and proved beyond question that in the size and number of guns and in the supply of shells Germany was outclassed. But artillery depends for success upon accurate information and exact observation, the former to locate the objective, the latter to correct errors in firing. These functions are performed by the *aéroplane* scout. Just as the Somme indicated the superiority of the Allies in guns and shells, so did it prove that in the air they also had the upper hand. As to men, it is sufficient to say that the Allies had two to one on almost every front. And not alone was the superiority in numbers, but in quality as well. German losses had been concentrated; those of the Allies distributed over many nations.

This was the situation, then, as it was seen by the German high command. These leaders were desperate. Their carefully laid plans for a Germanized Europe were in the balance; they themselves were threatened with political oblivion. With that utter disregard for the rights of others which has characterized Germany's course throughout the war, Germany declared a submarine blockade of Europe, and announced her intention of torpedoing any vessel found outside of certain prescribed lanes. It was a desperate gamble with a last stake. It was an admission of defeat, with only a single chance to turn defeat to victory. That chance was to starve England and France before their

superiority on land could force a decision on the battle-field.

One portentous result sprang immediately from this barbaric decree. The United States promptly severed diplomatic relations, seized all German ships in its harbors, and shortly afterward declared war. Future historians will convict Germany of many acts of stupidity, but crowning them all will be that act which at a crucial time forced into the lists of the Allies not only the wealthiest and most powerful neutral, but a nation which is potentially the strongest in the world's family of nations. It was a direful beginning to Germany's spring campaign.

The close of the third year finds the Central powers in desperate straits. In money, in men, in guns, and in shell production, in air-craft and in pilots, they are hopelessly inferior. The submarine campaign, on the success of which hopes ran high, while it has proved terribly destructive, has been a failure in so far as it tends to bring victory. The issue must be decided on land, and it must be won by force of arms. The only silver in the cloud is Russia, and recent developments in that state show that the revolution has only deferred German defeat, not prevented it. A year must pass before reorganized Russia can be a dominant factor, and until that time arrives, Germany cannot be forced to make terms. The food situation in Germany is serious, but not desperate. No responsible person has yet stated that there is any likelihood of an economic collapse. Germany is suffering, but all nations suffer in war. No one has plenty, many have not enough; but life can be sustained on little, and as long as that little is to be had, the German armies will remain in the field. One year, two years, more—none can tell—must pass before Germany acknowledges defeat. And this acknowledgment will come through one instrumentality and one alone, superior physical force.

ROYAL
WELSH
FUSILIERS
ON DUTY
BEFORE
BUCKINGHAM
PALACE



Blood is Thicker than Water

The United States Marine Corps' Recollections of the
Royal Welsh Fusiliers

By Brigadier-General GEORGE RICHARDS

WHEN the American people noted in the morning papers of June 10 that Major-General John J. Pershing, commander of our armies to be sent to France, had at last disembarked from the *Baltic* and set foot on British soil, they read there with satisfaction that the military bands greeted him with only one air, that to which the national hymns "America" and "God Save the King" are set. But there were a few of us, American marines, who were filled with greater pride in reading this welcome news. We saw there that the guard of honor that presented arms to our most distinguished soldier was composed of a battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the famous Twenty-third Regiment of Foot. The selection of the Welsh is of particular significance to all Americans, for the Twenty-third Foot is the only regiment of British regular infantry that has ever served with regular forces of the United States in battle against a common enemy. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers has a record of distinguished service covering more than two centuries. Called into being in 1689, it was created to take part there in the struggle of William of Orange, on the English throne, against the well-organized attempts of a mighty Bour-

bon military autocrat to force his will upon other freer, but less disciplined, nations of Europe. History is now repeating itself in this particular; the Twenty-third is now again engaged in a like struggle with the greatest military autocrat of all time in a cause in which the American people are also consecrated. It is therefore most fitting that all Americans should know the famous Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the circumstances of their previous service with United States forces.

It was during the Boxer Uprising in China, in the summer of 1900, that we of the United States marines formed our acquaintance with the Twenty-third Foot. When General (then Major) Waller of the Marine Corps landed at Taku, China, with a battalion of American marines, hurriedly despatched from the Philippines, he was joined by a battalion of the Royal Welsh. There at the mouth of the Pei-ho River, more than fifty years before, Captain Josiah Tattnall of the United States Navy, on the American man-of-war *Toey-awan*, uttered his memorable words, "Blood is thicker than water"—words forever to be cherished by all English-speaking peoples. But the Royal Welsh and the American marines there wrote these words into

actual deeds, for almost with their arrival they became engaged in battle against the common enemy. These British and American forces were at once merged into a column in military operations having for their immediate object the relief of the Tientsin foreign concessions, near the walled city of Tientsin, where European and American residents, including women and children, were beleaguered under fire of hostile Chinese troops associated with the Boxer rebels. With them later came Russian, Italian, Japanese, and other forces.

Tientsin stood squarely on the way to Peking. It had to be taken first. These forces accomplished this task; opened up the concessions, after marching ninety-seven miles in all directions in five days, fighting all the way, living on one meal a day for the entire time. With them there was a force of the British bluejackets under command of Admiral (then Commander) Cradock, Royal Navy, whom we remember now as the British commander who more recently went to his death on his flagship, the *Good Hope*, in the battle, early in the Great War, between his fleet and the Germans under Admiral Spee.

But the writer's acquaintance with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers came later, for after the Tientsin foreign concessions were relieved, it became necessary immediately to take the walled city of Tientsin, a sterner task. On the night of July 12 all available troops were collected at the concessions for an early morning attack the next day. In the darkness of that night we American marines assembled on Victoria Road in the British concession. The Twenty-third Foot came up and halted in our immediate neighborhood. Presently the word was given to advance. "Royal—Welsh!" was the command instead of our "Forward—march!" and away went those khaki-clad British soldiers into the darkness, the marines following. When dawn came on the open plain, on our left there was revealed to us the deployed skirmish-line of the Welsh, with the khaki-covered helmets standing clear on the sky-line. But on the backs of the British officers we

noted something black in the shape of a triangle. "A good idea," we thought; "the men will know their officers in the scrimmage, but the enemy in front will see no difference in the dress of either." We thought no more of that, for interesting things immediately began to happen to us.

Later in the day, however, after we had advanced under fire, with heavy losses, we finally reached a position from which we could proceed no farther. We were then under the walls of the fortified city of Tientsin, on the extreme left of the line, the exposed flank, and there we were joined by the Royal Welsh. We promptly "dug in" together, prepared to stay. In this effort we came to know the British officers better. When we had settled there to stick, we turned to Captain Gwynne, who commanded the battalion. Noting that the black triangle was of ribbons, we mentioned that we thought it a clever idea to distinguish their officers to their men and not to the enemy's snipers.

"Not so," said Gwynne. "It serves that purpose here, but such is not the object. These ribbons are the 'flash' preserved by us in memory of our service in America during your Revolutionary War."

When we pressed him for particulars, he added:

"When we left England for the American colonies before your Battle of Lexington, and during our service there, every one wore pigtails, or queues, soldiers and civilians alike. Our active service began at Bunker Hill, and did not end until the surrender of Yorktown. Afterward the Twenty-third returned to England, went to Martinique and San Domingo, then later to Nova Scotia. There we learned, a year or more after its discontinuance, that the pigtail was no longer in fashion. As we were the last regiment to wear the queue, we took the black-velvet ribbons with which the periwig was tied and sewed them to the backs of the collars of our tunics. Years after, at Gosport, the inspector-general wanted to know what these ribbons were doing there. He declared that there was nothing in the regulations so authorizing, and ordered their discon-

tinuance. Consternation filled us, and our colonel appealed to the War Office. Sir Francis Gordon, at one time our colonel, was then quartermaster-general of forces; his influence we at once sought. And so, very shortly afterward, an order was given which read, 'The King has been graciously pleased to approve the "flashes," now worn by the officers of the Twenty-third Foot, or Royal Welsh Fusiliers, being henceforth worn and established as a peculiarity whereby to mark the dress of that distinguished regiment.'

All this was told us while we were under the constant fire of the Chinese, with our own American dead and the British dead and wounded all about us.

"And so you fought at Bunker Hill?" we said.

"Yes," said Captain Gwynne; "and you jolly well shot us up there—some sort of order given your people to wait until we got to the top of the hill. At least our regimental history so states."

"Yes," we said. "Every American school-boy knows that order was, 'Wait until you see the whites of their eyes.'"

"Well," said the British officer, "it cost us eight hundred men out of twelve hundred that day. But that is all history. It's all over. But it is worth noting here that this is a proud day for us, for this is the first time in the history of the two nations that the regular forces of each have acted together against a common enemy."

So we became real friends, to remain so forever. Major Waller wrote in his official report: "I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the officers of the Fusiliers. This battalion has been at our side since June 23. They have responded to my orders with the greatest alacrity and willingness, all the officers and men ready to go anywhere." And the British Brigadier-General Dorward, who commanded our left wing before Tientsin, not to be outdone by Waller, declared in his report: "The American troops formed a part of the front line of the British attack, and so had more than their share of the fighting that took place. The ready and willing spirit of the officers and men will always

make their command easy and pleasant, and when one adds to that the steady gallantry and power of holding on to extreme positions, which they displayed on the thirteenth instant, the result is soldiers of the highest class." But there are many other things that Gwynne might have told us about the Royal Welsh that we have since learned.

The Honorable Sir William Howe, Knight of the Bath and commander-in-chief of his Majesty's armies in America after Gage and until 1777, was designated to that high command from service as a colonel of the Royal Welsh. When he was relieved as commander-in-chief, and Sir Henry Clinton was designated in his stead, his brother, the famous Admiral Howe, came to American shores in command of the British fleet. At that time the French had openly come to our help with a French squadron stronger than that of Admiral Howe, under the command of Count d'Estaing, ready to dispute with the British the control of American seas. Howe's ships were insufficiently manned; he had no marines, he needed soldiers, and made his wants known. Out of compliment to their former colonel's brother, the Royal Welsh volunteered for this duty. The fleet went into engagement with the French, but a gale dispersed them. There were isolated fights, the most notable of which was that of the French *Cesar*, a seventy-two, with the British *Isis*, of fifty guns, where the British ship carried a light infantry company of the Twenty-third. In Howe's report to the Admiralty he made particular mention of the spirited and gallant behavior of the Royal Welsh.

During its two hundred years of existence this famous regiment has been the recipient of many honors. The feathers of the red dragon and the rising sun are the badges of the Prince of Wales. They were given to the Welsh for its services in the Marlborough campaigns, when George I, in 1714, conferred on them the title "The Prince of Wales's own regiment of Welsh Fusiliers." To commemorate this distinction, it advances to the command of "Royal—Welsh!" instead of to our "For-

ward—march!” The white horse of Hanover, the badge of George II, was granted to the Twenty-third after the battle of Dettingen (1743), where the king personally witnessed the regiment’s gallantry. The sphinx was awarded them after the Egyptian campaign in 1801, where the Twenty-third carried a disputed high sand-hill at the landing. Its battle honors begin with Namur (1695), on Belgian soil, near which the greater part of the regiment is now fighting in the Great War of to-day. Its honors also include such names as Blenheim, Oudenarde, Egypt, Martinique, Corunna, Salamanca, Peninsula, Waterloo, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Burma, Peking, and Ladysmith. No regiment which during by far the larger part of its history has consisted of a single battalion has a list of “battle honors” as long as that of the Twenty-third Foot. It is worth mentioning that they were offered the right to inscribe on their colors “Bunker Hill,” but declined because that fight, they said, was with Englishmen, and they did not wish it commemorated, which expresses in another way what was said more recently by one of our foremost public men, that the Revolution was a revolt against a Teutonic king, George III, led by an English gentleman, George Washington.

We are fortunate to know a little of the service of the Royal Welsh in this Great War. Four days after its beginning in 1914 its home battalions were assembled at Wrexham depot for service in France. One battalion, however, remained abroad, where its service continued in the German Cameroons with the Anglo-French forces under Brigadier-General Dobell, a distinguished officer of the Royal Welsh. But the battalions from Wrexham were despatched immediately to France, where they fought and bled in the stress of those times. When after the German advance was hurled back from the Marne, and the modern trench warfare was initiated on the Aisne, after months of the fiercest fighting, there occurred an incident, a moment of relaxation, if it may be so called,

that many of us read of at the time. On Christmas eve of 1914, on a sector manned respectively on opposite sides by the Saxons and the British, the firing suddenly ceased, but not by orders. The Saxons shouted out first, “Don’t shoot!” The British lads held up their hands in assent. A barrel of beer came over the trenches. And the British in return gave over surplus rations that the Saxons were eager to get. Those British troops who responded to this invitation were none other than the famous Twenty-third, the Royal Welsh, the old associates in China of the United States marines. Let us remember that Christmas eve of 1914 and those Saxons, our enemies now in the great war of to-day. The carol chorus that arose from the German trenches that night came from hearts that for the time being expressed peace on earth, good will to men. Their ways are not our ways now, though their strain is in the Anglo-Saxon stock; but their song silenced for the time the crack of the rifles of the snipers leveled across no-man’s land.

“You English there, why don’t you come out?” the Saxons called, and the candles then burned along the parapets that were hitherto guarded with ceaseless vigilance! A British chaplain gave to a Saxon colonel a copy of the English Soldier’s Prayer, and in return received a cigar, with a message for the bereaved family of a certain wounded British officer who had recently died a prisoner of war. And on the following Christmas day the Saxons and Welsh buried their dead, and even played together a game of foot-ball, in which the Saxons won. That such things could have occurred in the midst of war seems unbelievable to us, but that they did occur there can be no mistake. It brings back our faith in the virtues of all mankind. But that truce was not an official truce, for no kaiser willed or authorized it. It came from the hearts of those who were bearing the brunt of the war, but it expressed a sentiment upon which in the end the world will once again be united in peace on earth and a good will to men.

The First Convoy

With our Troops to France

By NELSON COLLINS

ON a day in June, sunny and muggy, with a thin mist over the harbor, the assembling of the ships began. From piers near the Battery and from piers near the foot of Twenty-third Street ships made their way across the North River to the piers in Hoboken used in times of peace by the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines. We moved out into the North River at eight-thirty. The bridge was still undressed, and workmen were busy about it as we backed out into the river. As we swung toward the Hoboken pier, another ship, coming up from the Battery, converged on our course, heading for the same dock. Another showed up just the other side of her. We were berthed by nine-thirty, three abreast in one dock. But ships kept coming until well past three in the afternoon, for the coastwise trade was swinging into the war.

Gradually in among us the freight-barges, with men in olive-drab sprawled on their high-piled luggage, appeared, and lay for hours till we should be ready.

Scores of tugs pushed and pulled, puffed harshly, and became quickly silent as pressure relaxed. The derrick tugs hung about ready to lift the luggage aboard. A power-boat in the naval service darted through at thirty-five knots an hour. Meantime detachments of soldiers marched through the warehouses to the pier-heads and lounged there. Fine fellows they were. Fine even after one had seen the Anzacs, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, and the French; too fine to be killed except in a cause even finer than they. They waved to the soldiers on the barges jammed in among the ships and tugs, glanced curiously up the sides of the ship, then set themselves to wait with the patience born

of sentry-duty. They waited hours in the mist-threaded sunshine, and all the time more dun-colored ships, with names obscured, but not invisible, swung in for them.

It is a strange medley of authorities, military, naval, merchant marine, overlapping but not interfering, cordial not jealous, but involving unexpected quick adjustments of courtesies and responsibilities.

In old passenger days, our ship could carry seventeen hundred with her normal accommodations; but now we had built bunks of slightly sagging canvas across board supports, three deep, on the two upper decks of five hatchways. Wash-houses had been erected on the open deck.

The sun was beginning to drop behind the Hoboken warehouses when the last of the slate-colored ships made a berth. Railroad barge after railroad barge jammed with luggage massed about us. Tugs and excursion-steamers crowded with soldiers kept coming up from the Battery.

The embarkation lasted all night. By four in the morning we had soldiers of the regular army, medical reserve officers and men, and two hundred nurses aboard. They were aboard, but not all of them were stowed. The medical contingent to go abroad with us came about five in the afternoon. The officers were in uniform, but the men—medical students from Johns Hopkins, most of them, I was told, just finished with their third year of study—had not been uniformed yet. They were a good body of men, excellent material, as anybody could see; but not shaped up.

The embarking of the regulars started after six o'clock in the evening. They

had been five days on a train, and had been confined all the muggy day in their cars at Jersey City on top of that. They toiled up the gangway with their load of equipment. "A good ship," one or two said appreciatively as they came over the side. "Step light, and don't rock the boat," called one. "Do I go up-stairs or down-stairs?" asked one, pointing first to the ladder up to the quarter-deck and then to an open hatchway. Most of them said, "What time do we sail?" or said nothing at all. There was naturally some confusion, but the whole thing was remarkably well ordered. Men with undoubtable cards assigning them to identified bunks found said identified bunks already occupied, and there was no instance recorded of the first occupant giving up the place.

By two o'clock in the morning the tone of the ship had altered. The men had "carried on" for six days, had sat stifled in cars all the muggy day excepting for an hour on the platforms, and had been cheerful on the piers. Sheer tiredness made everybody a little crabbed during the dead hours before dawn came. One young private found a highly original grievance for the hour and the occasion. "Ain't there any place for a damned buck private to sit and read?" he demanded after inspecting the second-cabin smoking-room, which had been assigned to officers. By five there was deep, though not always silent, peace all over the ship. Everybody slept.

Less than twenty-four hours after we tied up at the pier we backed out again, and slipped down to anchorage to wait for the other ships and for the convoying naval force. As we moved down the North River the salutes from ships in the river and ships at their piers, from tug-boats and ferries and Sunday-morning excursion-steamers, made us realize the errand we were bound on more than all the routine of embarkation. We spent that night within a ring of cruisers and destroyers.

We stayed several days with that ring of destroyers and cruisers around us, close to the submarine net. Our ship was the first of the transports to make the anchor-

age. The others joined us at long intervals. No one was allowed to go ashore, and no one was allowed to come aboard. Everybody longed to be at sea, the ship's crew because "a week in any port is long enough," and the soldiers and nurses because of the confinement. Fog set in, and held even the gaze restricted most of the time. Nobody slept well or settled well to any interest or occupation. We all felt relieved when two privates of the regulars quarreled in mess-line the fourth morning of our "hold-up," and after breakfast were allowed to fight it out with bare fists, ringed round by the men of their company and many others. It cleared the air for them and for all of us. The supply of text-books in elementary French was appalling; only less appalling than the oral tutoring of those who were held to have made some progress.

At last we went out, just after noon, in weather that contained every portent. The brilliant sun smoked on the water from a vivid blue sky piled with clean, white clouds. A lively breeze played on us from the southwest. In Ambrose Channel, and before we had dropped the pilot, black, streaked clouds climbed quickly from the southwestern horizon, overshadowed us, and swept the decks with a vicious summer shower that lasted ten minutes. Incoming coastal steamers from Newport News and Savannah, British cargo-boats bound in and out, had their rails lined as we passed.

It was a brisk breeze, with a slight sea; but slight as it was, it killed much of the interest in elementary French along the promenade-deck, and subdued the horse-play fore and aft, where the soldiers were stowed. Most of them were on salt water for the first time. Fortunately the sea was not bad enough to overpower any but the most susceptible; it simply subdued the others. The three groups of watches, military, naval, and merchant marine, were posted. The soldiers assigned to the upper crow's-nests faced the horrors of a first climb up the side of a ship's mast along with the misery of sea-sickness. One unfortunate had just strength left to yell

"Look out below!" to the crowded fore-castle-head a hundred feet below him. Another climbed successfully to the crow's-nest, but went in head first instead of feet first, and it took three minutes by the watch for his mates in the nest to get him right side up in that narrow space.

While at anchor bridge watches had been *de luxe*. Moving-pictures by the foremast, band concerts on the promenade-deck forward, boxing-bouts in the well of the ship between, made bridge life seem like an over-idealized La Follette shipping bill. Now that we were at sea, only the boxing-bouts were held. They came on regularly and with gusto about six-thirty every evening.

We went out in three groups, all headed, we surmised, for the same port in France. This surmise was largely confirmed when we found systematic rendez-vous of the groups established from time to time on the voyage. We put to sea on a Thursday, a group of seven ships in all. So far as that night and Friday went, we were alone on the journey. But occasionally a wisp of smoke was reported to starboard, sometimes forward, sometimes abaft the beam. A wisp of smoke or wisps of smoke might be anything, cargo- or passenger-boats headed east or west, even a German raider—anything but a German squadron, thanks to an overwhelming fleet of an ally in the North Sea. But the wisp of smoke grew to two, to three, to more, and kept pace with us. Late that first Saturday afternoon one of our other two groups was in good view to starboard and astern—ten ships in all, an imposing cruiser, transports, and other escort. That midnight the group sailed past us. At four in the morning they were well ahead of us, getting low down on our horizon. Two days later we had not seen them again.

The whole ship's company soon fell into its routine and its settled mood. There was setting-up drill for the soldiers morning, afternoon, and evening; there was frequent gun practice for the naval crews. Fire and boat drill came for all hands. Manœuvres of the transports and escort kept everybody either busy or interested.

The tension of organization was down to a working basis.

I was in and out among the soldiers more or less. I had a curiosity to know the individual attitude among them toward this expedition to France. Here were regulars who were in the service before 1914 sprang its cataclysmic surprise on the world, recruits who enlisted six months before our own declaration of war last April, recruits who signed up after the declaration. All the teens and the twenties and early thirties were represented, and all grades from men of the college and other well-bred types to men representing our least excellent American citizenship. I ran on people from every part of the country except New England and the Pacific Northeast. All offered themselves to the army. Why did they? And of those who did it after our declaration of war, what was their idea of our reason for being in the war and their reason for wishing to take part in it at the outset?

The main answer to all these questions—and many more that might come up regarding the origins and progress and outcomes of the war—was astoundingly simple. They understood their country had to go to war, was forced into it because there was no other resource that had not been exhausted, and so they signed up. That seemed an all-sufficient reason, and once offered naïvely as all-sufficient, it did seem so. I had been associating for a year and a half with a young man who thought perhaps he ought to go into the war. There was no real reason under the sun why he should not go if he felt that way; but he had weighed it and discussed it and decided for it and decided against it. Finally he committed himself to the auxiliary-cruiser service, and two days before he was to start backed out. He then started off to enlist in the National Guard of his State for more preliminary training just before the Conscription Bill would have ended all his agonizings and hesitations. In some way these fellows of the regiments aboard made him seem unbelievably grotesque. One private, nineteen years old,

from the open-pit iron-ore mines of northern Michigan, stated the stark proposition:

"I figured I was born an American, I'd had my schooling and got my first job in Michigan, and that it was up to me to quit and fight. If I was good enough for all I had had from the country, the country was good enough for me to fight for. I have a brother who was earning seven dollars a day running a winch at one of the mines. He quit, too, feeling the same way. He's in the navy. I've got another brother in the cavalry. My first brother would have gone, too, first crack off the bat, only he's married; and so he'll wait awhile. My mother's German, and my father's French. No wonder I got a boil on my neck. They're both dead. I don't know either language."

So far as the justification of the war is concerned, these soldiers seemed to accept President Wilson's phrase "making the world safe for democracy" at its full face-value. There is a general acceptance of the fact that Germany has "gone the limit," and, if not defeated, would push that same limit a little further, in war or peace.

The simple truth is interesting and not discreditable. There were young recruits in the bunks down in the hatchways weeping as we sailed out of New York harbor. Homesickness and sheer horror of brutal warfare in a strange land hurt to tears. The same condition prevailed with a few of them after we sighted the French coast and neared the port. And I, at least, was not ashamed of them. They will be none the worse fighters and none the less willing fighters for it.

On the twelfth day we entered the danger zone or thereabouts. Shortly after four that Monday morning the cruiser wigwagged that we would make rendezvous with two United States destroyers sometime around six o'clock. The sea was dull; the sky was overcast; mist hung on the horizon. At five-twenty, a couple of points off our bow to port, a low, swift shape came through the mist, telegraphing her identification across the transient half-

dark of belated dawn. Her yellow eye blinked her name and number,—No. —, the *S*——,—and as she drew nearer her name was given us again in the signal-flags of the international code. Off to starboard, heading in toward us at about the same angle as the *S*—— had come in off to port, another destroyer was reported from the forward crow's-nest, and was immediately visible from the bridge. A little forward of the beam another one was seen farther out. That seemed like good measure for the two we expected. Five minutes later the *J*——, No. —, tore through the mist to port, and before long the *M*—— showed up abaft the beam, also to port. Five of Uncle Sam's finest destroyers from somewhere off the coast of England and France had showed up to us somewhere else off the coast of England and France, and with our steady escorts, the *A*—— and the *P*——, made seven destroyers for our little column of the cruiser, three transports, and the collier. We swung into the actual, official danger zone amply protected.

Boat drill came at nine-thirty. We swung the boats to the level of the promenade-deck rail, and lashed them there. Portable steps were placed along the deck at each of the boats. It seemed almost a pity that so much preparation might, probably would, be wasted. But the destroyers had come through the mist to a dot for a rendezvous appointed a month ago for this place and hour. They were cutting in and out among us. A submarine's chances were pretty slim.

It was all very impressive. We took it a little sardonically, necessary and admirable as it was. You see, we were simply a merchant ship's company who had been used to carrying the ship and its crew and its passengers and its cargo "through the zone" for two years and a half, with an occasional zigzag, in about ten days' time between New York and Liverpool. For eleven days now we had been in the midst of changing speeds, manœuvres, flag-signaling, until we had wondered vaguely how we ever got across before. The expedition was too important to omit any

precaution, but we were a little sated, if the truth must be told. We had had a paraphernalia of military lookouts aboard in extra crow's-nests, strung along the promenade-deck, on each end of the bridge, who certainly were zealous, whatever else they were. We half suspected inadequacy in our own extra man out on the forecastle-head, our regular man in the regular crow's-nest, and our usual close watch on the bridge in other voyaging, though we longed for it. When we were not stepping on military lookouts in the wings of the bridge we were tripping over signal-halyards lying all over the place. It was all very colorful and comprehensive, but distracting. The bridge will never seem the same again on routine merchant marine watches. I wonder if it will be any the less effective.

The signal-men were our chief delight. "Jig, X-Ray, Tare," they would sing out, which meant simply that the flag-ship had hoisted a three-flag signal in the international code for the three letters, J, X, and T, meaning whatever the code-book or the secret instructions said they meant in that combination. "Love, Mike, Quack," they would call out, and hoist L, M, and Q to our yard-arm in confirmation of the flag-ship's signal. Words for the letters is a device that helps distinctness, but has its humor. Military lookouts on a ship are equally delightful, even though, if the truth be told, not so useful. I can imagine, just imagine, that in peace times, or even in other war times, where everything to be sighted loomed well above the water, they would be useful additions to the regular ship's lookout. But lookout in waters infested with submarines is specialized lookout. It is minute, but not too minute; inferential, but not wildly imaginative; cool and collected. Anything that clutters it impairs it. Well, the services of soldiers on their one voyage across certainly clutters and distracts the regular ship's lookout. Reports to the bridge became fantastic, with no principle of selection employed. An *aéroplane* astern in mid-ocean that disappeared the instant it was observed; a "log" three hundred yards

off the starboard beam that was finally reduced, under questioning of the lookout, to a length of two inches; a dead fish eight hundred yards away; and of course periscopes innumerable were incidents of two days. The sailor out of the ship's crew, stationed in the forward lower crow's-nest, was seldom heard from.

We steered by "pegs" instead of degrees or points; that is, black-and-white staffs placed on the bridge-rail for the quartermaster at the wheel to keep his line with the cruiser ahead, an excellent device and new to us. We received reports of ships or logs or submarines at two o'clock, at three o'clock instead of abeam to starboard, at six o'clock instead of astern, at nine o'clock instead of abeam to port, at half-past ten instead of four points off the port bow. All these are novelties that we can assimilate; but the reports of our soldier lookouts! It were a strange sea that actually held all their marvels.

The ship was bound to be a house of rumors, and many more floated up to the bridge than drifted down from it. Nobody aboard the ship knew where we were going, but almost every place along the Atlantic coast of France had been the choice of various groups. Rumors that one or the other two groups that made up our total convoy had been attacked by submarines were followed by rumors that both of them were safely in port well ahead of us. The soldier lookouts had heard that they were to go back with the ship, because they could see so many things, presumably. Chaucer's "House of Rumor," with its thousand openings and shifting, whispering little airs, was no more crowded with items than our ship with the airs of mid-ocean playing upon it.

We drew near the shore of sunny France in dull weather with an overcast sky, squalls of driving rain, and a troubled sea. At night the waxing moon had a thin light, and got few chances between clouds. We had notification on Tuesday evening of a French escort, and late Wednesday morning—late, that is, as watches go; it was near nine o'clock—they showed up, two specks off our port bow, mosquito

destroyers of the French navy, tiny craft, midgets alongside even our own escorting destroyers, but speedy. They swung to off the cruiser, and one remained to port, while the other cut across our line and took its position to starboard. They scouted ahead for the thirty hours that remained of the journey.

Land does not "loom" on this low-lying Biscayan shore. It showed faintly, heralded by a lighthouse or two, toward six o'clock. We had already known from six o'clock the night before that our port was S——, at the mouth of a small river, the interesting city of N—— lying two hours' or more travel inland. The rain pelted, half a mist persisted, and the whole experience was oddly without inspiration or excitement—about as thrilling as a Hoboken ferry docking at Twenty-third Street. S—— lies in a bay of its own off the Bay of Biscay. Two great points reach out into the open, with some indications of bluff cut into by sandy beaches. Clumps of pine stood here and there along these bluffs, and the cultivated fields ran to their very edges. This has been a cool summer, a backward season, but the green and yellow fields and the foliage of the trees showed from the ship as we drew into the harbor channel in all the lushness of the end of June. We passed slowly between the buoys, with an occasional dipping of the ensign from a harbor ferry-boat or a coastwise freighter. A British tramp slid past us, bound out, and a Norwegian tramp as well. The shore boulevard, with its stone facing, lay alongside our course, and the beaches were bare with half a tide. We took the turn and swung into the harbor proper, and then we saw the American base. Cruisers at anchor, transports in the bay, United States naval launches plying between, the collier N——, a five-masted sailing schooner—everything afloat in that harbor was American except the French tug-boats and the ferry-boats that run up the river. Meantime the rain pelted steadily, an increasing blow came in from the old Bay of Biscay, and, to our disappointment, we dropped anchor off the docks,

and lay there all that day and until ten o'clock at night. The S——, lucky ship, drawing only sixteen feet, went into dock at once. She had been tail-end ship all the way over, and the officers on her bridge grinned as she passed us on her way to dock. It cleared in the late afternoon to a sky of curious steely gray for a summer sky, too thin and too cold, suggestive of November or February. Great ovals of dirty gray and nearly black clouds stood up in this thin light ahead, and the moon in her first quarter rose astern of us and to port as we weighed anchor to pass in. The N—— had weighed her anchor just ahead of us, and swept past us with bugle-calls going, bound out. All our company aboard cheered as we passed on our opposite errands.

The French pilot, a short, heavily whiskered man, had been aboard all day. He and I had "hit it off together," and he had talked of the war naturally, of the sea even more naturally, of Catholics and Protestants in France, of the vineyards and orchards and grain-fields and cattle pastures in sight from the bridge, even of poetry, particularly of Breteil, the people's poet living at St. Malot.

It was weather of all the portents, just as it had been the early afternoon we passed out from Sandy Hook. The pilot handled the ship, new to him, with greater dash and accuracy than any other pilot I ever have watched. He swung her around in narrow quarters off the first dock gate, and drove her with beautiful directness and exactness into the first basin. Then he passed into a lock that seemed hardly wide enough to accommodate her huge girth, though as a matter of fact a thousand-ton local freighter was able to lie alongside her there.

Here it was, in this lock, waiting for twenty minutes to pass into the second dock, which was the one where our own berth was assigned, that we met the French people. There is a street on both sides of this lock, and the rue du Port, which was on our port side, as it happened, though that is a poor pun, was crowded. Since Tuesday ships of the

convoy had been arriving and passing in, and this was Thursday night. But the spontaneous heartiness of the French welcome had not worn down. The rue du Port was jammed with French men, French women, French girls (it is worth while making the division), French children, and American sailors and soldiers.

This was at ten forty-five, and the moon had worked around toward the ship's head a bit. Just as the people cheered, she came out from behind a berg of cloud and filled in between the sparse electric lights along the quay. The houses were within a girl's stone-throw of the ship's side, and the long French windows of their second stories, the living-quarters above a line of shops, were wide open, the lighted interiors giving us ship-folk a frank glimpse of their domesticity over the shoulders of the residents in their little iron balconies. The quay is lined with an iron railing, and the crowd hung over it, or were pressed over its spikes almost perilously.

The first attempt after the general cheer was typically French in its attempt at adaptability. A group of young Frenchmen yelled, "Heep—heep—hoo—rah!" and the familiar words in the unfamiliar inflections set the American into a good-natured roar. Some American sailor already ashore from the earlier ships saved the situation by yelling to us aboard:

"Sing a song! Say, the French girls want you to sing a song."

They started to sing themselves, and the first song that rose from ship and shore was "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." The next one was "John Brown's Body." In among the singing came the routine calls from bridge and quay for locking through the ship, "Heave away that port

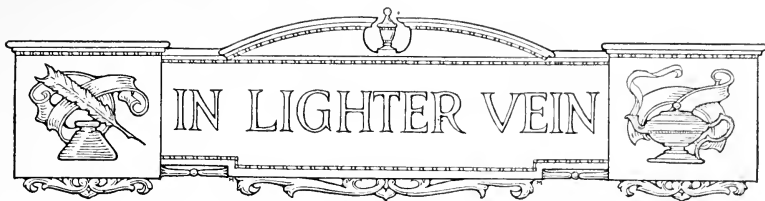
bow line!" and calls from the pilot in French.

Our regimental band played the "Marseillaise" first, and the crowd greeted it with a great roar. Then it played "God Save the King," then "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the roar from the crowd almost outdid the first response to the "Marseillaise."

The girls on the quay astonished everybody then by singing the chorus to "Tipperary," the substitute in this war for "The Girl I Left behind me." The next songs came from the ship, "Suwanee River" and "Old Black Joe." The Johns Hopkins crowd of medical students were forward on the promenade-deck, out of the lights. They put pep into the proceedings by singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here," and an American voice from the quay called, "Give us another; give us a rag." The university men tried to resurrect "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night," but it languished and faded away. They sang "America" finally, with, it must be admitted, the usual groping for words after the first stanza.

At eleven-twenty we left the lock and passed into our dock. We warped into our particular quay there very slowly, leaving the crowd behind at the lock. Only a group of American soldiers watched for us there on the quay. "Taps" was heard somewhere. "Well, good night," they called to the privates of the regiment forward. "Pleasant dreams. See you in the morning," and one man added, "How do you like France so far?" "Avast heaving," sounded the order from the bridge, the signal, "Finished with the engines," was flashed below, and the transport with its first American contingent had arrived.





For My Country

By LUCY STONE KELLER

IT is only seven P.M., but I am in bed, feigning acute stomach trouble. I have locked the door and pulled the bed against it. This is not to escape doing "my bit" for my country, but because it is imperative that I have a little time to wire a few buttons on my clothes, and to rub liniment on my aching muscles, due to last night's bandaging. I felt in no condition to have my pressure points for cut arteries located even though my daughter's examination in "first aid" *does* come to-morrow. I have suggested the gardener as my understudy, as I see no reason why he should not impersonate a wounded soldier as heroically as I.

Through my bedroom window I can see Jim Sefton and his two sons making military mistakes out in their side garden. Sefton is a lucky dog. He has just as good a time as his boys do; he drills with them, goes on five-mile hikes, plays in that trench they've made behind their hedge, and feels as important as a major-general. I've always liked Sefton, but lately his manner has become overbearing and unpleasant. I try to excuse his attitude, realizing that he cannot know what it means to exist in a family of violently patriotic women. Last night he and his boys went to the armory to drill. They asked me to go with them, but Ada (my wife that was, who now belongs to her country) has decided that my first duty to my country lies in attending strictly to business and supporting three dependent women. So in the evenings I get into my pajamas (a left-over pair that were not sent to the Bel-

gians because both legs are for the right leg and the sleeves are upside down), and Carrie and Ada and Ruth and the cook take turns bandaging me. At first I resented such intimacy with the cook, but I have grown to appreciate her thoughtfulness in really endeavoring to stick the safety-pins into the bandages rather than into me.

If a man has worked hard in an office all day in order to make enough extra money to pay five assessments (Ada thought the gardener's wife should also belong) to the "Women's Local League for Defense"; to make Red Cross endowments for the family, the servants, and the servants' friends; and to pay tuition for wireless telegraphy, auto machinery, hospital nursing, agriculture, and street-car conductor schools, he will find it very hard to impersonate a cheerful "maimed soldier," a pose which is original with my daughter Carrie, and has found great favor with all the neighbors.

It consists of a fractured leg, a vicious scalp wound, a torn brachial artery, and a cracked patella. I have forgotten where this last thing is; I have so many sore spots that I cannot remember the names of them all. In this pretty little play I am supposed to be utterly limp, with the exception of my right arm, with which I hold the "first-aid" book aloft that I may instruct the patriotic practice on my person. I wish to impress upon any who read that only a man of iron constitution and perfect health will be able to survive. Flesh pinned together with large, blunt safety-

pins is unbelievably demoralizing to the nerves, as are also the splinters in the splints. The book is rather firm on the point that splints should be padded, but Ada does not consider it necessary in mere practice.

Perhaps I should be in better condition to stand the bandaging were it not that for an hour every evening, after an economical dinner, I am obliged to lie on my back in the garage and wrestle with the chaos in the automobile engine; for our modest car has been subjected to somewhat the same activities as have I, due to Carrie's forty-five-dollar course in a patriotic night school to learn engine mechanism. As a result, our engine departed this life of usefulness over two weeks ago, Carrie having found, in dissecting it, several parts which resembled pictures in Ruth's wireless-telegraphy book, and having sent them to Ruth's instructor for an explanation. In this way a number of essentials were lost; that is, they are not here, though Carrie is certain they are not lost. The cook has experimented with all the kitchen utensils, but the engine remains wisely dead. I want to explain that were it in my power I should hire a mechanic, but Ada has already applied to the potato fund the amount that he would be paid.

Unless the cook should decide to enroll

in a locomotive engineering class, we shall soon have enough money saved to buy half a bushel of potatoes to plant in the tennis-court.

Although Ada and Ruth have signed up for a thirty-dollar agricultural course, they do not evince the same enthusiasm in it as in their other activities. Thus I am delegated to spade up the concrete tennis-court, a duty I do not look forward to with pleasure, especially as it has to be done with the furnace tools and the snow-shovel because every possible cent must be put aside toward equipping a bed in our local base hospital. The gardener expects to enlist and has stopped work.

We have been working for that hospital bed for over a month by abstaining from the use of potatoes and onions. Although I was never acutely fond of either vegetable, I cannot seem to develop the Chinese instinct for rice. Three Belgian babies are subsisting on our salad courses and desserts, so it has come to the point where our dinners consist chiefly of faint soup and philanthropic ideals.

It irritates me to see Sefton marching around over there with the clothes-line post over his shoulder. I have a disagreeable feeling that he thinks he is doing more for his country than I am.

Conquerors

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

BY an impulse
Vague, yet compelling,
The porter and the watchman
Went off on a spree.

At the height of the orgy,
The porter divided the world in
halves,
Kept one for himself
And donated the other
With due solemnity
To his friend the watchman,

Who scorned the gift,
But was induced to accept it
At last
With specific gravity.

The bacchanal is over,
And the celebrants
Are making the rounds
Of the employment agencies
In the quest
For new worlds
To conquer.



The Hall of Infamy

Verse by W. R. BURLINGAME. Drawings by W. E. HILL.



THE MAN WHO IS AWFULLY CHEERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

THE early morning is, to me,
 Unsuitable for gaiety;
 In fact, I cannot veil my wrath
 At those who sing while in their bath
 In doubtful keys, and splash and shout,
 And make absurd remarks about
 The glorious world. The world, as such,

At dawn does not attract me much.
 This man, with whom I dwell, I find
 Is of that wholesome turn of mind
 Whereby he always feels most fit
 When I am just the opposite.
 And so I'll place within the hall
 His manly statue, bath and all.

THE LADY WHO ALWAYS APPEARS WITH A GAME OF LETTERS WHERE
TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER



I OFTEN like to sit and chat,
Upon a porch, of this and that;
And take short flights on fancy's wings
Without the aid of games and things.
My hostess, though, is always pained
To see me thus unentertained.
I feel her looming up behind

With my amusement on her mind,
Observe her eager tiptoe, and
The game of "authors" in her hand.
The hall shall certainly contain
Such hostesses who entertain
And will not let one sit and chat
(Upon a porch) of this and that.



Portrait of an Old Man

PAINTING BY HANS MEMLING

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE CENTURY

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The Coming of the Terror

By ARTHUR MACHEN

Author of "The Bowmen," etc.

Decorations by Wilfred Jones

AFTER two years we are turning once more to the morning's news with a sense of appetite and glad expectation. There were thrills at the beginning of the war, the thrill of horror and of a doom that seemed at once incredible and certain. This was when Namur fell, and the German host swelled like a flood over the French fields, and drew very near to the walls of Paris. Then we felt the thrill of exultation when the good news came that the awful tide had been turned back, that Paris and the world were safe, for a while, at all events.

Then for days we hoped for more news as good as this or better. Has Kluck been surrounded? Not to-day, but perhaps he will be surrounded to-morrow. But the days became weeks, the weeks drew out to months; the battle in the West seemed frozen. People speculated as to the reason of this inaction: the hopeful said that Joffre had a plan, that he was "nibbling"; others declared that we were short of munitions, others again that the new levies were not yet ripe for battle. So the months went by, and almost two years of war had been completed before the motionless English line began to stir and quiver

as if it awoke from a long sleep, and began to roll onward, overwhelming the enemy.

THE secret of the long inaction of the British armies has been well kept. On the one hand it was rigorously protected by the censorship, which, severe, and sometimes severe to the point of absurdity, became in this particular matter ferocious. As soon as the real significance of that which was happening was perceived by the authorities, an underlined circular was issued to the newspaper proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland. It warned each proprietor that he might impart the contents of this circular to one other person only, such person being the responsible editor of his paper, who was to keep the communication secret under the severest penalties. The circular forbade any mention of certain events that had taken place, that might take place; it forbade any kind of reference to these events or any hint of their existence. The subject was not to be referred to in conversation, it was not to be hinted at, however obscurely, in letters; the very existence of the circular, its subject apart, was to be a dead secret.

Now, a censorship that is sufficiently

minute and utterly remorseless can do amazing things in the way of hiding what it wants to hide. Once one would have thought otherwise; one would have said that, censor or no censor, the fact of the murder at X— would certainly become known, if not through the press, at all events through rumor and the passage of the news from mouth to mouth. And this would be true of England three hundred years ago. But we have grown of late to such a reverence for the printed word and such a reliance on it that the old faculty of disseminating news by word of mouth has become atrophied. Forbid the press to mention the fact that Jones has been murdered, and it is marvelous how few people will hear of it, and of those who hear how few will credit the story that they have heard.

And, then, again, the very fact of these vain rumors and fantastic tales having been so widely believed for a time was fatal to the credit of any stray mutterings that may have got abroad.

Before the secret circular had been issued my curiosity had somehow been aroused by certain paragraphs concerning a "Fatal Accident to Well-known Airman." The propeller of the airplane had been shattered, apparently by a collision with a flight of pigeons; the blades had been broken, and the machine had fallen like lead to the earth. And soon after I had seen this account, I heard of some very odd circumstances relating to an explosion in a great munition factory in the Midlands. I thought I saw the possibility of a connection between two very different events.

It has been pointed out to me by friends who have been good enough to read this record that certain phrases I have used may give the impression that I ascribe all the delays of the war on the Western front to the extraordinary circumstances which occasioned the issue of the secret circular. Of course this is not the case; there were many reasons for the immobility of our lines from October, 1914, to July, 1916. We could undertake to supply the defects of our army both in men and munitions if

the new and incredible danger could be overcome. It has been overcome,—rather, perhaps, it has ceased to exist,—and the secret may now be told.

I have said my attention was attracted by an account of the death of a well-known airman. I have not the habit of preserving cuttings, I am sorry to say, so that I cannot be precise as to the date of this event. To the best of my belief it was either toward the end of May or the beginning of June, 1915. The manner in which Western-Reynolds met his death struck me as extraordinary. He was brought down by a flight of pigeons, as appeared by what was found on the blood-stained and shattered blades of the propeller. An eyewitness of the accident, a fellow-officer, described how Western-Reynolds set out from the aërodrome on a fine afternoon, there being hardly any wind. He was going to France.

"'Wester' rose to a great height at once, and we could scarcely see the machine. I was turning to go when one of the fellows called out: 'I say! What 's this?' He pointed up, and we saw what looked like a black cloud coming from the south at a tremendous rate. I saw at once it was n't a cloud; it came with a swirl and a rush quite different from any cloud I've ever seen. It turned into a great crescent, and wheeled and veered about as if it was looking for something. The man who had called out had got his glasses, and was staring for all he was worth. Then he shouted that it was a tremendous flight of birds, 'thousands of them.' They went on wheeling and beating about high up in the air, and we were watching them, thinking it was interesting, but not supposing that they would make any difference to 'Wester,' who was just about out of sight. Then the two arms of the crescent drew in as quick as lightning, and these thousands of birds shot in a solid mass right up there across the sky, and flew away. Then Henley, the man with the glasses, called out, 'He 's down!' and started running, and I went after him. We got a car, and as we were going along Henley told me that he 'd seen the machine drop dead, as

if it came out of that cloud of birds. We found the propeller-blades all broken and covered with blood and pigeon-feathers, and carcasses of the birds had got wedged in between the blades, and were sticking to them."

It was, I think, about a week or ten days after the airman's death that my business called me to a Northern town, the name of which, perhaps, had better remain unknown. My mission was to inquire into certain charges of extravagance which had been laid against the munition-workers of this special town. I found, as usual, that there was a mixture of truth and exaggeration in the stories that I had heard.

"And how can you be surprised if people will have a bit of a fling?" a worker said to me. "We're seeing money for the first time in our lives, and it's bright. And we work hard for it, and we risk our lives to get it. You've heard of explosion yonder?"

He mentioned certain works on the outskirts of the town. Of course neither the name of the works nor that of the town had been printed; there had been a brief notice of "Explosion at Munition Works in the Northern District: Many Fatalities." The working-man told me about it, and added some dreadful details.

"They would n't let their folks see bodies; screwed them up in coffins as they found them in shop. The gas had done it."

"Turned their faces black, you mean?"

"Nay. They were all as if they had been bitten to pieces."

This was a strange gas.

I asked the man in the Northern town all sorts of questions about the extraordinary explosion of which he had spoken to me, but he had very little more to say. As I have noted already, secrets that may not be printed are often deeply kept; last summer there were very few people outside high official circles who knew anything about the "tanks," of which we have all been talking lately, though these strange instruments of war were being exercised and tested in a park not far from London.

I gave him up, and took a tram to the



district of the disaster, a sort of industrial suburb, five miles from the center of the town. When I asked for the factory, I was told that it was no good my going to it, as there was nobody there. But I found it, a raw and hideous shed, with a walled yard about it, and a shut gate. I looked for signs of destruction, but there was nothing. The roof was quite undamaged; and again it struck me that this had been a strange accident. There had been an explosion of sufficient violence to kill people in the building, but the building itself showed no wounds or scars.

A man came out of the gate and locked it behind him. I began to ask him some sort of question, or, rather, I began to "open" for a question with "A terrible business here, they tell me," or some such phrase of convention. I got no further. The man asked me if I saw a policeman walking down the street. I said I did, and I was given the choice of getting about my business forthwith or of being instantly given in charge as a spy. "Th'ast better be gone, and quick about it," was, I think, his final advice, and I took it.

It was a day or two later that the accident to the airman Western-Reynolds came into my mind. For one of those instants which are far shorter than any measure of time there flashed out the possibility of a link between the two disasters. But here was a wild impossibility, and I drove it away. And yet I think that the thought, mad as it seemed, never left me;

it was the secret light that at last guided me through a somber grove of enigmas.

It was about this time, so far as the date can be fixed, that a whole district, one might say a whole county, was visited by a series of extraordinary and terrible calamities, which were the more terrible inasmuch as they continued for some time to be inscrutable mysteries. It is indeed doubtful whether these awful events do not still remain mysteries to many of those concerned; for before the inhabitants of this part of the country had time to join one link of evidence to another the circular was issued, and thenceforth no one knew how to distinguish undoubted fact from wild and extravagant surmise.

The district in question is in the far west of Wales; I shall call it, for convenience, Meirion. Here, then, one sees a wild and divided and scattered region, a land of outland hills and secret and hidden valleys.

Such, then, in the main is Meirion, and on this land in the early summer of last year terror descended—a terror without shape, such as no man there had ever known.

It began with the tale of a little child who wandered out into the lanes to pick flowers one sunny afternoon, and never came back to the cottage on the hill. It was supposed that she must have crossed the road and gone to the cliff's edge, possibly in order to pick the sea-pinks that were then in full blossom. She must have slipped, they said, and fallen into the sea, two hundred feet below. It may be said at once that there was no doubt some truth in this conjecture, though it stopped far short of the whole truth. 'The child's body must have been carried out by the tide, for it was never found.

The conjecture of a false step or of a fatal slide on the slippery turf that slopes down to the rocks was accepted as being the only explanation possible. People thought the accident a strange one, because, as a rule, country children living by the cliffs and the sea become wary at an early age, and the little girl was almost ten

years old. Still, as the neighbors said, "That 's how it must have happened; and it 's a great pity, to be sure." But this would not do when in a week's time a strong young laborer failed to come to his cottage after the day's work. His body was found on the rocks six or seven miles from the cliffs where the child was supposed to have fallen; he was going home by a path that he had used every night of his life for eight or nine years, that he used on dark nights in perfect security, knowing every inch of it. The police asked if he drank, but he was a teetotaler; if he was subject to fits, but he was n't. And he was not murdered for his wealth, since agricultural laborers are not wealthy. It was only possible again to talk of slippery turf and a false step; but people began to be frightened. Then a woman was found with her neck broken at the bottom of a disused quarry near Llanfihangel, in the middle of the county. The false-step theory was eliminated here, for the quarry was guarded by a natural hedge of gorse. One would have to struggle and fight through sharp thorns to destruction in such a place as this; and indeed the gorse was broken, as if some one had rushed furiously through it, just above the place where the woman's body was found. And this also was strange: there was a dead sheep lying beside her in the pit, as if the woman and the sheep together had been chased over the brim of the quarry. But chased by whom or by what? And then there was a new form of terror.

This was in the region of the marshes under the mountain. A man and his son, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, set out early one morning to work, and never reached the farm whence they were bound. Their way skirted the marsh, but it was broad, firm, and well metalled, and it had been raised about two feet above the bog. But when search was made in the evening of the same day, Phillips and his son were found dead in the marsh, covered with black slime and pond-weed. And they lay some ten yards from the path, which, it would seem, they must have left deliberately. It was useless, of course, to look

for tracks in the black ooze, for if one threw a big stone into it, a few seconds removed all marks of the disturbance. The men who found the two bodies beat about the verges and purlieus of the marsh in hope of finding some trace of the murderers; they went to and fro over the rising ground where the black cattle were grazing, they searched the alder-thickets by the brook; but they discovered nothing.

Most horrible of all these horrors, perhaps, was the affair of the Highway, a lonely and unfrequented by-road that winds for many miles on high and lonely land. Here, a mile from any other dwelling, stands a cottage on the edge of a dark wood. It was inhabited by a laborer named Williams, his wife, and their three children. One hot summer's evening a man who had been doing a day's gardening at a rectory three or four miles away passed the cottage, and stopped for a few minutes to chat with Williams, who was pottering about his garden, while the children were playing on the path by the door. The two talked of their neighbors and of the potatoes till Mrs. Williams appeared at the doorway and said supper was ready, and Williams turned to go into the house. This was about eight o'clock, and in the ordinary course the family would have had their supper and be in bed by nine, or by half-past nine at the latest. At ten o'clock that night the local doctor was driving home along the Highway. His horse shied violently and then stopped dead just opposite the gate to the cottage. The doctor got down, and there on the roadway lay Williams, his wife, and the three children, stone-dead. Their skulls were battered in as if by some heavy iron instrument; their faces were beaten into a pulp.

It is not easy to make any picture of the horror that lay dark on the hearts of the people of Meirion. It was no longer possible to believe or to pretend to believe that these men and women and children had met their deaths through strange accidents. For a time people said that there must be a madman at large, a sort of country variant of Jack the Ripper, some horrible pervert who was possessed by the pas-

sion of death, who prowled darkling about that lonely land, hiding in woods and in wild places, always watching and seeking for the victims of his desire.

Indeed, Dr. Lewis, who found poor Williams, his wife, and children, was convinced at first that the presence of a concealed madman in the country-side offered the only possible solution to the difficulty.

"I felt sure," he said to me afterward, "that the Williamses had been killed by a homicidal maniac. It was the nature of the poor creatures' injuries that convinced me that this was the case. Those poor people had their heads smashed to pieces by what must have been a storm of blows. Any one of them would have been fatal, but the murderer must have gone on raining blows with his iron hammer on people who were already stone-dead. And *that* sort of thing is the work of a madman, and nothing but a madman. That's how I argued the matter out to myself just after the event. I was utterly wrong, monstrously wrong; but who could have suspected the truth?"

I quote Dr. Lewis, or the substance of him, as representative of most of the educated opinion of the district at the beginnings of the terror. People seized on this theory largely because it offered at least



the comfort of an explanation, and any explanation, even the poorest, is better than an intolerable and terrible mystery. Besides, Dr. Lewis's theory was plausible; it explained the lack of purpose that seemed to characterize the murders.

And yet there were difficulties even from the first. It was hardly possible that

a strange madman would be able to keep hidden in a country-side where any stranger is instantly noted and noticed; sooner or later he would be seen as he prowled along the lanes or across the wild places.

Then another theory, or, rather, a variant of Dr. Lewis's theory, was started. This was to the effect that the person responsible for the outrages was indeed a madman, but a madman only at intervals. It was one of the members of the Porth Club, a certain Mr. Remnant, who was supposed to have originated this more subtle explanation. Mr. Remnant was a middle-aged man who, having nothing particular to do, read a great many books by way of conquering the hours. He talked to the club—doctors, retired colonels, parsons, lawyers—about "personality," quoted various psychological text-books in support of his contention that personality was sometimes fluid and unstable, went back to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as good evidence of this proposition, and laid stress on *Dr. Jekyll's* speculation that the human soul, so far from being one and indivisible, might possibly turn out to be a mere polity, a state in which dwelt many strange and incongruous citizens, whose characters were not merely unknown, but altogether unsurmised by that form of consciousness which rashly assumed that it was not only the president of the republic, but also its sole citizen.

However, Mr. Remnant's somewhat crazy theory became untenable when two more victims of an awful and mysterious death were offered up in sacrifice, for a man was found dead in the Llanfihangel quarry where the woman had been discovered, and on the same day a girl of fifteen was found broken on the jagged rocks under the cliffs near Porth. Now, it appeared that these two deaths must have occurred at about the same time, within an hour of one another, certainly, and the distance between the quarry and the cliffs by Black Rock is certainly twenty miles.

And now a fresh circumstance or set of circumstances became manifest to confound judgment and to awaken new and

wild surmises; for at about this time people realized that none of the dreadful events that were happening all about them was so much as mentioned in the press. Horror followed on horror, but no word was printed in any of the local journals. The curious went to the newspaper offices,—there were two left in the county,—but found nothing save a firm refusal to discuss the matter. Then the Cardiff papers were drawn and found blank, and the London press was apparently ignorant of the fact that crimes that had no parallel were terrorizing a whole country-side. Everybody wondered what could have happened, what was happening; and then it was whispered that the coroner would allow no inquiry to be made as to these deaths of darkness.

Clearly, people reasoned, these government restrictions and prohibitions could only refer to the war, to some great danger in connection with the war. And that being so, it followed that the outrages which must be kept so secret were the work of the enemy; that is, of concealed German agents.

It is time, I think, for me to make one point clear. I began this history with certain references to an extraordinary accident to an airman whose machine fell to the ground after collision with a huge flock of pigeons, and then to an explosion in a Northern munition factory of a very singular kind. Then I deserted the neighborhood of London and the Northern district, and dwelt on a mysterious and terrible series of events which occurred in the summer of 1915 in a Welsh county, which I have named for convenience Meirion.

Well, let it be understood at once that all this detail that I have given about the occurrences in Meirion does not imply that the county in Wales was alone or specially afflicted by the terror that was over the land. They tell me that in the villages about Dartmoor the stout Devonshire hearts sank as men's hearts used to sink in the time of plague and pestilence. There was horror, too, about the Norfolk Broads, and far up by Perth no one would venture on the path that leads by Scone to the

wooded heights above the Tay. And in the industrial districts. I met a man by chance one day in an odd London corner who spoke with horror of what a friend had told him.

"'Ask no questions, Ned,' he says to me, 'but I tell yow a was in Bairnigan t' other day, and a met a pal who 'd seen three hundred coffins going out of a works not far from there.'"

Then there was the vessel that hovered outside the mouth of the Thames with all sails set, and beat to and fro in the wind, and never answered any signals and showed no light. The forts shot at her, and brought down one of the masts; but she went suddenly about, stood down channel, and drove ashore at last on the sand-banks and pine-woods of Arcachon, and not a man alive on her, but only rattling heaps of bones! That last voyage of the *Semiramis* would be something horribly worth telling; but I heard it only at a distance as a yarn, and believed it only because it squared with other things that I knew for certain.

This, then, is my point: I have written of the terror as it fell on Meirion simply because I have had opportunities of getting close there to what really happened.

Well, I have said that the people of that far Western county realized not only that death was abroad in their quiet lanes and on their peaceful hills, but that for some reason it was to be kept secret. And so they concluded that this veil of secrecy must somehow be connected with the war; and from this position it was not a long way to a further inference that the murderers of innocent men and women and children were either Germans or agents of Germany. It would be just like the Huns, everybody agreed, to think out such a devilish scheme as this; and they always thought out their schemes beforehand.

It all seemed plausible enough; Germany had by this time perpetrated so many horrors and had so excelled in devilish ingenuities that no abomination seemed too abominable to be probable or too ingeniously wicked to be beyond her tortuous malice. But then came the questions as to

who the agents of this terrible design were, as to where they lived, as to how they contrived to move unseen from field to field, from lane to lane. All sorts of fantastic attempts were made to answer these questions, but it was felt that they remained unanswered. Some suggested that the murderers landed from submarines, or flew from hiding-places on the west coast of Ireland, coming and going by night; but there were seen to be flagrant impossibilities in both these suggestions. Everybody agreed that the evil work was no doubt the work of Germany; but nobody could begin to guess how it was done.

It was, I suppose, at about this time when the people were puzzling their heads as to the secret methods used by the Germans or their agents to accomplish their crimes that a very singular circumstance became known to a few of the Porth people. It related to the murder of the Williams family on the Highway in front of their cottage door. I do not know that I have made it plain that the old Roman road called the Highway follows the course of a long, steep hill that goes steadily westward till it slants down toward the sea. On each side of the road the ground falls away, here into deep shadowy woods, here into high pastures, but for the most part into the wild and broken land that is characteristic of Arfon.

Now, on the lower slopes of it, beneath the Williams cottage, some three or four fields down the hill, there is a military camp. The place has been used as a camp for many years, and lately the site has been extended and huts have been erected; but a considerable number of the men were under canvas here in the summer of 1915.

On the night of the Highway murder this camp, as it appeared afterward, was the scene of the extraordinary panic of horses.

A good many men in the camp were asleep in their tents soon after 9:30. They woke up in panic. There was a thundering sound on the steep hillside above them, and down upon the tents came half a dozen horses, mad with fright, trampling

the canvas, trampling the men, bruising dozens of them, and killing two.

Everything was in wild confusion, men groaning and screaming in the darkness, struggling with the canvas and the twisted ropes, and some of them, raw lads enough, shouting out that the Germans had at last landed.

Some of the men had seen the horses galloping down the hill as if terror itself was driving them. They scattered off into the darkness, and somehow or other found their way back in the night to their pasture above the camp. They were grazing there peacefully in the morning, and the only sign of the panic of the night before was the mud they had scattered all over themselves as they pelted through a patch of wet ground. The farmer said they were as quiet a lot as any in Meirion; he could make nothing of it.

Then two or three other incidents, quite as odd and incomprehensible, came to be known, borne on chance trickles of gossip that came into the towns from outland farms. And in such ways it came out that up at Plas Newydd there had been a terrible business over swarming the bees; they had turned as wild as wasps and much more savage. They had come about the people who were taking the swarms like a cloud. They settled on one man's face so that you could not see the flesh for the bees crawling over it, and they had stung him so badly that the doctor did not know whether he would get well; they had chased a girl who had come out to see the swarming, and settled on her and stung her to death. Then they had gone off to a brake below the farm and got into a hollow tree, and it was not safe to go near it, for they would come out at you by day or by night.

And much the same thing had happened, it seemed, at three or four farms and cottages where bees were kept. And there were stories, hardly so clear or so credible, of sheep-dogs, mild and trusted beasts, turning as savage as wolves and injuring the farm boys in a horrible manner, in one case, it was said, with fatal results. It was certainly true that old Mrs. Owens's

favorite Dorking cock had gone mad. She came into Porth one Saturday morning with her face and her neck all bound up and plastered. She had gone out to her bit of field to feed the poultry the night before, and the bird had flown at her and attacked her most savagely, inflicting some very nasty wounds before she could beat it off.

"There was a stake handy, lucky for me," she said, "and I did beat him and beat him till the life was out of him. But what is come to the world, whatever?"

Now Remnant, the man of theories, was also a man of extreme leisure. He was no more brutal than the general public, which revels in the details of mysterious crime; but it must be said that the terror, black though it was, was a boon to him. He peered and investigated and poked about with the relish of a man to whose life a new zest has been added. He listened attentively to the strange tales of bees and dogs and poultry that came into Porth with the country baskets of butter, rabbits, and green peas, and he evolved at last a most extraordinary theory. He went one night to see Dr. Lewis.

"I want to talk to you," he said to the doctor, "about what I have called provisionally the Z-ray."

Dr. Lewis, smiling indulgently, and quite prepared for some monstrous piece of theorizing, led Remnant into the room that overlooked the terraced garden and the sea.

"I suppose, Lewis, you've heard these extraordinary stories of bees and dogs and things that have been going about lately?"

"Certainly I have heard them. I was called in at Plas Newydd, and treated Thomas Trevor, who's only just out of danger, by the way. I certified for the poor child, Mary Trevor. She was dying when I got to the place."

"Well, then there are the stories of good-tempered old sheep-dogs turning wicked and 'savaging' children."

"Quite so. I have n't seen any of these cases professionally; but I believe the stories are accurate enough."

"And the old woman assaulted by her own poultry?"

"That 's perfectly true."

"Very good," said Mr. Remnant. He spoke now with an italic impressiveness. *"Don't you see the link between all this and the horrible things that have been happening about here for the last month?"*

Lewis stared at Remnant in amazement. He lifted his red eyebrows and lowered them in a kind of scowl. His speech showed traces of his native accent.

"Great burning!" he exclaimed, "what on earth are you getting at now? It is madness. Do you mean to tell me that you think there is some connection between a swarm or two of bees that have turned nasty, a cross dog, and a wicked old barn-door cock, and these poor people that have been pitched over the cliffs and hammered to death on the road? There 's no sense in it, you know."

"I am strongly inclined to believe that there is a great deal of sense in it," replied Remnant, with extreme calmness. "Look here, Lewis, I saw you grinning the other day at the club when I was telling the fellows that in my opinion all these outrages had been committed, certainly by the Germans, but by some method of which we have no conception. Do you see my point?"

"Well, in a sort of way. You mean there 's an absolute originality in the method? I suppose that is so. But what next?"

Remnant seemed to hesitate, partly from a sense of the portentous nature of what he was about to say, partly from a sort of half-unwillingness to part with so profound a secret.

"Well," he said, "you will allow that we have two sets of phenomena of a very extraordinary kind occurring at the same time. Don't you think that it 's only reasonable to connect the two sets with one another?"

"So the philosopher of Tenterden steeple and the Goodwin Sands thought, certainly," said Lewis. "But what is the connection? Those poor folks on the Highway were n't stung by bees or wor-

ried by a dog. And horses don't throw people over cliffs or stifle them in marshes."

"No; I never meant to suggest anything so absurd. It is evident to me that in all these cases of animals turning suddenly savage the cause has been terror, panic, fear. The horses that went charging into the camp were mad with fright, we know. And I say that in the other instances we have been discussing the cause was the same. The creatures were exposed to an infection of fear, and a frightened beast or bird or insect uses its weapons, whatever they may be. If, for example, there had been anybody with those horses when they took their panic, they would have lashed out at him with their heels."

"Yes, I dare say that that is so. Well?" demanded the doctor.

"Well, my belief is that the Germans have made an extraordinary discovery. I have called it the Z-ray. You know that the ether is merely an hypothesis; we have to suppose that it 's there to account for the passage of the Marconi current from one place to another. Now, suppose that there is a psychic ether as well as a material ether, suppose that it is possible to direct irresistible impulses across this medium, suppose that these impulses are toward murder or suicide; then I think that you have an explanation of the terrible series of events that have been happening in Meirion for the last few weeks. And it is quite clear to my mind that the horses and the other creatures have been exposed to this Z-ray, and that it has produced on them the effect of terror, with ferocity as the result of terror. Now, what do you say to that? Telepathy, you know, is well established; so is hypnotic suggestion. Now don't you feel that putting telepathy and suggestion together, as it were, you have more than the elements of what I call the Z-ray? I feel that I have more to go on in making my hypothesis than the inventor of the steam-engine had in making his hypothesis when he saw the lid of the kettle bobbing up and down. What do you say?"

Dr. Lewis made no answer. He was

watching the growth of a new, unknown tree in his garden.

It was a dark summer night. The moon was old and faint above the Dragon's Head, on the opposite side of the bay, and the air was very still. It was so still that Lewis had noted that not a leaf stirred on the very tip of a high tree that stood out against the sky; and yet he knew that he was listening to some sound that he could not determine or define. It was not the wind in the leaves, it was not the gentle wash of the water of the sea against the rocks; that latter sound he could distinguish easily. But there was something else. It was scarcely a sound; it was as



if the air itself trembled and fluttered, as the air trembles in a church when they open the great pedal pipes of the organ.

The doctor listened intently. It was not an illusion, the sound was not in his own head, as he had suspected for a moment; but for the life of him he could not make out whence it came or what it was. He gazed down into the night, over the terraces of his garden, now sweet with the scent of the flowers of the night; tried to peer over the tree-tops across the sea toward the Dragon's Head. It struck him suddenly that this strange, fluttering vibration of the air might be the noise of a distant *aéroplane* or airship; there was not the usual droning hum, but this sound might be caused by a new type of engine. A new type of engine? Possibly it was

an enemy airship; their range, it had been said, was getting longer, and Lewis was just going to call Remnant's attention to the sound, to its possible cause, and to the possible danger that might be hovering over them, when he saw something that caught his breath and his heart with wild amazement and a touch of terror.

He had been staring upward into the sky, and, about to speak to Remnant, he had let his eyes drop for an instant. He looked down toward the trees in the garden, and saw with utter astonishment that one had changed its shape in the few hours that had passed since the setting of the sun. There was a thick grove of *ilexes* bordering the lowest terrace, and above them rose one tall pine, spreading its head of sparse branches dark against the sky.

As Lewis glanced down over the terraces he saw that the tall pine-tree was no longer there. In its place there rose above the *ilexes* what might have been a greater *ilex*; there was the blackness of a dense growth of foliage rising like a broad, far-spreading, and rounded cloud over the lesser trees.

Dr. Lewis glared into the dimness of the night, at the great, spreading tree that he knew could not be there. And as he gazed he saw that what at first appeared the dense blackness of foliage was fretted and starred with wonderful appearances of lights and colors.

The night had gloomed over; clouds obscured the faint moon and the misty stars. Lewis rose, with some kind of warning and inhibiting gesture to Remnant, who, he was aware, was gaping at him in astonishment. He walked to the open French window, took a pace forward on the path outside, and looked very intently at the dark shape of the tree. He shaded the light of the lamp behind him by holding his hands on each side of his eyes.

The mass of the tree—the tree that could n't be there—stood out against the sky, but not so clearly now that the clouds had rolled up. Its edges, the limits of its leafage, were not so distinct. Lewis thought that he could detect some sort of quivering movement in it, though the air

was at a dead calm. It was a night on which one might hold up a lighted match and watch it burn without any wavering or inclination of the flame.

"You know," said Lewis, "how a bit of burned paper will sometimes hang over the coals before it goes up the chimney, and little worms of fire will shoot through it. It was like that, if you should be standing some distance away. Just threads and hairs of yellow light I saw, and specks and sparks of fire, and then a twinkling of a ruby no bigger than a pin-point, and a green wandering in the black, as if an emerald were crawling; and then little veins of deep blue. 'Woe is me!' I said to myself in Welsh. 'What is all this color and burning?'"

"At that very moment there came a thundering rap at the door of the room inside, and there was my man telling me that I was wanted directly up at the Garth, as old Mr. Trevor Williams had been taken very bad. I knew his heart was not worth much, so I had to go off directly, and leave Remnant alone to make what he could of it all."

Dr. Lewis was kept some time at the Garth. It was past twelve when he got back to his house. He went quickly to the room that overlooked the garden and the sea, threw open the French window, and peered into the darkness. There, dim indeed against the dim sky, but unmistakable, was the tall pine, with its sparse branches, high above the dense growth of the ilex-trees. The strange boughs which had amazed him had vanished; there was no appearance of colors or of fires.

The doctor did not say anything about the strange tree to Remnant. When they next met, he said that he had thought there was a man hiding among the bushes. This was in explanation of that warning gesture he had used, and of his going out into the garden and staring into the night. He concealed the truth because he dreaded the Remnant doctrine that would undoubtedly be produced; indeed, he hoped that he had heard the last of the theory of the Z-ray. But Remnant firmly reopened this subject.

"We were interrupted just as I was putting my case to you," he said. "And to sum it all up, it amounts to this: the Huns have made one of the great leaps of science. They are sending 'suggestions' (which amount to irresistible commands) over here, and the persons affected are seized with suicidal or homicidal mania. In my opinion Evans was the murderer of the Williams family. You know he said he stopped to talk to Williams. It seems to me simple. And as for the animals,—the horses, dogs, and so forth,—they, as I say, were no doubt panic-stricken by the ray, and hence driven to frenzy."

"Why should Evans have murdered Williams instead of Williams murdering Evans? Why should the impact of the ray affect one and not the other?"

"Why does one man react violently to a certain drug, while it makes no impression on another man? Why is A able to drink a bottle of whisky and remain sober, while B is turned into something very like a lunatic after he has drunk three glasses?"

"It is a question of idiosyncrasy," said the doctor.

Lewis escaped from the club and from Remnant. He did not want to hear any more about that dreadful ray, because he felt sure that the ray was all nonsense. But asking himself why he felt this certi-



tude in the matter, he had to confess that he did n't know. An *aéroplane*, he reflected, was all nonsense before it was made.

But he thought with fervor of the extraordinary thing he had seen in his own garden with his own eyes. How could one fail to be afraid with great amazement at the thought of such a mystery?

Dr. Lewis's thoughts were distracted from the incredible adventure of the tree by the visit of his sister and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Merritt lived in a well-known manufacturing town of the Midlands, which was now, of course, a center of munition work. On the day of their arrival at Porth, Mrs. Merritt, who was tired after the long, hot journey, went to bed early, and Merritt and Lewis went into the room by the garden for their talk and tobacco. They spoke of the year that had passed since their last meeting, of the weary dragging of the war, of friends that had perished in it, of the hopelessness of an early ending of all this misery. Lewis said nothing of the terror that was on the land. One does not greet with a tale of horror a tired man who is come to a quiet, sunny place for relief from black smoke and work and worry. Indeed, the doctor saw that his brother-in-law looked far from well. He seemed "jumpy"; there was an occasional twitch of his mouth that Lewis did not like at all.

"Well," said the doctor, after an interval of silence and port wine, "I am glad to see you here again. Porth always suits you. I don't think you're looking quite up to your usual form; but three weeks of Meirion air will do wonders."

"Well, I hope it will," said the other. "I am not up to the mark. Things are not going well at Midlingham."

"Business is all right, is n't it?"

"Yes; but there are other things that are all wrong. We are living under a reign of terror. It comes to that."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"It's not much. I did n't dare write it. But do you know that at every one of the munition-works in Midlingham and all about it there's a guard of soldiers with drawn bayonets and loaded rifles day and night? Men with bombs, too. And machine-guns at the big factories."

"German spies?"

"You don't want machine-guns and bombs to fight spies with."

"But what against?"

"Nobody knows. Nobody knows what is happening," Merritt repeated, and he

went on to describe the bewilderment and terror that hung like a cloud over the great industrial city in the Midlands; how the feeling of concealment, or some intolerable secret danger that must not be named, was worst of all.

Merritt made a sort of picture of the great town cowering in its fear of an unknown danger.

"There's a queer story going about," he said, "as to a place right out in the country, over the other side of Midlingham. They've built one of the new factories out there, a great red brick town of sheds. About two hundred yards from this place there's an old footpath through a pretty large wood, most of it thick undergrowth. It's a black place of nights."

"A man had to go this way one night. He got along all right till he came to the wood, and then he said his heart dropped out of his body. It was awful to hear the noises in that wood. Thousands of men were in it, he swears. It was full of rustling, and pattering of feet trying to go dainty, and the crack of dead boughs lying on the ground as some one trod on them, and swishing of the grass, and some sort of chattering speech going on that sounded, so he said, as if the dead sat in their bones and talked! He ran for his life, anyhow, across fields, over hedges, through brooks. He must have run, by his tale, ten miles out of his way before he got home to his wife, beat at the door, broke in, and bolted it behind him."

"There is something rather alarming about any wood at night," said Dr. Lewis.

Merritt shrugged his shoulders.

"People say that the Germans have landed, and that they are hiding in underground places all over the country."

Lewis gasped for a moment, silent in contemplation of the magnificence of rumor. The Germans already landed, hiding underground, striking by night, secretly, terribly, at the power of England! It was monstrous, and yet—

"People say they've got a new kind of poison-gas," continued Merritt. "Some think that they dig underground places and make the gas there, and lead it by se-

cret pipes into the shops; others say that they throw gas bombs into the factories. It must be worse than anything they've used in France, from what the authorities say."

"The authorities? Do *they* admit that there are Germans in hiding about Midlingham?"

"No. They call it 'explosions.' But we know it is n't explosions. We know in the Midlands what an explosion sounds like and looks like. And we know that the people killed in these 'explosions' are put into their coffins in the works. Their own relations are not allowed to see them."

"And do you believe in the German theory?"

"If I do, it's because one must believe in something. Some say they've seen the gas. I heard that a man living in Dunwich saw it one night like a black cloud, with sparks of fire in it, floating over the tops of the trees by Dunwich Common."

The light of an ineffable amazement came into Lewis's eyes. The night of Remnant's visit, the trembling vibration of the air, the dark tree that had grown in his garden since the setting of the sun, the strange leafage that was starred with burning, and all vanished away when he returned from his visit to the Garth; and such a leafage had appeared as a burning cloud far in the heart of England. What intolerable mystery, what tremendous doom was signified in this? But one thing was clear and certain: the terror of Meirion was also the terror of the Midlands.

Merritt told the story of how a Swedish professor, Huvelius, had sold to the Germans a plan for filling England with German soldiers. Land was to be bought in certain suitable and well-considered places, Englishmen were to be bought as the apparent owners of such land, and secret excavations were to be made, till the country was literally undermined. A subterranean Germany, in fact, was to be dug under selected districts of England; there were to be great caverns, underground cities, well drained, well ventilated, supplied with water, and in these places vast

stores both of food and of munitions were to be accumulated year after year till "the Day" dawned. And then, warned in time, the secret garrison would leave shops, hotels, offices, villas, and vanish underground, ready to begin their work of bleeding England at the heart.

"Well," said Lewis, "of course, it may be so. If it is so, it is terrible beyond words."

Indeed, he found something horribly plausible in the story. It was an extraordinary plan, of course, an unheard-of scheme; but it did not seem impossible. It was the Trojan Horse on a gigantic scale. And this theory certainly squared with what one had heard of German preparations in Belgium and in France.

And it seemed from that wonder of the burning tree that the enemy mysteriously and terribly present at Midlingham was present also in Meirion. Yet, he thought again, there was but little harm to be done in Meirion to the armies of England or to their munitionment. They were working for panic terror. Possibly that might be so; but the camp under the Highway? That should be their first object, and no harm had been done there.

Lewis did not know that since the panic of the horses men had died terribly in that camp; that it was now a fortified place, with a deep, broad trench, a thick tangle of savage barbed wire about it, and a machine-gun planted at each corner.

One evening the doctor was summoned to a little hamlet on the outskirts of Porth. In one of the cottages the doctor found a father and mother weeping and crying out to "Doctor Bach, Doctor Bach," two frightened children, and one little body, still and dead.

The doctor found that the child had been asphyxiated. His clothes were dry; it was not a case of drowning. There was no mark of strangling. He asked the father how it had happened, and father and mother, weeping most lamentably, declared they had no knowledge of how their child had been killed, "unless it was the People that had done it." The Celtic fairies are still malignant. Lewis asked

what had happened that evening; where had the child been?

"Was he with his brother and sister?" asked the doctor. "Don't they know anything about it?"

The children had been playing in the road at dusk, and just as their mother called them in one child had heard Johnnie cry out:

"Oh, what is that beautiful, shiny thing over the stile?"

They found the little body, under the ash-grove in the middle of the field. He was quite still and dead, so still that a great moth had settled on his forehead, fluttering away when they lifted him up.

Dr. Lewis heard this story. There was nothing to be done, little to be said to these most unhappy people.

"Take care of the two that you have left to you," said the doctor as he went away. "Don't let them out of your sight if you can help it. It is dreadful times that we are living in."

About ten days later a young farmer had been found by his wife lying in the grass close to the castle, with no scar on him or any mark of violence, but stone-dead.

Lewis was sent for, and knew at once, when he saw the dead man, that he had perished in the way that the little boy had perished, whatever that awful way might be.

It seemed that he had gone out at about half-past nine to look after some beasts. He told his wife he would be back in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. He did not return, and when he had been gone for three quarters of an hour Mrs. Cradock went out to look for him. She went into the field where the beasts were, and everything seemed all right; but there was no trace of Cradock. She called out; there was no answer.

She told the doctor:

"There was something that I could not make out at all. It seemed to me that the hedge did look different from usual. To be sure, things do look different at night, and there was a bit of sea mist about; but somehow it did look odd to me, and I

said to myself, 'Have I lost my way, then?'"

She declared that the shape of the trees in the hedge appeared to have changed, and besides, it had a look "as if it was lighted up, somehow," and so she went on toward the stile to see what all this could be; and when she came near, everything was as usual. She looked over the stile and called, hoping to see her husband coming toward her or to hear his voice; but there was no answer, and glancing down the path, she saw, or thought she saw, some sort of brightness on the ground, "a dim sort of light, like a bunch of glow-worms in a hedge-bank.

"And so I climbed over the stile and went down the path, and the light seemed to melt away; and there was my poor husband lying on his back, saying not a word to me when I spoke to him and touched him."

So for Lewis the terror blackened and became altogether intolerable, and others, he perceived, felt as he did. He did not know, he never asked, whether the men at the club had heard of these deaths of the child and the young farmer; but no one spoke of them. Indeed, the change was evident; at the beginning of the terror men spoke of nothing else; now it had become all too awful for ingenious chatter or labored and grotesque theories. And Lewis had received a letter from his brother-in-law, who had gone back to Midlingham; it contained the sentence, "I am afraid Fanny's health has not greatly benefited by her visit to Porth; there are still several symptoms I don't at all like." This told him, in a phraseology that the doctor and Merritt had agreed upon, that the terror remained heavy in the Midland town.

It was soon after the death of Cradock that people began to tell strange tales of a sound that was to be heard of nights about the hills and valleys to the northward of Porth. A man who had missed the last train from Meiros and had been forced to tramp the ten miles between Meiros and

Porth seems to have been the first to hear it. He said he had got to the top of the hill by Tredonoc, somewhere between half-past ten and eleven, when he first noticed an odd noise that he could not make out at all; it was like a shout, a long-drawn-out, dismal wail coming from a great way off. He stopped to listen, thinking at first that it might be owls hooting in the woods; but it was different, he said, from that. He could make nothing of it, and feeling frightened, he did not quite know of what, he walked on briskly, and was glad to see the lights of Porth station. Then others heard it.

Let it be remembered again and again that all the while that the terror lasted there was no common stock of information as to the dreadful things that were being done. The press had not said one word upon it, there was no criterion by which the mass of the people could separate fact from mere vague rumor, no test by which ordinary misadventure or disaster could be distinguished from the achievements of the secret and awful force that was at work. And since the real nature of all this mystery of death was unknown, it followed easily that the signs and warnings and omens of it were all the more unknown. Here was horror, there was horror; but there were no links to join one horror with another, no common basis of knowledge from which the connection between this horror and that horror might be inferred.

The sound had been heard for three or perhaps four nights, when the people coming out of Tredonoc church after morning service on Sunday noticed that there was a big yellow sheep-dog in the churchyard. The dog, it appeared, had been waiting for the congregation; for it at once attached itself to them, at first to the whole body, and then to a group of half a dozen who took the turning to the right till they came to a gate in the hedge, whence a roughly made farm-road went through the fields, and dipped down into the woods and to Treff Loyne farm.

Then the dog became like a possessed creature. He barked furiously. He ran up to one of the men and looked up at

him, "as if he were begging for his life," as the man said, and then rushed to the gate and stood by it, wagging his tail and barking at intervals. The men stared.

"Whose dog will that be?" said one of them.

"It will be Thomas Griffith's, Treff Loyne," said another.

"Well, then, why does n't he go home? Go home, then!" He went through the gesture of picking up a stone from the road and throwing it at the dog. "Go home, then! Over the gate with you!"

But the dog never stirred. He barked and whined and ran up to the men and then back to the gate. The farmer shook the dog off, and the four went on their way, and the dog stood in the road and watched them, and then put up its head and uttered a long and dismal howl that was despair.

Then it occurred to somebody, so far as I can make out with no particular reference to the odd conduct of the Treff Loyne sheep-dog, that Thomas Griffith had not been seen for some time past.

One September afternoon, therefore, a party went up to discover what had happened to Griffith and his family. There were half a dozen farmers, a couple of



policemen, and four soldiers, carrying their arms; those last had been lent by the officer commanding at the camp. Lewis, too, was of the party; he had heard by chance that no one knew what had become of Griffith and his family, and he was anxious about a young fellow, a painter, of his acquaintance who had been lodging at Treff Loyne all the summer.

They came to the gate in the hedge

where the farm-road led down to Treff Loyne. Here was the farm inclosure, the outlying walls of the yard and the barns and sheds and outhouses. One of the farmers threw open the gate and walked into the yard, and forthwith began bel-lowing at the top of his voice:

"Thomas Griffith! Thomas Griffith! Where be you, Thomas Griffith?"

The rest followed him. The corporal snapped out an order over his shoulder, and there was a rattling metallic noise as the men fixed their bayonets.

There was no answer to this summons; but they found poor Griffith lying on his face at the edge of the pond in the middle of the yard. There was a ghastly wound in his side, as if a sharp stake had been driven into his body.

It was a still September afternoon. No wind stirred in the hanging woods that were dark all about the ancient house of Treff Loyne; the only sound in the dim air was the lowing of the cattle. They had wandered, it seemed, from the fields and had come in by the gate of the farm-yard and stood there melancholy, as if they mourned for their dead master. And the horses, four great, heavy, patient-looking beasts, were there, too, and in the lower field the sheep were standing, as if they waited to be fed.

Lewis knelt down by the dead man and looked closely at the gaping wound in his side.

"He's been dead a long time," he said. "How about the family? How many are there of them? I never attended them."

"There was Griffith, and his wife, his son Thomas, and Mary Griffith, his daughter. And I do think there was a gentleman lodging with them this summer."

That was from one of the farmers. They all looked at one another, this party of rescue, who knew nothing of the danger that had smitten this house of quiet people, nothing of the peril which had brought them to this pass of a farm-yard, with a dead man in it, and his beasts standing patiently about him as if they waited for the farmer to rise up and give them their food. Then the party turned to the

house. The windows were shut tight. There was no sign of any life or movement about the place. The party of men looked at one another.

They did not know what the danger was or where it might strike them or whether it was from without or from within. They stared at the murdered man, and gazed dismally at one another.

"Come," said Lewis, "we must do something. We must get into the house and see what is wrong."

"Yes, but suppose they are at us while we are getting in?" said the sergeant. "Where shall we be then, Doctor Lewis?"

The corporal put one of his men by the gate at the top of the farm-yard, another at the gate by the bottom, and told them to challenge and shoot. The doctor and the rest opened the little gate of the front garden and went up to the porch and stood listening by the door. It was all dead silence. Lewis took an ash stick from one of the farmers and beat heavily three times on the old, black, oaken door studded with antique nails.

There was no answer from within. He beat again, and still silence. He shouted to the people within, but there was no answer. They all turned and looked at one another. There was an iron ring on the door. Lewis turned it, but the door stood fast; it was evidently barred and bolted. The sergeant of police called out to open, but again there was no answer.

They consulted together. There was nothing for it but to blow the door open, and some one of them called in a loud voice to those that might be within to stand away from the door or they would be killed. And at this very moment the yellow sheep-dog came bounding up the yard from the woods and licked their hands and fawned on them and barked joyfully.

"Indeed, now," said one of the farmers, "he did know that there was something amiss. A pity it was, Thomas Williams, that we did not follow him when he implored us last Sunday."

The corporal disengaged his bayonet and shot into the keyhole, calling out once

more before he fired. He shot and shot again, so heavy and firm was the ancient door, so stout its bolts and fastenings. At last he had to fire at the massive hinges, and then they all pushed together, and at that the door lurched open suddenly and fell forward.

Young Griffith was lying dead before the hearth. They went on toward the parlor, and in the doorway of the room was the body of the artist Secretan, as if he had fallen in trying to get to the kitchen. Up-stairs the two women, Mrs. Griffith and her daughter, a girl of eighteen, were lying together on the bed in the big bedroom, clasped in each other's arms.

They went about the house, searched the pantries, the back kitchen, and the cellars; there was no life in it. There was no bread in the place, no milk, no water.

The group of men stood in the big kitchen and stared at one another, a dreadful perplexity in their eyes. The old man had been killed with the piercing thrust of some sharp weapon; the rest had perished, it seemed probable, of thirst; but what possible enemy was this that besieged the farm and shut in its inhabitants? There was no answer.

The sergeant of police spoke of getting a cart and taking the bodies into Porth, and Dr. Lewis went into the parlor that Secretan had used as a sitting-room, intending to gather any possessions or effects of the dead artist that he might possibly find there. Half a dozen portfolios were piled up in one corner, there were some books on a side-table, a fishing-rod and basket behind the door; that seemed all. Lewis was about to rejoin the rest of the party in the kitchen, when he looked down at some scattered papers lying with the books on the side-table. On one of the sheets he read, to his astonishment, the words, "Dr. James Lewis, Porth." This was written in a staggering, trembling scrawl.

The table stood in a dark corner of the room, and Lewis gathered up the sheets of paper and took them to the window and began to read this:

I do not think that I can last much longer. We shared out the last drops of water a long time ago. I do not know how many days ago. We fall asleep and dream and walk about the house in our dreams, and I am often not sure whether I am awake or still dreaming, and so the days and nights are confused in my mind. I awoke not long ago, at least I suppose I awoke, and found I was lying in the passage.

There seems no hope for any of us. We are in the dream of death.

Here the manuscript became unintelligible for half a dozen lines. There was a fresh start, as it were, and the writer began again, in ordinary letter-form:

DEAR LEWIS:

I hope you will excuse all this confusion and wandering. I intended to begin a proper letter to you, and now I find all that stuff that you have been reading, if this ever gets into your hands. I have not the energy even to tear it up. If you read it you will know to what a sad pass I had come when it was written.

I have said of what I am writing, "if this ever gets into your hands," and I am not at all sure that it ever will. If what is happening here is happening everywhere else, then, I suppose, the world is coming to an end. I cannot understand it; even now I can hardly believe it.

And then there's another thing that bothers me. Now and then I wonder whether we are not all mad together in this house. Despite what I see and know, or, perhaps, I should say, because what I see and know is so impossible, I wonder whether we are not all suffering from a delusion. Perhaps we are our own jailers, and we are really free to go out and live. Perhaps what we think we see is not there at all. I wonder now and then whether we are all like this in Treff Loyne; yet in my heart I feel sure that it is not so.

Still, I do not want to leave a madman's letter behind me, and so I will not tell you the full story of what I have seen or believe I have seen. If I am a sane man, you will be able to fill in the blanks for yourself from

your own knowledge. If I am mad, burn the letter and say nothing about it.

I think that it was on a Tuesday that we first noticed that there was something queer about. I came home about five or six o'clock and found the family at Treff Loyne laughing at old Tiger, the sheep-dog. He was making short runs from the farm-yard to the door of the house, barking, with quick, short yelps. Mrs. Griffith and Miss Griffith were standing by the porch, and the dog would go to them, look into their faces, and



then run up the farm-yard to the gate, and then look back with that eager, yelping bark, as if he were waiting for the women to follow him. Then, again and again he ran up to them and tugged at their skirts, as if he would pull them by main force away from the house.

The dog barked and yelped and whined and scratched at the door all through the evening. They let him in once, but he seemed to have become quite frantic. He ran up to one member of the family after another; his eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth was foaming, and he tore at their clothes till they drove him out again into the darkness. Then he broke into a long, lamentable howl of anguish, and we heard no more of him.

It was soon after dawn when I finally roused myself. The people in the house were talking to each other in high voices, arguing about something that I did not understand.

"It is those damned Gipsies, I tell you," said old Griffith.

"What would they do a thing like that for?" asked Mrs. Griffith. "If it was stealing, now—"

They seemed puzzled and angry, so far as I could make out, but not at all frightened. I got up and began to dress. I don't think I looked out of the window. The glass on my dressing-table is high and broad, and the window is small; one would have to poke one's head round the glass to see anything.

The voices were still arguing down-stairs. I heard the old man say, "Well, here 's for a beginning, anyhow," and then the door slammed.

A minute later the old man shouted, I think, to his son. Then there was a great noise which I will not describe more particularly, and a dreadful screaming and crying inside the house and a sound of rushing feet. They all cried out at once to each other. I heard the daughter crying: "It is no good, Mother; he is dead. Indeed they have killed him," and Mrs. Griffith screaming to the girl to let her go. And then one of them rushed out of the kitchen and shot the great bolts of oak across the door just as something beat against it with a thundering crash.

I ran down-stairs. I found them all in wild confusion, in an agony of grief and horror and amazement. They were like people who had seen something so awful that they had gone mad.

I went to the window looking out on the farm-yard. I won't tell you all that I saw, but I saw poor old Griffith lying by the pond, with the blood pouring out of his side.

I wanted to go out to him and bring him in. But they told me that he must be stone-dead, and such things also that it was quite plain that any one who went out of the house would not live more than a moment. We could not believe it even as we gazed at the body of the dead man; but it was there. I used to wonder sometimes what one would feel like if one saw an apple drop from the tree and shoot up into the air and disappear. I think I know now how one would feel.

Even then we could n't believe that it would last. We were not seriously afraid for ourselves. We spoke of getting out in

an hour or two, before dinner, anyhow. It could n't last, because it was impossible. Indeed, at twelve o'clock young Griffith said he would go down to the well by the back way and draw another pail of water. I went to the door and stood by it. He had not gone a dozen yards before they were on him. He ran for his life, and we had all we could do to bar the door in time. And then I began to get frightened.

But day followed day, and it was still there. I went to Treff Loyhe because it was buried in the narrow valley under the ash-trees, far away from any track. There was not so much as a footpath that was near it; no one ever came that way.

And now this thought came back without delight, with terror. Griffith thought that a shout might be heard on a still night up away on the Allt, "if a man was listening for it," he added doubtfully. My voice was clearer and stronger than his, and on the second night I said I would go up to my bedroom and call for help through the open window. I waited till it was all dark and still, and looked out through the window before opening it. And then I saw over the ridge of the long barn across the yard what looked like a tree, though I knew there was no tree there. It was a dark mass against the sky, with wide-spread boughs, a tree of thick, dense growth. I wondered what this could be, and I threw open the window not only because I was going to call for help, but because I wanted to see more clearly what the dark growth over the barn really was.

I saw in the depth of it points of fire, and colors in light, all glowing and moving, and the air trembled. I stared out into the night, and the dark tree lifted over the roof of the barn, rose up in the air, and floated toward me. I did not move till it was close to the house; and then I saw what it was, and banged the window down only just in time. I had to fight, and I saw the tree that was like a burning cloud rise up in the night and settle over the barn.

Another day went by, and at dusk I looked out, but the eyes of fire were watching me. I dared not open the window. And then I thought of another plan. There was the

great old fireplace, with the round Flemish chimney going high above the house. If I stood beneath it and shouted, I thought perhaps the sound might be carried better than if I called out of the window; for all I knew the round chimney might act as a sort of megaphone. Night after night, then, I stood on the hearth and called for help from nine o'clock to eleven.

But we had drunk up the beer, and we would let ourselves have water only by little drops, and on the fourth night my throat was dry, and I began to feel strange and weak; I knew that all the voice I had in my lungs would hardly reach the length of the field by the farm.

It was then we began to dream of wells and fountains, and water coming very cold, in little drops, out of rocky places in the middle of a cool wood. We had given up all meals; now and then one would cut a lump from the sides of bacon on the kitchen wall and chew a bit of it, but the saltness was like fire.

And then we began to dream, as I say. And one day I dreamed that there was a bubbling well of cold, clear water in the cellar, and I had just hollowed my hand to drink it when I woke. I went into the kitchen and told young Griffith. I said I was sure there was water there. He shook his head, but he took up the great kitchen poker and we went down to the old cellar. I showed him the stone by the pillar, and he raised it up. But there was no well. Later I came upon young Griffith one evening evidently trying to make a subterranean passage under one of the walls of the house. I knew he was mad, as he knew I was mad when he saw me digging for a well in the cellar; but neither said anything to the other.

Now we are past all this. We are too weak. We dream when we are awake and when we dream we think we wake. Night and day come and go, and we mistake one for another.

Only a little while ago I heard a voice which sounded as if it were at my very ears, but rang and echoed and resounded as if it were rolling and reverberated from the vault of some cathedral, chanting in terrible modulations. I heard the words quite

clearly, "Incipit liber iræ Domini Dei nostri" ("Here beginneth The Book of the Wrath of the Lord our God").

And then the voice sang the word *Aleph*, prolonging it, it seemed through ages, and a light was extinguished as it began the chapter:

"In that day, saith the Lord, there shall be a cloud over the land, and in the cloud a burning and a shape of fire, and out of the cloud shall issue forth my messengers; they shall run all together, they shall not turn aside; this shall be a day of exceeding bitterness, without salvation. And on every high hill, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will set my sentinels, and my armies shall encamp in the place of every valley; in the house that is amongst rushes I will execute judgment, and in vain shall they fly for refuge to the munitions of the rocks. In the groves of the woods, in the places where the leaves are as a tent above them, they shall find the sword of the slayer; and they that put their trust in walled cities shall be confounded. Woe unto the armed man, woe unto him that taketh pleasure in the strength of his artillery, for a little thing shall smite him, and by one that hath no might shall he be brought down into the dust. That which is low shall be set on high; I will make the lamb and the young sheep to be as the lion from the swellings of Jordan; they shall not spare, saith the Lord, and the doves shall be as eagles on the hill Engedi; none shall be found that may abide the onset of their battle."

Here the manuscript lapsed again and finally into utter, lamentable confusion of thought.

Dr. Lewis maintained that we should never begin to understand the real significance of life until we began to study just those aspects of it which we now dismiss and overlook as utterly inexplicable and therefore unimportant.

We were discussing a few months ago the awful shadow of the terror which at length had passed away from the land. I had formed my opinion, partly from observation, partly from certain facts which had been communicated to me, and the passwords having been exchanged, I found

that Lewis had come by very different ways to the same end.

"And yet," he said, "it is not a true end, or, rather, it is like all the ends of human inquiry—it leads one to a great mystery. We must confess that what has happened might have happened at any time in the history of the world. It did not happen till a year ago, as a matter of fact, and therefore we made up our minds that it never could happen; or, one would better say, it was outside the range even of imagination. But this is our way. Most people are quite sure that the Black Death—otherwise the Plague—will never invade Europe again. They have made up their complacent minds that it was due to dirt and bad drainage. As a matter of fact the Plague had nothing to do with dirt or with drains, and there is nothing to prevent its ravaging England to-morrow. But if you tell people so, they won't believe you."

I agreed with all this. I added that sometimes the world was incapable of seeing, much less believing, that which was before its own eyes.

"Look," I said, "at any eighteenth-century print of a Gothic cathedral. You will find that the trained artistic eye even could not behold in any true sense the building that was before it. I have seen an old print of Peterborough Cathedral that looks as if the artist had drawn it from a clumsy model, constructed of bent wire and children's bricks."

"Exactly; because Gothic was outside the esthetic theory, and therefore vision, of the time. You can't believe what you don't see; rather, you can't see what you don't believe.

"You must not suppose that my experiences of that afternoon at Treff Loyne had afforded me the slightest illumination. Indeed, if it had not been that I had seen poor old Griffith's body lying pierced in his own farm-yard, I think I should have been inclined to accept one of Secretan's hints, and to believe that the whole family had fallen a victim to a collective delusion or hallucination, and had shut themselves up and died of thirst through sheer

madness. I think there have been such cases. But I had seen the body of the murdered man and the wound that had killed him.

"Did the manuscript left by Secretan give me no hint? Well, it seemed to me to make confusion worse confounded. You see, Secretan, in writing that extraordinary document, almost insisted on the fact that he was not in his proper senses; that for days he had been part asleep, part awake, part delirious. How was one to judge his statement, to separate delirium from fact? In one thing he stood confirmed; you remember he speaks of calling for help up the old chimney of Treff Loyne; that did seem to fit in with the tales of a hollow, moaning cry that had been heard upon the Allt. So far one could take him as a recorder of actual experiences. And I looked in the old cellars of the farm and found a frantic sort of rabbit-hole dug by one of the pillars; again he was confirmed. But what was one to make of that story of the chanting voice and the letters of the Hebrew alphabet and the chapter out of some unknown minor prophet? When one has the key it is easy enough to sort out the facts or the hints of facts from the delusions; but I had n't the key on that September evening. I was forgetting the 'tree' with lights and fires in it; that, I think, impressed me more than anything with the feeling that Secretan's story was in the main a true story. I had seen a like appearance down there in my own garden; but what was it?

"Now, I was saying that, paradoxically, it is only by the inexplicable things that life can be explained. We are apt to say, you know, 'a very odd coincidence,' and pass the matter by, as if there were no more to be said or as if that were the end of it. Well, I believe that the only real path lies through the blind alleys."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, this is an instance of what I mean. I was talking with Merritt, my brother-in-law, about the strange things he had seen in a way that I thought all nonsense, and I was wondering how I was

going to shut him up when a big moth flew into the room through that window, fluttered about, and succeeded in burning itself alive in the lamp. That gave me my cue. I asked Merritt if he knew why moths made for lamps or something of the kind; I thought it would be a hint to him that I was sick of his half-baked theories. So it was; he looked sulky and held his tongue.

"But a few minutes later I was called out by a man who had found his little boy dead in a field near his cottage about an hour before. The child was so still, they said, that a great moth had settled on his forehead and fluttered away only when they lifted up the body. It was absolutely illogical; but it was this odd 'coincidence' of the moth in my lamp and the moth on the dead boy's forehead that first set me on the track. I can't say that it guided me in any real sense; it was more like a great flare of red paint on a wall.

"But, as you will remember, from having read my notes on the matter, I was called in about ten days later to see a man named Cradock who had been found in a field near his farm quite dead. This also was at night. His wife found him, and there were some very queer things in her story. She said that the hedge of the field looked as if it were changed; she began to be afraid that she had lost her way and got into the wrong field.

"Then came that extraordinary business of Treff Loyne. I took it all home, and



sat down for the evening before it. It appalled me not only by its horror, but here again by the discrepancy between its terms.

"It was, I believe, a sudden leap of the mind that liberated me from the tangle. It was quite beyond logic. I went back to that evening when Merritt was boring me, to the moth in the candle, and to the moth on the forehead of poor Johnnie Roberts. There was no sense in it; but I suddenly determined that the child and Joseph Cradock the farmer, and that unnamed Stratfordshire man, all found at night, all asphyxiated, had been choked by vast swarms of moths. I don't pretend even now that this is demonstrated, but I'm sure it's true.

"Now suppose you encounter a swarm of these creatures in the dark. Suppose the smaller ones fly up your nostrils. You will gasp for breath and open your mouth. Then, suppose some hundreds of them fly into your mouth, into your gullet, into your windpipe, what will happen to you? You will be dead in a very short time, choked, asphyxiated."

"But the moths would be dead, too. They would be found in the bodies."

"The moths? Do you know that it is extremely difficult to kill a moth with cyanide of potassium? Take a frog, kill it, open its stomach. There you will find its dinner of moths and small beetles, and the 'dinner' will shake itself and walk off cheerily, to resume an entirely active existence. No; that is no difficulty.

"Well, now I came to this. I was shutting out all the other cases. I was confining myself to those that came under the one formula.

"Then the next step. Of course we know nothing really about moths; rather, we know nothing of moth reality. For all I know there may be hundreds of books which treat of moths and nothing but moths. But these are scientific books, and science deals only with surfaces. It has nothing to do with realities. To take a very minor matter: we don't even know why the moth desires the flame. But we do know what the moth does not do; it does not

gather itself into swarms with the object of destroying human life. But here, by the hypothesis, were cases in which the moth had done this very thing; the moth race had entered, it seemed, into a malignant conspiracy against the human race. It was quite impossible, no doubt,—that is to say, it had never happened before,—but I could see no escape from this conclusion.

"These insects, then, were definitely hostile to man; and then I stopped, for I could not see the next step, obvious though it seems to me now. If the moths were infected with hatred of men, and possessed the design and the power of combining against him, why not suppose this hatred, this design, this power shared by other non-human creatures?

"The secret of the Terror might be condensed into a sentence: the animals had revolted against men.

"Now, the puzzle became easy enough; one had only to classify. Take the cases of the people who met their deaths by falling over cliffs or over the edge of quarries. We think of sheep as timid creatures, who always run away. But suppose sheep that don't run away; and, after all, in reason why should they run away? Quarry or no quarry, cliff or no cliff, what would happen to you if a hundred sheep ran after you instead of running from you? There would be no help for it; they would have you down and beat you to death or stifle you. Then suppose man, woman, or child near a cliff's edge or a quarry-side, and a sudden rush of sheep. Clearly there is no help; there is nothing for it but to go over. There can be no doubt that that is what happened in all these cases.

"And again. You know the country and you know how a herd of cattle will sometimes pursue people through the fields in a solemn, stolid sort of way. They behave as if they wanted to close in on you. Townspeople sometimes get frightened and scream and run; you or I would take no notice, or, at the utmost, would wave our sticks at the herd, which would stop dead or lumber off. But suppose

they don't lumber off? It was a quicker death for poor Griffith of Treff Loyne: one of his own beasts gored him to death with one sharp thrust of its horn into his heart. And from that morning those within the house were closely besieged by their own cattle and horses and sheep, and when those unhappy people within opened a window to call for help or to catch a few drops of rain-water to relieve their burning thirst, the cloud waited for them with its myriad eyes of fire. Can you wonder that Secretan's statement reads in places like mania? You perceive the horrible position of those people in Treff Loyne; not only did they see death advancing on them, but advancing with incredible steps, as if one were to die not only in nightmare, but by nightmare. But no one in his wildest, most fiery dreams had ever imagined such a fate. I am not astonished that Secretan at one moment suspected the evidence of his own senses, at another surmised that the world's end had come."

"And how about the Williamsses who were murdered on the Highway near here?"

"The horses were the murderers, the horses that afterward stampeded the camp below. By some means which is still obscure to me they lured that family into the road and beat their brains out; their shod hoofs were the instruments of execution. The munition-works? Their enemy was rats. I believe that it has been calculated that in 'greater London' the number of rats is about equal to the number of human beings; that is, there are about seven millions of them. The proportion would be about the same in all the great centers of population; and the rat, moreover, is on occasion migratory in its habits. You can understand now that story of the *Semiramis* beating about the mouth of the Thames, and at last cast away by Archon, her only crew dry heaps of bones. The rat is an expert boarder of ships. And so one can understand the tale told by the frightened man who took the path by the wood that led up from the new munition-works. He thought he heard a thousand

men treading softly through the wood and chattering to one another in some horrible tongue; what he did hear was the marshaling of an army of rats, their array before the battle.

"And conceive the terror of such an attack. Even one rat in a fury is said to be an ugly customer to meet; conceive, then, the irruption of these terrible, swarming myriads, rushing upon the helpless, unprepared, astonished workers in the munition-shops."

THERE can be no doubt, I think, that Dr. Lewis was entirely justified in these extraordinary conclusions. As I say, I had arrived at pretty much the same end, by different ways; but this rather as to the general situation, while Lewis had made his own particular study of those circum-



stances of the Terror that were within his immediate purview, as a physician in large practice in the southern part of Meirion. Of some of the cases which he reviewed he had, no doubt, no immediate or first-hand knowledge; but he judged these instances by their similarity to the facts which had come under his personal notice. He spoke of the affairs of the quarry at Llanfihangel on the analogy of the people who were found dead at the bottom of the cliffs near Porth, and he was no doubt justified in doing so. He told me that, thinking the whole matter over, he was hardly more astonished by the Terror in itself than by the strange way in which he had arrived at his conclusions.

"You know," he said, "those certain

evidences of animal malevolence which we knew of, the bees that stung the child to death, the trusted sheep-dog's turning savage, and so forth. Well, I got no light whatever from all this; it suggested nothing to me. You do not believe; therefore you cannot see.

"And then, when the truth at last appeared, it was through the whimsical 'coincidence,' as we call such signs, of the moth in my lamp and the moth on the dead child's forehead. This, I think, is very extraordinary."

"And there seems to have been one beast that remained faithful—the dog at Treff Loyne. That is strange."

"That remains a mystery."

It would not be wise, even now, to describe too closely the terrible scenes that were to be seen in the munition areas of the North and the Midlands during the black months of the Terror. Out of the factories issued at black midnight the shrouded dead in their coffins, and their very kinsfolk did not know how they had come by their deaths. All the towns were full of houses of mourning, were full of dark and terrible rumors as incredible as the incredible reality. There were things done and suffered that perhaps never will be brought to light, memories and secret traditions of these things will be whispered in families, delivered from father to son, growing wilder with the passage of the years, but never growing wilder than the truth.

It is enough to say that the cause of the Allies was for a while in deadly peril. The men at the front called in their extremity for guns and shells. No one told them what was happening in the places where these munitions were made.

But, after the first panic, measures were taken. The workers were armed with special weapons, guards were mounted, machine-guns were placed in position, bombs and liquid flame were ready against the obscene hordes of the enemy, and the "burning clouds" found a fire fiercer than their own. Many deaths occurred among the airmen; but they, too, were given spe-

cial guns, arms that scattered shot broadcast, and so drove away the dark flights that threatened the airplanes.

And then, in the winter of 1915-16, the Terror ended suddenly as it had begun. Once more a sheep was a frightened beast that ran instinctively from a little child; the cattle were again solemn, stupid creatures, void of harm; the spirit and the convention of malignant design passed out of the hearts of all the animals. The chains that they had cast off for a while were thrown again about them.

And finally there comes the inevitable "Why?" Why did the beasts who had been humbly and patiently subject to man, or affrighted by his presence, suddenly know their strength and learn how to league together and declare bitter war against their ancient master?

It is a most difficult and obscure question. I give what explanation I have to give with very great diffidence, and an eminent disposition to be corrected if a clearer light can be found.

Some friends of mine, for whose judgment I have very great respect, are inclined to think that there was a certain contagion of hate. They hold that the fury of the whole world at war, the great passion of death that seems driving all humanity to destruction, infected at last these lower creatures, and in place of their native instinct of submission gave them rage and wrath and ravening.

This may be the explanation. I cannot say that it is not so, because I do not profess to understand the working of the universe. But I confess that the theory strikes me as fanciful. There may be a contagion of hate as there is a contagion of smallpox; I do not know, but I hardly believe it.

In my opinion, and it is only an opinion, the source of the great revolt of the beasts is to be sought in a much subtler region of inquiry. I believe that the subjects revolted because the king abdicated. Man has dominated the beasts throughout the ages, the spiritual has reigned over the rational through the peculiar quality and grace of spirituality that men possess, that makes a man to be that which he is. And

when he maintained this power and grace, I think it is pretty clear that between him and the animals there was a certain treaty and alliance. There was supremacy on the one hand and submission on the other; but at the same time there was between the two that cordiality which exists between lords and subjects in a well-organized state. I know a socialist who maintains that Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" give a picture of true democracy. I do not know about that, but I see that knight and miller were able to get on quite pleasantly together, just because the knight knew that he was a knight and the miller knew that he was a miller. If the knight had had conscientious objections to his knightly grade, while the miller saw no reason why he should not be a knight, I am sure that their intercourse would have been difficult, unpleasant, and perhaps murderous.

So with man. I believe in the strength and truth of tradition. A learned man said to me a few weeks ago: "When I have to choose between the evidence of tradition and the evidence of a document, I always believe the evidence of tradition. Documents may be falsified and often are falsified; tradition is never falsified." This is true; and therefore, I think, one may put trust in the vast body of folklore which asserts that there was once a worthy and friendly alliance between man and the beasts. Our popular tale of Dick Whit-

tington and his cat no doubt represents the adaptation of a very ancient legend to a comparatively modern personage, but we may go back into the ages and find the popular tradition asserting that not only are the animals the subjects, but also the friends of man.

All that was in virtue of that singular spiritual element in man which the rational animals do not possess. Spiritual does not mean respectable, it does not even mean moral, it does not mean "good" in the ordinary acceptance of the word. It signifies the royal prerogative of man, differentiating him from the beasts.

For long ages he has been putting off this royal robe, he has been wiping the balm of consecration from his own breast. He has declared again and again that he is not spiritual, but rational; that is, the equal of the beasts over whom he was once sovereign. He has vowed that he is not Orpheus, but Caliban.

But the beasts also have within them something which corresponds to the spiritual quality in men; we are content to call it instinct. They perceived that the throne was vacant; not even friendship was possible between them and the self-deposed monarch. If he was not king, he was a sham, an impostor, a thing to be destroyed.

Hence, I think, the Terror. They have risen once; they may rise again.



The English Intellectuals in War-time

By S. K. RATCLIFFE¹

Author of "Lloyd-George, Conservative?" etc.

IT is not extravagant to claim in behalf of England that beyond all other countries she has been distinguished by the production of dissident minorities and powerful rebellious persons. The greatness of most advanced countries may commonly be measured by the splendor of their representative men, and of such modern England has many in politics and industry, in science and philosophy. But in dynamic literature and art she has comparatively few men who are representative in the full and simple sense of the word. There her greater sons are apt to be anarchic persons, in revolt against the established order, defiant of the national ways and even of the national institutions. For a man to be accepted in England as a leader in ideas or the art of life, it is not necessary that he should be in harmony with the dominant movements of his time. Quite the contrary. We prefer to have him oppose and assail them; we like the insurgent and the adventurer in him. An alien observer of our enthusiasms would probably say that our educated or half-educated public gives the largest meed of admiration to the man whose heresies are most pronounced, or whose scheme of things is the least likely to be adopted by ourselves. It is indeed true that our generation has demanded of the man of letters that he should be a man of the world and the hour, a fighter, a debater, or a constructive worker; and it is undeniable that we have assigned to him an extraordinary prominence and prestige. For the most part, unless his social orthodoxy was unimpeachable, we have kept him out of the positions of authority; and yet it may be doubted whether during our generation the intellectuals have wielded

so great an influence in any part of the world as they have in the country which is not seldom accused of despising them.

What, then, has been happening to the English intellectuals during the last three years? Those popular leaders and guides of ours, who for long before the overturn had things pretty nearly all their own way, what has the war done to and for them? How have their position and influence been affected? How do they stand to-day, and what is likely to be their plight when the war is over and we return, if we ever do, to the pursuits and interests that once made up the lives of educated people?

At least one interesting thing has occurred which hardly any one could have foreseen. The war has drawn a very large number of literary craftsmen into one form or another of the public service. We hear from time to time of young poets, romancers, and scholars who have been swallowed up by the armies, and the world grieves on their account; but for the most part we do not hear of the writers of maturer years who have been recruited by the Government as correspondents or translators and for the many literary and semi-literary tasks coming within the scope of the foreign office, the press bureau, and the complex enterprises of censorship and propaganda that this war has developed. Not by any means all of this work is of an expert or responsible kind. Many a man of literary gifts is to-day content to be doing a plain piece of drudgery as his part of citizenship in war-time. Usually it is only the popular novelist or versifier to whom is given the prize of an adventurous job as correspondent or secret agent. A John Masefield may share in the heroic disaster

¹ See "Who's Who" in this number.

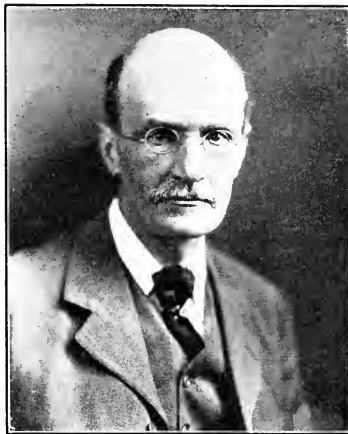
of Gallipoli; a Compton Mackenzie in Greece may be put in the way of exploits the story of which will some day make "Sinister Street" seem by comparison a very dull yarn. Humbler members of the craft have to content themselves with humdrum tasks in the purely departmental sphere.

A word should be said at the outset in reference to those leaders of the universities who, before the enrolment of the country's manhood had emptied the colleges, took their stand, like the enemy professors, in the line of intellectual defense. In one respect we may take a certain pride in our academic representatives. On the whole they have come out of the ordeal better than, say, the bishops and the editors. At all events, when we compare their general tone with that of their German compeers, we feel that the judgment of the court can hardly be in doubt. There was revealed, however, a difference of character and sympathy between the two old universities of England. The historians and classicists of Oxford discovered an unsuspected facility in pamphleteering, and very nearly to a man they were engaged from the beginning in stating and defending the purposes of the Allies. On the other hand, the mathematicians and metaphysicians of Cambridge furnished intellectual leadership for the minority against the war policy. Oxford, from Gilbert Murray to L. P. Jacks, is orthodox and confident about the British case and the only tolerable end of the war; while Cambridge, emptied like all other universities of its youth, has in Bertrand Russell the most uncompromising of non-resisters, in Lowes Dickinson the most philosophical and persuasive advocate of peace without

victory, and in the conductors of "The Cambridge Magazine" the most resolute band of academic internationalists. The reasons for the contrast between the two ancient seats of learning might not be hard to divine, but perhaps we may be content to recall that long ago Kant remarked upon the tendency of scientific studies toward intellectual remoteness from the passion of contemporary affairs.

Plainly the Government could not be making its manifold use of English literary men and women if it were not that with few exceptions they are fully identified with the national policy in the war. In any other country such a state of affairs could not excite remark; in England it is without precedent. England at war has in the past always meant an educated public bitterly divided, with the intellectuals mostly in opposition. Even during the Napoleonic wars some of the greatest writers of the age were openly admiring of their country's arch-enemy. In our own time, before the war, the men most generally associated with the higher intelligence of England have been emphatically of the minority. To-day, apart from the Cambridge group, leaders of opinion so widely different as Bernard Shaw and Graham Wallas and Clutton Brock have preserved a remarkable balance of mind; but the rest have nearly all undergone a spiritual conversion.

Take, as an example which every one will admit to be striking, the case of John Galsworthy. He is a minority representative if ever there was one. He belongs as completely and inevitably to the few as Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle belong to the many. Such men as those



Photograph by U. & U.

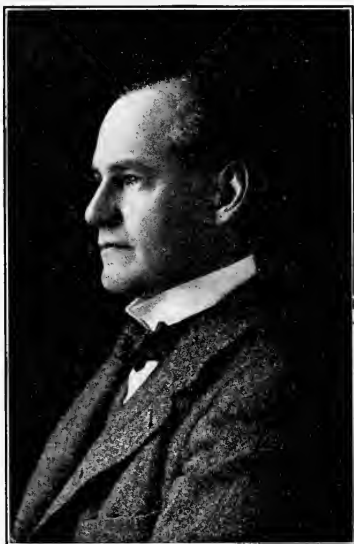
GILBERT MURRAY

are unimaginable in any other relation; they are incapable of intellectual or emotional isolation. Galsworthy, on the contrary, is detached in an extraordinary degree. He has always been much more (or, as the belletrists would say, much less) than a man of letters. He is by nature a preacher, a reformer, an agitator. Before the war it was impossible for him to separate his creative gift, whether in fiction, drama, or satire, from his preoccupation with certain barbarities of contemporary society. He arraigned the prison and the criminal law, the slaughter-house, the blood sports of old England, the time-honored diversions of his own class,—

the legal inequality of the sexes, the land monopoly. In all England one could hardly find an eminent man of letters more completely endowed with the qualities that put a man among the dissidents. But the war, which leaves Rudyard Kipling and Henry Newbolt and Mrs. Humphry Ward exactly where they were before, has transformed John Galsworthy out of recognition. He lined himself up with the multitude of his countrymen; he can write expositions of the war policy or exhortations to America which appear without incongruity in the popular prints. He performs, of course, his own particular piece of war service with the inconspicuous devotion and responsibility of which the English writing class has furnished many instances. But—and here is the odd contradiction—in his propagandist writing he reveals himself as a typical Englishman of the class to which

in his novels and plays he has offered a merciless and persistent challenge. We need not be surprised that the process of creation with him should be suspended,

as it is with John Masefield and almost every man who is thinking not of art, but of service. The one Galsworthy novel of war-time, "The Freelanders," is a documentary story of ante-bellum days. It has no more to do with the experience or the atmosphere of war-time than has "The Lion's Share," a story which is chiefly interesting as showing how completely a mind of such high general capacity as Arnold Bennett's can be absorbed in the politics of the struggle while leaving his capacity for inven-



Photograph by Elliott & Fry

JOHN GALSWORTHY

tion altogether untouched.

Even more curious is the case of that brilliant rebel combination, Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert Chesterton. During the lustrum before the deluge these doughty comrades were leading what appeared to be a singularly forlorn hope. They were tilting against progressivism and social reconstruction on the plea that all the forces involved in the movement were making for the consolidation of the Servile State. But no one whose business or interest caused him in those years to follow the currents of opinion could fail to remark that, although Belloc and Chesterton were plainly on the losing side, they were making their weight tell. A multiple movement of reaction was afoot, and it was easy enough to detect the impress of their combined intelligence and humor and their dubious conception of democracy.

The coming of the Great War gave

Hilaire Belloc a unique professional opportunity. He had, as he did not allow us to forget, undergone a term of service in the French army. He had tramped over a great part of the theater of war. He had long been an energetic, if erratic, student of warfare, medieval and modern. By a happy stroke of business a moribund sporting weekly was taken over for him, and for three years "Land and Water" has supplied a bewildered world with evidence of the inexhaustible Bellocian resources: a knowledge of strategy and tactics never confessedly at fault, a topographical acquaintance with all the fronts which no reader can with-

stand, and a hardihood in prophecy which, after the innumerable strainings and falsifications of three years, is as prolific and confident as in the first flush of that restraining optimism which bade us not to expect the entry of the Russian armies into Berlin before the Christmas of 1914! Verily, as Matthew Arnold delighted to affirm, Oxford is justified of all her children.

The fortune of Hilaire Belloc's indispensable ally has been less dazzling. It so happened that Gilbert Chesterton was prevented from playing in this crisis the conspicuous part which would seem to be his by every kind of right. A physical breakdown some months before the war forced a long retirement. He was, however, already in partial retreat. Abandoning the newspaper pulpit from which week by week he was enabled to address a few million readers, he had joined himself to a little group of muck-rakers who

interpreted all public affairs in terms of political and financial corruption. Chesterton was not at home in this company. He denied his own genius when he permitted

it to be linked with a peculiarly bitter sectarianism, and trimmed his splendid enthusiasm for freedom and common humanity to the catchwords of an ignoble cabal.

The accident of his younger brother's being called to the colors gave him the chance, doubtless most unwelcome, of showing what he could do with a weekly journal. It has been interesting to watch Chesterton as editor. He cannot help turning out forceful and distinctive work, but "The New Wit-

ness" is not his organ. Chesterton fighting in another man's armor is not the man we knew. The wit that was the most effective weapon wielded by any controversialist in England is blunted; the marvelous vitality and fecundity of thought and phrase which made him the most formidable of antagonists have in large measure disappeared. Not even Chesterton can be a boy forever, and our campaigns and perils in these days are vastly more momentous than the very restricted combats in which he gained his spurs.

Something more, however, is needed to explain the fact that Gilbert Chesterton, a mighty youthful champion during the Boer War, has no position of leadership in the war of the ages. The explanation lies in this, that the crash of Europe has carried him, unresisting, into the camp of the majority. Long ago he was told that it was odd for a thoroughly typical Englishman, such as, by his own reiterated



Photograph by Bain News Service

HILAIRE BELLOC

description, he was, to appear so singular in modern England. The simple truth is that to-day he has no choice. He is of his



Photograph by Record Press

G. K. CHESTERTON

own people; he agrees with the multitude, and for a Chesterton there is no fun in that. The fight a man like Chesterton rejoices in is a fight with his own side. The British junker is his mortal enemy, but he can make little of him if he is compelled to join with the crowd in the attack upon Prussianism. His task in these days is to set in fresh lights the assumptions and arguments that are the present stock in trade of his old antagonists. He does it, but the price exacted is the sacrifice of the most joyous and brilliant free-lance of his generation. It is poor compensation to him that, while defending the greater cause, he can keep up the assault upon the Servile State. For that means a running contest with Lloyd George and the war government, as well as with the war profiteer; and the Government, after all, is the one constituted authority by means of which the policy in which Mr. Chesterton believes can be carried into effect.

There are many who would say that if this is not Gilbert Chesterton's war, still less is it Bernard Shaw's. It has

brought to him a large measure of eclipse. One cannot call him a pacifist, and only an imbecile would suspect him of being pro-German. He looks toward an ordered world from which, apparently, force is not to be eliminated. He believes in large aggregates, governmental and economic. He would rejoice over the painless extinction of every nationality and the disappearance of every small state in Europe. In August, 1914, he affirmed that the war was the nemesis of foreign office procedure, and England must go into it as the only reparation she could make to Europe. Three months later he published his considered judgment in "Common Sense about the War," a pamphlet which, whatever its perversity, insensitiveness, and inaccuracy, is sure of a place among the few pieces of polemical writing produced during these years that will live. It was far less widely read in England than in America. To the generality of the educated public its temper and method were detestable, and many of Shaw's old friends, who would have had no feeling against the same case differently presented, were pained by it beyond expression.

But three years of discussion and diplo-



Photograph by Bain News Service

JOHN MASEFIELD

matic disclosure have done their work in regard to "Common Sense." Within a few months of its appearance, as Shaw remarked with justice, his hostile analysis of Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy was adopted by a powerful section of the British press. The discerning minority took occasion to point out that, for all his exasperating tone, Bernard Shaw had delivered a sinashing blow against Junkerdom, but not in the German Empire alone; while in the neutral countries it was held that the uncensored publication of "Common Sense about the War" was a brilliant proof that England was at least still a land of free discussion.

Its author, however, was not taken back into favor, notwithstanding that a crowd can always be gathered to hear his lectures. With the exception of the prefaces to "Androcles" and to "Pygmalion," Shaw's product during the war has been almost negligible. That once overflowing brain and pen have been surprisingly quiet, and the wit in which two hemispheres took delight has found quite inadequate scope in such rollicking trifles as "O'Flaherty, V. C." and "The Inca of Perusalem." Amid the illusions of war-time there is little room for that piercing intelligence or for that merciless statement of fact which men and women agree to call paradox or cynicism. But of course his day will recur, and he will be there to enjoy it with a zest enhanced by silence and unadvertised labor. For there is one thing especially about Bernard Shaw which his friends know and prize, though the world could not have guessed it. I mean the

astonishing amount of hard, detailed, and wholly unrecognized service which he has performed, in the flush times as in the bare, for the causes in which he believes.

The one keen regret his admirers have is that the years are gathering about his head. The war caught him at sixty. It caught Wells at fifty and Chesterton at forty, and there has been no more interesting personal study in these days than is offered by the varying ways in which the three men have reacted to its overpowering stimulus.

No commiseration of any kind is needed for H. G. Wells. This is his war, if anybody's. For years he had been enjoying its prospective



H. G. WELLS

terror and mechanical surprises, always, no doubt, with the proviso that a war maintained by the chemists and mechanicians must be mercifully brief, issuing immediately in the new social order. The magazine reader, at all events, had learned to shape the future, and has watched the processes of the war with eyes trained to the Wellsian formula.

To most literary people, as to all men of ordinary affairs, the war brought into being a new and bewildering world. To Mr. Wells, first of all, it brought a miraculous fulfilment of his own dreams. While everybody else had to make an entirely fresh start, he had merely to carry into actuality the lines laid down through years of fantastic invention. What wonder, then, that, seeing his military and mechanical predictions coming true with such staggering exactness, he should play harder than ever at the game of political and social prophecy? There

was no journalist or professor readier than he to tell precisely how the conflict would go. Day by day the new Europe grew under his hand, or was broken up again and remodeled afresh.

The gift which most strikingly marks off Mr. Wells from virtually all of his contemporaries is the gift of an imagination which, so far from being benumbed, is immensely and incessantly stimulated by the general catastrophe. Before all else he is the historian of contemporary change. The weekly paper is not more up to date than a Wells novel. And yet, for all his swift and sensitive observation and response, he has not, in either essay or romance, come near to seeing the war as it affects the multitude. *Mr. Britling's* experience begins and ends with the comfortable classes; indeed, with that small portion of those classes which dwells in the country house, contributes its sons to the public service, and makes up its opinions amid the gossip of the club and the afternoon tea-party. The *Wells of Kipps* and *Lewisham* and *Mr. Polly* would have interpreted it all from a startlingly different angle; but it is not an accident that before the war the creator of *Kipps* had devised a new Machiavelli and learned to set his magnificent researchers to work among the governing classes and our old nobility.

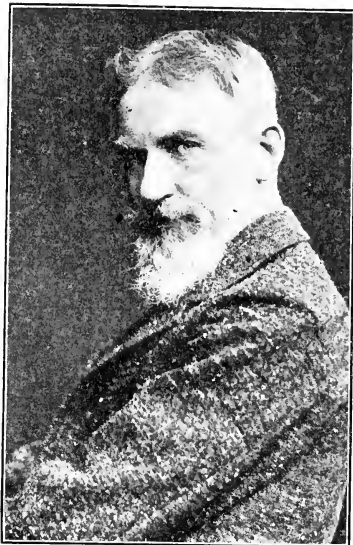
In his latest phase Mr. Wells has interested his public by uttering his mind upon two momentous themes. He has declared against monarchy in the affairs of this world, while proclaiming his faith in God the Invisible King. In both directions he was anticipated by Bernard Shaw,

who for some years in advance of his startling discoveries in the life and teaching of the Founder of Christianity, had been coupling attacks upon the idolatry of

kingship with the declaration of a mystical faith in a Power which he no longer hesitates to call God. This confession of religion, in point of fact, is not surprising in either prophet. Shaw was a preacher of religion long before the days of "John Bull's Other Island"; the religious evolution of Wells could easily have been predicted from "A Modern Utopia" or "The Days of the Comet." Each would seem to have heard of Plato for the first time on the threshold of elderhood; each stands in fascinated won-

derment before commonplaces of the faith familiar to every churchgoer, and the curious in such matters may be tempted to make rather more than they should of the circumstance that both alike found something to attract them in the tenuous theism of Rabindranath Tagore. However that may be, the religion of the English intellectuals is another subject, and a decidedly fascinating one.

I close this paper upon a question which we are all, in our several ways, asking today: what is the war likely to do to the men of letters, and more especially to those who, since the disappearance of the great writer in his character of major prophet, had in ante-bellum days combined the functions of journalist and interpreter, if not also of novelist and poet? One thing seems certain: this immeasurable upheaval involves so intense a concentration of energy that while it lasts we cannot ex-



Photograph by U. & U.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

pect any great overflow of literary production; nor of course can we, amid the vast and pitiful sacrifice of youth, look for the emergence of new genius in any of the warring countries. The end, in all likelihood, will release a flow of imaginative creation, and we may well expect a revolution in form no less than a revelation of fresh and startling ideas and experience. The young writers of to-morrow will be provided in overflowing abundance with subjects more compelling than any which have been available since the break-up of the medieval world, and we may be quite sure they will make and follow their

own roads. To them may be given an authority greater than that enjoyed by even the most fortunate of their predecessors.

But who can tell? It is conceivable that the world after the war may agree in a profound and largely unreasoning skepticism as to the value of the intellectual in society. If so, few people will have the hardihood to deny that there is embodied, in the history of the overturn and its antecedents, an impressive array of evidence capable of being used to sustain any condemnation to which the world may set its seal.



The Movies in New York

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

YOU give me home: the pepper-trees,
 Shaking a little in the breeze,
 And rows of swaying palms. I close
 My eyes before I look at those,
 Like praying before food. The high,
 Great palms, like swords against the sky,
 The drooping ones that curve and bend,
 Are each, in this strange land, a friend.
 The great brown hills of home I see
 Before me lie alluringly;
 And sunny towns like those I know:
 Familiar buildings, row on row;
 A house in shining, cool concrete
 Like one that stands across the street
 From ours at home. The acacia stirred
 The old way then. My eyes are blurred.

The tale? I do not care or know
 What girl and lover come and go
 Beneath those trees, upon those hills,
 What kiss entralls, what murder thrills,
 These folk to grieving or delight;
 For I am home—am home to-night!



The Irishman

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Golden Lads," etc.

Illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn

OLD Peter Kerrigan was talking. He said:

"Give me a straight ticket, and the good old club on Fourteenth Street. Those were the days. You knew where you were at. But what do you have now? Young reformers and split tickets and everybody worried. How 's a business man to know if he can stretch his awning a little ways over the sidewalk? One administration tells him to go ahead, and takes a bit for the favor. The next administration comes along and fines him heavy for a violation. Call that right? The Wall Street bunch runs a new trolley-line and wires it in to the other street-cars. Next you know, a public service commission comes down the river and rips the whole system into little, separate one-horse concerns, so it costs a man ten cents to go north two blocks and turn east one. In the old days you could tear up the streets and give the boys a job. Now it 's all investigated. That 's the word—investigated. Look at the tax rate bobbing up and down. It 's a mix-up altogether, that 's how I look at it. Politics ain't what they were. There 's no peace and quietness."

"What would you do?" I asked.

"I don't know what I *would* do," Kerrigan replied; "I know what I 'm going

to do some fine day when the next lady reformer comes around sniffing our ash-cans in the third. I 'm going to quit."

That was n't as hasty as it sounds, because he had been in politics for forty years. I felt sure that his depression would fade out. I knew old man Kerrigan well. He was a genuine old-timer. He had a big heart and an itching palm. He was straight with his friends and as crooked as lightning in municipal contracts and the sale of illicit privilege. He had started life in New York as a bartender, then he had bought the place, showing what a thrifty man can do on twenty-five dollars a week and pickings. Later he took over three saloons, each of which holds down a corner on the tract south of Cooper Union, before you get to Houston Street. They

were rough and they were money-makers. His wife never liked the job, so he gave up appearing as proprietor, and let the men he was training in handle them for him. A saloon, if you own it, will run itself; the point is to own it. Kerrigan saw the saloons all around him changing hands two and three times a year. And why? Because the big man at the top, the brewer, owned them, and held his slave, the saloon-keeper, on a chattel mortgage. All the work was done by the tenant, and



Florence Scovel Shinn

"HE RULED ALL THE ROOST SOUTH
OF FOURTEENTH STREET"

all the profits went to the brewer. None of that for Kerrigan. So he did the owning, and let the brewer come to him.

The best thing about Peter was a fertility of mind which did not permit him to go stale when most of his associates had to leave politics because they could no longer gage the current. When the downtown districts were taken away from the other old-timers and parceled out to the newer order of politicians, with no surety as to where the votes would fall, Peter Kerrigan still held his district solid. One district it was, to be sure, and in the good days of the eighties and nineties he ruled all the roost south of Fourteenth Street. But even one district in the perilous new times was a cozy stronghold for an old man. It was a lot less lonely than to be stripped and forsaken, like the McGuire brothers and their cousin, the King of Houston Street.

Yet even at that I doubt if old man Kerrigan would have held on to his one lone outpost in the wreckage of lower Manhattan if it had not been for his son. It is cruelly hard work to be a district leader, with an ever-flowing fund for needy citizens, ten men a day for a job, half a dozen "hand-outs," several long interviews, a stream of callers, situations to be "fixed," contracts to be "regulated," street repairs with a pay-roll for loyal election-workers, and exemptions for the tenements and shops of the faithful. His time was never his own. He had to keep open house, like a Roman consul, up to midnight of any day, and then at it again in the early morning.

Many's the time I heard his wife say:

"Drop it, Peter! Do, man! We could have a bit of a place in the country, and go back to County Wicklow in the summer-time."

But he would always reply:

"Wait a little, there 's a good one. Wait a little, and we 'll see what the boy is going to do."

The boy—there you had Peter's life-work in a phrase. He was expecting large things of the boy. Peter was well aware of his own limitations, his too-vigorous talk, his abashment in the presence of the educated; of the strange, cold financial oli-

garchy, hidden and high, who played him and all his system like puppets. It was that abashment which made him send his son to college. He said he wanted him to learn how to wear a dress-suit and talk to swells. He did n't want his son to take the back-wash of anybody. It was curious how his own crudity bothered the masterful old fellow. He could quell a saloon riot and talk down a gunman or a "dip" without rasping his throat. He was a lion among his own sort, with that mixture of sudden fierceness and just as sudden tender-

ness which makes you forgive his kind for murder where you would n't forgive another type of man for walking on your toe. But he had always felt helpless in the presence of the overlords of the city, the big traction men who bought franchises wholesale, and let the money trickle through to the "boys." Something in their speech and manner from knowing the right people from babyhood always set old Peter stumbling, and he used to come away bruised and angry from a conference.



"SNIFFING OUR ASHCANS"

His wife did n't care. She had Peter and the boy, and had found fulfilment. She had no desire to trail in after the opera-box crowd and the flash beauties of the cafés. Home was good enough for her. So it was Peter who had his way with the boy, and sent him to the Pottstown preparatory school and then on to Yale. It was all to be the best.

"Shove in," he said to the young William; "I 'll back you with the money. Spend what it costs, but sit in with the boys. You know, hang around and look hopeful. The gang will open up. Buy 'em what they want."

So that was the way William Kerrigan went to New Haven. The old man was worth about three hundred thousand at that time, after forty years of raw politics, and the money was still coming in from his one district and his three saloons, though nothing like the old days. But he had enough to give a youngster in a salt-water college a good time, and young William had it.

He happened to fall in an unusual group. It was more after the order of a reading crowd at an Oxford college than anything usually seen at our respected universities. There was actually and astonishingly a group of young literary men who were companionable. William had a bright, adaptable mind, with a turn of humor in it that was pleasant. He had no difficulty in picking up the jargon, and tearing off more of the same, himself. He was elected to one of the college papers and did fairly clever work.

He was graduated without honors, but with a wide circle of friends and a pretty definite bent toward the profession of writing. That was when I was called in. I had been doing city hall reporting for many years on a Park Row morning paper, and in that line of life had come to know old Kerrigan intimately. I do not think there was any one who spent more time in his home than I. He tipped me off on the political knockabout, aimed me straight on franchise struggles, and gaged the character of new reformers with a deadly accuracy. I suppose it was all of

ten years that we had known each other when Peter sent for me.

"The boy here is back from college and wants to get busy," he said. "Can you help him to land a job?"

My own paper was over-staffed at that time, but I knew that Rafferty of "The Advocate" was looking for young blood, so the graft was made there.

William had inherited his father's turn of language, and he soon began to do East-Side column stories that attracted notice. At first they were merely picturesque, with color and bits of foreign talk and funny little slants on queer folks. But gradually he loaded them with facts, with sure-enough "dope" from the fountain-head. He would have an election-day human-interest yarn, and give you the full-length life history of a "floater" from the time he outgrew regular work till he registered from three lodging-houses, with addresses and names given. Or he 'd have a sketch all about a saloon, the "dead-beats," the respectable regulars, and the brewer's collector, the amount of spare change a bartender deducts from the cash-register on a wet night.

It was n't reform stuff, nothing dreary and uplifting; but it dripped with the heady wine of inside information. Of course we all knew what had happened. The old man was loosening up on a lifetime of reminiscence for the sake of giving his kid a flying start. I grew a bit worried, because some of the stuff had a jagged edge that cut close to the men higher up. It was a great joke down the Row how young Kerrigan was exposing the system which old Kerrigan had helped to create.

I was around at their home one evening when Big Jim himself came down from the little old lodge on Fourteenth Street where the red gods make their medicine. Being one of the family and a careful man, I was n't felt to be in the way, and Big Jim sailed in right before me. He said:

"Bill 's getting too fresh, Peter; I tell you straight."

"My Bill?" asked Kerrigan in a sur-



"THAT WAS THE WAY WILLIAM KERRIGAN WENT TO NEW HAVEN."

prised tone, drawing in on his old, black clay pipe.

"He 's giving the show away," went on Big Jim. "That lodging-house story of his was a shame."

"I read it," said Peter. "I read it twice with spectacles. His dope was good. What 's the kick?"

"He 's got to quit," replied Big Jim; "that 's what. I 'm telling you."

"Quit nothing," answered Peter. "He 's just starting. Give a young feller a chance, Jim, can't you? You 've had your pick of the graft for twenty years. Look at those flats of yours in the Bronx. Remember how the subway trailed them up and built stations just where they 're bunched? Soft and easy. And nobody has said a word, have they, Jim? And

now a young feller comes along with all his to make, and you head him off on the first lap. Have a heart."

"I came to talk business, Peter," retorted Big Jim. He was turning nasty. "If your Bill pulls any more of that raw stuff, I 'll get him."

Peter got up slowly. He was an old man and a bit rheumatic; but he stood six feet one, with a body that was wide and thick and still good enough for a close-in fight anywhere in the third district.

"I 'll tell you where you got off," he said in a low voice that had bristles and teeth in it. "If you fool with my boy, I 'll blow you up the river. Do you think I have n't got the goods after working twenty years with you? I can melt you into a grease-spot and wipe the floor with

it. Now listen to me. All Bill's stuff is pulled in my district. The only dope he uses is inside the dead-line. He ain't telling nothing on the rest of the crowd. What he gets here he uses, and he 's welcome to it. You used to own the town, and now you can't carry your own ward. That 's how good a ringleader you are. You and your bunch have to come to Kerrigan when you want something that 's safe and in out of the wet. It 's my district, do you hear? What I do with it is my business. Come down and break me, why don't you? Why, because you would n't have one sure thing left if you did. You leave me alone, and you leave Bill alone."

And Big Jim had to be satisfied with that. All the same, when Bill came home, the old man said to him:

"Go easy, Son. Don't be so kind of personal, as if you was doing a country wedding. The guests like to be called off by name, with the stuff the dresses was made of. But some of these here drifting voters and such-like they 're modest. They ain't looking for publicity. Train 'em in gently."

"Somebody 's been squealing," said Bill, with a grin.

"Oh, nothing noisy," replied Peter; "just a friendly whisper."

When the Great War came William had a desire to join some of his classmates for Red Cross ambulance work. The Kerrigans held a family council. Peter began it by saying:

"I never thought to see the time come when son of mine would fight for the English. Why, boy, we 've fought against 'em for seven hundred year'. There 's men in your line has died rioting and rough-housing, and always against the garrison. And here you be going over to give them a hand!"

"Maybe the boy thinks they 're in the right of it this time, Father," said old Mrs. Kerrigan.

"They could n't be," answered Peter. "It ain't in a Britisher to be in the right of it. Why, for seven hundred year"—

"Yes, yes, Father," interrupted Wil-

liam; "I know all that. But this is n't the Irish Question; this is something else."

"They 're in it, ain't they?" persisted Peter. "Well, then, that 's enough for me. Do you think the fine, likely lads from Leinster and Connaught and Munster are going? Not they. Why should you be going, then? You 're an Irishman, are n't you?"

"No, Father; I 'm an American," answered William.

"Sure you 're an American. But I 'm a Catholic, ain't I, and I 'm an American, ain't I? You 're an Irishman and you 're an American."

So it was left at that, and young Kerrigan said good-by to the volunteer drivers and went on with his newspaper work; but I could feel the adventure seething in him, and I knew that the son of his father would break through some day.

Then the Irish Rebellion broke loose, a bunch of boys holding Dublin till the machine-guns came, and later the executions, Sackville Street a ruin, and Sinn Fein the biggest thing in Ireland. My city editor and Rafferty of "The Advocate" were the only two men in town to see that those dead youngsters had put Ireland on the map.

The boss said to me:

"This thing is bigger than the war. We 're going to hear of Ireland for the next five years. She 'll be in at the peace talk. The new British imperial conference will have to do business with her. Now I want you to go over and take your time. Get all your facts; get the real inside of it. The old Orange slush is no good. You 'll have to keep peeling off the layers like it was an onion—papacy, gun-running, the garrison, all the rest of them. None of them is the real inside nubbins. Keep working till you find it. Then come home and write it. They won't let you write it in Ireland. The whole place is under martial law. You may not be Irish yourself, but you 've got an Irish name that will carry you like a breeze through the three provinces. You 'll have no trouble getting the stuff; only be sure it 's the right stuff. They 're a bunch of liars,

those Irish politicians. I 'm an Irishman myself, so I can say it."

Young Kerrigan rang me up next day.

"Hear you 're going to Ireland," he began.

"Yep."

"Same here," he said. "Rafferty wants a bunch of heart-burns."

So we went together. We started in work at Dublin and Cork by getting into touch with the literary and theatrical groups. We witnessed a performance by the Hardwicke Street Players, and were entertained by them after the show. Kerrigan's name was a password good for any of the three provinces. We had an evening with the group who drop in on James Stephens, and met the great A. E., Ireland's poet and patriot. We spent many hours at Plunkett House, where the Coöperative Movement throws out its circles of influence over Nationalists and Ulsterites alike, and achieves an economic synthesis where in politics there is nothing but angry dissension.

The whole experience came to focus one evening when we attended a no-conscription meeting. The first speaker had advocated passive resistance. He had urged the young men to refuse to serve. He had told them to be thrown into prison. Then a young Irishman stood up, six feet of him. He was about twenty-five years of age. He spoke with humor and fire. He told why he and his comrades had made the famous Rebellion of 1916, although they knew it was hopeless. He told why he and his friends would come forward to die if conscription were attempted. He said:

"I 've chosen the lesser of two evils. I 'll fight. I don't expect a long life. I 've fought once; I 'll fight again. I was a volunteer. I fought in Sackville Street. I 'm an electrician. I get ninepence ha'penny an hour, but I never worked for ninepence ha'penny as I worked in Sackville Street for no pay at all. I work by the day, but not too much. My evenings I work for Ireland, and there is no money in that. I belong to a club here in Dublin.

"I was a prisoner in Frongach for three

months. They put us in solitary confinement for three weeks. Solitary confinement is hard on the mind, but they never got to me. They never got to me, because I knew I was in it for Ireland. I 'll fight for Ireland, but not for England. They are slow. I brought out my uniform under their eyes.

"It 's a pity we can't take out our uniforms," said the man with me.

"Leave it to an Irishman," said I. I put it in the bag when the sergeant was n't looking, put pasteboard around it, and brought it out under their eyes.

"Go to any country,—Australia, America, anywhere in the world,—and they hate England, and they hate her for what she has done to Ireland. They hate her for those seven hundred years. Let her go down under the sea. It is a disgrace to serve in her army.

"The reason we rose was what we have suffered for seven hundred years. We have tried the way the speaker tells us of.

We have been peaceful. The blood was getting rotten in our veins. We needed something to freshen us. The London 'Times' wrote about MacDonagh and Pearse as if they were children, not knowing what they did. We knew what we were doing. I don't expect to come out of this alive. I have n't any rifle,—that is, not now,—but



"A YOUNG IRISHMAN STOOD UP"

I know where there are a few. If they put conscription on us, we 'll fight. We 'll be fighting for Ireland. What use will twenty thousand Irishmen fighting

for England be to them? When we were fighting for Ireland, we did more work in six days than in twelve months. We knocked our way through brick walls. We built barricades. There was food, but we did n't take time to eat it. An Irishman works best when he 's working for nothing and when he is working for Ireland.

"I am a Christian, a Roman Catholic. I hate bloodshed. I saw a soldier go across the street when we were fighting. I said to the man next me, 'See him.' He aimed his gun and shot him; but I could n't shoot the man. I did n't want the sin on my soul. We don't want bloodshed; but is there any other way? We don't want the insult of conscription put on us."

We came away, and the lad Kerrigan was all aglow with what he had heard. I could see that he was getting caught in. Something deeper than Yale and Broadway was speaking to him out of his hidden, inherited life. He had never known it was there, that traditional love for the little nation which had nourished his line. He walked along in a sort of silent glory for a few minutes, then suddenly turned to me and came out with it.

"It 's like the 'sacred union' of the French," he said; "it 's nationality coming up from the soul of these people like pure water out of the ground. It 's caught these young fellows and put a light in their faces. They 'll die with as pure a sense of rightness as Joan of Arc. And, what 's more, it 's caught me. I 'm just a muddy little man, but I can feel some of the quicksilver that 's going through these young Irishmen. I thought I was just an American; but I guess I 'm an Irishman, too. They 've got to succeed; we 've got to make them succeed."

"Are you a newspaper man or a Sinn-Feiner?" I asked.

"Blamed if I know," he replied.

"Who 's paying your salary?" I argued.

"I know," he answered; "but there are bigger things than a job."

"I can see your finish," I told him.

As a matter of fact, I saw his point all right; but there were several elements in

the mess more complex and profound than he and those noble young visionaries realized. As I looked at it, to pay life's arrears in one moment of sacrifice did not remedy the poverty of peasants and the slums of Dublin and Cork. So I steered William up against a keen young Irishman who was helping to run the Coöperative Movement.

"Foreign politics is the least of it," he said to William. "What Ireland needs is money—money for education, for industry, for agriculture. No amount of bloodshed will give us chemical fertilizer; but a factory will, and that 's what we need. We need some little light railways and water-power and we need our mines working—oh, and a lot of things. If some of your big chaps will drop a little money by way of investment in Ireland, it will do more for the country than gun-running. England is going to give Ireland her freedom; that is certain. She 'll have to make Ireland as free as Canada—dominion home rule. But when that comes, then the real work begins. We 've got to shake loose of our politicians. If we don't, we 'll be eaten up by them."

"English, you mean?" asked William.

"English, no. Irish."

"You mean that Irish politicians graft on Irishmen?" asked William.

The young coöperator laughed.

"Go and see Father Murphy," he said.

We went. Father Murphy was the man with the facts. He got out half a dozen big blue government reports. One of them contained testimony he himself had given to a crown committee.

"There 's nothing wrong with the Irish," he said to us; "they 're the kindest-hearted people in the world. But there 's a kind of noxious vermin that politics breed, and that 's where our trouble comes, and trouble it is. The Irish politician, my boy—have you ever studied the breed?"

"Yes," answered William.

"Well, well, and you so young!" said Father Murphy. "Why, look you now, we 've had local self-government for many years, the Irish cities run by Irishmen, no Englishman interfering at all in that. And

do you think that brought us freedom? Take, now, the corporation in this city, Irish to a man. And run your glance through this fat report, and what do you

"And how did you like the old place?" asked Peter.

"O Father, it was wonderful!" answered William. "The young fellows



"WHOLE FAMILIES IN A SINGLE ROOM"

find? Rotten slum property owned by members of the corporation; fifty people using the same closet, and that a very dirty one; crowding, disease, immorality; protests filed, and nothing done. I tell you, lad, it's ourselves we must watch. When we get our country back again, and I shall live to see it, then we must make the fine deeds of these young boys come true. These grand young fellows go out and die to free Ireland; but all they do will be wasted if we have the old crowd on top."

It had been a crowded month, and we were glad to get back to the city we knew and the old friends. There was nothing for it but I must go to the Kerrigans' for the first dinner of home-coming welcome.

care more for their country than I've ever seen men care."

"Sure, they care," agreed Peter. "Why should n't they care? 'T is Ireland of the Four Green Fields."

"But I've never seen anything like it, the love in them for their land. They'll give up their life to make things right."

"Tell me, now," urged Peter.

So William told the story of the young Sinn-Feiners we had met, and he told of those we were too late to meet because they had died. Peter's eyes filled with tears. I had known him ten years, and I had never seen the old man moved like that.

"God bless 'em!" he said. "Be proud you're an Irishman, Son."

"I am," answered William; "and I 'm ashamed, too."

"Be damned to you!" returned Peter. "What are you 'shamed of?"

"I 'm ashamed of the Irish who sell out their own people."

"It 's the Britisher you 're thinking of," retorted Peter. "They rule Ireland."

and die for the sake of turning over some more of their country to a gang like that. All the hopes they have for their country will go for nothing. They 'll be sold out by Irish politicians."

Old Peter sat up very straight, and there was a battle-light in his eye.

"Irish politicians, you say," he shouted,



"IT'S BACK TO COUNTY WICKLOW
WE GO!"

"They 're not going to rule it for long," replied the boy; "Ireland is going to have her Home Rule, and real Home Rule at that. But right now and for years back it 's the Irish that have been running the city government. And how do you think they 've been doing it? Crowding decent, God-fearing Irish men and women, old grandmothers, little children, into rooms that are n't fit for a pig. Whole families in a single room. Dirt, lung-trouble, every kind of filthy thing. And the very men who run the city that way have been the men who owned the houses, fat, rich Irishmen, fat and rich from the misery of their own people. And the five young Irishmen I 've been telling you about go to prison

"stinking old Irish politicians running the game crooked while the boys get killed to save Ireland! I 'll show 'em. I 'll pull their dirty old wards away from them. I 'll teach them to sell out their own flesh and blood. Do you hear that, Mother? Do you hear what the lad is telling us? Now, that settles it. It 's back to County Wicklow we go. The sooner the better, say I. You 've come to the right man, Son. I 'll make a clean-up if it costs me my last dollar. Damned grafting Irish politicians, you say. I 'll trim them till the blood comes."

And that was why Peter Kerrigan sold his three saloons, pulled out of the third district, and went home to the old country.

A Letter

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

High in the hills,
October afternoon.

Old Dear:

It's days like these I miss you most,
These golden, vital, very living days.
You would adore it so! Afoot, afield,
You would be ranging like a thing uncaged.
There'd be no luring you indoors till dark.

If you were with me, we would mount and climb
Breathless, bare-headed, and with winged heels
Lifting us fleetly up from crest to crest
To the sharp silhouette of that highest hill,
Flung like a challenge there against the sky.

How hungrily I want you here to-day,
Comfortable woman-person that you are!
Men are no use to walk with, as a rule:
They are too keen to get there and get back,
Too blind to small allurements by the way,
Too chin-up, chest-out, four-miles-to-the-hour!
Missing you so through all this wordless time,
Writing you now, across a war-worn world,
A letter that I shall not try to send,
My hot rebellion crackles and leaps up
Into a roaring flame of aching rage.
What has this loathsome war to do with us?
What is this wickedness to you and me?

A little while ago and we were there
Together—

Dresden!

In the soft forenoons
I would be struggling with a stubborn verb
While you were practising the "Mädchenwunsch,"
Unleashing "maiden wishes" of your own
In the shy candor of the melody.

Heavens, how *young* we were!

The windows wide,
Letting the giddy April in the house,
The proper *pension* curtains floating out,
Filling like eager sails in the warm wind,
Waving to winter friendly flags of truce.

And when four walls came crowding in too close,
There were the river and the new-clad woods;
The Grosser Garten burgeoning to spring.

Evenings, afloat on golden seas of sound,
 We followed *Siegfried, Elsa, and Iseult*
 Into a shining haven of harmony.

The long *gemütlich* nights, too short for sleep,
 With all the sapient comments to be made
 About that breathless serial called life,
 We 'd talk and talk and talk till dawn was gray.

And utter silence hangs between us now,
 Like a black blanket, shutting out the light.

Here in the sweet, high places of the earth
 It is so crassly unbelievable.

I look across a cañon's velvet depths
 To little honey-colored hills of hay,
 Up to deep blue. A lone persimmon-tree
 Shouts with exultant color; clouds sail low;
 I call. A shy young hound with humid eyes
 Rests his sleek head a moment on my knee.
 The brisk tattoo of hammers on my house,
 Where chaos is defeated day by day
 By shining shape and order, makes me think,
 With a sick wonder at the paradox,
 Hearing the laughter and a snatch of song
 That Jim, the ruddy Briton, and blond Hans
 Would be the enemy across the sea.

Is n't it pitiful to try to say
 The frenzied things that clamor to be said?
 Here are some scraps; I have my note-book here,
 Scribbled with things I thought that I could say.
 One was about "Another Bethlehem":

*A thousand field-pieces shortly to roar
 Death and destruction on a distant shore.*

*Shells by the million. Every one will soon
 Be shrilly caroling its cold blue tune.*

*But something quivers in the air
 As the dark days drag by.
 "Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!"*

A silly squeak of protest. Ludicrous!
 I never tried to finish it, you see.
 There is a scrap on a preparedness camp
 We motored through. Poor, earnest, eager things!
 It made one want to cry to see them there
 In the hot fever of their busy-ness,

Scuttling like ants whose hill is trod upon.

I know, I know. I know what people say —
 How they fling down hard facts and stamp them in;
 How sane and sensible they make it sound;
 How deadly plain and plausible they are:
 But what could be more crude and primitive,
 More stupid, clumsy, hopeless, —unilluminated? —
 Preparing, as the cave-dwellers prepared;
 Preparing, like the prehistoric man;
 Preparing, like Dark Ages, only lit
 With hellish modern ingenuity
 To plunge a radiant, up-standing world
 Back into dank, abysmal ooze and slime.

Remember what Paul said at Ephesus?
 "And your feet shod with the *PREPARATION*
 Of the gospel of peace."

I think he meant
 Something more sure and permanent than steel.
 I think he meant a thing so great and strong
 It will outlast the sun and all the stars,
 When we shall blot out bitter boundaries,
 Ceasing to sing,

My country, 't is of thee,

And say,

My countries, my wide earth, my world!

It 's growing late; I must go down again.
 It has turned cool; the dog is shivering.
 The sun is setting richly, and the day,
 A little stern and chill this last half-hour,
 Flushes to perfect beauty at its death.

The workmen have gone home.

Here in the hills,

The quiet everlastingness of hills,
 My shabby faith lifts up its head again.
Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!

The crickets are at vespers, and the dusk
 Rises to meet me in a healing calm.
 I cannot see the page.

Good night, old Dear!

I cannot see the path. I 'll feel my way,
 Step after patient step, till I win home.
 We have to know.

We have to *know*!

Good by!



The University of Sing Sing

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

IT was half-past six o'clock in Sing Sing on an evening in last December. The weekly moving-picture show in the chapel was about to begin, and fourteen hundred members of the Mutual Welfare League, constituting the population of the prison, were gathered there to witness the performance on the films, crowding seats and aisles to the utmost capacity of the big room. There were no guards in the room, the prisoners being in charge of delegates chosen from among themselves, directed by their own elected sergeant-at-arms, the officer of the league who acts as disciplinarian of the body. The warden was away from the prison. Just as the show was about to begin the electric lights suddenly went out, leaving the room in total darkness. A moment later a voice that all the prisoners recognized as that of George Hodson, their sergeant-at-arms, rose from the black rear of the chapel.

"A fuse has blown out in the lighting machinery," he announced in a voice that carried to the stage. "The show will begin as soon as we can make the necessary repairs. It won't take long; but in the meantime some of you fellows that like to hear yourselves sing might turn yourselves loose. How about 'A Hot Time in the Old Town to-night'?"

A thousand voices roared a more or less harmonious response to this suggestion. Before the first measure of the song had been concluded the sergeant-at-arms, who knew that a furious fire was under headway in the cellar of the building, was down a flight of stairs and in the league's office. Here he seized one of two lighted lanterns in the room, hurriedly

bade fellow-leaguers to hang the other in the long mess-hall through which the men must pass to reach their cells, and to light candles from the store-room and place them along the platform railings of the cell-block. Two seconds later he was on the chapel stage with his lantern, which he hung on a convenient nail at one side above his head, its feeble glow scarcely visible at the opposite end of the room. The song had come to an abrupt end on his appearance before the prisoners.

"Boys," he said, speaking rapidly, but without excitement, "if you hear any old women yell 'Fire!' don't throw fits. There is a fire down below, but no danger if you'll keep your heads. I want you to march quietly out of the chapel with your delegates, the members of the fire-department to report at once in the P. K.'s [principal keeper's] office, and the rest of you to go direct to your cells and the dormitory. Now you all know what the Mutual Welfare League expects of you."

By this time an odor of burning wool was rising from the floor below and permeating the atmosphere, but the men marched out of the chapel with even greater decorum than on ordinary occasions. There was no pushing, crowding, or undue haste as they moved through the gloom, although when they reached the mess-hall the flames were pouring from the windows of the cellar directly below them. The sergeant-at-arms had darted from the stage of the chapel as he finished his instructions to the other prisoners. Rapidly skirting the line, he met the men as they marched in order to the cell-block.

"You, O'Brien! You, Roach! You,

Cella! You, Sweitzer! You, O. K. Bill! You, Tenny!" and "You!" to a score more of dependable men he cried, as they came along in double file, ordering them out of line to assist the inmate fire-department of twenty-three men, who themselves, as they reached the bottom of the stairs, bolted for the fire apparatus, although not one of them had ever fought a fire. The men thus suddenly called upon were serving sentences ranging from a few years to life, and included second- and even third-term prisoners, who, according to all theories of the old penology, should have taken advantage of the confusion a serious fire in a prison has always hitherto brought about to strike down their guards and escape. Less than four years ago, indeed, some of these same men were probably among the inmates of Sing Sing who set fire to the buildings in the prison yard.

The Mutual Welfare League of 1916, under command of their sergeant-at-arms, determinedly fought flame and smoke for a solid hour and a half, despite the fact that they were without previous experience in fires and were unprovided with helmets, masks, or any other defense equipment such as professional firemen consider indispensable to the performance of their duties. The fire fed upon manufactured goods from the prison shops awaiting shipment, such as knitted goods, clothing, and fiber mats, that not only produced intense heat, but dense smoke, and into which no man ventured far except at the risk of his life. It was finally brought under control and extinguished by relays of men who lay prostrate on the floor of the cellar in two or three inches of water, directing streams from their hose upon the flames, while their companions directed other streams over them to lessen the effect of the heat. The Sing Sing siren, which summons all guards off duty to the prison, was blown just after the fire was discovered, but if any others than prisoners ventured within the danger-zone until the flames were subdued the fact is not recorded. The guards, as they arrived, were put on duty about the grounds to prevent escapes, but not one attempt was

reported. Had the amateur fire-fighters been less daring not only might the hospital and the dormitory in the building where the fire originated have been consumed, imperiling the lives of two hundred and fifty men, but the flames would have spread to the other prison buildings and destroyed the warden's house and the shops. It is no slight tribute to league discipline that the men in the hospital and dormitory over the flames kept their places without a protest.

The conduct of the inmates of Sing Sing at this fire, according to Dr. O. F. Lewis, general secretary of the Prison Association of New York, a penologist of standing, marks the fourth of a series of episodes of vital significance in the history of penology, all occurring since the organization by Thomas Mott Osborne of the Mutual Welfare League in Auburn Prison in 1913 and in Sing Sing the following year. The first episode was the field games played in the prison inclosure at Auburn on the Fourth of July, when for the first time in the history of prisons the inmates were allowed to gather in the yard without the presence of keepers.

Hitherto the belief had been general among wardens and keepers that inmates of penal institutions, if removed from the direct surveillance of armed guards, would immediately revolt, and either turn and rend one another or attempt to escape at any cost of life or property. The theory of the old penologists being that a man convicted of crime became thereby a mere animal and generally a ferocious one, it was considered that Warden Rattigan ran a tremendous risk on that Fourth of July at Auburn. But the fourteen hundred unguarded prisoners conducted themselves just exactly as would any other fourteen hundred men in the same circumstances. Not the slightest disorder occurred. "History was made at Auburn Prison on Independence Day," wrote Dr. Lewis at the time.

The second episode was in Sing Sing on December 6, 1914, the first Sunday after Mr. Osborne took charge there as warden. Then, again for the first time in prison

history, the inmates of a penal institution met in convention, without their guards, and discussed with the warden changes suggested by themselves in the prison rules. This was considered by those familiar with the prisons of the State to be an even greater risk than the experiment at Auburn, since Sing Sing was the most turbulent of these institutions, partly because physical conditions make it impossible to keep the inmates decently comfortable a large part of the time, thus generating bad humor among them, and partly because it is the prison for a class of offenders who are more unruly and more easily incited to violence than men who have become accustomed to obey their keepers. Any intelligent penologist of the old school could have told Mr. Osborne that to permit a prisoner to have any say about the rules of his prison would not only produce comic-opera conditions within the walls, but would render discipline an impossibility. Yet the sixteen hundred inmates took over the government of the prison to themselves that afternoon with every bit of the dignity and sense of responsibility that might have been manifested by any other body of men. For the first time in the history of Sing Sing not one infraction of the prison rules was reported for the twenty-four hours ending on the Monday morning following the assemblage of the inmates without their guards. Since that Sunday in 1914 the discipline in Sing Sing, under four different wardens, has been nearer perfect than during the previous eighty-five years of its existence.

The third episode of extraordinary significance in the series of four occurred in Sing Sing last summer, when on Sunday, July 16, also for the first time in the annals of penology, the inmates of a prison publicly celebrated a joyous occasion of their own. The event was the triumphant return as warden of Mr. Osborne, after a six-months' period of suspension from duty. On this occasion Warden Osborne was met by a procession of prisoners outside the prison grounds, and escorted through the gates to the interior yard, where he and

Professor George W. Kirchwey, who had acted as warden ad interim, were beneficiaries of the degree of doctor of humanity, conferred upon them by the University of Sing Sing, represented by a prisoner in scholar's garb. Warden Osborne's escort was headed by the prison band, and in his train there followed other prisoners in costume: the Mutual Welfare League judiciary, in wigs and gowns; prisoners in stripes of the last century marching in the old lockstep; prisoners carrying banners bearing jubilant legends; prisoners posed on flats emblematic of long-ago phases of prison life. Everything was conceived and carried out by the inmates. To this celebration came forty former prisoners, like college alumni to a commencement, and there were visitors of prominence, men and women from all over the State. There were two hours of speech-making by prisoners, officials, and visitors. More than two hundred prisoners, unattended by keepers, were outside the prison grounds on this particular Sunday, and there were almost as many visitors inside the yard as there were inmates of the institution, enough easily to have overpowered the guards and brought about a wholesale prison-delivery. Not an attempt at escape was made, however, nor an untoward act reported.

Another unique prison incident constitutes one of Mr. Osborne's most daring experiments to prove a sense of honor among the men of the prisons. One night in the spring of 1915 the delegates of the Mutual Welfare League had held an election in the prison court-room in Sing Sing, and the count was not finished until after one o'clock in the morning. Warden Osborne then invited the fifty-four delegates to his house, sent for his cook and butler, both convicts, and served sandwiches and coffee. The warden's house, which has no bars on windows or doors, is outside the prison walls; there was no guard within a hundred feet of it. The New York Central Railroad tracks are just under the windows on one side, and the public highway on the other. After their repast the prisoners, some of them

under life-sentences, went quietly to their cells. Had any of the men escaped or made the attempt to escape, Warden Osborne would have been an object of derision and the future of the Mutual Welfare League imperiled. He was as confident that they would not take advantage of his hospitality as he would have been in the instance of any others of his friends.

Two other incidents unprecedented in prison history that have occurred in Sing Sing under the Mutual Welfare League régime are matters of individual interest, and have nothing to do with the psychology of men in the mass. Twice during the first four months of last year the honor system of the league proved its strength under a supreme test—the voluntary return of an escaped prisoner, actuated solely by conscientious motives, each man believing that he was coming back to increased punishment. And in each instance the prisoner was one whom the old school of penologists would have declared to be hopelessly incorrigible. Peter Cullen, thirty years of age, who shook the dust of Sing Sing from his feet on April 20 and resumed it three weeks later, had been in durance two thirds of his life, following the prescribed course of the wayward boy of the New York slums, from the correctional institution in childhood through the House of Refuge and the Elmira Reformatory to a state prison, the five-year term he was serving for grand larceny being the second in the same institution. "Tough Tony" Mareno, aged thirty-two, who left Sing Sing in haste on January 1 and returned at leisure one day later, had pursued a similar course, and at the time of his escape was working out an indeterminate sentence of from twelve and one half to sixteen and one half years for highway robbery, having served more than eight years of his term in three prisons of the State, Auburn, Sing Sing, and Clinton.

It was because he believed that if he remained in prison he might never see Mr. Osborne again when that gentleman took leave of absence to fight the charges against him in December, 1915, being succeeded

temporarily by Professor George W. Kirchwey, that "Tough Tony" made his escape from Sing Sing, which was easy enough for him, as a trusty, to do. Tony was suffering from tuberculosis, and could not live long in the insalubrious atmosphere of the stone pile on the Hudson; and as Superintendent of Prisons Riley had declared that Mr. Osborne would not be allowed to set foot in Sing Sing again, Tony decided to go forth into the world, trusting that before he died an opportunity might be afforded him once more to grasp the hand of his benefactor. How Tony's hiding-place among professional criminals in the underworld was found by his friends of the Mutual Welfare League; how they told him that they would not reveal his whereabouts to the police or make any effort to force him to return to Sing Sing, but that his escape had been a blow to Mr. Osborne, who wished him to give himself up, though he would in all probability be transferred for punishment to Clinton Prison, which the fugitive knew to be conducted on the brutal lines of the old penology and with the horrors of which he was acquainted; how his friends among the criminals who had taken him in and provided him with money for his escape, who knew of the league and Mr. Osborne only by hearsay, listened to the league's agents in silence, none interfering to prevent Tony's making good his obligation to the organization and its founder; how he went back alone to Sing Sing that night and turned himself over to Warden Kirchwey; how the warden received him like a lost son, and refused to send him to the punishment-cells—all this is matter of penal history, and has been published in penological journals of all civilized languages.

Cullen's offense in leaving Sing Sing before his time was up was aggravated by the fact that he was the Mutual Welfare League's sergeant-at-arms at the time. He was one of Warden Osborne's most ardent supporters, and he had seemed to be no less loyal to Warden Kirchwey. The prison officials have a suspicion that Cullen's escape may have been encouraged from the

outside, and that it is possible that an alcoholic beverage was smuggled into the prison, under the effect of which he forgot his oath of allegiance to the league. In any event, he took advantage of the privileges of his position as sergeant-at-arms to go out from durance under cover of darkness and return to his old companions of the New York under-world. And now the marvel happened. Among his friends of other days Cullen was depressed and gloomy. When they congratulated him on the joyousness of freedom regained, he gave no sign of pleasure. His thoughts were continually on the league he had betrayed, and his conscience allowed him no peace of mind. Unlike Mareno, who during his two days' absence from Sing Sing was visited by fellow-members of the league who urged his return, Cullen's associates knew of the honor system only by repute. More significant than anything else is the fact that, professional criminals though they were, they did not laugh when the escaped prisoner told them the reasons of his unrest. On the contrary, when he talked of giving himself up, these men encouraged the idea. And so it was that on a Sunday evening in May Cullen called upon Mr. Osborne, who during his temporary absence from Sing Sing was living at a hotel in New York, and poured out his remorseful soul to his friend. Of course Mr. Osborne's sympathetic advice to the fugitive was to go back to prison and "take his medicine," which was exactly what he was prepared to do, and did do.

An incident of "Tough Tony" Mareno's return to Sing Sing is related by Professor Kirchwey. When he had told the warden why he had violated his pledge to the Mutual Welfare League and had recited his experiences during his twenty-four hours of liberty, Tony said:

"And now I go down to the punishment-cells."

"No, go to your bed in the dormitory," said Professor Kirchwey, for Tony, being a sick man, had been sleeping before his escape in the comparatively comfortable dormitory instead of a cell

"I am your dog friend for life," sobbed poor Tony, breaking down, for he had been dreading the night in one of Sing Sing's cold stone tombs for live men.

"No, no, Tony," expostulated the warden; "you are my *man* friend."

"Dog friend is an Italian word," Tony explained tearfully. "It means that no matter what you might ever do to injure me, I shall never harm you. I am dog friend to you all of my life, and of course to the boss."

"The boss" was Mr. Osborne.

Tony was pardoned soon after his runaway escapade because of increasing ill health. Peter Cullen is still serving out his sentence, with one or two years added thereto as punishment for his escape, which is what he knew would happen when of his own accord he went back to Sing Sing. Mr. Osborne considers the Cullen incident even more significant than the return of Mareno, in that Cullen fought the battle with his conscience and made his decision alone, whereas Tony was guided by his friends of the Mutual Welfare League in reaching his determination to do the right thing. And of more significance still, in the view of the apostle to the derelicts, was the action and sentiment of the criminal element by whom Cullen was surrounded during his absence illustrative of the changed attitude of the underworld to the man who wants to "go straight." Also indicative of a changed attitude of the powers of evil toward the powers of good is the declaration of a professional criminal to the Mutual Welfare Leaguers in search of Tony Mareno, that "there is not a crook in the United States that would not be glad of the chance to do a good turn for Thomas Mott Osborne."

In "The Outlook" of December 20, 1913, just at the time that the original league was being established in Auburn Prison, there appeared an article on Sing Sing by the present writer that contained the following paragraph:

The fact is that the prison edifice on the Hudson at Ossining is so many square feet of hell on earth. I am not exaggerating an

iota when I assert that a person who kept a dog in some of the cells occupied by human beings in Sing Sing would be punished for cruelty by any police magistrate, and that the man who would voluntarily endure the moral atmosphere of the prison is a more degraded beast than we have any record of in history or fiction. Here are cleanly prisoners contracting deadly and loathsome diseases from unspeakable outcasts; here, known to keepers and guards, who are unable to interfere under existing conditions, men are committing unnatural crimes that, proved against them outside the prison, would send them there. There are scores of drug victims in the prison, the sale of morphine and cocaine being a traffic thus far impossible to prevent, with the result that the bestialities of half-demented inmates add to the horrors of this inferno. Last year one man in each 95 in Sing Sing went mad.

Exactly the same conditions existed one year later when Thomas Mott Osborne introduced the Mutual Welfare League into Sing Sing, abolished most of the old prison rules, including all that savored of the cruelty and brutality of the old penology, and began to make history. Results may be said to have been instantaneous. Although it was impossible to change physical conditions in the prison, the moral atmosphere began to improve with the advent of the new warden. Once the league elected officers, it was a comparatively simple thing to rid Sing Sing of whisky and drugs, because the saner men among the inmates were able to control the addicts. Dealing themselves with the trouble-makers in their own courts, the league found that deprivation of privileges among the delinquents among them proved effective in conserving discipline. The introduction of scholastic and industrial night classes, the establishment of the prison bank and the store where groceries and clothing might be had at cost, combined to wake the men up and keep them alive to actual conditions. Despite the continuous hostility, under two superintendents, of the state prison department,

which hampered and harassed Mr. Osborne at every point where official routine or other business brought him in contact with it; despite intrigue and treachery by foes without and foes within, there was uninterrupted progress toward a moral, mental, and material betterment of the prisoners of Sing Sing under the Osborne-Kirchwey-Derrick régime, and economic conditions were never better in the history of the institution.

The test of Mr. Osborne's success as warden of Sing Sing should lie with his conduct of the prison during his first administration, from the first of December, 1914, until the first of January, 1916, since his last administration, from the middle of July until the middle of October, 1916, did not last long enough to secure figures for purposes of comparison. Moreover, during this period escapes from Sing Sing were being promoted by Mr. Osborne's enemies outside the institution. The moral rehabilitation of a prison's inmates, the transformation of men who prey upon society into useful members of society, the changing of human liabilities into human assets, being the chief end of the new penology, what Mr. Osborne accomplished in Sing Sing during his wardenship would be an invaluable service even if it had been effected at the expense of the State. In reality, the new warden brought about these results with economic gain to the State.

Before the introduction of the Mutual Welfare League into Sing Sing, fights among prisoners and attacks upon officers by prisoners were of so frequent occurrence that no record was kept of them except when a wound was severe enough to be treated in the hospital. Measuring the prevalence of fighting by the number of wounds treated by the prison physicians, the discipline under Warden Osborne was better by sixty-four per cent. than during the two years previous to his administration, which in their turn were the best two years in the history of Sing Sing. During the Osborne régime there was only one assault by a prisoner upon a keeper. The general betterment of conditions under

Mr. Osborne's rule, as indicated by the comparative number of men driven insane by prison environment during the previous four years, was extraordinary. In 1912, with a prison population of 1488, it was necessary to transfer thirty-two prisoners who had become insane to the Dannemora State Hospital; in 1913, with a prison population of 1442, forty-eight men were sent to Dannemora; and in 1914, with the prison population 1466, the number of men removed to Dannemora was twenty-seven. Under Mr. Osborne's administration, with the biggest prison population in the history of Sing Sing, it was necessary to transfer only nineteen men to the state hospital, virtually a reduction of fifty per cent. There were three escapes from Sing Sing during Mr. Osborne's first thirteen months in office. There were four the year before. There were ten escapes in 1913, six in 1912, four again in 1911, seventeen in 1910, and nineteen in 1909. In 1908 there were only six. That there was a disproportionate number of escapes in 1916 is due to manipulation on the part of Mr. Osborne's enemies outside of the prison, and to the circumstance that the men knew that the prison department was hostile to the Mutual Welfare League and feared that the privileges they enjoyed under the league might at any time be withdrawn. For more than four weeks in 1915 there was not a single case of discipline or punishment in Sing Sing. Measured by all tests, Warden Osborne's administration was the most successful in all the history of the prison, doubtless the most successful in all prison history.

And, what is more, his conception of prison reform, which means the preparation of the prisoner to go out of prison, has been proving itself with cumulative strength in and out of prison, ever since Mr. Osborne resigned his wardenship. This is attested by the circumstance that the efficacy of the Mutual Welfare League continues inside the walls of Sing Sing despite the evident efforts of the state prison department to impair its force, with a view, the leaguers believe, to its ulti-

mate destruction, and that in the league outside the prison, composed of graduates of the universities of Sing Sing and Auburn, a majority are living up to its motto, "Do good; make good." Of these most are steady and well-paid wage-earners in various trades and industries; some less well-equipped, either physically or mentally, are making an honest livelihood by precarious means, but true to league principles, while a few, most of them feeble-minded, prison-made invalids or mental defectives, incapable of entire self-support, are being assisted by their more prosperous fellows, and prevented from returning to lives of crime. When the processes projected by the new penologists are in operation, such men will be segregated and cared for by the State with no prospect of becoming a burden on the outside community. Of all the hundreds of members of the league who have completed their sentences and come out into the world, only fifteen have been sent back to prison, and almost to a man these were of the class described above, who in the near future will be eliminated from the possibility of recidivation.

The inmate released from Sing Sing or Auburn to-day, and coming to New York, finds within five minutes' walk of the Grand Central Station the Mutual Welfare League employment-bureau, established under the auspices of the New York State Prison Council. Before the expiration of the prisoner's sentence, the head of the bureau, once a burglar with a national reputation in police circles, will have visited the other in prison, have learned from him what kind of work he is capable of doing, and may have a job waiting for him. The new-comer will probably find other leaguers of his acquaintance at the bureau, some of them also looking for jobs and some looking for jobs for others, but all of them ready to give him a welcome and to encourage him to "go straight." If there is no job waiting him, he is given a list of places at which to apply for the employment he seems best fitted for, and doubtless some of the other leaguers will accompany him on his quest in friendly

companionship and point out the newest sky-scrapers to him. Every inmate of a prison in the State of New York, on leaving, is given a railway-ticket to the place from which he was sentenced and ten dollars in cash, on which he is supposed to subsist until he begins to make his living again, and the outside leaguers find him food and lodging at as reasonable prices as possible in order that he may conserve his money. All efforts, in fact, are made to help him get a new start in life; and, as the number of business men who are willing to give employment to former prisoners is continually increasing, and the leaguers "make good" oftener than otherwise, the average industrious man is pretty sure to be put in a position to support himself and any dependents he may have very soon after the prison doors close behind him.

There is a seeming paradox, which is really no paradox at all, in the personnel of the outside Mutual Welfare League in that the men with the worst records are proving themselves the most useful members of society under the new order of things. If one were called upon to manufacture proof of this statement, he could not invent a situation so strong as one that actually exists, for the man who ranked with the very foremost leaders of the under-world when the power of these leaders was at its height, and whose name was writ large in the annals of the police department as well as in the newspapers of less than ten years ago, has demonstrated the league's motto more spectacularly than any of his fellows. The career of this young man (who may be called Klein, since that is not his name) was almost precisely that of Cullen and Mareno, previously mentioned, and of scores more members of the league—a correctional institution in childhood, followed by the House of Refuge, the Elmira Reformatory, and then Sing Sing. When he was last arrested he was chief of a band of gunmen. I heard him tell Mr. Osborne of the different methods by which his band levied tribute on the under-world of the East Side, for they seldom interfered with

honest men in reputable places. It appears that the game of stuss to the East Side was as bridge whist to Fifth Avenue, the police estimating that at the time the gunmen were at the height of their lawless activities the gamblers were taking in one fifth of the earnings of that densely populated territory. Stuss is a game something like baccara, though with an overwhelming percentage against the player, but with this benevolent point in its favor, that the dealer pays back to a loser ten per cent. of his losses, so that he cannot possibly "go broke" at the table. Gambling being illegal, the owner of a stuss-game was always in fear of the police, even though he was paying tribute to the patrolman on the beat; moreover, those who played the game were mostly timid folk, small shopkeepers, clerks, and artisans, whose credit would be hurt, or whose positions would be jeopardized, if it was known that they were flirting with Dame Fortune. Hence it was not a matter of great risk for the gunmen to "stick up" a stuss-house. Klein and his gang would make their way into one of these places, revolvers in hand, and order everybody there, dealers and players, to back up against the wall, and then relieve them of their valuables. The owner of the game did not dare to call the police for fear that his indictment for keeping a gambling-house might be brought about, and if a policeman or detective stumbled upon a "stick-up," all that he asked was his even share of the spoil, man for man according to the number of gunmen on the job. As for the players, they were glad to get away without disclosing their identity. And the gunmen not only "stuck up" the stuss-houses, but sold them protection; that is, they were paid so much a week for letting a gambler alone and keeping other gunmen from robbing him and his patrons. Klein's band had sometimes as many as six or seven gambling-houses paying them for protection all at the same time. Another source of revenue was when a rival stuss-house was opened in what another gambler considered his territory, and the latter would hire gunmen to go to the

rival's place and "shoot it up" in order to get him "in bad" with the police.

Two or three times a year Klein's band of gunmen used to get up what they called a "racket," a dance, a picnic, or a river excursion. Invitations to these functions, which were sent out to gamblers, keepers of all-night saloons and dance-halls, and others engaged in any illegal traffic, had one thing in common with invitations from royalty—they were virtually commands. The invitations were invariably accepted, not necessarily because the guest was sociably inclined, but because he did not know what a sense of pique might not drive his putative hosts to do in the way of "shooting up" his place of business or blackjacking him should he fail to attend the racket and spend his money liberally. A racket often netted the gunmen as much as twenty-five hundred dollars. A big strike was another pecuniary opportunity for the gunmen, who would hire themselves out to "beat up" the strikers, and then sell their services to the other side to "beat up" the strike-breakers. Occasionally, also, there would be a windfall, when a highwayman or burglar unaffiliated with any of recognized gangs did a stroke of business in the district controlled by Klein and his pals. They would visit the interloper in force, and purchase his loot at *their* price, whether he desired to sell or not. The police estimated that Klein's share of his gang's profits ranged from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Klein did not seem to be entirely ashamed of his lawless exploits or take the slightest pride in them. He was telling his story against his will, and only because Mr. Osborne told him that the publication of the incidents of his career as a criminal, taken into conjunction with his evolution into a useful member of society, was likely to have a beneficial effect upon other wrong-doers.

When the end of Klein's term at Sing Sing came, every effort was made to induce him to go back to the old life; but he turned his back on all offers, took a "straight" job, and has ever since been a tower of strength to the outside league.

A short time ago a report was made to the head of the manufacturing company by which he is employed as to the standing of its men with regard to efficiency. After Klein's name the foreman of his department had written, "Best man I've got." Said Mr. Osborne to the writer some time after our interview with the former desperado:

"The sight of Klein working hard day after day, devoted to his new wife and still newer baby, is a stubborn fact that the under-world is still trying to digest. It is one of the facts that will ultimately cause the under-world to acquire a new sense of social ethics."

Klein is now twenty-seven years of age, and his police record began when he was fifteen.

There are other graduates of the universities of Sing Sing and Auburn in the outside Welfare League whose moral reincarnations are really as startling as that of the man I have called Klein, the latter's importance consisting largely in the splendid reputation given him by his foreman. For instance, there is Harry Bolasky, nominally Mr. Osborne's valet, but a great deal more than that in that he is also the other's confidential agent and adviser. Bolasky, who went to the House of Refuge at the age of twelve, and who is now twenty-six, has served terms in Elmira and Napanoch reformatories and Auburn Prison. His adventures as pick-pocket in the streets of New York and other big cities of the United States during the first twenty-one years of his life would make volumes of criminal history. Bolasky's own name may be used in writing about him, because it will not embarrass him or his employer, who made his acquaintance in Auburn Prison.

Then there is a former member of a band of loft burglars in New York whose present employer has more than once written to thank Mr. Osborne for sending the young man to him from Sing Sing. The method of the loft burglar is simple when not complicated by police interference. One of the band would in the daytime secrete himself in a warehouse

containing merchandise that might be easily removed, remain in hiding until the place was closed at night, and then pass out the goods to his fellows. Silk was the commodity most sought for by loft burglars because of its value in proportion to bulk. A bolt of silk would be worth anywhere from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and a few men might carry under their arms thousands of dollars' worth. However, if silk was not available in a loft, the burglars took anything that they might lay their sinful hands upon, from ready-made clothing to canned tomatoes, and from lawn-mowers to live-geese feathers, their program being subject to change by the police without notice. The burglar in question was entirely innocent of the particular crime that brought his prison sentence, and he might easily have proved an absolute alibi, only that his alibi would have been that at the time the burglary of which he was convicted occurred he was committing another burglary three blocks away.

Another outside leaguer, a man of middle age, now a prosperous contractor in a city near New York, has served time in Sing Sing and Auburn in this State, in St. Quentin in California, and in several other prisons between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Soon after his release from Sing Sing a year or so ago the deputy warden received the following letter from him:

Well, all is well, and the man you trusted has not to date betrayed that trust, and he never will. You know, old chap, I have often taken things that did not belong to me. I never was troubled much by so doing, but when it comes to being made the goat one's self, then the shoe is on the other foot, and it pinches. You see, one of the men with whom I have been rooming went South and took some of my glad rags and coin. I never knew the feeling of an honest man who had some thief come along and take what he has honestly toiled for until this chap made love to my property and eloped with it. But I want to tell you that it has done me all the good in the world. I know now how it

feels to lose what I have worked for, and that makes just one more nail driven home in my determination to lead a straight life. Hurrah, say I, for the thief that taught me the lesson!

An exceptionally clever thief, who has practised his profession in this country and Europe, and finished a prison-sentence last summer, happened to come to New York from Sing Sing on the same train with the writer, who had made his acquaintance there. It was the day after a prisoner, an officer of the league, had made his escape, and my companion's view of the other's conduct gives an idea as to how the members feel about their organization.

"If any one had ever told me before the Mutual Welfare League came into existence that I would do anything to help the capture of an escaped prisoner, even if he were my worst enemy," he said, "I'd have felt like knifing him. And yet I spent last night and this morning telephoning to every one of this fellow's friends I know, trying to get hold of him and get him back to Sing Sing. The dirty dog—an officer of the league going back on the league and on Mr. Osborne! I hope they get him and send him away for life!" The indignant leaguer is now holding a clerical position at a good salary in a big city in another State. One outside leaguer holds a confidential position in the office of a prominent New York lawyer; another is manager of the branch agency of a big New York institution in a neighboring city. Others are scattered all over the country, living up to their motto, "Do good; make good." Many of them are working in automobile factories, having learned the trade in the automobile school established by Mr. Osborne in Sing Sing, and many are employed in munition plants in adjacent States. Some are with the armies of the Allies in France.

Letters by the hundred from former Sing Sing and Auburn prisoners and their friends, as well as from other sources, telling of men re-made under the league system, have been coming to Mr. Osborne

since he was first made warden of the former prison. Typical of these is the following, which was received unsigned and undated while he was still in office:

My dear Mr. Osborne: I have watched with a great deal of interest your reform work, and now why should n't I think you are sent from God when I tell you that you have made two good men in your prison who belong to me? My own son and stepson have not lived a good life. They have been in prison more than once, and every time they came out they came out thinking they would get even with the warden and everybody in general. And how could it be different in the old dreadful way of keeping prisoners locked up with nothing to think about but their sins and what they would do to get a living—anything but good thoughts? You have taught them to think right, and to know that God is no respecter of persons, and that He came to save those who thought they were lost.

Keep on, Mr. Osborne, and teach your men and women under you to think right, and they will do right. You are teaching them more love for all. I think that you are a good, brave man, and no reform ever came without hard blows, criticizing, and misunderstanding. Nobody was ever made better by ruling them with an iron rod, and these poor unfortunate people—lots of them—would do better if they knew how. I know that my boys love you and are working and living an honest, straight life and bringing me money instead of spending it for drink and badness.

If there were more unselfish men, the world would be better. I had an education once. I am worn out and nervous now over my boys and knowing that I did not do right by them. I did n't know how; but my boys, through your teaching, are helping me. God bless you! We are a happy family.

That letter itself more than offsets all the hostile criticism of the Osborne prison system that has ever been written.

DOES Governor Whitman believe in the Mutual Welfare League? He has

never answered the direct question, put to him by Mr. Osborne on the stump last fall, but his pronunciamiento before the American Prison Congress last October that "the solid rock of any sound system of prison reform is iron discipline," while diametrically opposed to his opinion on that point expressed in *THE CENTURY* upholding the system in operation in Great Meadow Prison, leads to the inference that he does not. This inference is strengthened by the fact that on the removal of Mr. Riley in January, 1916, as state superintendent of prisons, and after having considered such a man as Professor Kirchwey, a penologist of international reputation, who had successfully conducted Sing Sing on Osbornian lines during the warden's temporary absence last year, he then put into the place a man hitherto unknown in penological or intellectual circles, who has proved hostile to the league. This superintendent of prisons, obviously acting under instructions, on the resignation of Mr. Osborne from the wardenship of Sing Sing, instead of appointing to the place Deputy Warden Calvin Derrick, Professor Kirchwey, who would have accepted the post as a matter of duty, or Spencer Miller, Junior, who had been deputy warden under Messrs. Osborne and Kirchwey, all three of the modern school of penology and conspicuously fitted to take up Mr. Osborne's task, put at the head of the prison William H. Moyer, a warden of the old-fashioned type.

While it seems incredible that the prison department of the State should contemplate bringing about the disintegration of the Mutual Welfare League, which is recognized by modern penologists as the solution of the problem of prison government, and which has accomplished marvelous results in the re-making of men, there are indications that point in that direction. The league was under the greatest strain of its existence in both Sing Sing and Auburn during a few days before and after the last election, when former Justice of the Supreme Court Samuel M. Seabury contested with Mr. Whitman his seat as chief executive of the State. Al-

though the governor had had much to say in favor of the humane administration of penal institutions, his views expressed shortly before as to "iron discipline," together with the fact that he had done nothing to relieve the old brutal conditions at Clinton, led the inmates of the other two prisons to believe that the reelection of Mr. Whitman would mean the end of the league and a return to old disciplinary methods. In any event, for a week before the election the members of the league talked of nothing else than the respective chances of Seabury, who had promised, in the event of success at the polls, to reorganize the prison system of the State on Osbornian lines, and Whitman, whom the men believed to be their enemy. Keepers in both Sing Sing and Auburn reported that the less tractable of the inmates were becoming morose and sullen as the governor's chances for reelection seemed to improve, and that they appeared to be getting away from the influence of the league's officers. Information of these conditions was brought to Mr. Osborne, who asked permission of the prison department to visit the men in both prisons that he might use his influence with them to accept with calmness whatever might be the result of the election. His request was refused. In these circumstances, apprehending a possible outbreak in the prisons should Mr. Whitman be reelected, Mr. Osborne addressed personal notes to the sergeants-at-arms of the league in each institution, informing them that a crisis in its affairs might be at hand, urging them to beg the other members on no account to make any demonstration, whoever might be chosen as the next occupant of the gubernatorial chair, and pointing out to them that anything like violence on their part in the event of the reelection of the governor would undo all of good that had already been accomplished under the self-governing system in the prisons. For this interference in its affairs the prison department issued an order forbidding Mr. Osborne to be admitted to any prison in the State!

Was Mr. Osborne refused permission

to address the prisoners because the department of prisons wanted them to revolt and discredit the Mutual Welfare League? And was he punished because it was believed that his written appeal to the men had prevented that happy consummation? It is difficult seriously to consider either postulate; but how can the situation otherwise be explained? Meanwhile it is quite within the confines of possibility that the name of the person responsible for this petty outrage upon the prison reformer who will rank in history with or above John Howard will itself go down to posterity with that of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome.

The Mutual Welfare League is too powerful a machine to be destroyed. Warden Moyer is said to have expressed the opinion privately that it solves the problem of prison government. "The men discipline themselves," it is reported that he declared to a friend soon after becoming warden of Sing Sing, "and I can devote all my time to my other duties." The warden does not say this publicly. He refused to discuss the league with me at all. Under the Moyer administration thus far, however, the inmates of Sing Sing are being treated more and more as mere prisoners rather than responsible human beings. "The prisoners are rapidly drifting back to the old sullenness, the old resentments, the old aloofness from the world outside," a friend of Mr. Osborne's, who was familiar with the prison during his administration, wrote after a recent visit to Sing Sing. "For the first time since the Mutual Welfare League came into existence I found prisoners afraid to come up in the old-time frankness and talk over things in the light of day. For the first time I found them watching me with wide eyes, making sure that the guard who was my constant companion on this trip through the prison was just out of ear-shot for a whisper, and then confiding in lip language a message that burned with indignation, resentment, suppressed emotion against the 'new boss.'" The privileges of the league, under Warden Moyer, are being curtailed. The

bank and the store are no longer in existence. The writing and receiving of letters, virtually unrestrained under Warden Osborne, has gone back to the old system: a prisoner may write one letter a week and receive one. The privilege of receiving visits, most coveted of any by inmates of prisons, has been increasingly limited at Sing Sing under the Moyer administration. Another inexplicable move in Sing Sing, on any other ground than the impossible one that effort is being made to exasperate the inmates to the point of insubordination for the purpose of discrediting the league, is the suppression of the prison paper, "The Star of Hope," written and published by the men themselves. "The Star of Hope" is an old Sing Sing institution, and during the more than a quarter century of its existence has afforded opportunity to many thousands of contributors and readers to pass their dull hours less wearisomely.

When Mr. Osborne was conducting the University of Sing Sing, and it was educating men and women outside of the prison in the proper study of mankind from the point of view of a broad humanity, the penology that heals and saves, there were many visitors to the old prison. These made voluntary contributions to the treasury of the Mutual Welfare League, the money thus obtained being devoted entirely to benevolent purposes. Thus, when the day named for the execution of a man condemned to death (whose sentence has been commuted, and who will doubtless soon be pardoned) was at hand, the league sent for his family, which would otherwise have been unable to come, in order that he might bid them farewell, paying railway fares and hotel expenses. This was done in several instances, in other than capital cases, for prisoners whose relatives were too poor to come and visit them. The league also paid the expense of improving conditions in the prison cemetery, and that of the transportation to former homes of the bodies of brethren who died in Sing Sing, where relatives or friends were able to give them decent burial. Visitors are not welcome at Sing Sing

nowadays; hence there are no more contributions to the league; hence the league is in bankruptcy.

But the triumphant conclusion of the whole matter is that despite every discouragement, every disappointment, every check, every set-back, the strong men of the league in Sing Sing are holding the weaker to oath and obligation, and a continuous procession of men re-made is coming through the prison gates to join the outside league, determined to do good and make good. Despite the politicians, Sing Sing cannot be metamorphosed from a university back to a mere prison-pen. The only method of doing that would be to abolish the Mutual Welfare League in the prison itself, and it is not probable that any one now in power will dare to assume that responsibility. The threat has been made that all communication between the members of the inside league and the graduates of the University of Sing Sing is soon to be cut off; but, as a member of the outside league remarked on hearing it: "That won't prevent discharged prisoners from coming to us when they have served their terms, and if things go so far that the officials are able to keep inmates in ignorance of the existence of the outside league, which is all but impossible, we will have our men at the doors of Sing Sing and Auburn to take charge of the men whose time has been served, and show them the opportunity to make an honest livelihood."

It is impossible at present to obtain any actual information as to the affairs of the inside league at Sing Sing, as all letters going or coming from the prison are censored, and in consequence inmates do not care to criticize anything that may go on there. Last summer transfers were made of members of the Sing Sing league to Auburn and Great Meadow prisons, and some of the trouble-makers whom Warden Osborne had transferred to other prisons were brought back. That the Osbornians in Sing Sing were in control of the league in August was shown by the fact that in that month George Hodson was reelected sergeant-at-arms of the organization.



On the Wing

Three studies of birds in flight



I

Peacocks, by Charles Livingston Bull

II

Wild Duck, by Frank W. Benson

III

Flamingos, by Charles Livingston Bull

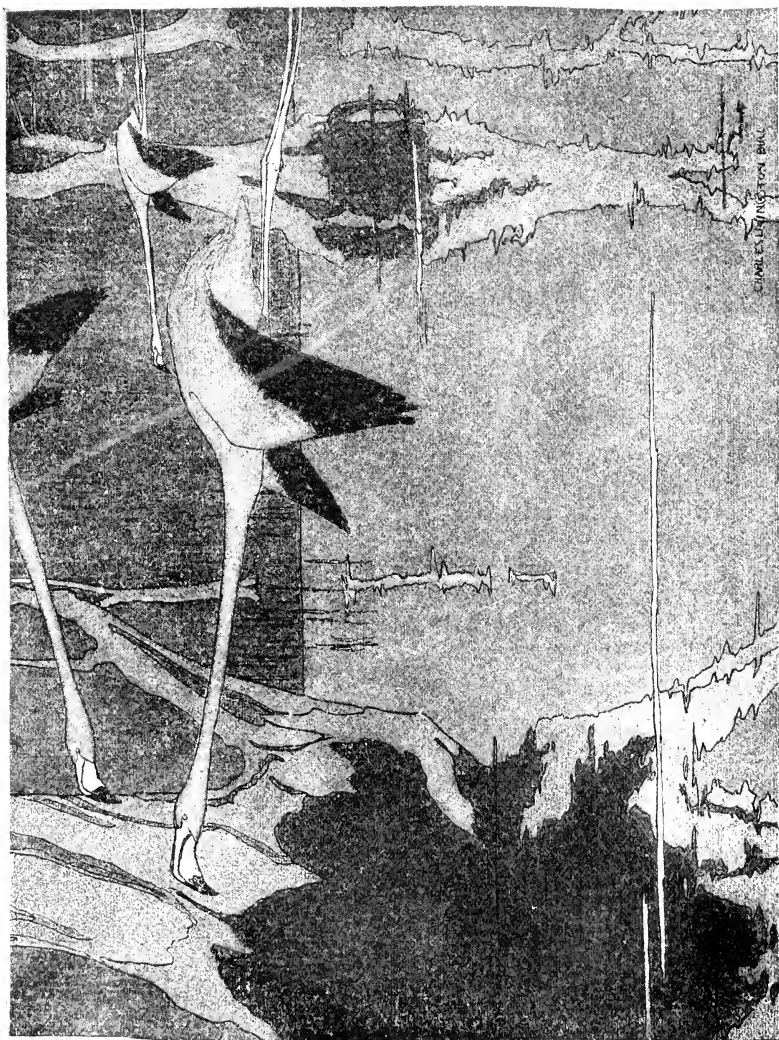




PEACOCKS, BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BELL



WILD DUCK, BY FRANK W. BENSON



The German Plot and Democracy's Future

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

Author of "A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," etc.
Formerly United States Ambassador to Germany

VITAL as the principles of democracy are believed to be to the independence of nations and the ultimate peace of the world, the United States of America would never have entered the Great War for the purpose of imposing a democratic form of government on any people. What makes the present struggle in a real sense a battle for democracy is the fact that the exposure of imperial designs has produced a conviction that, if these designs should prove successful, democracy would ultimately be rendered impossible anywhere in the world. Confronted by a triumphant imperialism, self-governing nations would be obliged to protect themselves against aggression by arming themselves to the full extent of their resources, and to resort to a permanent centralization of public powers that would divest them of their democratic character. Even with the utmost precautions, the weaker independent states, if left to defend themselves unaided, would eventually be compelled to yield to imperial domination, thus progressively augmenting the resources of arbitrary power and proportionally weakening the forces of the independent, self-governing states. If, for example, Central Europe, as conceived by Naumann, should be consolidated as the result of the Great War, it would be only a question of time when not only Belgium, but Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian kingdoms, possibly France itself, and certainly the Balkan States, would fall under imperial rule. A great maritime power, such as would then come into existence, with naval stations on all the coasts of Europe and the acquired colonies, could proceed to the conquest of the world in perfect confidence and ease.

It was not, however, the fear of German expansion in Europe that induced the United States to abandon its policy of neutrality. So long as the war was considered as a merely European conflict of power, it was to be expected, following the American tradition of non-interference in European affairs, that the contest would be regarded as foreign to the interests of the American people.

Even a long succession of incredible outrages upon the citizens of the United States, accompanied with almost open interference with its internal affairs, did not move the American Government to abandon the resolution to remain neutral, nor did it awaken the American people to a full realization of the peril to which they were exposed. Hundreds of American men, women, and children, innocently traveling upon the high seas in the faith that they were under the protection of laws and customs that all nations had agreed to respect, were mercilessly slaughtered under the orders of the Imperial German Government. Repeated protests were followed by the continued destruction of non-combatant lives and the sinking of ships without search or warning, in violation not only of established laws of the sea, but of the principles embodied in treaties solemnly entered into, which the German Government insisted were still binding upon the United States.

When, finally, the American Government announced that, unless the German Government was disposed to conform to the established rules of international law, diplomatic relations between the two countries must cease altogether, a promise to pursue thenceforth a legal course was made, but qualified by the demand that

the Government of the United States should serve the purposes of the Imperial Government with other powers friendly to the United States. That the restriction placed upon the devastations of submarine torpedo-boats was intended to be only temporary, and that these devastations were intended to be resumed when a sufficient number of boats should be constructed to become really effective in suppressing American commerce, is now established in a manner that exposes the utter insincerity of the Imperial Government in all its professedly friendly negotiations with the United States.

On January 24, 1917, the German secretary for foreign affairs, Herr Zimmermann, used the following language for publication in the United States:

In the message which President Wilson addressed to the Senate [January 22, 1917] the Imperial German Government recognizes with extreme satisfaction the fact that the aspirations and thoughts of the President continue to occupy themselves with the question of the restoration of permanent peace. The exalted moral earnestness in the words of the President insures them an attentive ear throughout the world. The Imperial German Government earnestly hopes that the untiring efforts of the President to restore peace on earth may be crowned with success.

Apparently believing in "the exalted moral earnestness" of the President of the United States in his "untiring efforts to restore peace on earth," Herr Zimmermann, in the midst of these efforts for peace, was not only meditating war, but *five days* before using these expressions he had communicated by secret code through the German ambassador at Washington the following instruction to the German minister in Mexico:

Berlin, Jan. 19, 1917.

On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this, it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America.

If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan suggesting adherence at once to this plan. At the same time, offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

ZIMMERMANN.

One week after expressing his hopes that the President's efforts for peace "would be crowned with success," on January 31, the Imperial German Government formally announced, *as was intended before and during this whole period*, that on and after February 1 it would adopt a policy with regard to the use of submarines against *all* shipping seeking to pass through certain designated areas of the high seas.

This violation of a previous agreement to observe the rules of international law the Imperial German Government well knew was equivalent to a declaration of war upon the United States, made in the midst of "the untiring efforts of the President to restore peace on earth." It was the German way of expressing "hopes" that those efforts might "be crowned with success." The pledge to observe the law had lasted until hundreds of submarine boats were ready to perform their task of wrecking the commerce of the world as an essential preliminary to "the restoration of peace on earth!" The intention had long been kept a secret, which the German proposal of peace negotiations had aided in

concealing. On January 19 the Imperial Foreign Office knew that this vast flotilla of submarines would be ready by February 1, and that its mission would impose measures of war upon all neutral nations; yet when, on February 3, diplomatic relations with the Imperial German Government were severed by the United States, Berlin naïvely professed to be "astonished."

Not until April 6, however, when overt acts had demonstrated the fixed purpose of the Imperial Government to sink American ships, was the state of war officially declared to exist. It was with truth that the President said to the American people, "The wrongs against which we are now arraying ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life."

It is German violence that, notwithstanding our peaceable purposes, has made this *our* war. That the United States would ultimately be involved in it was inevitable, for it was conceived and promoted in arrogant contempt of everything for which the American people stand sponsors. We have accepted the challenge thrown down to us, as the President has said, "to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles."

It was at last made evident that geographic isolation is no longer a sufficient guarantee of American security, and that it is with a world problem that we now have to deal. Until this fact was established by indisputable evidence, and rendered undeniable by a prompt confession that saw in this hypocrisy nothing that called for shame, few of our citizens could have believed that it would ever enter into the plans of the Imperial German Government to propose the dismemberment of the United States, and that it would even designate and portion out whole States as the spoils of a war of conquest to be promoted by German gold, paid to mercenary armies under the command of German of-

ficers, as the forces of the Ottoman Empire are already commanded by them, for the purpose of rendering the will of Germany supreme through the conquest of Europe and the mastery of the sea.

Fortunately, this secret purpose was disclosed in time to lay bare at a critical moment the real attitude of the Imperial Government toward the United States, and thus to reveal to the American people unmistakably the degeneration of the Prussian official mind. Happily also, both the Japanese and the Mexican governments were sensitive to the insult offered to them by the infamy of this proposal. Even the citizens of the United States whose racial affinities led them at first to sympathize with the German cause, on account of their belief in the moral soundness of the German people, must now realize how cruelly they themselves as well as their friends in Germany have been deceived by the sophistifications of the Imperial Government's propaganda, which has everywhere made appeal to race prejudice and sordid interest, but never to the noble humanism that was once esteemed characteristic of German thought.

The evidence that the motives of the Imperial German Government are unscrupulous, predatory, and ruthless has become overwhelming. Its conspiracies envelop the world. They have been directed under the mask of friendship by official diplomacy on our own soil. They lay under tribute every quarter of the globe and seek partners in crime in both hemispheres. Such a power is the enemy of all mankind. This at last the American people have come to understand; but they have not, perhaps, even yet fully appreciated how America will be affected by the fate of Europe, for the fate of Europe will determine the fate of the world.

WHAT is the testimony of the Germans themselves regarding their aims and ambitions in this war? In a book of more than four hundred octavo pages the Swiss publicist Grumbach has collected "Documents Published or secretly Circulated in Germany since August 4, 1914," bearing

upon the annexation of conquered territory. In his preface he declares, "No competent person can dispute the fact that the war aims of Germany are of a nature to cause the greatest anxiety to the entire world."

Although the Imperial Government avoids as much as possible committing itself to any definite declaration of policy, it allows and even encourages a popular demand for annexations and indemnities. Men of every party, of every class, and of every profession possessing influence in public affairs in Germany have constantly voiced the demand for annexations which the Pan-Germanist literature had made before the war, and often in the same terms. The expectations of spoils which rendered the war popular in Germany in the beginning have during every stage of its progress taken the form of urgency that they be realized at its close.

Not knowing just how the war will end, the Imperial Government dares not promise too much, but it does not hesitate to keep alive a popular approval of any conquests which the forces at its disposal may eventually enable it to make. "Compare," writes Grumbach, "the passivity which the authorities manifested when the six great industrial and agrarian leagues circulated their famous annexionist petition without encountering the least obstacle with the confiscation at the moment of its publication of the petition of the anti-annexionist league Neues Vaterland, intended as a reply"; followed by the gradual strangling of this anti-annexionist league under police surveillance, and the imprisonment of its secretary.

It is important also to note that the territory now claimed for annexation in the west is even in excess of that marked out for conquest by the Pan-German writers in 1911. "In the interest of our own existence," says the petition, "we ought to enfeeble France politically and economically without scruple, and to render our military and strategic situation more favorable with regard to it. We are convinced that, to secure that end, a serious correction of our whole western frontier

from Belfort to the coast is necessary. We ought to do everything possible to conquer a part of the French coast, from the north to the Pas-de-Calais, in order to be assured from a strategic point of view against England, and to possess a better approach to the ocean." The German scientific experts, it is explained by one of the commentators on this extension of the frontier, were not aware in 1871 of the vast treasures of coal and iron they had failed to claim.

The territory now demanded includes, in the west: the whole of Belgium and the frontier territories of France; that is to say, the part of the coast almost to the Somme, with a *hinterland* assuring the complete economic and strategic exploitation of the port on the channel; the iron mine-fields of Briey; the frontier fortresses with the line of the Meuse, especially Verdun and Belfort, with the watershed west of the Vosges between Verdun and Belfort; on the east "at least" parts of the Baltic provinces and the territories to the south, in such a manner that the new acquisitions would protect first of all the present Prussian provinces the whole length of the frontiers of East Prussia, and also the length of the frontiers of West Prussia, of Posnania, and of Silesia.

To secure these advantages, the six leagues stated in their manifesto that they did not desire a "premature peace"; for "from such a peace," the petition runs, "one could not expect a sufficient fruit of victory!"

But, in addition to the defined areas of conquest, there are certain indefinite aspirations here set forth, "if it be possible to realize them." These include "a colonial empire which would fully satisfy the manifold economic interests of Germany, besides guarantees for our commercial future, and the securing of a sufficient war indemnity, paid in an appropriate form."

The reasons for these additional conquests are not that Belgium and France have forfeited these territories by making an attack upon Germany. The iron- and coal-fields specified are said to be "indis-

pensable not only for the existence of our industrial power, but they constitute military necessities"; that is, they are desired as new bases for future military activity. It is pointed out that "neutral industrial states are constrained to make themselves the tools of that one of the belligerents that can assure them a supply of coal." By possessing all the coal in western Europe, Germany can better exercise that restraint. Germany, it is urged, has already been "obliged to have recourse to the Belgian production in order to prevent our neutral neighbors from becoming dependent on England." Besides, in Belgium, it is explained, are found also "the fundamental elements of our principal explosives"; and "benzol, the only substitute for benzene, which we lack, and this is indispensable for submarines."

For these reasons Belgium and north-western France must belong to Germany. The native populations of these districts, it is insisted, "shall not be put in a position to obtain a political influence upon the destinies of the German Empire." It is also urged that "the existing means of economic power in these territories, including the medium and the great properties, shall be placed in the hands of Germans in a manner that shall require France to indemnify and recall the proprietors!"

IN order to give some appearance of justice to these plans for imperial expansion at the expense of Belgium and France, the legend of a "conspiracy" to attack Germany and destroy her, of which England is charged with being the instigator, and France, Belgium, and Russia the eager instruments, has been persistently propagated in Germany and in the United States. As a penalty, runs the legend, for bringing this dreadful scourge of war upon peace-loving Germany, these guilty nations must repay her for the terrible sacrifices made by her brave sons and loyal subjects, who have given their lives and their treasures for the defense of the fatherland. Not only territories, but money indemnities, are expected, and these last the imperial chancellor, as late as February 27,

1917, asserted are "necessary." This Government, which declared war on Russia and France; which ordered the invasion of Belgium; which authorized Austria-Hungary to suppress Serbia; which, in July, 1914, rejected the proposals of Serbia and the czar to submit the Austria-Serbian question to the Hague Tribunal; which has ruined and depopulated Belgium, annihilated Serbia, and devastated Poland—this Government expects indemnities for the wrongs inflicted upon Germany, and to give this extortion a color of justice holds these countries up as the guilty culprits!

Note, for example, the attempt to heap calumnies upon Belgium for acting in self-defense. "Deputy Hirsch [Social Democrat]," cries the National-Liberal deputy, Dr. Friedberg, in the Prussian Landtag, in January, 1916,—*"Deputy Hirsch desires that the political and economic independence of Belgium be restored. But we have no right to forget that Belgium was in no respect the neutral country it appeared to be on August 2, 1914!"* And so a man who has been assassinated in his bed is to have his house plundered because it was discovered during the murder that he had tried to make previous arrangements with his neighbors for his protection against this very crime!

Germany, it is said, did not desire war. But listen to Major-General Von Gebattel, an eminent soldier-diplomat, who is not afraid to confess the truth to his fellow-officers. In October, 1915, he said:

We have not wished the war to try, seriously this time, the efficiency of our quick-firing cannons and our machine-guns,—of that we had a very exact idea, particularly we old soldiers,—we wished it because we understood that our people were on the wrong road in their development, because we considered the war a necessity, and because we were besides aware that a war is easier—as much in its military course as for its minimum of sacrifices—when a people, in every fashion constrained to struggle for its existence, is *more resolute and more prompt to choose the moment favorable for aggression.*

Here is no attempt to conceal the fact that the present war was not only desired by the German officers, but that the time for it was opportunely chosen, yet not without serious miscalculations, and the whole progress of the war has shown how groundless and how ignoble the accusation of an international conspiracy is.

The orthodox German doctrine on annexations, it seems, was stated by the chief of the National-Liberal party, Herr Bassermann, as early as December, 1914, when he said in the Reichstag:

We shall hold till the most remote future the countries fertilized by German blood. . . . We shall be able to keep what we have acquired, and to acquire in addition that of which we have need.

But we do not reach the final formula of German tribal ambition until we have received it from the chief of the Free Conservative party in the Prussian Landtag, Herr Zedlitz-Neukirch. He said:

If the peace we aim at is to be durable, all the territorial acquisitions, which the general staff deems necessary to shield us from the danger of a future war must be secured by that peace; and no regard for our adversaries, their country, or their people, should prevent our imposing these conditions, least of all the so-called right of the inhabitants of the territories that are to be conquered to dispose of themselves.

THE purposes for which the war was begun having failed of accomplishment through an unexpected obstinacy of resistance on the part of the Entente Allies, the problem of negotiating a peace has become a serious one for the Imperial German Government. Not to make any annexations or collect any indemnities beyond the levies extorted from Belgium and Poland during military occupation would signify a defeat of the German plans. To this kind of settlement all those responsible for the war quite naturally object, and desire no relinquishment of territory oc-

cupied and no abatement of frightfulness, in the hope that the Allies may soon be disunited or exhausted, thus leaving Germany the victor. The Hohenzollern dynasty, having taken the responsibility of this vast predatory enterprise, cannot save its face without securing some compensation for the "sacrifices" imposed upon the people of Germany. So long as the Allies continue their opposition, these compensations cannot be secured; and in the meantime two changes are occurring in the minds of the German people: a growing weariness of the war as a result of exhaustion, and a gradual enlightenment regarding the responsibility for a war which the mass of the German people believed at its beginning was forced upon the empire by a combination of hostile powers. As a result, the desire for peace without annexations and indemnities, insisted upon by a group of Social Democrats, is rapidly becoming the sentiment of the country, with the exception of the Junker class and the industrial imperialists, whose very existence depends upon the continued alliance between private business and military power. Between these instigators of predatory war and the peace-loving people, the imperial chancellor, anxious at least to save the dynasty, dare not formulate precise terms of peace, and remains mute, with the intention of obtaining, as Bethmann-Hollweg has said, "all the pawns and all the real guarantees possible."

We already have evidence that the Imperial German Government is attentive to changes in the minds of the people. Why should the emperor himself, who claims his royal title "from God alone," propose "a people's kingdom of the Hohenzollerns," if he does not believe that in fact the people, if not wiser, are at least more powerful and more certain to endure than the Hohenzollern dynasty?

Thus, and thus only, it would appear, the imperial crown may be saved. No longer able to cover its errors by appealing to "the will of God," this shrewd family, which has known how to rise from a Swabian lordship over a handful of peasants to the throne of an empire

by an alternation of bargain and bloodshed, would no doubt be content to reign by "the will of the people."

HERE is the whole question at issue in this war—the right of peoples to dispose of themselves. Once conceded, there is a solid foundation for the new Europe when the peace congress meets to determine the future; for this right involves the repudiation of autocracy, giving the state an ethical basis, and at the same time implies the existence of the inherent obligation of every people to respect that right in others.

Unhappily, this doctrine has not yet been clearly enunciated as a principle of public law. In Germany it is still disputed. The eminent professor of law in the University of Berlin, Dr. Joseph Kohler, writes:

The irresistible force of war and conquest takes possession of countries and peoples. That is one of the fundamental principles of international law, and it suffices to make litter of the old sentimentalities. . . . It is needless to be disquieted over the superfluous sentiment regarding a plebiscite, in virtue of which it is of importance to consult the population to know if it wishes to belong to one state or another. The territory carries with it the population that inhabits it; the individual who is not satisfied has only to quit the territory of the state. . . . The rational assent of a people has hardly any sense; the impulsive forces of the popular soul repose the greater part of the time below the threshold of reason and reflection. Thus it is all reduced to force, an inflexible domination.

German jurists and publicists, the authorities to whom the people look for instruction in these matters, almost without exception have been bred to accept this doctrine. It is a perfectly logical deduction from the history of the Prussian state. Thus far the states of Europe have never formally repudiated it. On the other hand, they have never formally asserted it by an explicit international act. The time has now come to settle permanently

the question whether arbitrary force or justice is the basis of European civilization. If the Central powers are to be judged by what they claim as the result of the Great War, and if the Allied powers are true to their professions, this is the fundamental issue between them: Shall the future of Europe and of the civilized world rest upon the assumption that a powerful state, in order to satisfy its economic ambitions, may take possession of the territory and the people of a weaker state by military force and appropriate the land and its people to its purposes? That is the tribal theory of the Central powers, as stated by themselves, against which the rest of the world, outside of their Turkish and Bulgarian allies, is contending.

It was the menaced application of this theory of international relationship to the United States that clarified the vision of the American people and enabled them to perceive that neutrality toward an empire holding, practising, and plotting to extend and perpetuate that theory is impossible. They had hesitated to avenge their dead, cruelly slaughtered on the high seas; they had been reluctant to join in what seemed to be a European quarrel; they believed that the German nation would itself rise in denunciation of such enormities as it had been led into perpetrating; they have waited for this in the faith that a whole people, a people that had risen to such heights of excellence in many forms of civilization, could not always be blinded by leaders who defied all the nations of the earth to check what they deemed to be their irresistible force; but thus far they have waited in vain.

Those who best know Germany and the Germans do not look for a general revolution while the German armies are not beaten in the field. Revolt against the existing system is not only extremely perilous for the persons who may propose it, but it is in the German character to be loyal to the Imperial Government while their country is believed to be still in peril. Not until the whole ghastly truth dawns upon them regarding the atrocities committed in their name, how they themselves

have been deceived, what cruel wrongs have been done to their sons and brothers in leading them to the shambles for the acquisition of ports and mines and war indemnities, and that this has brought only disaster, debt, and shame upon them, will the German people cry out for a more responsible control of their own destinies and a reorganization of international life upon a basis of peace through justice. Already isolated voices have been heard demanding these changes. The protests have come mainly from the Social Democrats, but it is not they alone who are aware that Germany stands before the rest of the world as a convicted culprit; whose good name has been lost through an unholy alliance between private greed and the weird priestcraft of divine prerogative—a partnership which has decked out an altar of sacrifice in the name of religion in order to give to military power a sacramental sanction for the commission of wholesale crime.

What needs now to be pressed home upon the German people is that those who are resisting the Imperial Government are sincere in their loyalty to the principles they profess, and that what they aim at is not mere selfish national interests, but permanent guarantees of peace with justice. Whatever fruits of victory result from this war must be international fruits. No nation should be permitted to claim them for itself or to dictate peace solely in its own interest. Claims for damage and advantage made by any one of the belligerents should be left to the judgment of the others, not made a condition of settlement by itself alone, and the solidity of the peace will depend upon the willingness of each nation to do this and the sense of impartial justice with which the decisions are reached. If this principle is followed out, there will be an immense development of the idea of internationalization. The seas and oceans of the world

will be made freely accessible and safe for all nations, the avenues of trade will lead to an increased number of open doors, and the backward nations of the world will be treated as the common wards of those more advanced in civilization.

Is this the real purpose of the Entente Allies? The United States has entered into this struggle, and will afford the Allies all possible aid, in the faith that it is their purpose. Were the Great War believed to be on both sides nothing but an armed struggle for trade supremacy and first place in possession of the resources of the globe, there would be no disposition on the part of Americans to engage in it. Many Germans, no doubt, seriously believe that it is, on both sides, a contest for national primacy, and that it has been forced upon them, as the legends of "encirclement" and "conspiracy" pretend. The sooner this fiction can be exposed, the sooner will German confidence in the possibility of a permanent international peace be produced, and nothing could more effectually contribute to that enlightenment than a formal declaration that exclusive national gains are not the objects of the war. The exemplary spirit of renunciation manifested by Russia and the known absence of selfish purposes on the part of the United States might well inspire such a declaration. A clear statement of the principles of public law which it is desirable to establish for the future, with a solemn compact to observe and sustain them, would be an appropriate preliminary to any negotiations for peace. The whole world would then be in a position to express its adherence to those principles. Such a compact would necessarily involve the repudiation of the right of conquest for the purpose of acquiring territory by military force from an independent state and its infamous corollary that the population goes with the land and becomes subject to the will of the conqueror.

Magic Casements

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "New Lamps for Old," etc.

Illustrations by J. Paul Verrees

WHAT are these but the eyes of youth? And never had Roddy Ivor's opened on a pleasanter sight than the one presented by Arlie Campbell skimming herself a cup of cream from a crock on the spring-house shelf.

The crock was a deep and glowing red. Arlie was a crisp and cool blue, except the back of her bent head, which was the exact color of a copper kettle, and her fair arm, curving softly as she manipulated a skimmer the size, shape, and color of a full silver moon. The willows outside door and window filled the place with such a green light, shot through with sun-rays, as mermaids love. The spring flowed in at one opening, around the red crocks set in the trough, and out at another opening, with a confusing murmur of sound which accounted for Arlie not noticing Roddy's step on the little path between the grasses.

However, when he put out the sun-ray on her skimmer, she turned a reconnoitering glance, and came forward, smiling. Except for the cap, she wore one of her hospital uniforms, and with it, perhaps unconsciously, her hospital air of calm competence.

"Why, I did n't know you were to be home at all this year," said Roddy, seizing both of Arlie's hands. His face shone.

Arlie squeezed Roddy's hands affectionately, and returned them to him.

"Oh," she said, "they sent me home to rest up. I had a slight nervous breakdown from overwork."

"You certainly look it," said Roddy, heartfelt commiseration in his tone. "Your eyes are awfully dull, and you have n't a bit of color."

Arlie could not avoid a movement of

alarm, and a hasty glance into the mirror of the trough.

Roddy's head went back.

"You are just exactly the same outrageous boy," exclaimed Arlie, indignantly.

"I suppose you are taking that cream for a tonic," said Roddy. "Pray don't let me interrupt you."

He took Arlie in while she sipped her cream. It seemed to him that she had grown up more hopelessly than any of their crowd.

"Bina sent her love," Arlie told him forgivingly over her cup-brim.

Roddy looked eagerly interested. He was devoted to his little cousin Bina, who had recently entered, on probation, the hospital in which Arlie was an assistant head nurse.

"Think she 'll stick to it?" he asked.

"She 's a crazy child," said Arlie, "but she 's a born nurse. She 'll stick to it."

She rinsed out her cup with a deft quirk of the wrist, hung it up, and came and stood beside Roddy in the door, buttoning her blue cuff down, and glancing across the yard to the house, a large, double house of squared logs, which had been a fort in Indian days. Later Campbells had added a frame dining-room and kitchen, with a long porch across the front; but the small, high windows, the tremendous stone chimney piled against the end of the log part, as well as a loophole here and there up the stairway, showed the building's age and former use.

"Shall we go over on the porch?" asked Arlie.

They got as far as the porch-steps. It was early enough for cobwebs and dew,

and Arlie was wondering what had brought Roddy up the mountain at that hour, when he said, nodding toward a cabin joined to the main house by a short, covered platform:

"I came up to see about renting that."

The cabin had once been the fort storehouse. It, too, was picturesque with vines and an end-heavy chimney, composed, in this case, of astonishingly colored stones, as if they had been picked out with amazement at their beauty. Besides the door opening upon the covered platform, a second gave directly on the creek-bank and the forest.

Arlie did not feel interested in the middle-aged hunting-men who, as a rule, rented the cabin. She said indifferently:

"It 's empty, for a wonder. Better see mother."

"It 's more in your line. I want it for a girl with a cough."

"I came up here to get away from sick persons," said Arlie, heartlessly.

"But she is n't really sick. She only wants to keep from getting really sick."

"Women are too much trouble, Roddy. You 'd never guess."

"Wilsy would n't be. She 's straightforward, like a boy."

"Wilsy?"

"And she 's killing herself standing on cold street corners talking suffrage."

"If you 'd tell me who she is," said Arlie, exasperation in her tone.

"Oh, just a girl I met when I stopped North with my Aunt Judith, a great friend of Judy's."

"She sounds interesting," said Arlie. Her eyes sparkled mischievously. "She was a new one on you, was n't she, Roddy?"

Roddy admitted reminiscently that Wilsy Lieber had indeed been a quite new one on him.

"Is she pretty?" asked Arlie. It just slipped out.

Roddy twinkled. He 'd known it was coming.

"I suppose not—exactly. She 's twenty-seven and she 's pale; but, then," said Roddy, musingly, "she 's got dimples at

one corner of her mouth, and she blinks her black eyelashes at you when she says funny things, and she 's got a white streak in her black hair. When she plaits her hair and winds it around her head the white streak turns to a wreath of little white roses. She 's magic. It might be the stone beasts."

"The—the stone beasts?" echoed Arlie, satisfactorily mystified.

Roddy became gravely explanatory.

"Her father rubbed a—a tankard," said Roddy, "and the riches of Aladdin were his. With them he built Wilsy a castle, and the stone beasts guard it night and day."

"I don't think we could possibly rent the cabin to such a queer person as all that," said Arlie, lightly getting back at Roddy. "It might vanish some night."

"Well, of course," said Roddy, "if an enemy got hold of the tankard; but—"

"I don't think we could risk it," said Arlie. She shook her head regretfully, as if to signify that she would have loved to oblige Roddy.

Roddy reluctantly became sensible.

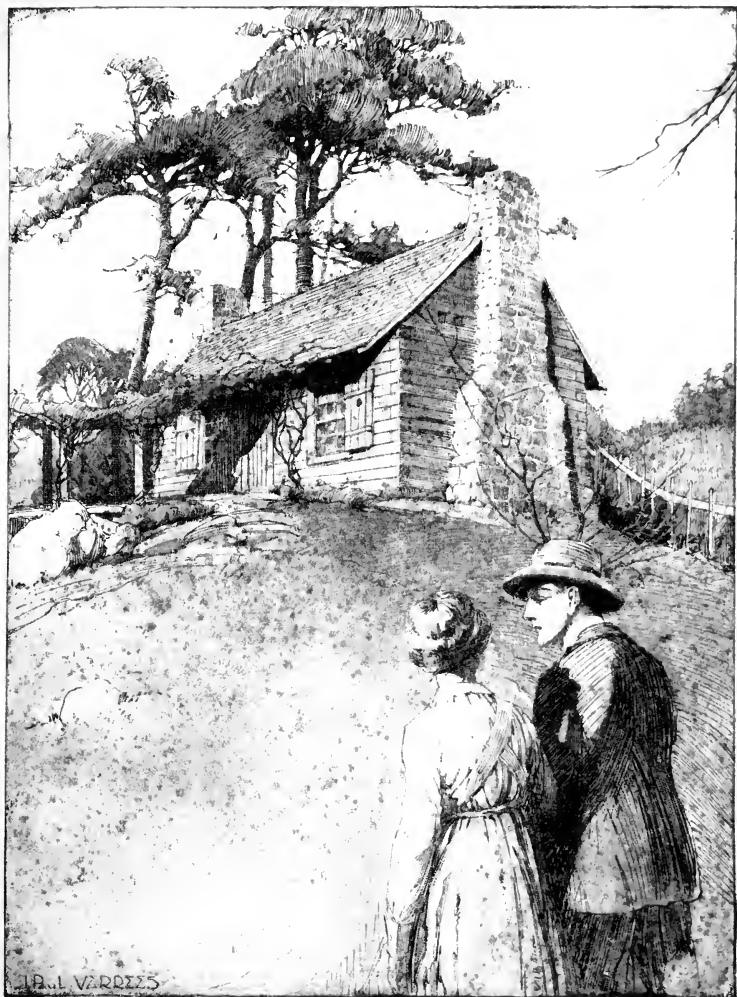
"It 's this way," he said. "Her father 's a millionaire brewer. He objects violently to Wilsy's talking suffrage, and when they got to fighting her at home, she just went into it heart and soul in the most reckless manner. I got no end fond of Wilsy, and so will you, Arlie. I 've set my heart on old Wayne getting her well,—he 's *some* doctor, you know that,—and I 've praised him up, and I 've praised the climate up, and I 've promised her the cabin." Every word coaxed. "See that she gets it, please."

"For your sake?" teased Arlie.

"For hers," corrected Roddy. He looked Arlie in the eyes with conscious rectitude.

"You always did pick up hurt things, did n't you, Roddy? All right; your queer Wilsy Lieber shall come, and if she gets sick, I 'll nurse her well." She leaned over on her elbow and called: "Mo-o-ther! oh, Mo-o-ther!"

Mrs. Campbell, the stabilizer of her erratic household, showed her benevolent



"I CAME UP TO SEE ABOUT RENTING THAT"

countenance in the kitchen doorway, and Roddy rose and went over, Arlie following.

Arlie played idly with her mother's hand as Roddy unfolded his business. Mrs. Campbell's face remained unruffled, but it was apparent that she hesitated. Arlie gave her a pleading and unobtrusive pinch.

"Mother 's afraid we could n't make her comfortable," Arlie said playfully to Roddy.

Mrs. Campbell said instantly and indignantly that Wilsy might have the cabin whenever she liked, and Arlie sauntered back to the steps while Roddy settled minor details. She found her brother Chard there.

"Lieber?" said Chard, glancing over his shoulder at Roddy. "Ain't that a—"

"Sh-h!" murmured Arlie, quickly, also glancing over her shoulder.

Chard grinned.

"What about the old man?"

"Mother can always get around father," said Arlie, "and I won't have Roddy disappointed. He 's set his heart on some girl with a cough having the cabin this winter." Her father was too absurd, thought Arlie, with his ridiculous prejudices.

Arlie and Chard presented the contrast found oftener in our country, perhaps, than elsewhere. Chard's education had concluded with what he could not help getting from a country public school. He would ever remain the typical mountaineer of sturdy and attractive stock, but limited in the exercise of its intelligence to the great mental game of the mountains, which is to pit your prejudice against that of your neighbor.

Arlie, on the contrary, had gone to school with Mary Ivor to the Cedarcliff teachers, and had later taken up nursing. Of Arlie, found apart from her native environment, it was impossible to predicate a class.

Chard had been one of Roddy's boyhood chums, and although for four years their paths had diverged, much of their early affection for each other remained.

"Lo, Chard," said Roddy, going past him down the steps.

"What 's the rush?" asked Chard.

"Breakfast; came off without any. Are n't you coming down this evening, Arlie?"

Arlie nodded assent, putting her chin in her hands.

"I 'll be back up for you, then," said Roddy.

Arlie watched Roddy as he veered about and took the short cut down. At the wood opening he waved back. His whistle sounded for a long way.

Roddy found the family at breakfast.

"Arlie 's home," said he, dropping into his seat and reaching for the nearest dish.

Mary's eyes beamed with pleasure. She was very fond of Arlie.

"I 'll call up some boys and get up a little party," said Mary.

"How does Arlie look?" asked Roddy's pretty mother.

"Oh, I don't know," said Roddy. "Like a handful of pansies."

"Roddy," said Mary, "you are too silly."

But Kathy said she could just see Arlie.

Arlie stayed the night with Mary, and Roddy took her strolling around the lawn next morning.

"It 's lovely to have nothing to do for a change," said Arlie.

It was very strange and disconcerting to Roddy to think of Arlie's arduous hospital experiences.

"Do girls really like it?" he asked.

"Some do," said Arlie; "Bina does. But a good many take it up, as I did, to get away. However," continued Arlie, "I 'm a good nurse. I would n't bungle a thing." Roddy deeply approved of Arlie's scornful tone. "But I 'm not going to keep at it forever," added Arlie; "I 'll do other things after a while." Arlie's restless heart spoke in the words.

"I want to stay here," said Roddy, vaguely prompted to define his feeling, "to strike roots, to be worth while in my own place—like my tree there."

He indicated a beautiful young oak just underneath the window of his room, on

the high creek-bank. Arlie gazed at it. Suddenly, as she gazed, bright wings flashed out and were gone.

"I 'm like *that*," said Arlie; "I 'd feel queer having roots."

She smiled at Roddy, lifting her arms to tuck back a resplendent lock of hair. Her white dress fluttered about her in the river wind.

"Don't fly away this morning," said Roddy.

ARLIE and Wilsy sat on a sun-warmed ledge of limestone above the creek and showed each other their eager, active, restless minds. Wilsy smiled as she spoke; but Arlie, being six years younger, was serious.

They had finished with their minds and got to their palms when they became aware of Roddy deflecting toward them from the mountain road.

"Let 's see yours," said Arlie, by way of greeting.

"Plain as a pikestaff," said Roddy, presenting his palm for inspection.

"Men's usually are," said Wilsy, crushingly.

Half a glance sufficed to reveal Roddy's deep, flawless, pink heart-line sweeping boldly to the base of the forefinger; his serviceable head-line marked with the ruler of common sense straight across his palm; his double life-line looped warily around both thumbs, to make quite sure; his fine, clear line of happy fate. There were no moony vagaries in Roddy's hand.

"He 's going to live forever," said Wilsy, "and be perfectly satisfied with his life."

The two girls exchanged a glance, as if they were sorry for Roddy.

"Too bad it 's not more exciting," said Roddy. He added to Arlie, "Now I 'll have a look at yours."

But Arlie crumpled up her moon-struck palms and hid them away behind her.

Roddy sat down on the ledge, too, slightly below Wilsy, and on a level with Arlie, although a few feet away.

"How do you like old Wayne?" asked Roddy of Wilsy.

Wilsy said that she adored old Wayne. He had told her there was n't a thing in the world the matter with her. Or almost that, she amended at Roddy's vexing masculine insistence on the absolute truth.

"That 's about the best news I ever heard," said Roddy. "And how do you like my mountains?"

"I 'm afraid I 'll have to take them home with me," said Wilsy.

"Then," said Roddy, "I must come up here and look at them a lot this winter."

He pretended to be shielding his eyes from the setting sun as he spoke, but in reality he was glancing across at Arlie. Wilsy could see his eyes, awakened and tender, through his curving fingers. Arlie felt them. Her cool cheek turned hot. She stole a look across to Roddy.

It was very odd to Wilsy, sitting there just above them both, to watch it begin that way.

"I 'm going in to write a letter for you to mail for me," she said to Roddy.

She went off up the slope, smiling to herself, and glancing over her left shoulder at the valley.

Roddy moved closer to Arlie. The sun-rays were long and yellow. The distance was violet and golden in streaks and patches. A smoke of mist showed where the river ran far below.

"Are n't you glad to be back, Arlie?" asked Roddy, imploringly.

"For a—a visit," said Arlie.

Roddy felt wing-edges flutter against his palm.

"Come for a walk along the bank," he said.

They strolled in silence by the loud creek, and paused in a tiny ravine filled to the brim with pale purple asters. Arlie stood among them, lifting her face to the new moon.

"It 's holding water," said Arlie.

Roddy watched her with open tenderness.

"Arlie," he said, putting out a hand.

"Wilsy will be through her letter by now," said Arlie, hastily. "Shall we take her some of these?"

Roddy accepted his rebuff stoically. He gathered Wilsy an armful of purple asters and took them to her. He filled her brown pottery jar with spring water, helped her arrange the asters, and told her where they looked prettiest, on the funny little bracket between her two windows.

Arlie had vanished, and Roddy sat on the porch-steps with Wilsy. She would talk about the war.

"We can't realize it," said Wilsy.

Roddy wished that he could say that. He changed the subject as soon as he could, and asked Wilsy if she 'd made a wish for the new moon over the pines up there.

Wilsy said she had; that she had made a beautiful wish for Roddy.

Presently Wilsy was not the only clever person.

Roddy, walking with his head in the clouds or the stars, supposed himself to resemble any ordinary young man going about the every-day business of life, and he was much startled at something Mary said to him one evening. They were at the piano, a little apart from the family group by the fire.

"How," said Mary, picking up a handful of notes, and letting them drop slowly back, "would *you* like it if Chard Campbell made love to *me*?"

More men than Roddy have wondered at the remarkable things women will say.

"What do you mean?" he flashed.

"I mean what you think I mean," said Mary, diabolically.

"It 's totally and entirely different," said Roddy in an enraged undertone, "and I think it very questionable taste in an engaged girl to ask any such question."

Mary picked up another handful of notes, and Roddy left the room.

Mary looked over her shoulder at her father and mother.

"Roddy 's perfectly wild about Arlie," she said, "and she does n't encourage him a bit. You 'd think he 'd have some pride."

Now, Kathy had not the faintest desire for Roddy to marry into old Campbell's mountain clan, but she could not help a flare of indignation.

"Pray, what does Arlie want?" she inquired spiritedly.

"She says she does n't wish to marry any one," said Mary. "She says a woman's own life is automatically ended the minute sh gets married, if she loves her husband."

"No true woman wants any life of her own apart from her husband's," said Kathy. "Arlie will find out some day that she 's been talking great nonsense."

"What do *you* think about it, Mary?" asked Ivor, who had been listening behind his book, amused, but approving Kathy's correct sentiments.

"Oh," said Mary, confidently, "Geoff and I would n't always be wanting different things."

She returned to her music, and Ivor crossed the hall to the library.

He found Roddy there, poking the fire in pure absent-mindedness. Sometimes he made the sparks fly, and sometimes he rested his hands on the poker in a brown study. Ivor looked over his evening papers in silence. They were more than usually interesting and angering, and he kept at them a good while. When he finally flung them aside the rustle and movement brought Roddy's eyes his way.

"Would *you* make a fuss about it, Father," he asked deliberately, "if I could get Arlie to have me?"

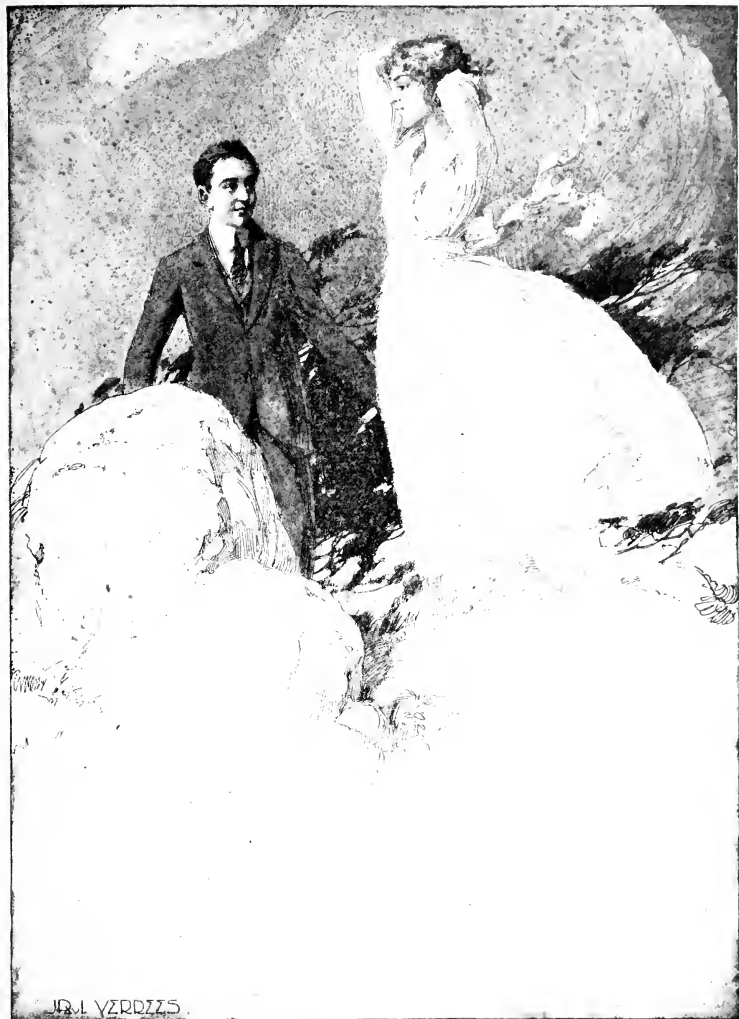
"Would it make any difference if I did?" asked Ivor, not taking Roddy with any great seriousness.

"Not if I could get her," admitted Roddy. His tone was harassed. Even Ivor felt an indignant twinge.

"Can't you?" he asked rather incredulously.

But Roddy shook his head.

"She loves me," he said, finding a sharp relief in words after so much silence, "and she won't have me. She talks the utterest stuff, but she means it. I could get rid of a condition in life, but I can't get rid of a condition in Arlie's mind. She 's got me going. I don't know what to do. If she gets away from me now I 'll never get her. She 'll keep away—because she 's afraid." He flung the poker to its rest, and turned abruptly to Ivor.



"‘DON’T FLY AWAY THIS MORNING,’ SAID RODDY”

"Father," he said, "I 'm crazy about her." He looked in Ivor's eyes.

Ivor had a shock. He ceased to take Roddy's affair of the heart lightly. No more than Kathy and Mary did he care for Roddy to marry into the Campbell clan, but not altogether the same reasons moved him. Still, he concluded to keep his hands off. He had paid Roddy that compliment for some time now. He got up, walked away, walked back, looked at Roddy, who had taken out his watch, and said:

"Well, you can give her *my* love—if she 'll have yours."

Roddy's disturbed face cleared for the moment.

"You don't think me too much of an ass, then?"

"Not a bit of it," said Ivor, heartily. "She 's too good for you."

He did n't in the least think any girl in the world too good for Roddy; but he really did think Arlie, with her beauty and brightness, good enough, and he was glad he had stretched a point, because it sent his boy up the mountain road looking a little happier.

Though it was not quite eight when Roddy reached Campbells', the light in Wilsy's cabin was already out. Wilsy, after a long day's climbing about with her kodak, had gone early to bed; but the light from the deep little windows of the front room lay across the porch, and Arlie herself opened its door to him.

It was a good deal like having a door opened into a story-book, though Arlie and Roddy, being blinded by familiarity, never guessed this. The front room was oblong, with a large fireplace midway its length on one side. The doors and mantelpiece, like ceiling and rafters, showed the rich natural color of hundred-year-old seasoned pine. Deer-horns on the wall, a large and a small spinning-wheel in a corner, an immense settle, over which was flung one of the few remaining buffalo robes in the country, took the interior back to the frontier period. A red-and-gray rag-carpet made by Arlie's mother covered the floor, and Chard had contributed the

hearth-rug of fox-skins and the fan of wild-turkey tail and wings spread splendidly behind the engraving of Valley Forge above the chimneypiece.

Arlie gave Roddy her father's chair, and took a corner of the green settle, herself.

At first they found unimportant things of which to speak; but finally one of the silences they were coming to dread fell upon them. Arlie could find nothing better to break it with than:

"There 's Chard come in." She looked interestedly toward one of the room's six doors. Behind it Chard was to be heard whistling a lively air.

Roddy had laid hold of Arlie's poker by now. He had to be using his restless hands. He was leaning over, and he looked up at Arlie.

"Shall we call him in?" asked Roddy in an inimical tone.

"N-o-o," said Arlie.

"My father sent you his love," said Roddy, watching Arlie's face. This had been one of her defenses, that his father would make a row.

"That 's sweet of him," said Arlie, presently.

"On a condition," continued Roddy.

She looked away, making a negative gesture.

"We could be so happy," said Roddy in a heart-shaking voice.

Arlie's hand crumpled nervously at a newspaper she had been reading when Roddy tapped at her door.

"We have n't any right to be happy off to ourselves when such things are going on in the world," said Arlie.

Roddy had not even looked at that day's paper. He had been so desperately absorbed in the upheaval of his heart that for weeks he had scarcely remembered that there was a war.

"So you 've a new reason," said Roddy.

However, he put out his hand for the paper, and Arlie, after a motion as if to withhold it, drew back hers. She sat tense and still, watching Roddy read.

He had been pale; but, as he read, a smoldering anger nearly three years old flamed up in cheek and eye.

"When there 's anything to do about it," said Roddy, "I 'll do it; all of us will. But just now you 're not fair to put up this"—he indicated the paper—"between us. Because you do love me, Arlie."



"ARLIE HAD VANISHED. RODDY SAT ON THE PORCH-STEPS WITH WILSY. SHE WOULD TALK ABOUT THE WAR."

Arlie would n't answer. She turned, stooping to pat Rob, Roddy's setter, which had followed him up, and now lay at his feet.

Rob, intensely flattered, reared himself, and stood with his paws on Arlie's knee.

"Down, sir!" ordered Roddy, sternly.

"Don't be so cross with him, Roddy," said Arlie. She laid an impulsive arm about Rob's brown neck.

Roddy reached over deliberately, took hold of his dog's collar, set him firmly on his four feet, got up, went to the door, and opened it.

"Get out!" he said to Rob, the words sounding like an oath.

"I never saw anything so childish in my life!" flared Arlie. Roddy gave Arlie a driven look.

That look silenced Arlie. Roddy sat

down, picked up the poker again, and prodded the logs viciously.

Arlie watched the sparks showering. She did n't know what to do, either. She could give Roddy up while she still had him, as she had him, for instance, that evening; but to imagine herself giving him up altogether made a cold hand close on her heart.

Roddy's face turned slowly to hers. The hurt in it made Arlie say to herself that she was n't being fair to Roddy; that she had better cut short her time at home and get back to her work. She would ask to be put on some good hard case, some woman who did n't really have anything the matter with her. Maybe she could give Roddy up if she had enough to take up her time and occupy her mind. She glanced

inquiringly at Roddy, who had risen.

"No good my staying," said Roddy, humbly; "I don't seem able to behave myself to-night."

With yearning eyes on Arlie, he fumbled for his hat on the table behind him.

"Very well," said Arlie, looking pale. She stood up politely.

"Please tell Wilsy I 'm sorry I did n't get to see her," said Roddy. He swung off to the door.

"Roddy," said Arlie, faintly.

"Yes," said Roddy, quickly, a flicker of hope in his eyes.

"Good night," said Arlie, beseechingly. She held out her hand.

Roddy looked at it.

"Good night," he said. He went off without touching the hand.

Arlie's hand dropped to her side as

Roddy closed the door quietly. She stood for a moment staring at its blank surface, then turned and ran up the steps and into her own room. Her white muslin curtains waved in the cold wind. She went to a window and leaned on its sill, listening to Roddy's going. There was no gay whistle by which to track him down the mountain to-night; only a poignant rustle of dead leaves in the path. Arlie had her arm hard across her breast as if something hurt her there, but she would n't give in. She still said to herself:

"It's better to be free than anything else in the whole world."

"ARLIE's going back to town next week," said Mary to Roddy a few days later. She went on vexedly: "You've just spoiled everything. Roddy. Why could n't you let Arlie alone, with a county full of girls?"

Roddy had dropped into a dull middle place of misery since that odd evening at Arlie's. He said tonelessly to Mary that Arlie need not go away on his account, and forced himself up the mountain, meaning to tell her so. But a short distance from home he met Arlie and Wilsy out for the mail and a walk.

"Come over on my island," he said, his spirits rising at the mere sight of Arlie in a blue hood; "we can cross on the ice. It's jolly inside the willows, all flat snow, and rabbit-tracks scurrying where they've danced in the moonlight." He smiled at Wilsy.

"You'll be telling us fairy-stories next," said Wilsy.

"Well," said Roddy, "if there were a little Blue Riding Hood, Arlie would look just like her."

"Is there a wolf on your island?" asked Arlie, her spirits rising, too, with the sun and Roddy.

"There'll be nothing but a—a lamb," said Roddy, reassuringly.

Wilsy, who had her kodak along, wandered away, Arlie and Roddy following in a sort of snatched, desperate happiness. High up on a tiny bluff above the river showed the cottage that had been

erected and deserted some years previously by an erratic Englishman who had n't been able to make his fancy chickens pay. How often had Roddy beheld Arlie and himself inhabiting that cottage, Ivor's now! It was indeed too adorable a place to stand lonely and deserted in the snow. Sometimes Arlie looked up and across at it. Sometimes Roddy looked up and across at it. For one weak moment he lost himself in the delight of imagining Arlie and himself climbing up the steps set in the little bluff, going straight into the cottage grounds—going home, in fact.

"Say it, you idiot!" ordered Roddy to himself. He stood still, hands in pocket. "Arlie," he said, "when I met you I was coming up to tell you that you don't need to run from me. I won't bother you again. Don't cut short your vacation. If you do that, I'll feel like a dog."

Arlie, too, was standing still, pulling nervously at her hood ribbons.

"You'll stay, won't you?" asked Roddy: "Wilsy would be so lonesome without you."

Arlie stole a baffled look at Roddy. She did not know whether that speech of Roddy's was deep, deep man's wisdom or a bit of boyish stupidity.

She said that she would stay—for Wilsy.

"That's a good girl!" said Roddy.

He felt that he dared touch her now that he had given her up. There was a dear look about Roddy's eyes and lips as he guided Arlie, like a calm brother, over the rough ice between island and shore. He was trying so achingly hard to be unselfish, and he had never loved Arlie so much, or shown to his own mind how much he did love her, as at that moment when Arlie was thinking that Roddy must be getting over loving her, and, that being so, there was of course no need to run away from him. Her arm grew rigid in his respectful grasp. Presently she drew it away, and said she could get along now.

ARLIE wore one of her blue uniform dresses. A bushel-basket of red winter apples stood on the kitchen floor by her.

"We've so many apples, mother decided to make another kettle of apple-butter," said Arlie to Roddy, who had just brightened her kitchen doorway. "We want Wilsy to see an apple-butter boiling, any way. Everybody can come."

"I'll come now," said Roddy, drawing up a chair and taking the parer over. "You and Wilsy can pick me out nice, round apples."

"Such nonsense," said Mrs. Campbell to Roddy as she passed through on her way to the smoke-house, "making apple-butter in March! It's all these crazy girls."

Wilsy was excited over the apple-butter boiling, even though it could not be, as was picturesque and proper, held out of doors, since one could not count on March weather.

She could not believe all those barrels of peeled apples could be needed for even so gigantic a kettle as Chard was at that moment swinging on the crane in the kitchen fireplace—a fireplace of which it was no exaggeration to aver that it stretched clear across the room. Nor could she take seriously all those pounds of sugar and spices, or all those gallons of sweet cider, or ever believe there would be sufficient apple-butter to fill all those brown crocks Mrs. Campbell was bringing across from the smoke-house for purposes of sunning and airing.

Being there, Roddy stayed, and Arlie telephoned to Mary and her visiting girl

and to Dr. Wayne, all three of whom came up later in the day.

The visiting girl was a slim, provocative girl, with cloudy black hair, and, in its shadow, delicate oval cheeks the red of an Indian pink. Arlie detested her at first sight, but was extra nice to her for that very reason; and Roddy, who thought Arlie must have taken a fancy to her, felt rather astonished. He disliked Miss Palmer's style himself; but, as she was a visiting girl, he played with her out of pure politeness.

They stirred together, and her jumpy, little white fists were always sliding up against Roddy's calm, brown ones. Arlie could have pushed her into the kettle.

Roddy kept looking back at Arlie, out of habit, no doubt, for he *had* given her up. He

kept saying to himself that he had, as if he were in danger of forgetting it. She always pretended not to see him looking at her.

He understood at last that, though she would n't have him herself, she could n't bear to see another girl getting him even in play. It is only given to angels to be consistently good. A perverse devil took residence in Roddy. He devoted himself openly and outrageously to Miss Palmer. When she declared herself wearied of stirring, he popped corn for her at one corner of the big fireplace, Arlie watching scornfully. Afterward they carried a bowl of pop-corn to a secluded bench, and sat



"THE VISITING GIRL WAS A SLIM, PROVOCATIVE GIRL, WITH CLOUDY BLACK HAIR, AND, IN ITS SHADOW, DELICATE OVAL CHEEKS THE RED OF AN INDIAN PINK."

there, heads together, Miss Palmer holding the bowl, Roddy leaning over and helping himself, with her assistance, and gazing ardently up into her face.

He did not look at Arlie again; but this only gave her the better opportunity to look at him. From where she ranged brown crocks on a table she could see that brazen girl making a dead set at Roddy. Arlie was almost certain she had got Roddy to holding her hand in the shadow there. Roddy was wheedling her for all he was worth. Well Arlie knew that pleading tilt of chin, that laughing crinkle of eye-corners. She clattered two crocks together inadvertently. This attracted Miss Palmer's attention, and she called insolently, it seemed to Arlie:

"Don't work so hard, Miss Campbell. Do come help us finish this pop-corn."

Out of bravado Arlie went and sat down by Miss Palmer; but she regretted doing it the next instant. She was much too indignant to act naturally. She had a ramrod down her throat. The handful of little white kernels scorched her palm, so that she crushed them as she held them.

"You've spoiled those," said Roddy to her, kindly; "have some more."

"Oh, I must go now," she said, springing to her feet in too great a hurry to convey the idea of a perfectly poised young person.

Miss Palmer, who was innocent of other intention than the natural one of amusing herself as well as possible with a good-looking young man, gazed after Arlie in some surprise.

"What a nervous girl she is!" she said to Roddy.

"Not usually," said Roddy, becoming violently ashamed of himself; "but she's home resting up after a slight breakdown. Arlie's a nurse, you know. There's the kettle coming off, or, rather; the fire's getting put out under it. Shall we go over?"

But this was the dull part of the business, and the youngsters soon tired of watching Mrs. Campbell's endless dip in kettle and pour in crock. It was nearly morning, and some one proposed that they

all go out on the porch and watch the day break. Miss Palmer said she must get her coat. A moment later Roddy came up to where Wilsy and Wayne were standing together in the confusing dawn light. He said to them both:

"Amuse Miss Palmer for me when she comes out."

He plunged down the steps, and vanished just as Miss Palmer appeared, looking confidently about her.

Wayne pushed a porch-chair forward.

"You've treated the rest of us very shabbily, Miss Palmer," said Wayne, reproachfully. He gently and firmly put her in the chair. Wilsy perched on one arm of it, and talked volubly concerning the novel experience of apple-butter boiling. Miss Palmer, in some bewilderment, responded inadequately, and kept looking about her for Roddy.

But Roddy, who had gone off headlong after glimpsing that pale blur down by the creek, had already forgotten that such a young person as Miss Palmer existed. He knew Arlie's favorite wood road, and crossed the creek into it. He kept thinking he heard her. Once he put out his arms. He was sure she was there by a big tree.

"Arlie," he called softly, then went on. He stopped where four ways met. One led to the house, one to the top of the mountain, one to a forest clearing, one to a little spring where they often strolled. He had taken a step toward the spring when Arlie stood, as noiseless as a sunbeam, at his elbow. She really had hidden behind that tree to let Roddy get ahead of her.

"Oh," said Arlie, airily, "are you having a walk to get your eyes open, too?"

"Arlie," said Roddy in a half-whisper, "I know a hollow full of arbutus just over here."

"Not really?" said Arlie, breathlessly. "It's too early."

"It's a sheltered place," said Roddy, leading the way, "and it's been so warm this week."

Once it was steep and rough, and he took Arlie's hand to help her down.

When they gained the hollow he was still holding Arlie's hand. He continued to hold it as he dropped to his knees to part the drift of dead leaves. A fragrance fresher and more delicious than any other in the world streamed up past Roddy to Arlie.

"O Roddy!" she cried in ravishment, for he had uncovered the sleeping face of the spring.

She impulsively stooped, her free arm sliding around Roddy's neck as she did so. He put up his hand to hold hers there.

"You see," said Roddy, straightening up on his knees, "you can't help it either, Arlie."

Arlie did not answer. She gazed off into the distance, seeing herself at Cedar-cliff forever. Forever is a long time when you have wings. It is spring and summer and autumn and winter, and then spring again.

"I know I've broken my word to you," said Roddy, "but I'd have kept it, on my love for you, Arlie, if I could think you'd be happier without me."

There was no color about Arlie except the brightness of her hair and the frightened sapphire of her eyes. She knew she was about to be caught.

"But you could n't be," said Roddy. "Why, we belong to each other. You could n't be, could you?"

Roddy was pale, too, so much of Arlie was an unknown quantity to him as well as to herself. Could she free herself of him? Would she vanish, as a bird, beating its way out, though torn by the broken pane of escape?

"Could you?" asked Roddy again. His eyes kept on asking it.

When she still did not answer he let go her hands very slowly.

But she snatched his hand back. She held it to her breast. She could not, oh, she could not!

Roddy half turned on his knees, and laid his cheek against their clasped hands.

Never had Arlie had any mere thing, any trifle which she could crumple up in her hand, more wholly hers than Roddy was hers at that moment.

And Roddy had Arlie's heart there in his palm, beneath his cheek. At last she was content that it should be so. You could n't be free and happy too, it seemed.

It was such a morning as often comes that far south in early April, a warm wind blowing in gusts, a noticeable bird or two, a flush of red bud and fruit-blossom over the valley since the night before, the sun lighting up the tall pines along the ridges to be candles on the altar of the spring, young people sitting on the porch steps at Campbells' as if it were a summer morning.

Mary and Geoff had ridden up for a ride; Arlie and Roddy had just come in from a reminiscent stroll to the hollow of arbutus; Wilsy, be it confessed, had just got out of bed. She was still blinking her eyes at the sun. She had n't even had her breakfast. Dr. Wayne had stopped in the evening before, merely a friendly call, and had kept his patient up until a most preposterous hour.

Arlie sat by Roddy with a look of pure content in her eyes. For once that restless heart of Arlie's was stilled. She gazed across the miles at the little cottage on the tiny bluff above the river, and felt that, after all, her moment of forever was too short for love and happiness. It was all so sweet, so much sweeter than Arlie in her native independence had ever imagined it could be. She thought with a smile of Roddy's oak that he wanted to be like. She would strike roots, too; nor should the fir-tree's foolish longing for the unknown ever trouble her. She would grow tall and beautiful with Roddy in their own place, and together they would feel streaming through heart and brain the great, free currents of emotion and thought from elsewhere.

Roddy watched Arlie jealously. Of what did she muse with that far look of hers? Still, he could not help seeing that it was an absolutely happy look. He glanced down at the cottage just because she did. There had not been one jarring note. Even Mary, though she could be hard-hearted, was not hard-hearted enough

to ask Roddy any more of her remarkable questions; even Kathy, however she might wish Arlie had chosen her ancestors with greater discretion, had never said a word Arlie might not have heard with pleasure. And Mary had said to Kathy, apropos of the whole affair:

"Oh, *Papa!* He 's perfectly silly about Roddy."

It was an over-statement, but valuable as an indication of Ivor's attitude.

"Father must have gone down after the mail," said Arlie, breaking the silence, idly.

She had scarcely spoken when they saw old Campbell and Chard coming out of the wood path. Old Campbell's small, pointed red beard shook like a little wind-blown tongue of flame. Chard ran ahead, and flung up a newspaper as he ran. Its black head-lines, larger than usual, blazed in their faces.

"It 's come," cried Chard.

"At last, thank God!" said old Campbell, harshly, a fanatical light in his red-brown eyes. He strode past them into the kitchen. They heard him speaking to his wife there, and a moment later saw him going down to his store, where several horses were already tied.

Roddy's hand had been covering Arlie's as he sat on the step below her. The two hands made a singular and simultaneous gesture of releasement, as if Roddy and Arlie so indicated, almost unconsciously, to each other that all *that* would have to wait; there were other things to do now.

The conflagration, begun so far away that none beyond its scope could adequately realize it, had got to them at last. Month by month it had crept. Now it had licked across an ocean dark with disaster. Their world had caught.

What to do to fight fire? Mountain-dwellers know, prairie-dwellers know. You get together, you cut it off, you start back fires; but, above all, you get together.

Chard had remained standing. He was excited and talked exultantly, waving his paper about. Roddy, with a quick, troubled glance Wilsy's way, joined him and drew him aside. Geoff, with a hasty word to Mary, ran after.

Arlie stood up, leaning slightly forward, to look after the slowly walking, gesturing boys, then with swift movements, melting magically the one into the other, was with them on the creek bank, her bright head shining, her white dress blowing about her in the morning wind, her hand out to Chard's arm, her face turned to Roddy.

Mary's eyes were fixed on Geoff. Her head was proudly erect. She had her inherited pose. Already she dramatized herself giving up her lover to her country. She turned to Wilsy.

"They 'll all go," she said.

But Wilsy Lieber, whose grandfather had been a charcoal-burner in the Black Forest, was very pale. Though she could not know that old Campbell, as he passed through the kitchen, had muttered to his wife: "Send the German girl packing," she was saying to herself: "I must go home. I must go at once."

She rose, meaning to begin getting together her things; but, after a wistful glance toward the group of young people, went instead, very slowly, to join them.

They stopped talking as she came up.

It was as if they were together and Wilsy was apart.

She looked from one to the other, from Arlie to Chard, from Chard to Geoff, from Geoff to Roddy. She smiled tremulously at Roddy. There was a slight quiver at the corner of her mouth.

"Oh, but it 's going to be damnable!" thought Roddy somewhere deep down in his consciousness.

With an almost unbearable pang of comprehension he put out a quick hand and drew her into their group.

"*And Wilsy,*" said Roddy.



A New Liberal Party

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Warburg, the Revolutionist," etc.

BY the time this article is printed, plans looking toward the entrance of a new liberal party into the political arena will probably be well under way. A conference on the formation of such a party, attended by representatives of the Progressive party, the Prohibition party, and other liberal or radical groups, was held in the East during the summer. A more formal gathering at Chicago has been arranged for the autumn. Proponents of the plan are hoping to effect a working consolidation of the Progressives, the Prohibitionists, the powerful Farmers' Non-Partizan League of the West, the National Woman's party, the single-taxers, the seceding element from the Socialist party, and other groups, and to attract great numbers of progressive Republicans and Democrats. Such a political amalgamation would have to be treated with respect. The leaders are working with an eye on the congressional campaign of next year, but more particularly on the Presidential race of 1920.

Quietly during the last few months a canvas has been made of voters of many degrees of progressivism or conservatism throughout the country to determine how the idea of the new party would, in the theatrical vernacular, "get across." The responses showed general interest and enthusiasm.

THE WAR AND POLITICAL UNREST

FOR the last decade evidences of a decided change in political thought have been multiplying throughout the United States. The war seems to have accelerated the velocity of this change. Already it has brought about a great economic and social reorganization in Europe, and at the present stage of the conflict the twin

forces of war and want seem to be lashing all the nations of Europe into a condition of political unrest without parallel in modern history.

The horrors lurking behind autocracy and imperialism have been thrown on the screen for all to see. It has been proved that the seeming stability of the old civilization was nothing but a sham, a stage-setting which a chance push could topple over, leaving a chaos of hatred and bloodshed and ruins. The debacle is so widespread that analytical persons find it impossible to place the blame wholly on any one ruler or any one autocracy. The whole international background is questioned. There is a general feeling that the only insurance against a repetition of such a disaster as the war is an increase of democracy.

We have seen Russia leap dizzily from complete absolutism to a state of democracy that to the founders of the American Republic would have seemed compounded of night and chaos and the dreams of madmen. Whatever may happen in Russia, the revolution has given a tremendous advertisement to democratic ideals. Talk of democracy has been heard in the Reichstag, in the corridors of the Quirinal, and from the lips of Mr. Balfour.

Radical analysts insist that a general social revolution is the only cure for a diseased world. Whether by such a violent overturn or by a more orderly evolutionary progress, a thoroughgoing democracy to end war is the growing demand in the minds of mankind. Men do not any longer wish to kill one another. They will not tolerate being forced into wholesale slaughter by the secret and sinister material ambitions and jealousies of a visible or invisible ruling class.

The United States has not yet been caught, strictly speaking, in the midst of the European turmoil, but the thrill of the new driving power and the tremor of its unrest have reached our land. The war has made us thoughtful in a political sense and self-critical. We have been examining our own democracy, and wondering if, after all, it is the real thing. There is even a suspicion that few of our political leaders know the real thing if they see it, or have the least conception of democratic evolution.

The plain truth is that the war has scrapped old political creeds. It has scrapped the laissez-faire policy of yesterday. It has made the immutable economic law of supply and demand one with Nineveh and Tyre. It has ripped apart the sanctified theory of secrecy in governmental affairs. It has roused bitter animosity against government by small selected groups of people. It has blown up a great gale of hatred against conquest in all its forms and against the rule by force of one people against their will by and for another.

POLITICAL ASTIGMATISM

FOR the most part, our political leaders of both the old parties seem to have failed to realize that anything extraordinary has happened in the domain of political ideas. The Democratic party has labored along behind President Wilson, grappling heavily, with obvious reluctance, at its colossal problems of mobilization. In less than four years the inevitable course of events will eliminate Mr. Wilson from the leadership, and there is nothing to indicate that the party will not then slip quietly back into the groove in which he found it, starting anew its old campaign of trust-busting and the decentralization of economic and political power.

As for the Republican party, there is nothing to indicate that it has gained any constructive ideas in the last three years or, indeed, in the last thirty years. In its disastrous Presidential campaign of, 1916 there was little to indicate that it had even heard of the war. In the end it fell

back on the old full-dinner-pail arguments of twenty years ago. Probably in the next campaign the party will offer to solve all our problems by a general increase in the tariff rates. The Old Guard is still in control, its members considerably older and, if anything, more guarded. Apparently they neither die nor surrender.

After the Civil War, by treating the Southern States like colonies captured for the benefit of Northern profiteers, the Republican party created the Democratic solid South, which exists to this day. During the last few years a feeling has been spreading in the western part of the country that the Republican party has similarly been exploiting it for the benefit of outside interests. Hence the solid anti-Republican West is virtually a reality now.

THE SOLID WEST—WHAT IT MEANS

THE political thought of the people west of the Mississippi has apparently advanced far beyond the vision of the Republican party, and the result has been a startling political transformation which is of the greatest significance. One third of the American electorate lies in this occidental half of the United States. In 1908, despite Mr. Bryan's heroic Western campaign among his own people, Mr. Taft emerged from the fight in this region with two hundred thousand plurality. In 1916, Mr. Wilson had nearly half a million plurality.

There are twenty-two States west of the Mississippi (including the "solid South" States of Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas), with an electoral vote of 175. In 1916, Mr. Hughes carried four of these, with 35 electoral votes, squeezing through in Minnesota with less than 400 plurality. In 1908, Mr. Taft carried thirteen States, which have under the present apportionment 103 electoral votes. For practical purposes the relative political strength of the Republican party in this territory in a national election has shrunk two thirds in eight years. The party has lost ground in every State.

The national leaders of the Republican

party have appeared totally unable to grasp the significance of the progressive movement in California and the extraordinary political nonconformist movement that has swept over the farming populations of the Northwest. But in the change the West has not turned hopefully to the Democratic party. The political thought of the coast States and the States of the Northwest has as little in common with the ultraconservative Democratic leaders of the South as it has with the reactionary Republican leaders of the East.

California, for instance, accorded Wilson less than 4000 plurality, but it gave Hiram Johnson, Progressive candidate for governor, 100,000 more votes than his Democratic and Republican opponents combined. North Dakota gave Mr. Wilson 55,000 and Mr. Hughes 53,000 votes. The Farmers' Non-Partizan League had captured the Republican state primaries, and its candidate for governor polled 88,000 votes to 20,000 for the Democrat. In Democratic Louisiana the Republicans could muster only 6000 votes, but 50,000 persons went to the polls for the gubernatorial candidate of the Progressive party. Washington gave Mr. Wilson 17,000 plurality and the Progressive-Republican Poindexter for senator 67,000. Kansas gave Mr. Wilson 37,000 plurality and the liberal Republican Capper for governor 162,000.

In short the West has become essentially liberal and progressive. It has a fondness for political experiment which sometimes dismays the Eastern brethren. It has for the most part enfranchised its women; it led in the fight for popular election of senators; it devised the direct primary; it put into practice the initiative, referendum, and recall. Through all these things the West has been grasping at a greater measure of democracy.

The West welcomed warmly the appearance of the Progressive party. The party seemed to promise much; yet the West was always a bit suspicious of it. The virtual dissolution of the party at the Chicago convention of 1916 confirmed these suspicions.

In the East as well as in the West there has been a steady, if not so striking, gain in liberal thought. A combination of Progressives, union-laborites, and liberal elements from the two older parties recently captured a majority of delegates to the Massachusetts State Constitutional Convention. In certain districts in the South, notably in Louisiana, political leaders are openly preaching the fallacy of voting solely on a prejudice over half a century old. They are receiving a thoughtful hearing.

Perhaps the Progressive party was more or less foully done to death, but in any event its demise was seemingly inevitable, because it really had little economic excuse for being. It was founded primarily on sentiment and a hero, both in the long run elusive political assets. But when the second call to battle came the hero listened in the privacy of his study to astute pacifist advisers, who advocated compromising with his old friends the enemy. In this contingency the organizers were left with their memories; and that is, in effect, the position of the Progressive party to-day.

The party attracted 4,119,500 voters in 1912, twenty-seven per cent. of the total in the country. Let us assume that in this number there were a million incorrigible worshipers of Roosevelt, who will vote with religious fervor in 1920 for a platform of hero, and, let us say, the full dinner-pail. The others ought to go into the new party. The Progressive party organization, which is now really progressive, will lead the way.

NEW PARTY POSSIBILITIES

THESE men will form a splendid nucleus for a new party. The Prohibitionists should accompany them; in fact, the two parties are virtually merged already. The Farmers' Non-Partizan League, that lusty political youngster born in the Northwest, would naturally gravitate toward a new party with a strong agrarian and public-ownership program. The unorthodox Socialists, who because of the rigidity of its political tenets or because of its strong opposition to the war have found themselves drifting away from the Socialist

party, should find a comfortable harbor in the new organization. It should measure up better than the old parties to the ideals of those political unitarians, the single-taxers, who, continually beaten and ignored, are never discouraged, and continue to hold fast through the years to their faith in a tax on idle land. Non-partizan liberals of many sorts, the great army of mugwumperry, ought to view the new party as a friendly vehicle. Ardent suffragists should welcome it.

If the new party is to be a success, it must draw its ideas and its leadership largely from the West, for a really liberal party can no longer be controlled almost wholly by a small group of men from the Atlantic coast. The West is essentially the forward-looking region of the country. It has no fixed traditions of conservatism. To it would seem to belong the political future. It is time that a President of the United States was chosen from beyond the Mississippi.

One of the best arguments of the need for a new liberal party is the significant upgrowth of the Farmers' Non-Partizan League, one of the most remarkable phenomena of American politics. Because of its absorption in the war, the eastern part of the country has paid comparatively little attention to the league. Its rise has been swift and sudden, but it is the result of a long period of political unrest.

THE FARMER WOULD A-VOTING GO

THE league was born in North Dakota three years ago. In that State the farmers borrow \$100,000,000 a year, on which they have been paying an average interest rate of 8.7 per cent., about twice the rate paid under the rural-credit systems in European countries. According to their estimate, they have been losing \$55,000,000 every year through unfair grading rules for grain. The grading regulations are made in Minneapolis and Chicago. For a long time the farmers have felt that they have been deprived unfairly of a large share of legitimate prosperity. They were growing ripe for direct political action.

The idea of the league was conceived

in the minds of two men, A. C. Townley and F. B. Wood. They borrowed money to purchase a motor-car and set out on a tour of organization. To every farmer that they visited they spoke of the formation of a league, and outlined a political program embracing state ownership of flour-mills, grain-elevators, terminal marketing facilities of all kinds, cold-storage and packing-plants, as well as rural-credit banks operated at cost, and exemption from taxation of all improvements on farm lands. If a farmer was interested in the idea, he was asked to pay nine dollars. Every one of the first hundred farmers visited put up his nine dollars, and then Messrs. Townley and Wood procured three more motor-cars and additional organizers. Pretty soon a hundred little cars were carrying propaganda to all parts of the State, and the league idea was spreading to adjoining States.

In a few months league candidates captured the Republican state primaries, and at the next election it placed its officers in the state capitol and obtained a majority in the assembly.

Until recently the league has emphasized its non-partizan character; it showed no desire to enter the national political field. Now the league had far outgrown its original state organization. It had extended its membership eastward into Ohio and as far west as the Pacific coast. Demands were made for a solid *bloc* of farmers' representatives in Congress to aid the league in accomplishing its purposes. Last spring it was stated to be the intention of the league to put up candidates for Congress in fifteen States at the next election in 1918. In July the league definitely entered the national political field by putting up a straight league candidate in a congressional election to fill a vacancy from North Dakota. The league man won by a vote nearly equal to that of his Democratic and Republican opponents together.

It will be noted that, unlike former political movements that have arisen among the Western farmers, the league's program is based on definite and logical

economic changes to meet certain conditions that bear unfairly upon the farming population. Time-honored wildcat schemes to solve all the farmers' problems by inflating the currency are happily missing from the schedule. Their absence indicates that the West has attained to political maturity. Its people are studying their affairs carefully, and seeking to better conditions through the application of sound economic ideas.

If the league enters the new party, it will bring sectional solidarity backed by money. In North Dakota alone the farmers annually pay into its treasury over \$500,000. In addition to the league, there is the Progressive party, which still retains an organization of some sort in most of the States. It will reclaim much of its old membership as soon as it reappears in the national political field. The organized strength of the Prohibition party is far greater than is indicated by the 200,000 or 250,000 votes it normally casts in a Presidential campaign. The party leaders have always displayed great ability to keep the war-chest well filled. The Prohibition forces would bring to the new party a spirit of fine evangelistic zeal. Great driving power also is contained in the National Woman's party, and in the scattered ranks of the single-taxers and among radicals and liberals generally. The younger generation of writers and publicists is decidedly of a liberal or radical trend. They mobilized for the Progressive party in 1912, and did much valuable service. Without doubt they would flock to the aid of the new party in even greater numbers.

The program of the new party, according to plans worked out in preliminary conferences, will be based emphatically on the present stage of social industrial and political evolution, and will have an eye on the future. It will take into account the fact that the end of the war will find the nations of Europe with a high degree of industrial coördination, each organized for trade on a national scale, and stimulated to press forward as an economic unit in the markets of the

world. If the United States is to hold its position in the economic struggle, it will have to revolutionize its industrial life, as Europe has done under the stress of the big conflict.

A platform embodying such reorganization would have seemed almost appallingly radical ten years ago. It seems less radical now, and it will seem far less radical as we are subjected more and more to the economic pressure of the war.

THE NEW PARTY PROGRAM

THE new party will call for a progressive program of public ownership of public utilities, to be extended to include railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and coal-mines. It will demand immediately such control of transportation and marketing for food products as will protect both producer and consumer, a plan that will eliminate the predatory middleman. It will come out for a federal incorporation law for corporations engaged in interstate business, thus freeing big business from the waste and confusion of trying to serve forty-eight governmental masters, and protecting the consumer by a system of federal regulation.

It will stand for the removal of the fundamental monopoly in land by the taxation of rental values.

It will insist on the most complete protection of labor in industries, and will pledge support for movements for the betterment of working conditions and to raise the status of labor in government and industry.

It will call for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

It will stand unequivocally for equal suffrage for both sexes in all elections through an amendment to the Federal Constitution.

It will favor the adoption by the States of the principle of proportional representation, that minorities may be adequately represented in the state legislatures. This plan gives legislative representation to every party in proportion to the number of votes it casts. It is in operation in Sweden, Belgium, Bulgaria, Finland, Wür-

temberg, Denmark, several British colonies, and half the Swiss cantons.

In its foreign policy the new party will be pledged to further the cause of democratic internationalism, and as a first step it will demand the complete democratization of our own state department, including the abolition of all secret treaties, and the full discussion of all treaties by the Senate in open session, all state-department documents and correspondence relating to such treaties to be furnished to the senators, as representatives of the people, on demand. This is a policy to which liberals are turning in virtually every country in Europe in which liberal thought dares to be articulate. It is based on the increasing realization that secret treaties and secret diplomacy are among the primary causes of wars.

With imperialism, the father of secret diplomacy and wars, the new party faces a much more complicated problem. Society or human nature is so organized that the powerful nations can be persuaded only with the greatest difficulty to further the simplest measures for raising the economic status of the mass of their populations, but they will embark lightly upon the most destructive and expensive wars to determine which of them shall rob and exploit a few thousand remote persons. It is becoming increasingly apparent that, with its constant incentive to wars, as far as most of the people of civilization are concerned imperialism does not pay.

It is easy for a political party to declare against imperialism; but it is not much more effective than declaring against rain. There remain always the backward races and the lure of ivory and lands and gold. Shooting jungle folk with dum-dum bullets will always appeal to a romantic element in every civilized population, and appropriating the lands of the survivors and making the poor creatures slave for indecent wages will always appeal to a realistic element in the best Christian countries.

The imperialists argue that they bring

civilization to dark places, but at best that is a doubtful claim. Certainly the wars that arise from a clash of imperialistic ambitions spread dark places over civilization. What seems to be needed is a sort of Gary system for the backward peoples, to develop their energies constructively along natural lines and give the slack and wayward a chance to make something of themselves. To this end it will be necessary to eliminate national and private greed from the treatment of such races, a difficult task.

Undoubtedly the new party, which will attract to itself some of the best international minds in the country, will develop the plan for a league of nations to promote international comity. American influence in such a league can do much toward internationalizing imperialism and raising the status of subject peoples generally. A frank airing of the whole imperialistic problem may show that the eternal squabble for colonies is not worth while, and it is more lucrative in the long run to build school-houses in the dark places under international control than merely to send soldiers with machine-guns, followed by get-rich-quick profiteers.

In the foreign as well as the domestic field the new party will be building for the future. If it is sufficiently broad and courageous to measure up to its opportunities, the voters beyond the Mississippi should flock to it in great numbers. It may even carry most of the Western States from the start. In the middle West the new party will appeal to the growing progressive sentiment, particularly in Wisconsin and Ohio. Through the East it will profit by the profound political unrest that has sprung up and flourished virtually without newspaper support and without organization or leadership. In some places in the South it may even break the political spell under which that region has been slumbering for the last half-century and more.

A new liberal party will have great possibilities.

Autumn

By JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

HOW memory cuts away the years,
And how clean the picture comes,
Of autumn days, brisk and busy,
Charged with keen sunshine,
And you, stirred with activity,
The spirit of these energetic days!

There was our back yard,
So plain, and stripped of green,
With even the weeds carefully pulled away
From the crooked, red bricks that made the walk,
And the earth on either side so black.

Autumn and dead leaves burning in the sharp air,
And winter comforts coming in like a pageant.
I shall not forget them:
Great jars laden with the raw green of pickles,
Standing in a solemn row across the back of the porch,
Exhaling the pungent dill.
And in the very center of the yard,
You, tending the great catsup kettle of gleaming copper,
Where fat, red tomatoes bobbed up and down
Like jolly monks in a drunken dance.
And there were bland banks of cabbages that came by the wagon-load,
Soon to be cut into delicate ribbons,
Only to be crushed by the heavy, wooden stompers.
Such delicate whiteness, to come to kraut!
And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness under a gray dust,
Then gushed thrilling, purple blood over the fire.
And enameled crab-apples that tricked with their fragrance,
But were bitter to taste.
And there were spicy plums and ill-shaped quinces,
And long string-beans floating in pans of clear water
Like slim, green fishes.
And there was fish itself,
Salted, silver herring from the city.

And you moved among these mysteries,
Absorbed and smiling and sure,
Stirring, tasting, measuring,
With the precision of a ritual.
I like to think of you in your years of power,—
You, now so shaken and so powerless,—
High priestess of your home.

Coup de Grâce

By ELEANOR FERRIS

Illustrations by Arthur Litle

CHIVALRY did not go out with mail armor, nor knightly deeds with Lancelot. Nay, rather did chivalry incarnate cross the common from the college buildings toward the town; somewhat disguised in conventional garb, for it was Sunday, with umbrella meticulously rolled, for it might rain—armed cap-à-pie against rules and weather, chivalry stalked personified in the tall, lank form of Professor Ewing.

Not posing as a squire of dames, never having succored feminine distress except in the prosaic eking out of his slender salary to cover the few luxuries permitted in his invalid mother's diet, he had felt a moment's surprise that Grace Loveland, with a note of proud appeal, had sought his counsel. She had implored his legal advice, and he, sensing his own limitations, was armed with an unused volume, Payne's "Legal Adviser," which had come down from an uncle, with other commentaries taking up begrudged space on his shelves, yet, in his mother's opinion, too good to throw away. At last he hoped it might earn its keep.

He strode under the dripping maples, golden in the September dusk, spearing the soggy fallen leaves with his umbrella with unwonted exuberance. He had a passing wish that they were dry, so as to shuffle through a pile of them to hear them scrunch. He had not done that for years, not since Grace Whiting besought him not to make her dusty from the leaves so carelessly stirred.

He had yielded to the wish, prettily expressed with pleading, dewy eyes. Her wish had always been his law in the old days. Perhaps that was why, in this first year of her widowhood, she had issued her

behest out of the cloistral seclusion in which she had immured herself on the death of Harry Loveland. She needed legal advice, friendly and disinterested; so, she had been pleased to add, of course she turned to *him*. His face seemed set on deeds of high emprise.

He quickened his long strides, and squared the slight stoop to which his shoulders had accustomed themselves from too much study, keeping his mother company,—and too little out of doors, which would have inevitably left her alone. Now that his mother's absence at a sanatorium left him free, it was rather pleasant to respond to the claim of an old friendship. Very likely he could help Grace without reference to Payne. He had never had Harry Loveland's physique or his business facility. Harry's field had been football, while his was tennis; but in difficulties Grace always used to turn to him, especially trustful where Harry had failed her.

As he turned the corner of the old parsonage wall, he vividly recalled the demure little girl Grace—she was nine years and small for her age—sitting uncertainly on the top of this same brick wall, her legs dangling, plump and pink from the encircling rows of "Hamburg edging" to the tops of her white-ribbed socks, which ended in square-toed, spring-heeled slippers. Harry Loveland had put her up there.

"She said I dassent," he had boasted to Sam Ewing; "and I did just as easy!" Then the fire-whistle sounded, and Harry shot across lots, leaving Grace, unwilling wallflower, wailing piteously to be lifted down. Of course Sam stayed to contrive a descent, offering his own back as

her footstool. She demurred, quavering her doubts: Sam looked thin and sort of shaky. He might let her fall. Harry was so much bigger, she repined.

But Sam, while he heard the fire-engine tantalizingly ringing in the distance, patiently reassured her. He was stronger than he looked; only try him. She stretched a tentative toe farther from the Hamburg edging; drew it up again. By the time she was at last coaxed to earth and conducted home the hook and ladder had been hauled back from the fire, Harry boasting he had helped tow it both ways.

They grew up, and while Sam was supporting his mother and specializing in biology, Harry married Grace. She had loved him, she declared, from the day he forgot her on the wall, where she might be yet if it had n't been for Sam Ewing.

Sam had been best man without rancor; an instructor in biology with an invalid mother could not afford to marry. But he had not seen much of the Lovelands, and Grace no longer let Harry forget her, or turned to Sam while Harry lived. Meanwhile Ewing had attained full professorship, and received a small legacy from the uncle who bequeathed the "Legal Adviser." By dint of scrupulous saving he had several thousands in bonds against a rainier day than they had yet seen.

Now Grace had appealed to one who at least always understood her; or was he so sure of this because she had so perfectly read him? He pondered this new thought as he stood on the top step of the Loveland house till the door was opened by a neat maid and he went in.

The room was hopelessly mid-Victorian, high-ceilinged, marble-fireplaced, though one almost forgot it in the enticement of low tables, inviting chairs, and books scattered near jars of garden flowers. One quite forgot it as the mistress entered, gracious and appealing, never so appealing as now in her soft, blonde widowhood. Her hand was held out with a welcoming look which made it seem as if she had offered both hands, though so much demonstration would not have been like her delicate reserve.

"You have always done this," she greeted him, impulsively for her; "you have always helped me out—or down. Remember the time on the wall?" Her blue eyes were soft with reminiscent reverie. "But first we will have tea." The maid with the tea-tray had come in silently. Other people might have trouble with servants; Mrs. Loveland's were invariably well trained, Sam had heard, and believed it as the heavy silver tray was noiselessly deposited and the servitor withdrew.

"Is it still straight tea; 'just strong enough to see the bottom of the cup'?" she remembered prettily. It was like her to know, though she had not poured tea for him in five years. Her small, sinuous hands moved surely and quietly among the old china cups and complete silver service. "Yes, nice old colonial sugar-bowl, is n't it? My great-grandmother's. Her English muffins too. The Loveland things all seem to date from only the mid-Victorian. Harry's father was, you know, a successful merchant; but Harry and Bridget got their names and some of their ways from Irish forebears who spent as they went." Her smile excused Harry's spendthriftiness even as she acknowledged it regretfully. "That is why I had to send for you, Sam. I need your advice. I'm not a bit well off; poorer than I suspected, now that the property is settled. Bridget has her share, of course, and Harry—well, Harry never saved." Her smile, a little tremulous, seemed again to exculpate her husband's memory. Ewing hastened to add his exoneration to hers:

"Saving is uninteresting," he said. "Harry was never that."

"You are always so *understanding*, Sam!" Her voice thanked him. No one else could make his stupid name tolerable; he had a recurrent wish to hear her say it again whenever she used it. He had so seldom seen her during the ten years since her marriage that he had almost feared lest, with her dainty formality and reserve, she might relegate him to being "Professor Ewing." He was glad she had not, glad to be there looking at her

fair hair, her clinging black gown, and through the window behind her, glimpsing the quaint back garden with dahlias holding up brilliant red petals in the late

I cannot talk things over with her very well; we do not agree in business matters, I find. Biddy is headstrong and—well, different from me.”

“Quite,” Ewing ejaculated; but Grace went on serenely:

“I shall cut down expenses, of course, though we never lived at all extravagantly. Harry had to have good horses; some men do.” She again condoned the weakness in mentioning it. Ewing nodded sympathetically. “Bridget may decide to take the pair for her pig farm—”

“Her pig what?”

“Yes, is n't it like her? To stop at nothing, I mean. You see, this house is mine, though of course she lives here. The old Loveland farm is hers. After college she took an agricultural course; learned enough about farming not to go into it, she says. I hoped then she would be ready to try teaching or marry—or something *ladylike*. I know the word is obsolete; but you understand how I feel about it.”

“Oh, yes,” he assured her, positively, eagerly. “How could you not feel so?”

“She is raising pigs, scientifically sterilized pigs, wonderful pigs, she assures me. I have not visited them.”

“‘Pigs is pigs,’” asserted Ewing, flatly. “You are very tender in your excuses for her; but I abominate that type of woman, self-sufficient, strident, sexless creatures with no *quality*.”

“My dear Sam,”

Grace broke in soothingly reproving, “don't be hard on her. We are old-fashioned, you and I.”

“Thank God!” His fervor, he felt, did not harm him in her eyes, though she



dusk. It was restful, satisfying.

“Before Bridget comes in—” resumed Grace.

“Ah, must she?” he deplored. He hardly knew Loveland's young sister and was quite content not to, an obvious, modern, up-and-coming, restless lass, he judged, forever on the go, and quite out of the picture which he had been contentedly contemplating.

“Must she come in?” he now repeated.

“She always does on Sunday, with the dogs. I don't like to disappoint them.” Grace's tone asked his leniency, too. “But

“HE VIVIDLY RECALLED THE DEMURE
LITTLE GIRL GRACE . . . SITTING
UNCERTAINLY ON THE TOP OF
THIS SAME BRICK WALL.”

looked her gentle reproach. "But what can I do for you, since we are bound to be interrupted?" he asked, with a new feeling of self-confidence. He had left the "Legal Adviser" in the hall, and was glad.

"I want your advice, a man's sane business advice and help."

"I am not a lawyer or a business man," he reminded her.

"You are *you*; you have always helped me." Her simplicity and reliance quickened his pulse. "Do you think you could place a mortgage for me, Sam?"

"Why, surely." He had never placed one. Where did one "place" it? he wondered; but of course he could, it must be quite simple. "A mortgage on—er—some of your property?"

"On this house."

"Oh, must you?" he protested, thinking how she must shrink from it, this house to which she had come as a bride from the shabby old parsonage behind the brick wall. The Loveland house had been the big house of the neighborhood when they were children, though lately the new residences had all gone out beyond the common.

"Is there no other way?" he urged, wishing to spare her, yet with nothing to go by in his knowledge of her affairs.

"I have decided to do it." Her tones were so even, betraying no hint of faltering or of self-pity, that his heart applauded her courage. "Bridget does not approve. She says rent or sell. I do not wish to do either." She hesitated, her blue eyes looking off thoughtfully.

"No; naturally not," he concurred.

"She says, if it were hers, she would rent rather than carry a mortgage; but the rent would not be enough to—to meet my present requirements." Ewing wondered in passing if Loveland had left debts; but that could not be asked, and she would be too loyal to say so, game little woman! "As to selling, I am not ready to do *that*. Bridget does n't understand."

"No. How could she?" His tone condemned Bridget unheard.

"There is rumor that the trolley may come down this avenue. In that event—"

"Of course you would have to sell," he said.

"Why?"

"Oh, *you* could n't live on a trolley-track. It would be too incongruous."

"No; I really could n't *live* here then," she conceded quietly.

"But we must hope for the best," he comforted her.

"What best?" she queried unexpectedly.

"That the trolley may not rout you out," he explained, and she smiled; then she suggested tentatively, hanging on his opinion:

"But the mortgage. Could you get fifteen thousand dollars on the house, do you think? It was assessed at twenty, two years ago, and I believe Harry refused thirty-five for it once."

Ewing had exactly fifteen thousand in gilt-edged bonds, his savings and his uncle's legacy. It seemed like a vast sum to raise on one mortgage, but it probably was not.

"Leave it to me. I'll see to it," he said as easily as if such little business transactions were daily affairs for him; only so could he convince her that she was not asking too much, rather doing him a favor in depending on him. "Leave it to me. I will bring you the—papers." He seized that term at a venture; all business dealings had papers, he supposed.

There was a sound of racing feet up the front steps, and the front door burst open, followed by a girl's laugh and a volley of yaps.

"The trio!" Grace interpreted the sounds, and rang for muffins. "You do not know what a load you have lifted from my unwise woman's mind, nor what it means to have a man to fend for me—"

But the trio, on one another's heels, breezy girl and excited Airedales, were coming in as Grace spoke, and the girl's prompt protest delayed for no greetings:

"A man to fend for her, is it? The graceless Grace, when I'm here! Am I not more to you than ten brothers, my pretty?" The dark head bent tempestuously down to the blonde one, and Grace was saucily kissed on the tip of her straight nose.

"There, Biddy, when you've not spoken to Professor Ewing!" remonstrated Grace, patiently passive beneath the caress.

He stood watching the girl who "did not understand." She would n't, of course. Like a corrected child, she gave him her hand in a warm, strong, almost boyish grip, and as quickly snatched it from his undetaining fingers to seize the collar of an Airedale in an upward leap for the plate of incoming muffins. The dog-whip in Bridget's other hand fell keenly on the dog once.

"Down, Disgrace!" she ordered.

"Not here, Biddy!" Grace protested. "I cannot bear to see you whip—"

"You cannot bear to have your china broken either, dear," retorted Bridget. "I cannot teach them Sunday manners by whipping them on Monday. Go to the hearth-rug, pups," said Bridget, calmly, and the dogs reluctantly obeyed.

"I feared you had forgotten it was Sunday," Grace murmured deprecatingly, regarding her sister-in-law's green sport-coat and heavy, muddy brown boots. Bridget looked at herself in the long glass opposite.

"I don't look very Sabbatical," she owned; "but pigs *will* be born of a Sunday."

"My dear!" The shocked little protest wrung from Grace brought a look of mock panic to Bridget's eyes; but she demurely took a muffin and her tea, and, refusing the chair Ewing proffered, stood near the dogs, unsuitably offset by the austere mid-Victorian marble mantelpiece, which seemed coldly to reject her casual disregard of formality.

Assuredly she was not his type of woman, with her fractious dark hair, tiny freckles on her tip-tilted nose, and those steady eyes that met his on a level. Grace had such a beguiling way of looking up at one! She did so now, as if trying to placate his criticism of Bridget.

"Won't you sit down, dear?" she gently suggested. "You are keeping Mr. Ewing standing."

"Oh, pray don't!" said Bridget, easily. "I always do, and you—look as if you

did n't. I mean," she added hastily, "you're not very fit, are you—a bit soft? You professors and clever bookworms, like her Grace here, burn the midnight and don't exercise. You don't hate chairs as the pups and I do. Come over to the courts some day, and I'll beat you at tennis," she said, and looked so able to do it that Ewing was nettled, and unexpectedly, even to himself, accepted the challenge as casually as it was given.

"Very well. I *am* a bit soft, and shall have to borrow a racket. But when will you plaster the court with my gelatinous protoplasm?"

"Oh, I can't return that volley. We'll call it off if it's a match in vocabularies," declared Bridget, her eyes unaffrighted above her third battery muffin. "But when it's not words, but deeds, watch me!"

"As when you reject a certain rich man and prefer independence and raising pigs." Grace's tone implied unlimited forbearance.

"Riches take unto themselves wings," quoted Bridget. "Whether pigs have wings is yet to be proved. Anyway, with the present price of pork, it seemed like flying in the face of opportunity not to try it, considering the number of cheap boarding-houses in the neighborhood."

"They do not affect us at all," said Grace, with the dainty air of superiority that Ewing liked in her. "Many old families are still here."

"Yes, poor old families!" assented Bridget, carelessly: "but they sell to boarding-houses, and the property is running down. There's no blinking that, my dreamer."

"Some of the best business men in town do not agree with you," asserted Grace. "Stick to your piglets, or something you know about, my dear."

Bridget justly divided the last muffin, a third to the bad, two thirds to the good dog, and changed the subject without resentment.

"Here, Disgrace, is more than you deserve for grabbing. The other is Herb o' Grace o' Sunday, but just His Grace on



"I NEED YOUR ADVICE!"

Monday," she explained to Ewing. "They are both named for the lady of the house."

Her evident adoration of Grace was this positive young person's one redeeming quality, Ewing decided as he held Grace's hand a short moment in parting, and would have perfunctorily touched Bridget's.

"Butter fingers!" she warned him, displaying hers after the muffin.

"It 's the best butter," laughed Grace, who also knew her "Alice."

"Or p'r'aps, if we butter his paws, like the cat, he 'll come back," Bridget suggested, solemnly holding out her buttery hand, ready to test it.

"He 'll come without that," Grace answered her, but looked up at Sam, who absently took her hand again.

"May I, often?" he demanded eagerly,

and forgot Bridget utterly in Grace's smile.

He placed the mortgage. That is, after offering it to two or three acquaintances and finding them with no funds available for that particular investment, almost indignantly he took it himself. He could not bear that the mortgage on her home should go begging. It was so personal a matter, almost as if her portrait should be bandied about in the market-place like a common piece of property.

His bonds were bringing five per cent., and this rate would be the same. The change could not affect his income for his mother; of course he could not do that even for Grace.

A young Boston lawyer with whom mortgages seemed matters of course drew up the papers and asked if he should

search title. It would cost about fifty dollars. Ewing curtly explained that he knew the "party of the first part" and no search would be necessary.

Immediately after signing the mortgage, Grace summoned him to be "seriously talked to," she said. She greeted him anxiously. Was he very sure he wanted to take the mortgage himself? She had not thought of that; she had merely signed the papers, as he bade her. Her blue eyes besought his reassurance; her hands were clasped solicitously. Reverently he took the hands to his lips, surprised at his own temerity. She withdrew them gently. "No woman ever had a truer knight," she said, and he was exalted as one who had received the accolade.

Departing, he was brought to earth by Bridget, whom he encountered on the

hat, and between her Irish-gray eyes was a little worried scowl that was unbecoming, making her look older than her five and twenty years.

Grace's eyes might fill with tears, as just now when she had brokenly thanked him; but she never wrinkled her brow or lost her sweet serenity. Grace was wonderful, incomparable. He gloried in having served her even so little.

But Bridget was talking, her frown dispelled by a little toss of the head.

"Grace says you have lots of tennis trophies, state champion cups and other relics." Ewing wondered how much of a "relic" Bridget thought him. He was not quite superannuated, even if he had neglected athletics for other pastimes. She went on cheerfully: "Grace says you will give me a most awful beating. When shall we three meet on the tennis-courts to prove her all wrong? She will referee."

"To-morrow, if you like. I know I am not in your class," he said smoothly. Bridget chuckled. She quoted:

"The devil did grin,
For his favorite sin
Is the pride that apes humility."

She whistled to the dogs, then said: "Well, beat me if you can. I play like a man, and give and ask no quarter." She nodded debonairly and ran up the steps, the Airedales bounding, as usual, at her heels. "Till three to-morrow. Beware!" she cried over her shoulder.

Such a cock-sure young person! Sam determined, indeed, to give her no quarter; no silly underhand serves, no faults overlooked, no gallant letting her have a game or two to soften defeat. No; since she played like a man let her take her beating like one. He set his jaw grimly, and with his soft hat pulled well down over his eyes he swung down the street, mollified only when the recollection of Grace's confidence in his victory fell like balm on his vexed masculinity. He liked a feminine woman.

Ten years ago the state championship had been Ewing's, and with inward relish



stone steps—Bridget in her durable—he hated women's clothes to look durable—khaki suit and swinging a walking-stick. He hated a woman to carry a stick. Her hair was blown about under a soft white

he donned tennis flannels and undertook to defeat the cock-sure Bridget Loveland just to show her. She might win a game or two till he got his hand in and acquired the trick of the borrowed racket; then let her take her woman's place and keep it.

Grace motored him to the courts, where Bridget met them, her hair tidily confined with a black velvet ribbon. Frankly she approved his tennis togs, while the dogs leaped on him, and were kept off Grace's white suit.

"You look as comfy as an Airedale," she said, "and you have just their steady dog-look in your eyes. Has n't he, Grace?"

They played till Bridget's cheeks were aflame and her hair escaped, tousled by the wind; till her chin was smudged by a dusty ball, and her breath came fast, though her eyes were still confident. The strange racket twisted in Ewing's grip, and a blistered palm made him feel a novice. He tried old tricks of placing, only to find her here and there like quicksilver, himself, lead-footed, missing her return.

Bridget won three straight sets, then magnanimously praised his form and blamed the racket, and Grace, cool and palliating on her judge's bench, accused him of gallantry in giving Biddikins the victory.

But Ewing, resentful of such excuses, would none of them. Miss Loveland had put up a splendid game, he declared, and punctiliously he stayed to shake hands, and hope he might be beaten by her again some day, not quite so badly. The defeat was not the less galling that Bridget took it so casually.

"Get in training," she advised. "Why rust out? You are n't old, really—not over fifty?" she hazarded.

"Not forty," he corrected stiffly, and thought he detected a wicked gleam in her eye, as if she had got what she wanted.

With rather a ceremonious bow, returning Bridget's cheerful nod of farewell, he went to Grace and the car, while Bridget swung off with the delighted dogs on the two-mile walk to the farm and her piglets.

"After all, the girls we really like are the girls who are like our mothers," said Ewing, his eye resting on the feminine vision at the wheel. It might have been a distaff, so demurely Grace held herself, so unostentatiously she exerted her control.

"Our mothers never drove a car," she observed, steering dexterously between trolley-tracks, and slipping along the boulevard leading out of town.

"It is not what you do, but how," he decided comfortably, already feeling a return to the philosophic mind, "a bromide and unashamed."

"But I am so old-fashioned!" Grace softly repined. "Compared with the modern superwoman, I'm an uncertain, dependent creature. I am running away with you now to the woods just to have



my mind made up for me. There's a confession. May I hope to be shriven?" His smile reassured her if that was needed. "Thank you," she said as if he had spoken.

They were silent till the road branched

through oak woods, with brave, blood-red leaves still clinging in the late October sun, though other trees were bare.

"Tell me my duty," she implored him. "Lately what Biddy calls my Riviera cough has returned. Harry used to take me abroad for it, you know. Nothing serious,"—she hastened to spare him a moment's apprehension,—“but the doctor always says ‘the sunny South.’ Yet can I, when my house is mortgaged? Of course Bridget knows nothing about that. Tell me what to do!” Her blue eyes besought his counsel, hung upon it.

"Of course this year it can't be the Riviera." Anxiety crept into his voice as he added, "Does the doctor suggest Florida?"

"Oh, it is too flat and uninteresting—not bracing enough, I mean, either physically or mentally. I am so foolishly sensitive to my surroundings. You will despise my weaknesses."

"No, you are so *simpatica*," he told her. "Of course you must be so, being you."

"So you really think I should go?" Obviously she leaned on his counsel. "Southern California?—I ought not to afford it; but—" Her little cough broke in, was suppressed.

"You have no right not to go. But not alone?" He had a futile wish that he might take her and take care of her; from a fair field of California violets carry her to rugged health. Yet to carry her mortgage was the most he could do. "Shall you take Bridget?"

"Oh, no; Biddy has her pigs to rear. Impractical loafing near to nature—that sort of thing does not appeal to her at all. I'm going, since you say I must. I can go with the Vandeleurs; we are congenial spirits. They may take my doctor along, too."

"Then you will be well taken care of." He tried to conceal his regret that the care was not to be his.

"As well as I can be taken care of—without you." Her light way of tossing him the crumb made it not too much of a concession for her delicate femininity, yet sufficed to send him home happy. She did

depend on him; she exquisitely implied that he was sending her away, that his word had been the decisive one for her.

He let himself deliciously recall the half-tone with which she had dropped "without you." She had meant only the gentlest friendliness, he told himself humbly, but such friendliness was heartening enough to cheer the weeks between letters after her going. These rare letters were, as Bridget put it, "worth staying home for."

"But I thought you chose to stay home with your pigs," Ewing said. As usual they had encountered, to talk Grace.

"I stayed home because some one had to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," retorted practical Bridget. "Though I like the deadly old town, too." Her eye took him in. "You look less flabby than you were. Been gyming, it strikes me." A little surreptitious training *had* set him up, but he was not crowing till tennis weather, till Grace returned from drifts of violets to referee, to applaud his restored game, to soothe where Bridget had advised and challenged.

How docilely Grace would accept his mandate to remain away, to forget business and the bare, square brick house on its windy, dusty street, threatened by a clanging trolley.

That peril seemed now less imminent, he wrote consolingly against the time when she must return. There was no need to dread the trolley. The brisk lawyer who had made out the mortgage had told Ewing that the car-line would probably not come within five blocks, "more's the pity!"

"Pity?" Sam echoed him. "Why?"

"It would increase the value of the property," the lawyer explained patiently to the professor; "for business, of course."

"Ah, perhaps, for business," Sam conceded. "But the old residents don't think of that; they think of their homes." He heard in fancy the pensive tone of Grace: "Bridget says rent or sell. I do not wish to do either."

"I have sent two notices of interest due," the lawyer was saying, "with no

result. I must take steps to collect for you."

"Kindly do nothing of the sort," Ewing interrupted peremptorily. "The owner is away. I do not wish to press the matter."

"Oh, very well, if—" It might have been on the tip of his legal tongue to add, "if you can afford it," but he refrained, only suggesting, "The mortgage is large to hold on depreciating property, though of course it is good to sell for that yet."

"There is no question of sale," Ewing declared with finality. "The owner mortgaged it temporarily on that account."

The owner, thanking him for his news, consented to stay on at the behest of himself and Biddy, she wrote; so the first tennis weather found the house still shuttered and barred, while Bridget, living at the farm, strove for the miraculous conversion of the sow's ear into a silken purse full of ducats.

"Her Grace needs so many things!" she would say. "And I 'm just good for the getting of them." She spoke always with a joy in the doing, and Ewing worked with her, studying theories, testing them, and elated to discover that a mind trained in bacteriological research could concentrate to advantage on problems of pig culture. With his help in her problems Bridget seemed quite rid of the little worried frown. She wore the durable khaki, had her racket restrung, and with an air of preëempting a victory already hers, challenged him to a first-of-April game.

"A day as good as another to be made a fool of," he said cheerfully, and the match was on. Ewing placed his balls neatly and unexpectedly. Bridget seemed winged. She laughed when his balls sped back to him as swiftly, till the first long set was won by the man; then she laughed no more, but hoarded her breath and played hard. Acquaintances on the other courts applauded her service. The ease was now all on his side, his racket infallibly met the ball, and after a rally scored the point. When he had won five sets his nonchalance was unaffected; he had only claimed his own. Incredible

that a man should not beat at his own game.

"I got my hand in at the gym court," he told her. "You put up a bully game for a—" He paused teasingly as they shook hands on it.

"For a *girl*! Don't you dare say it!" she blazed.

"I was going to say for a beginner."

"You!" she panted defiantly. "Well, you are a man," she conceded. "I used to think you were only a professor."

Only a professor he had to be during the next three months. Early and late he tutored that hot summer, for his salary must be supplemented to meet the increased expenses of his mother's stay at the sanatorium, with the probability of an operation in the near future. By August he felt harassed and desiccated. He would have let his beard grow and renounced all exercise but for Bridget's merciless reminders of his former softness and defeat; so in the cool of the evenings they played tennis and sometimes swapped letters from Grace, who "only wished that she might share with them the coolness of the eternal snows."

For she had been persuaded to linger with the Vandeleurs along the coast and in the Canadian Rockies. It seemed kinder not to break up the party. The doctor said she was being made over, and dear, independent Biddy did not need her; in fact, was freer without a clinging vine who was always begrudging her to those monopolizing pigs. She was living on her principal, and her legal adviser Professor Ewing might shake his head. If he said so, she would return.

Of course she must stay. They both wrote her so emphatically, conferring as to what arguments would be most convincing. Blithely Bridget estimated that the sow's-ear purse would bulge with ducats sufficient to enable them to keep up the old house, which Grace had even thought of mortgaging rather than selling, though Bridget had always opposed that expedient.

"Better sell and have it over, if it comes to that. Don't you say so?" she demanded, and he evaded miserably. If he

had to foreclose, how they would both hate him!

But surely it could not come to that; she would be able to assign the mortgage. Her other friends would be glad to do what he had been privileged to be the first to offer. The Vandeleers or this doctor who "made up the party" would jump at the chance which he must forego, the chance to serve her. Some one would take it unless she could pay it off herself and so avert foreclosure.

It *had* come to that, so far as he was concerned, by the date of her homecoming in golden September. Again her gently summoning note had brought him to cross the common, and though the leaves were dry, he had no wish to shuffle them. He plunged through the dusk, his mind agloom with the unchivalrous part for which fate had cast him.

Rehearse it as he might, leading up to it or stating the bald, sordid facts, nothing could make it more tolerable. She had come home to dear associations, the dread trolley-track deflected, her spirit at peace, and instead of talking poetry, or their shared aversion to *vers libre*, he must say, "Your money or your hearth!" He mounted the severe stone steps and rang, following his first ineffectual push with one firm and long, thereby pulling himself together.

As on that proud occasion a year ago, when Grace had asked his help, all was welcoming; for Biddy had eagerly got things in running order, though she could n't fix flowers like her Grace. She had wisely consulted him as to the advisability of a furnace fire a week beforehand, and had been extravagant in the matter of new copper screens, because "her Grace abhors dust, you know."

Again as on that occasion, Grace greeted him with the look that seemed to yield both hands, with the pretty reserve that held out only one. Her soft air of appeal was etherealized by a dress of delicate heliotrope; her figure against the gray-green of the high-backed chair had all the grace of a wisteria cluster offset by its leaves.

"You *are* looking 'frightfully fit,' as Biddy warned me." She smiled a gentle flattery which the incongruous words withheld. "It takes me back to the old days when—"

"When I shuffled the leaves and made you dusty?"

"Was I such a prig?" she demurred.

"No, but always the pink of daintiness," he said, defending her against herself, even while his mind was on the next thing. Should he rush full tilt upon her tent of peace or put off the tidings with an idea of "breaking it"? With Bridget one would have it over, the worst at once; that would be her way. But Bridget was a strong young oak standing alone. One could not tear away the support from a wisteria, pendent and clinging. He began to wish he had written; a series of letters had been kinder, a process of loosening the tendrils one by one.

"The journey was tiresome from Winnipeg east, the trippers rampant. I've had a wonderful time, and I'm glad to be home," she lightly summarized. "You made it all possible for me by attending to that mortgage-placing. Just when I needed a man most you so beautifully filled the breach, and I felt so safe about Biddy with you here. It gave me the peace of mind to get well. I can never thank you."

"And now I've got to undo it all—the little that I did!" He had throttled the impulse to change the subject and poke the fire, and he gripped the arms of his chair and blurted out the words that tore him, his lean face looking haggardly toward the fire, to avoid the expected distress of her bewildered eyes.

"But what do you mean?" Her tone was startled, yet not raised a note. "How can you undo your kindness? That is accomplished, a fact."

With bitter brevity he explained his mother's crisis and his own embarrassment, ending with desperate hopefulness:

"But surely, if not convenient to pay it off, you can assign it. Any of your friends would—" He broke off for her assent. It did not come, and he forced himself to



"ON TOP OF THE WALL SAT BRIDGET—BRIDGET IN HER GREEN STORK-COAT"

look away from the fire and to her face. It was as calm as the traditional May morning, as calm as her voice as she said:

"You had better foreclose. At least I should if I were you." She spoke with complete detachment, judicially.

"But you," he began, faltering,—her control seemed to him magnificent,—"it is your home. If it were not life and death for my mother—"

"Of course I understand," she assured him. "It is the only thing for you to do."

"But *you*—" he began again brokenly.

"Oh, that is quite all right," she reassured him almost tenderly. "You must not think of me. I *could* realize on other property and pay it off; but since the trolley—"

"But it is *not* going through," he reminded her, sadly; it added to the tragedy of her sacrifice.

"No, it is not going through, so I have no interest in holding the place. I told you at the time Bridget could not understand how I felt about it. She was always so sentimental about the house. I would not press it; but I would have sold out except that if the trolley came through I knew it would add greatly to the value as business property, of course. In that case I would have paid off the mortgage and held out for a high price. I always detested the house, it is so hopelessly out of date and ugly, though I made the best of it for Harry's sake while I had to live here, and later there was no use in abusing it to Biddy till the time came to give it up. I raised a first mortgage of eight thousand soon after Harry died. A lonely woman needs so much, and is sometimes left with so very little business experience. I did the best I could." Her even tones seemed only bent on making him quite comfortable; there was no consciousness of duplicity to be condoned. He sat doubting his ears' evidence even while he quietly put the question:

"Then mine was a *second* mortgage?"

"Yes. You see, I had a chance to buy some unimproved lots beyond the common. I am not ready to sell them now, as they are doubling in value, so you must

just foreclose. If you don't quite come out even, my other property will eventually make up the difference. Of course I shall not try to evade my obligations, though one can, by technicalities, I am told. However, it is not necessary, or Christian, I think." The modesty of her tone precluded any notion of boasting. "So I am too glad to relieve your scruples. You must foreclose quite as if you had a business man to deal with instead of a mere stupid little woman who did not know enough to place a mortgage without your help."

"Nor to suppress the fact that it was a second mortgage!" This was wrung from him as he rose, and a slight flush touched her cheek; but she only said gently:

"Surely you must have known. If it was my inadvertence, I am *so* sorry. Would it have made a difference?"

"Perhaps it would not have—then," he answered, and somehow got away.

At least Grace, as ever the perfect hostess, he thought bitterly, had not tried to detain him; had let him go with no hint in her manner of the slightest estrangement; had murmured greetings for his mother, and if he met Bridget, would he avoid the subject of the mortgage, as she would probably hate him for doing his duty? Biddy never could understand, bless her heart!

He did meet Bridget as he plunged along the darkest bit of the common. The youngest Airedale catapulted against him, and Bridget's voice gave her away; she had been crying. His hand on her shoulder drew her to the first lamp-post:

"What 's up?" he said brusquely.

"It 's all up," answered the girl, drearily, and though she tossed her head with the old gesture, the little frown would not so easily be gone. "The house is mortgaged to the hilt; we 've got to lose it. Grace is going to marry that doctor who made up their party; she does n't need me any more." In her loneliness she put out a hand and clutched his sleeve a moment. "She does n't want me or need me."

"Nor me either," he said dryly, and suddenly determined to let it go at that. Why

should he tell her that Grace had needed them both only to use them? Bridget of the Irish name must always cherish her illusions if she would be happy. Why should he tear away the last shred of one that was left to her?

She was sad now because her sacrifices, her incense, were no longer needed; why should he add his own bitter knowledge that the shrine where they both had worshiped had never held a saint?

"There, Bridget woman, buck up!" he said, and at the cheering vernacular a bit of a smile quivered on the brink of her tears. "You 've only just *begun* being needed. If you 've done your bit for Grace, what about me? It 's up to you to keep at me, Bridget, for to-night I 'm ossifying. The man is knocked out; I 'm only a professor, after all." It was true, though he had said it only because she needed to be needed; but that his need could be filled by Bridget or by any one he had not the least hope or even desire. He felt very old and jaded and indifferent; yet he did n't want Bridget to feel so.

"You 're only a *man*, after all!" said Bridget, with a look that seemed to see behind the bravado of his smile. "And it 's bully of you." She shook hands with him on it, and went back along the common path.

Three days later he was summoned to his mother, and a week followed of precious hours filched from the time when he would be utterly alone. She died, and he returned to his work.

The world is not much of a place, but one has one's work in it. Bridget was doing hers. "Pigs are no joke," she told him when they met in the rain on the common one day.

"Nothing is," he answered grimly.

The day after that the telephone at his laboratory rang when he was effecting a ticklish transference of bacilli. He let it ring, at first politely, then with a nerve-racking furious tinkle, vibrating into a buzz when he had taken off the receiver; finally came Bridget's voice.

"*I want you!*" it said. Nothing further,

and the operator only knew that "his party had cut off."

If Bridget wanted him that much he must go. It was not her way to ask help, but always to give it and to help herself. He had a motor out, and was at the farm in six minutes. The simple rambling farm-house, the elaborate up-to-date pig-houses, were beyond the stone walls; in the bare oak-grove plump pigs were rooting for acorns beneath brown leaves heaped against the wall. On top of the wall sat Bridget—Bridget in her green sport-coat. She must have come out to meet him. What was the matter? he wondered again as he jumped from the motor and hurried up the lane.

"What is it?" he demanded. She looked him over leisurely, then she slowly repeated:

"'It seems too bad,' the walrus said, 'to make them trot so quick!'"

"What do you *want*?"

"I 'm looking for a partner!" she said cheerfully.

"In business?" he supposed.

"Business first, pleasure afterward," she said and laughed a little. "Really, this pig plant is getting beyond me; I can't run it alone."

"You want me to get you a likely young man, one of the college boys—"

"I want *you*," Bridget was always to the point. He gasped:

"But I 'm not a business man."

"Heaven forbid!" she exclaimed; then with a wry little moue: "I know all about that mortgage, you guileless fool! You splendid simpleton! How *could* she! We won't talk about *that*."

"What do you want of me, a useless fool," he said bitterly.

"I want you to swing the big end of the stick, the scientific end. You solved the diet question when the piglets were dying off last year. We 've got to have hundreds where we now have dozens. You 'll have a laboratory and every sort of experiment; we are near a pork famine in this country and we are very likely near war. If it

comes we 'll make this a government stock farm and raise pigs for our country." Her voice was as if she spoke of battles and of banners.

Then it came to him that we must lose our illusions to possess our realities. The blow was a stroke of mercy, after all.

"All right," he said. With her little nod, as if on oath, she gave him her hand on it.

As they walked down the lane without words they swerved aside to shuffle disturbingly through a pile of scrunching dry leaves.



To One Killed in Action

By ALAN SULLIVAN

YOU who have lived and known the joy of living,
 The flush of venture and the high, clear call
 That bade you forth, that in one ultimate giving
 Lifted you, godlike, when you lavished all
 The unwrit annals of your proffered years,
 The unsought rapture and the unguessed tears.

Soft where you lie there drifts the big guns' mumble;
 Close by your side the brown battalions swing;
 By day and night the transport-wagons rumble;
 By day and night the whining bullets sing:
 Now can you hear the joke that ripples back
 Through the loose ranks upon the shell-scarred track?

You who have found the thing beyond all treasure
 And made it yours in those amazing hours,
 And set your life to such exalted measure
 That death, deserting his funereal towers,
 Walked with you as a brother, kind, but grim
 Till came the moment when you smiled at him.

Flashed there to you no swift and brilliant message,
 Some tenuous vision of the appointed end,
 Some divination and departing presage
 Of that far bourn to which the nations trend
 When not with blood the shrinking woods are wet
 And the rose drapes the crumbling parapet?

Living Off the Country

By ROBERT E. PEARY

ONE of the fundamental principles of all my arctic expeditions has been to depend upon the country itself for the fresh-meat supply. To this fact is due the entire absence of scurvy on all of my voyages. Contrary to a general idea, the arctic regions of northern Greenland, Ellesmere Land, and Grant Land have for the experienced hunter a considerable and most attractive fauna, and while there are certain parts where it is virtually impossible to find even so much as a stray polar hare, there are other regions where a very fair amount of meat can be obtained in a comparatively short time by those knowing how, and acquainted with arctic topography and the habits of arctic animals.

The arctic bill of fare includes fish, flesh, and fowl in considerable variety. The walrus and seal of the Eskimo are, of course, known to every child. Both furnish a strong and healthy diet, but few white men become really fond of it. There are, however, other animals in the region which furnish delicacies that would grace the table of the finest hotel in any great city, as the musk-ox, reindeer, and polar hare. Polar bear, if young, makes a very acceptable steak. At any age the meat is not at all disagreeable when frozen and eaten raw.

Of the sea animals, in addition to the walrus and the ringed or floe-seal, there are the harp- and the square-flipper seal, the flesh of both of which possesses a much less pronounced bouquet than the walrus and the floe-seal.

Of birds there are various kinds; the most abundant are the little auks, and next the Brünnich's guillemot. Then there are the eider-duck, the long-tailed duck, the brant, and the king-eider. It is possible also in some localities to get an occasional mess of ptarmigan, the arctic

white grouse. The various species of gulls are considered fine eating by the Eskimos; but in the North, as well as here, they are a bit rank to the white man.

Of fish there are two kinds, the grayling and a species of char that we called rather affectionately salmon-trout. In September, 1900, this latter fish kept alive for about ten days my party of six men and twenty-three dogs. It is undoubtedly the finest fish food to be found anywhere, in color a pale pink like salmon or unripe watermelon. Living in water never warmer than forty degrees, perhaps never above thirty-five degrees, it is the sweetest, firmest fish fiber in the world.

It is no small task to secure a supply of meat sufficient to keep hundreds of dogs alive and in good condition all winter, and to provide fresh meat for a crew of over twenty men and some fifty Eskimos. Hunting parties must be kept constantly in the field during the autumn months to meet the demand.

The mainstay in the way of food for the dogs is walrus, and weighing anywhere from 1000 to 3000 pounds, they provide the maximum of meat at a minimum of time and energy. During the months of July, August, and September these animals are to be found in large herds in Wolstenholme and Whale sounds, where they assemble to feed on the shell-fish abounding in those shallow waters. Here they may be seen basking in the sun on the ice-floes and cakes of ice, singly, or in groups ranging from two or three up into the hundreds. I have seen anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty walrus on one large ice-pan, with an equally large number in the surrounding water; but only on Littleton Island in Smith Sound and along the shore of the mainland opposite have I ever seen them on the rocks.

It is worthy of note that during the summer months males only, and chiefly the old ones, are to be found in Wolstenholme Sound, the females, calves, and young males haunting the waters about Littleton Island and Oomenak Sound.

A few walrus are secured by the Eskimos in these waters during the summer, but the bulk of the annual catch, at least two thirds and possibly three quarters, is made at Cape Chalon in the spring. Virtually all the walrus of this region winter in the open north water off Cape Chalon, sometimes separated from the cape by ten miles of ice, sometimes by twenty-five. Strong winds break up the ice along the edge of the north water early in February, making the distance for an Eskimo to drag his sledge from Cape Chalon just so much less. This breaking up of the border ice is usually followed by low temperatures, which in a few hours make the new ice strong enough to support a sledge and dogs. The hunters leave the cape early in the morning and, driving out to the edge of the old ice, tie their dogs, and with a lance, harpoon, and line begin a search out on the new ice for the walrus. On sighting an animal a hunter harpoons it, takes a turn of the line round the harpoon-shaft, sticks the harpoon into the ice, and braces it with his foot while a companion lances the lungs of the huge creature. As soon as the walrus is dead it is pulled out upon the ice, cut up, and placed on the sledges,

which have meanwhile been brought out, and is ready to be carried back to the settlement. These hunts are continued until late in the spring, and large quantities of meat are secured.

Hunting walrus in a small whale-boat, however, furnishes the most exciting and dangerous sport north of the arctic circle. With an Eskimo crew at the oars; a sailor at the steering-oar; two other Eskimos, experts with the harpoon, in the bow; an experienced man in the bow with a rifle; and with Bartlett and me in the stern, just in front of the man at the steering-oar, we considered a boat well manned. In the way of equipment there should be at least three repeating-rifles, with abundance of ammunition; six or eight harpoons, with lines and floats, spare boat-hooks, and a heavy, short-handled ax for each man, for smashing the walrus in the face when they try to come aboard. A good supply of old coats or blankets should be taken along for plugging up holes punched in the boat by the tusks of the walrus.

At the faintest suggestion of smoke walrus will quickly disappear in the water, and a party nearing a herd of these huge creatures by steamer should take to the small boats when still far enough away to prevent its presence being detected by the animals. The whale-boats should always be white to give an appearance of cakes of ice, and the oar-locks carefully muffled to reduce the noise of approach to a minimum. It is comparatively an easy thing to harpoon a walrus asleep on an ice-pan, and sometimes, by using small bergs as a screen to hide behind, a party can approach to within a few yards of a herd, and harpoon several before they are fully awake. In most cases, however, twenty yards is the nearest a boat can get before the walrus are aroused, and begin to slip into the water. A few shots quickly decide whether they are going to fight or beat a retreat, necessitating a long chase possibly and adding to



THE KING OF CAPE COLUMBIA. A MAGNIFICENT BULL MUSK-OX, PHOTOGRAPHED AT TEN FEET

the difficulty of harpooning them.

The harpoon equipment of the Eskimo is made up of a tough line of the hide of the square-flipper-seal, one hundred feet long, attached to an iron-edged ivory head fitting on the end of a heavy harpoon-shaft of wood. The other end of the line is attached to an entire seal-skin inflated, and some distance from the end is fastened a rectangular drag, attached, like a kite, by a bridle-line. The float, remaining on the surface, marks the position of the animal and prevents its going deeper than the length of the line. Only the largest and most powerful bull walrus can drag it under, and that only for a few minutes. The float also keeps the animal from going to the bottom and being lost after being killed. The drag retards the movements of the animal and tires him out.

The Eskimo in charge of the harpoon has his line coiled beside him in the bow, with the harpoon-shaft laid across the gun-wales. A few coils of the line are separated from the rest and placed a little to one side, where they can be easily and quickly grasped and held in his left hand as the harpoon is launched, thus allowing the line to play out easily. As soon as a walrus is harpooned, line, float, and drag are thrown overboard. Care should be taken to give the flying line a clear berth, for to be caught by a turn of it would mean at least a wetting and possibly more serious results.

In an attack by fifty or more of these infuriated beasts a small whale-boat is no place for a nervous person, and I have known Eskimos, accustomed for years to such encounters, when surrounded by these huge, ivory-tusked creatures, with angry, bloodshot eyes, emitting vicious roars through thick, stiff-bearded lips, and making savage attempts to get at the occupants of the boat, to lose their heads so completely as to drop their harpoons, begin to yell, and even to spit at their formidable



SKINNING AND CUTTING UP A KILL OF MUSK-OXEN

foes. At such a time every one seizes an oar, boat-hook, or anything solid, and, as the brutes attack, hits them over the head to keep them at a respectful distance from the boat while the men at the rifles do their work. In several encounters I have had a harpooned walrus draw the line taut and, before he could be finished with a bullet, race off, with us in tow, crashing into any ice which might be in our course, knocking the startled Eskimos from the thwarts, with the rest of the herd following, snorting, and charging on all sides. A walrus can with the utmost ease plunge his tusks through several inches of new ice, and it is no uncommon occurrence for one to dive and come up under the boat, ripping a hole in it, and necessitating a hasty retreat to firm ice.

The *modus operandi* of my big, systematic walrus hunts to secure the maximum amount of meat in the least time was as follows:

As many harpoon outfits as possible, fifty sometimes, complete with floats and drags, were assembled on my ship, with the best harpooners of the tribes. Then two, three, or four of my whale-boats were kept at work, each supplied with six or eight outfits. The galley was kept in commission continuously supplying hot coffee, baked beans, and pilot-bread, and one of the officers remained in the crow's-nest (a barrel at the masthead) with a telescope, locating the cakes of ice that had walrus on them. Sometimes, when the



A HAPPY ESKIMO FAMILY

walrus were numerous, all the boats would get away at the same time in different directions. Sometimes one would start out, and then the ship would steam on and drop another and then another. Each boat kept at the walrus until it had all its harpoons and lines fast to walrus, and perhaps two or three dead with rifle-bullets on the ice. When all the lines and floats were out, the boat would pull round to each float where an animal was still alive, despatch it with a rifle, then, if the ship was near, go aboard for lunch, or, if far off, stand an oar on end whaler-fashion and wait its arrival. The ship, with the gangways in the bulwarks amidships taken out and a narrow staging rigged down the side about a foot above the water, would then steam alongside each float in turn, a man on the stage would pass the float up to the deck, and the walrus, hanging dead in the water down the length of the line, would be pulled to the surface, the man on the stage with a sharp, strong knife would cut a slit in the tough hide of the walrus, insert the hook of a heavy tackle and fall, the man at the steam-winch would turn on steam, and in a minute or two the huge brute would be dropped in a brown mass on deck. A young Eskimo

would jump forward, cut out the harpoon, and take line, float, and drag aft, coil them carefully for use again, and the old men and women would quickly skin and cut up the animal. By the time all of one boat's kill had been brought aboard her crew had had their lunch, and, if other walrus were in sight, went away again after them, or, if none was in sight, waited till the masthead man sighted more.

In this way forty walrus have been obtained in a night's or a day's hunt, and two hundred and fifty in two weeks' work. On one or two memorable hunts they came in so fast that it was impossible to skin and cut them up till the hunt was over and every one had had a good sleep. At these times the deck was hidden under the huge, brown, shapeless forms, and the ship listed heavily to one side with the top-heavy load.

In hunting walrus only powerful rifles should be used, and even with them knowledge of how and where to shoot will save an enormous expenditure of powder and lead. It is utterly useless to shoot walrus in the body. For a side shot, a spot on the head as far back of the eye as the eye is back of the nose should be hit. Here the small



DECK SCENE ON THE *ROOSEVELT* (NOT A PINK TEA)

brain has less protecting skull about it. The back of the head is also vulnerable. A frontal shot is almost an impossibility. Almost the only chance is, when the walrus opens its mouth, to put a bullet between the tusks and smash the vertebræ at the base of the skull. This shot is most likely to occur with a number of bull walrus in the water close about the boat. On several occasions a bull walrus, rising with a rush close to the boat and opening his mouth to bellow, has been surprised by a shot, and gone like a rock to the bottom. On one occasion a harpooned animal, while fast to a line and float, invariably rose to the surface facing the boat, and had the entire front of its head back to the eyes literally smashed off, tusks and all, by eight or ten shots before it was killed. It is an utter waste of powder and walrus meat to shoot these animals in the water unless they have been harpooned and are fast to a line and float. If instantly killed, they go to the bottom like rocks. If mortally wounded, they struggle to the same place. On a few occasions, in shooting a walrus in the back of the head, the blow of the bullet that killed it instantly forced its head under water, giving the air in the lungs no chance to escape, and the animal floated with a bit of the back exposed till a float could be

fastened to it. But these cases are rare, and in my later expeditions my invariable orders were never to shoot a walrus in the water unless it already had a line fast to it. Even when shot on the ice, unless it is a large floe, one is never sure of an animal until it is aboard or has a float fast to it.

The inert collapse of half a ton or more of flesh and bone under the impact of a bullet in the brain is sufficient to tilt a small ice-pan and slide the dead walrus into the water. The slightest touch of the ship as she forges alongside the cake to hoist the animal on board will have the same result, and on two or three occasions when I have lowered a boat to put a man on the ice and make a line fast to the animal, the man's weight has been enough to disturb the balance, and throw the precious meat into the water.

Seen a few feet under one's boat in the pale-green, icy waters of Whale Sound, a herd of rushing walrus, as swift and sinuous as seals, the great uncouth, gray shapes rolling from side to side to leer upward with little, bloodshot eyes and show a flash of white tusks, is like a nightmare dream of the inferno.

Stuffed and baked, the heart of the walrus is as great a delicacy as a beef heart. Dr. Senn, a Chicago traveler and writer,



GIANT POLAR BEAR KILLED IN BUCHANAN BAY, JULY 4. (NOTE THE SIZE OF THE PAWS AND FOREARM. A SINGLE BLOW FROM SUCH A PAW SOMETIMES DISEMBOWELS AN ESKIMO, SMASHES ALL HIS RIBS, OR CRUSHES HIS HEAD LIKE AN EGGSHELL.)

a summer visitor on one of my auxiliary ships, was greatly captivated by it, and Percy, my Newfoundland steward of numerous expeditions, incited by the praise of his discovery, became a blue-ribbon chef in cooking it. Some explorers have highly praised the walrus liver and urged its value as a preventive and cure for scurvy. Never having been obliged to use it for that purpose, and spoiled perhaps by the more delicate seal, reindeer, musk-ox, and hare livers, the members of my expeditions never seemed to care for it.

The thick, tough hide of the walrus furnishes a dog food of wonderful staying qualities. A small piece of it, when frozen, will keep the strongest-jawed Eskimo dog occupied and interested for hours in his efforts to soften it to the point where he can swallow it whole.

I have always taken on just as much walrus meat and blubber as the ship, already filled almost to her capacity with coal, etc., would allow—some fifty walrus, perhaps. This, together with seventy or more tons of whale meat bought at Lab-

rador, has carried the dogs through the winter, and has also helped feed the Eskimos, who virtually live on narwhal, seal, and walrus. The narwhal and seal also make valuable dog food, the former being found in the Whale Sound region; but on my last expedition north there was virtually no narwhal hunting.

Seals are obtained in abundance at Cape Chalon, the spring hunting-ground of the Eskimos, and at the end of some seasons large piles of this meat are stacked along the ice-foot at the village. Equipped with a seal spear, and dressed in the warmest of furs, with feet padded with bearskin to muffle their tread, and with small three-legged stools, men, boys, and even women may be seen sitting for hours beside a hole in the ice waiting for a seal to appear for a breath of air. Occasional seals were always captured on our way to and from winter quarters, and they frequently appeared near the ship during the winter.

For the fresh-meat supply of the crew I have always depended on the musk-ox, and on all my expeditions have been able

to find numbers of these animals within a radius of a hundred miles of the ship or other winter quarters. They can be found at any time of the year, even during the long arctic night, by those who know how. The grass and creeping-willows furnish subsistence for them the year round, the strong winds peculiar to those regions sweeping large tracts of land bare of snow in the winter, thus enabling them to eke out an existence.

I killed my first musk-ox in 1892 on the northeast coast of Greenland near Independence Bay, and three years later discovered tracks of fifteen or twenty in the same region, and secured six of them. During my expedition of 1898-1902 numerous musk-oxen were killed about Fort Conger, seventy-odd in its immediate neighborhood; forty in the region from Discovery Harbor westward by way of Black Rock Vale and the southern side of Lake Hazen, seventeen above St. Patrick's Bay, three beyond Black Cape, near the winter quarters of the *Alert*; sixteen in Musk Ox Valley; twelve at the Bellows and Black Rock Vale; seventeen on Bache Peninsula; twenty at the northern arm of Buchanan Bay, and one at its southern arm; seven on the ice-cap of Ellesmere Land; and in the autumn of 1900 one hundred and one were killed in various localities from Discovery Harbor to Very River, ninety-two of them being secured in less than three weeks. In the region about Cape Morris K. Jesup two herds numbering fifteen and eighteen animals were discovered, and two or three stray ones, but only four of these were needed for the dogs.

My 1905-06 expedition secured its supply of musk-ox meat chiefly from the drainage basin of Lake Hazen. The

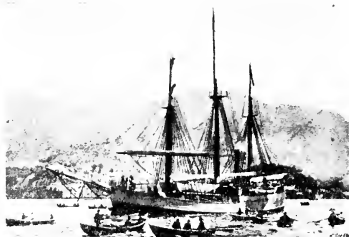
northern side of the lake had not been drawn upon for years, and hunting parties in this region, covering the southern slopes of the United States Range, met with great success. Eskimo hunting parties also covered the country from Lake Hazen and Wrangel Bay northward to Clements Markham Inlet with almost as satisfactory results. A few animals were killed on the way north on Bache Peninsula, and if it had not been for the discovery of a few of these animals on my return from 87° 6', my party and I would have lost our lives. Luckily seven musk-oxen were found in Nares Land, and later, on my western trip, we secured seven more near Cape Columbia.

With the exception of nine animals killed at Ruggles River, the musk-oxen of my last expedition were all obtained on the northern coast of Grant Land, five near Nares Inlet, another five at Porter Bay, four at Cape Columbia, and one at James Ross Bay, and the record for the trip, fifty-two, were killed near Cape Jesup.

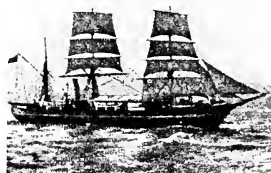


DRAGGING A VANQUISHED "TIGER OF THE NORTH" INTO CAMP

The presence of musk-oxen can be detected very quickly by the patches of luxuriant grass which mark all their rendezvous, although along the inhabited parts of the Greenland coast an unusual growth of grass may be a sign of a former igloo. A careful examination of these places will



NORWEGIAN *FRAM*



BRITISH *DISCOVERY*



SCOTCH *AURORA*



ITALIAN *STELLA POLARE*



AMERICAN *ROOSEVELT*



GERMAN *GAUSS*

COMPARATIVE PICTURES OF VARIOUS EXPLORING SHIPS



PREPARING TO TOW A DEAD WALRUS ASHORE

soon show whether musk-oxen have been about, bits of wool and hair shed from their shaggy coats being scattered here and there on the ground, while their tracks show how recent has been their visit. Fresh tracks of musk-oxen being discovered, it does not often mean a great distance to travel before the animals themselves are sighted; and musk-oxen once seen may be considered dead musk-oxen by an experienced hunter with a good dog or two. On approaching to within a mile or so of them, the dogs are let loose, and the hunter can follow at a comfortable pace, knowing that on his arrival the herd will be rounded up. A musk-ox, if alone, will retreat to the nearest cliff and back up against it at the appearance of dogs. A herd, however, will round up anywhere, with their tails together, facing the intruders, while their leader takes his stand on the outskirts of the group and charges the dogs as they come up. As soon as the leader is shot, another steps out from the herd to take his place, and so on. When things begin to look too bad for them, they will sometimes make a wild break to escape, or the whole herd may charge the enemy.

With the musk-ox, as with the walrus,

knowing how makes all the difference in the world in the amount of ammunition expended and the amount of meat secured. With the exception of a few months in summer a strong rifle is required, as the pelt of the musk-ox is very thick and heavy. With a suitable rifle and some experience one shot to an animal should be sufficient.

In my 1900 sledge trip round the northern terminus of Greenland I obtained ten musk-oxen and a polar bear with twelve cartridges. Two of these were expended on the bear. In a very successful late September afternoon hunt on the north side of Lake Hazen I secured twenty-five musk-oxen with twenty-six cartridges, two being expended on the bull leader, which my first hurried shot had stopped, but not killed, in a charge on my dogs. At another time, the others of my party being away, I took a solitary scout from camp with only an army Colt 45. With the six shots in this I got five bull musk-oxen.

On the other hand, in the narrative of the *Polaris* expedition, it is stated that some of the crew expended three hundred shots on one arrival, and then, while they went after more ammunition, it left.

With the musk-ox, as with the walrus,



WALRUS-HUNTERS AND THEIR KILL

in my later expeditions I hunted them on a large scale and in a systematic way, with careful attention to details to secure the largest amount of meat and not waste an ounce. All hunting parties had detailed orders.

Musk-ox were to be shot back of the fore shoulder or in the neck, at the base of the skull. These are the instantly fatal spots. Frontal or head shots are a waste of ammunition. Skins were removed with feet and legs attached, rolled up in bundles to fit the sledges, and taken back to the ship to be thawed out and carefully prepared by the Eskimo women at their leisure during the winter. Hearts, livers, and kidneys were removed, laid out to freeze solid, then stored under rocks away from dogs, wolves, and foxes until sledged back to ship. The remainder of the viscera was fed to the dogs on the spot. The heavy backbone, pelvis, and leg bones were cut out, the marrow bones cracked, and their contents eaten at the hunting-camp. The others were thrown to the dogs to gnaw clean. The great brick-red hams, fore shoulders, and balls of meat from the neck and ribs, all frozen like granite, were then piled in a big stack, to be sledged to the ship from time to time during the winter. In this way nothing was wasted; the bones and viscera were utilized on the spot, and only the clear, solid meat had to be hauled over the arduous trails.

There is constant excitement in traversing musk-ox country. One can never tell when the opening up of a valley or a turn

around a cliff may bring one or a herd of the shaggy animals into view.

On two occasions the discovery of musk-oxen saved my sledge-party from starvation, and the discovery was not due to happy chance or accident, but was the result of careful, intelligent search in suitable localities, examining every slope and valley and rock within range of field-glasses carried for that special purpose, and as much a part of the hunting

equipment as the rifle.

When I stretch myself or drop my hand on the thick, black felt of the musk-ox robes in my study, the touch of them conjures up many a vivid picture, and I have a more than friendly feeling for those strange, black denizens of the highest North.

The favorite haunts of the reindeer are the rolling, grassy slopes about the landlocked lakes of the North, where the pasturage is abundant and they are sheltered from the cold sea-fogs and the sharp winds from the ice-cap. These animals, or traces of them, have been found by various explorers in Rawlings Bay, the region about Fort Conger in Grinnell Land, and at Alexandra Haven in Ellesmere Land, and they have been reported in considerable numbers on the western side of this land. In 1901 one of my men found an antler as far south as Erik Harbor.

In the region about our winter quarters in McCormick and Bowdoin bays in 1891-93 and 1893-95 deer were most plentiful. During the autumn of 1891 one was killed on the plateau just back of Red Cliff House; two boat-trips to the head of McCormick Bay resulted in fourteen being obtained, and soon after ten were found on the northeast side of the bay in Five Glacier Valley. The following spring eleven were added to our larder, two from Five Glacier Valley, one from Cape Cleveland, the rest from Bowdoin Bay. In 1893 I visited the southern slopes of the northern side of Olriks Bay, a favorite resort

of the deer. Five hours' work added seventeen deer to our meat supply, and thirty-three were killed later in the same place: seven were seen in the vicinity of Cape Athol, but only one was bagged. In January, 1894, hunting parties sent out to the deer pastures of Kangerdlooksoah were very successful, bringing back fifty-four animals.

In 1905-06 we got eleven deer on the northern coast of Grant Land: a party sent out to Porter Bay returned with the meat and skins of seven; and seven more were obtained from a herd of eleven discovered on Fielden Peninsula. These reindeer, found to be a new species by Dr. J. A. Allen of the American Museum of Natural History,

were the first of their kind ever found, magnificent animals, almost pure white in color. Later these were found to be numerous in the region between Lake Hazen and Cape Hecla and along the coast of northern Grant Land to the westward, fifty-odd being killed.

On my last expedition a Porter Bay party brought in fourteen of the animals: three were picked up not far from the ship, and a stray one in James Ross Bay. Occasionally deer are found in Whale Sound.

A deer means a week's rations added to the meat supply of the party, and the realization of this, when bringing one down, is far from being an unpleasant sensation.

Of course deer hunting is the same the world over, but the Eskimos have a magic call to these animals which has been taught to the young hunters of every rising generation. It is similar to the hissing of a cat, only more prolonged, and will cause a

fleeing buck reindeer to stop instantly in his tracks, giving the desired shot.

To most arctic travelers and explorers, and to all readers, the polar bear, sometimes called the "Tiger of the North,"

has loomed largest as the "big game" par excellence of the North. I know of nothing that will excite an Eskimo so much as the sight of one of these huge creatures in the distance; but a contest with even three or four bears and a man armed with a Winchester is always one-sided and tame sport in comparison with a lively walrus hunt.

None of my expeditions has had the exciting bear adventures of others. Bears never have attacked us, or come poking into our tents



MYOUK, THE BIGAMIST OF THE TRIBE.

while we were asleep. No member of my party ever had a hairbreadth encounter with one. We hunted them assiduously, partly for the meat, but more for skins to supply us with trousers for the long sledge-journeys, and we were able to secure only enough for this purpose.

My visualization of a bear hunt is the constant watching of the ice-floes about the sledge with eyes and field-glasses, the glimpsing of a cream-colored spot slipping behind an ice pinnacle, or of great tracks in the snow. If the bear had heard the dogs, the tracks were a series of huge leaps headed directly away from us; the loosening of two or three of the trained dogs, the rapid overhauling of the bear, a single shot, or at the most two, and then strenuous efforts to keep the crazy dogs away from the carcass while it is skinned, cut up, and loaded on the sledge.

In 1886, at Ravenscraig Harbor, on the

south side of Eglington Fiord, a fleet of four whalers and the *Eagle* obtained ten bears, two of these being harpooned in the water by the crew of the *Eagle*. So enraged was one of the animals that the crews of three boats were required to keep the bear from climbing into the *Eagle's* boat to wreak vengeance on the occupants. Just north of Cape Hooper we got three more bears in the ice-pack. It is not always possible to bring a bear down with the first shot when he is traveling over rough ice, but there need be no doubt as to whether a shot has reached its mark or not, for a wounded bear will always make savage snaps at the spot stung by a bullet.

In July, 1891, we obtained one bear in the Melville Bay ice-pack, and pursued an old bear with her two cubs for some distance, but they made good their escape. The next spring one of my Eskimo hunters came upon a young bear near Cape Parry, and in the spring of 1894 five were brought in from Kane Basin.

During my 1905-06 expedition one bear was killed near Cape Sabine, another in crossing Kane Basin, and two on the northern shore of Bache Peninsula. Only one was obtained during my last trip, and that in James Ross Bay; but on our way from Cape Columbia to the pole we discovered fresh polar-bear tracks over two hundred miles from land, and on our return came across tracks of what we believed to be the same bear.

Actual measurements of the broad plantigrade footprints of a bear on one of my earlier expeditions gave a width of eleven inches, with a length of twenty-two inches; but the dragging toes and hair of the animal's heels in the soft snow made a much larger trail, closely resembling that of a man on snow-shoes.

Chief among the smaller animals of the North are the polar hares, which are found occasionally on southern slopes even as far north as the northern shores of Grant Land. Like the penguins of the antarctic regions, they have not yet learned to fear man, and it is possible to get almost close enough to pick them up. On my last expedition members of the party

discovered almost one hundred of these little animals around Lake Hazen, and succeeded in getting near enough to hit them over the head with their rifles instead of shooting. A stray hare or two picked up on sledge-trips make a very acceptable change in the monotonous diet of pemmican.

While we could scarcely say that the sea-birds of the North are hunted, still thousands upon thousands of little auks and guillemots are caught every year by the Eskimos with their nets, and laid by for the long winter. At Red Cliff House, in 1891-93, millions of these birds were to be seen in the summer months, and boat-trips were made to the loomerics of Hakluyt, Northumberland, and Herbert islands for a supply of them. In the clefts of the perpendicular cliffs of these islands the Brünnich's guillemots breed by the thousands. Our method of capturing them was to run the boat up to the cliffs after as many as could be kept track of had been shot, and while one man collected the dead birds, another kept the boat off the rocks with his boat-hook. Not over thirty per cent. of the birds killed would fall into the water, the majority of them catching on the cliffs, where it was impossible to get at them. Millions of guillemots, kittiwakes, and little auks, as well as numerous looms, burgomasters, and falcons, are to be found along the cliffs between Cape York and Conical Rock. With vast throngs of these birds perched on every projecting rock or ledge, these cliffs appear to be fairly alive. Eider-ducks are on Duck Islands of Melville Bay and McGary Island in considerable quantities. Two stray ones were killed near Cape Belknap in 1907.

Brant also are sometimes found on the northern coast of Grant Land; on my return from farthest north in 1906 we came across groups of ten or eleven, and near Cape Columbia I discovered a flock of as many as one hundred of these birds.

The only fish in the North are found in the landlocked lakes of that region. They will not touch bait, and the Eskimo method of catching them with a spear had

to be adopted by us. The native spears are made by setting a nail or any sharp bit of steel in the end of a shaft. Two pieces of deer antler are bound with fine cord to each side of the shaft so that they point downward, and sharp nails are then set in these, pointing inward. A hole is cut in the ice, and a small fish carved from ivory, in which art the Eskimos are surprisingly expert, is dropped into the water. A fish, rising to examine the decoy, is immediately thrust with the spear, which, pressing down on its back, causes the portions of antler to spread, and the nails to sink into its flesh and makes escape almost impossible. This unique method is also used in the catching of seals.

My confidence in the ability of the country to furnish the fresh-meat supply of my expeditions has always been justified by

results. Even in 1905-06, when, with the long arctic night upon us, I had to face the serious proposition of feeding my dogs and most of my Eskimos entirely upon the country because the whale meat purchased in Labrador proved to be bad and had to be thrown away, I found it possible to subsist them upon the country's resources. It is quite true, though, that such a thing would have been absolutely impossible had it not been for my thorough knowledge of this region. Nor should I have found an abundance of game along the most northerly lands,—the northern coasts of Greenland and Grant Land,—where Nares and Greely's parties found none, and were reduced to most serious straits, had it not been for my previous years of training and experience in how and where to look for arctic game.

(This is the second of the three articles on arctic exploration by Admiral Peary.)

The Night Cometh

By CLEMENT WOOD

The Night said, "I plunge into the fiery dawn."—TAGORE.

NIGHT, you have yielded me royally
Your dear person,
Great was my thirst for love,
And you lifted my soul to the wide clasp
Of your dark, star-jeweled bosom.

Now the due time of love is spent,
The sea of morning is at flood;
You plunge into its fiery splendor,
And I cannot call you back.

I will hold myself for your next embrace.
You will swim powerfully, lithe maiden,
Beneath the bright flood,
And arise, shaking off the dripping sunset,
On the western shore.

You do not mind these lessening tides,
There will come a time
When morning will only ebb,
And, tossing aside your dulled jewels,
You will sit quietly, communing with yourself,
For an unending season.

Northcliffe

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché," "The Writing on the Wall," etc.

MAJOR WOOD of the British Army has recently returned to the United States on leave after an unusual career with the British military forces at the front. While there, and in England, his duties brought him into frequent contact with the men who are playing large parts in the war. His estimate of Lord Northcliffe was the result of unusual opportunities to know and study him, and it may be safely taken as the impression which Lord Northcliffe makes on an American who sees him for what he is and beyond the influence of British politics.—THE EDITOR.

London, Friday, January 23, 1917.

TO-MORROW I leave London to spend the week-end with Lord Northcliffe at his seaside home at Broadstairs, on the Kentish coast. This will make the ninth occasion upon which I have met him, and I feel my impressions have now become crystallized enough to permit me to attempt a description of him during my stay at Broadstairs.

I shall not feel it necessary to rehearse his great achievements as a journalist, his unequalled accomplishments as an organizer, or to dwell upon his great political ability, since these are already part of British history. I shall devote myself to a description of his personality.

Broadstairs, Sunday evening,

January 25.

Lord Northcliffe's home at Broadstairs is an Elizabethan farm-house to which several additions have been made during the centuries which have passed since it was first built. Like most of its kind, it is a rambling and inharmonious structure. Its interior is very homelike and comfortable, with open fires, charming rooms, much old furniture, and many books.

I arrived at a quarter to six last night, and was immediately taken to his work-room, a large, high-ceilinged apartment which at one time had been used as a billiard-room.

An open fire was burning cheerfully on a hearth at the back of a raised alcove jut-

ting in from the middle of one of the long sides of the room. Big shelves along the wall were filled with every conceivable kind of reference volume. Several tables were piled high with letters, telegrams, and papers, which the secretaries were required to find instantly whenever needed. On one table were placed various telephones, which were in almost constant use.

Lord Northcliffe stood by the fireplace. He reminded me of a caged lion, at any moment ready to sally forth upon the floor below. It was not because he roared that he reminded me of a lion, for roar he never does, but because it seemed as if his colossal energy was trying to break through invisible bars that intervened between him and the immediate attainment of a multitude of purposes.

He walked back and forth within the restricted alcove, pausing suddenly from time to time to speak sharply and briefly. Thus he settled three or four vital matters every minute. As soon as there was an instant's delay one saw again the caged-lion phase.

I have no intention of conveying the impression that Lord Northcliffe is ever flustered or "beyond himself." He is always well within his own powers, and works smoothly, without the least squeak or friction. Indeed, he reminds one of a colossal dynamo working at high tension, for although things may fly off from it in all directions, the dynamo itself continues to function coolly, smoothly, and evenly.



Eric Fisher Wood from Northcliffe

He invariably gives one the impression of possessing great reserve force. I have noticed that whenever an atmosphere of flurry surrounds him, it is caused entirely by office-boys, clerks, and other one-cylinder subordinates puffing and tearing to keep up with his smoothly running two-hundred-horse-power engine. Few indeed are the men who would not appear one-cylindered when in the presence of his tireless energy.

It is impossible to enter a room where Lord Northcliffe is working and not be drawn irresistibly into activity. Yesterday evening when his greetings, courteous and brief, were finished, I withdrew to a corner of the workroom; but within a minute I had been dragged out again and set to correcting the proof of an article which he had recently written about the New Zealand Division. When that was finished, I was given a press cablegram to America to review, and after that was kept steadily busy until it came time to dress for dinner.

I witnessed the signing of the day's letters, of which there were thirty-five in all, and observed a number of interesting details. Despite the fact that the letters had been taken down and typed by competent secretaries, Lord Northcliffe read each one slowly and carefully before signing it. In the whole batch he altered only one, and in that only a single word, which he crossed out and replaced by a synonym; but in about every third letter he underscored a clause or sentence.

Each letter was typed upon a single,

medium-size sheet of blue paper, with "The Times" engraved at the top, and consisted of a few lines only, usually from four to eight. The lines were single-spaced, and in most cases were in one paragraph. This applied even to a letter to the prime minister, which touched upon three important and separate topics. There were no superfluous words; no "I have received your letter," and never the address of the recipient. The letters began with "Dear So-and-so," and were signed in the lower right-hand corner, usually in pencil, with the one word "Northcliffe," written at an oblique angle, mounting toward the right, of which the following is a fair sample:

The Times.

My dear Lord,

I am not sure that I don't see a article of
this nature in an at revised "Times" and it is
not hard to find the ground letter as the matter.

I am very sorry to hear that you were wounded.
and I am sure it is not to my wife's husband.
If I can give you any help let me know.

Yours sincerely,

Northcliffe

Very truly yours,

Northcliffe

Lord Northcliffe has the reputation of being a hard man toward his subordinates. He is said to drive them unmercifully, to wear them out, and then heartlessly to

replace them with fresher men. From this some of his critics have concluded that he is cruel and hard-hearted.

I am inclined to differ from this opinion. I think that Lord Northcliffe, although naturally kind at heart, considers that in the midst of this great war the nerves and feelings of his subordinates are of little relative importance. He therefore sacrifices them as ruthlessly as a great general might sacrifice a few privates to gain important ends.

One cannot help feeling that he is kind-hearted, because he invariably is unselfishly considerate of all those who happen to be about him when his high-pressure hours are ended. At dinner last night, when his two secretaries and I were the only guests, he anticipated our smallest wants. In this he far exceeded formal politeness or anything to which we could possibly be entitled from a man of his importance. It was all so automatic and so evidently second nature that it was difficult to explain on other grounds than that of innate consideration and kindness for others. Such indications are small matters, yet straws do show the way the wind blows.

If he is a hard taskmaster to his subordinates, he demands even more of himself, for he is probably the most indefatigable worker in England. He rises at 5 A.M., has a cup of coffee at 5:15, and starts in at 5:30. Breakfast is served at 8:30, luncheon at 1:15, while dinner and the end of his day's task come at 7:45 in the evening.

From 5:30 A.M. until 7:30 P.M. he works steadily, regardless of meals. At 5:30 A.M. all the London morning newspapers for the day are brought to him for inspection. Between that time and breakfast he reads rapidly every column they contain in order to keep himself fully abreast not only of everything in the newspaper world, but in the world of affairs as well. While reading he jots down notes and criticisms on everything from type-setting to editorial policy that may be interesting to his own editors; these notes he embodies in letters written to them later in the day.

His colossal energy enables him to wade through an enormous mass of matter relative to each of the various subjects in which he is particularly concerned, while his unique power of concentration enables him to reduce the myriad of petty details to a definite impression, expressed briefly and pithily. He often inscribes a criticism of one of his own papers in a single word, which is noted down on the front page of a copy, and is then mailed back to the editor.

Even during breakfast he continues to dictate and telephone and interview, to give orders and correct proof; and thus he continues all through the day. Even the midday meal is employed in conferences upon a dozen different matters with people who have been asked in to luncheon for that purpose.

The business of the day is supposed to be completed and laid aside at 7:30 P.M., but in these strenuous war-times conversation constantly drifts back to the topics that are closely akin to work. Lord Northcliffe retires at 10 o'clock, is in bed at 10:15 and goes to sleep at 10:30, after being read to for fifteen minutes, sleeping for six and a half hours until five o'clock comes round again. Since the war began he has not varied this routine. It goes on week-days and Sundays, week in and week out, interrupted only by an occasional afternoon's golf and by his numerous trips to the front.

In physical appearance Lord Northcliffe is rather thick-set, and is somewhat under six feet in height. His head is massive and well shaped, combining to a remarkable degree the characteristics of a fighter with those of a thinker. The most conspicuous features of his face are a strong jaw and very fine gray eyes. When in repose he holds his head slightly thrust forward. The strain of the tremendous pace which he has maintained ever since the war began has only just begun to show in his face.

On first meeting him one receives vividly the impression of tremendous reserve force and dynamic aggressiveness lying alertly latent close to the surface. This

impression persists, and increases with each subsequent meeting.

One quickly perceives that Lord Northcliffe is utterly contemptuous of conventional public opinion, and does not hesitate to run counter to petty criticisms of the moment in doing anything which cold reason dictates. To my mind nothing better illustrates his disregard of formal public approval and his sterling good common sense than the fact that he invariably wears a sport-shirt with a soft collar. He wears it because it suits his comfort, and he wears it in season and out, summer and winter, regardless of the fact that it is considered execrably bad form, and that almost no other English gentleman would venture it, particularly if he had embarked upon a public career.

It is difficult to estimate his age from his appearance; he might be thirty, forty, or fifty. The question is of slight importance. As a matter of fact, one would be unlikely to take any interest in it unless one were a census-taker, for he is one of those rare ageless persons in whom the number of his years seems irrelevant—a person who achieves success early or late, irrespective of whether he is young or has grown old.

When speaking he has certain peculiarly personal traits; he utters each short sentence rather rapidly, biting it off at the end. Then comes a brief pause, during which he seems to consider the new sentence in its entirety. It is as though he waited an instant before each successive phrase in order to have it all in mind before converting thought to sound.

His voice is low, pleasant, and cultivated, and I have never heard him raise it even when he is most vehement. He never swears, nor does he make any use of slang. He is not a coiner of popular phrases, differing very markedly in this respect from men like Wilson and Choate. I have never heard him make a *bon mot*. He expresses his thoughts by scholarly employment of the king's English. He does not as a rule use long or complicated sentences, but rather a succession of very short ones to explain or qualify his mean-

ing, some of which are emphasized by a little sidewise gesture of the head.

He seldom interrupts a conversation, and unless natural pauses occur he very often does not talk at all. He is rather sparing of words, but does not give the impression of taciturnity. His natural inclination is rather to stimulate conversation in others, into which he injects pertinent comments and anecdotes.

His pithy remarks are always original and amusing. At dinner this evening he stated that in his travels he had seen four inanimate objects which had supremely impressed him: the Roman Forum, the Taj Mahal, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and Niagara Falls, "which," he added, "one does not begin to understand until about the third day he has studied it."

He prophesied that the warfare of the future would be almost altogether aerial, and that every country and all parts thereof would be vulnerable to the attacks of an enemy.

After dinner we adjourned to a little sitting-room, and there sat around an open fire, while Lord Northcliffe lay down at full length on a couch by the fireside. The secretaries were commanded to bring the gramophone and to play furiously. They played rag-time and one-steps from 8:45 until 10 o'clock, taking turns at shifting records and changing needles. Meanwhile conversation continued uninterrupted except when the telephone bell in the adjacent hallway rang because of business so important that his editors felt obliged to call Northcliffe even in the midst of his sacred period of "rest." A secretary wrote down the messages and then came in to report.

During the period between dinner and ten o'clock Lord Northcliffe positively refused to get up from his couch, and pretended to be resting constantly. It was easy to see that even when his body rested his subconscious mind was as alert as ever. On one occasion a secretary, having answered the telephone, reported the message, and, having been told what answer to transmit, went out again to the tele-

phone, shutting the door behind him, while Lord Northcliffe resumed his conversation. The secretary in the hall outside, in repeating in the telephone Lord Northcliffe's reply, got one word wrong, saying "Thursday" instead of "Monday." Lord Northcliffe, despite the discussion which was going on, heard it instantly even through the door, and as quick as a shot sent the other secretary rushing out to correct the mistake.

At 9:30 he ordered a secretary to telephone to "The Times" office and obtain the details of the next day's news. This is done every evening, so that Lord Northcliffe may run over the day's items before he retires. The secretary was gone about ten minutes, and brought back six or eight pages of shorthand, beginning with a report of a destroyer's fight in the North Sea, and ending with a résumé of a violent attack upon Lord Northcliffe by some hostile newspaper.

It is always a most illuminating sidelight upon any man's character to observe the attitude with which he sustains the abuse of his opponents, and it was, therefore, with keenest interest that I watched this little scene. Before beginning to read the attack the secretary grinned cheerfully and expectantly, while Lord Northcliffe lay at full length upon the couch, with his head turned in attentive interest, smiling such a smile of happy contentment as would have shamed the famous Cheshire cat. It was not difficult to see that he is a man who would be wretchedly unhappy without a plentiful supply of enemies, and that he values their attacks more highly than the plaudits of his friends.

Lord Northcliffe's most notable mental characteristic is a constructive imagination which enables him to see things as they really are rather than as they appear to be. His mind brutally cuts through the husks and shells of custom, habit, and precedent of established systems and preconceived ideas to the kernel within, which he examines boldly and dispassionately. He is, if anything, inclined to show too little consideration for these venerable shells and husks, which, after all, are of some

use in life, being often the product of valuable past experience.

He is a cutter of Gordian knots, an iconoclast, a man of strong convictions; yet these convictions seldom seem to prejudice the functioning of his intellect.

His greatest and most dominant moral characteristic is patriotism. He serves but one master, his country. In return he enjoys the distinction of being the most hated man in England. His political friends are few and far between, for having determined with a passionate intensity that Great Britain shall win this war, he takes upon himself the privilege of attacking with the weight of his press and his personal influence any official or group of officials in his native country whose slowness or inefficiency seems to him to delay or hinder the winning of the war. And since, particularly under the recent "Wait and See" government, such persons and organizations were legion, Lord Northcliffe's enemies are also legion.

Instead of keeping quiet and pretending that each successive mistake that England makes is another great "strategical retreat," as "decent Englishmen" are expected to do, he constantly points out Great Britain's blunders, and insists upon their being remedied with all possible speed.

It is a well-known fact that nothing in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in hell below so enrages the Englishman of the old type, who seems congenitally incapable of conceiving that anything in England was or ever could be wrong, as to be told that his country is not in the natural order of things and by divine right superperfect. For years and years Englishmen have irritated foreign countries and their own colonies by an assumption of self-sufficiency and superiority in matters big and little. Lord Northcliffe set for himself the task of combating this tendency, and whenever his nation made a mistake he cried his protest through the columns of the London "Times," "The Daily Mail," and a score of other papers and magazines that he owns. Whenever he has discovered—and he usually discov-

ers before any one else—that Great Britain was muddling along into a new blunder, his papers have “gone the limit” the censor would allow and sometimes beyond.

Since the beginning of the war, he alone among all England's citizens has constantly refused to allow Englishmen to maintain their complacent assumption of superiority and their hereditary belief that they are immaculate and unbeatable because of the accident that they were born English; and oh, Jupiter and Neptune! how heartily they do hate and detest him for this prodding! But every time they are eventually forced, after undergoing the most dreadful mental agonies, to admit that perhaps the matter under discussion might have been a little better arranged; indeed, on second thought, everything that his lordship says—blast him!—happens—this time—to be right.

But they do not forget him, and in any case he would not allow them to. Nor do they forgive him. Their anger against him grows continually. They name him traitor and liar. They detest him with the same fervency that a too heavy sleeper invariably displays toward one who wakens him from sound and comfortable slumber.

Much as the public men whom Northcliffe has scored may hate him, they fear him even more, since no one knows who may be the next to sustain an attack by his all-powerful press; therefore incompetency shudders, and the competent leaders in the war-game are kept constantly on their mettle. But great as are the hatred and fear which Northcliffe inspires in his own countrymen, their need of him is still greater.

Foreseeing clearly the assault which Germany was preparing against the world, he began urging the adoption of conscription ten years before the fateful fourth of August, 1914, and for his pains was called a jingo and a yellow journalist, just as Lord Roberts for the same reason was called a weak-minded old dotard.

He always advocated the maintenance of the British “two-power” Navy, and it

is probable that but for his continued pressure the German Navy would have been permitted to surpass that of Great Britain.

Since the war actually began, he has not only been right in every controversy, but has eventually converted the nation to his point of view. He overruled Kitchener when the latter was opposing increased shell production; to-day Great Britain manufactures and effectually uses one hundred shells for every one she made when Kitchener said the supply was sufficient.

He protested for two years that the Allies and neutrals were unwittingly rationing and sustaining Germany through the agency of Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, and to-day at last even the United States realizes the truth of this statement, and has declared provisional embargoes against those countries.

During the early months of the war he constantly urged the Asquith government to lay in vast stores of food against the lean years to come, and to-day Great Britain fully realizes that such a course would have nullified the U-boats. When he saw that the Asquith government was irretrievably inefficient, he overthrew it well-nigh single-handed, and set up in its place a more efficient one.

To-day he is insisting that press censorship is most pernicious, and that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is used solely to protect office-holders from suffering the consequences of their own stupidity and inefficiency.

He is struggling to save Great Britain from herself, and may yet succeed; and if he does, history will know him as the valiant non-compromiser who saved Great Britain despite her own determination to blunder to destruction.

His country is too human not to continue, for the present at least, to be utterly ungrateful to this man behind the scenes whose fighting intellect is ever prodding and clubbing mule-like persons in high places. She calls him in present-day derision “the man who gets things done.” Eventually that will become his title of greatest honor; and even to-day a few

converts begin to appreciate him for what he is.

My high esteem of Lord Northcliffe's services and abilities would not be indorsed by any prominent Englishmen of to-day, for there is not one of them but has had his pet stupidities flayed by the Northcliffe press.

In fairness to Lord Northcliffe, however, it must also be stated that by contrast most foreigners who are familiar with his work would accept my valuation of his importance to England and her Allies.

Even the Germans appreciate his worth to his country, and have on two separate occasions sent expeditions across the channel to attempt his life. The compliment of these attacks he seems to appreciate as much as that conveyed by attacks of his enemies at home. He accepts them with

the same grim smile. When recently his house at Broadstairs was bombarded by German war-ships, and a shell passed completely through it, but left him untouched, he immediately telephoned the hard-worked staff of his London "Times," and informed them that "they would hear with mixed feeling that he was uninjured."

Americans who know him well are unanimous in believing that his true greatness will, as years pass by, be increasingly appreciated in Great Britain, and that eventually future generations, looking back with a more normal perspective, will come gratefully to realize that but for this single fearless, unselfish patriot, England's doom would probably have been sealed, because she would have wakened all too late from her torpor of complacency.



Napoleon in Hades

By DAVID MORTON

THEY stirred uneasily, drew close their capes,
 And whispered each to each in awed surprise,
 Seeing this figure brood along the shapes,
 World-tragedies thick-clouding through his eyes.
 On either side the ghostly groups drew back
 In huddled knots, yielding him way and room,
 Their foolish mouths agape and fallen slack,
 Their bloodless fingers pointing through the gloom.
 Still lonely and magnificent in guilt,
 Splendid in scorn, rapt in a mighty dream,
 He paused at last upon the Stygian silt,
 And raised calm eyes above that angry stream.
 Hand in his breast he stood till Charon came,
 While Hades hummed with gossip of his name.



"HER VOICE WAS UNFILTERED MUSIC"

The Second Fiddle

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower," etc.

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—XVI.—Professor Waring's family reacts to the war in characteristic ways. There are three daughters. Stella, the background to the other two, is employed as secretary in a town hall. Her best friend, Marian Young, is engaged to Sir Julian Verny. Julian has gone as a spy to Germany, and Marian is miserable about him. Stella Waring has recently quite upset Mr. Travers, her employer, in regard to her salary, but he is beginning to see her point of view very vividly. Lady Verny now writes the news to Marian that Julian is back in England, but "very much injured." He has been "winged" in the Tyrol. Marian gets Stella to go to the hospital with her. It now becomes plain to Marian, and blazingly plain to Julian, that what is holding her to a hopelessly broken man is only her sense of honorable compact, not her love. The chasm grows between them. They part really bewildered, without rancor. Meanwhile Mr. Travers has proposed to Stella Waring. He puts on a certain nobility with his declaration, but she cannot accept him. To avoid awkward contacts after that, she inserts Eurydice, her artistic sister, into the office, Mr. Travers being glad to serve by engaging her. He sees less and less of Stella, who suddenly comes down with pleurisy, from which attack her sister Cicely rescues her. Then comes a letter to Stella from Lady Verny, asking if she will not visit them for a few weeks to make an experiment at interesting Sir Julian in taking up some sort of "scientific work" or writing. Stella goes to Amberley feeling she must not fail.

Part III. Chapter XVII

LADY VERNY and Julian were sitting in the hall when Stella joined them. It was n't in the least terrible meeting Julian; he had reduced his physical disabilities to the minimum of trouble for other people. He swung himself about on his crutches with an extraordinary ease, and he had taught himself to deal with his straitened powers so that he needed very little assistance; he had even controlled himself sufficiently to bear without apparent dislike the occasional help that he was forced to accept.

It was the Vernys' religion that one should n't make a fuss over anything larger than a broken boot-lace. Temper could be let loose over the trivial, but it must be kept if there was any grave cause for it.

Julian wished to disembarass the casual

eye of pity, partly because it was a nuisance to make people feel uncomfortable, and partly because it infuriated him to be the cause of compassion. Lady Verny had not pointed this out to Stella; she had left her to draw her own inferences from her own instincts. Lady Verny did not believe in either warnings or corrections after the days of infancy were passed.

She smiled across at Stella and said quietly:

"My son—Miss Waring."

Stella was for an instant aware of Julian's eyes dealing sharply and defensively with hers. He wanted to see if she was going to be such a fool as to pity him. She was n't such a fool. Without a protest she let him swing himself heavily to his feet before he held out his hand to her. Her eyes met his without shrinking and

without emphasis. She knew she must look rather wooden and stupid, but anything was better than looking too intelligent or too kind.

She realized that she had n't made any mistake from the fact that Lady Verny laid down her embroidery. She would have continued it steadily if anything had gone wrong.

There was no recognition in Julian's eyes except the recognition that his mother's new friend looked as if she was n't going to be a bother. Stella had n't mattered when he met her before, and she did n't matter now. She had the satisfaction of knowing that she owed his oblivion of her to her own insignificance.

"I'm sure it's awfully good of you," Julian said, "to come down here and enliven my mother when we've nothing to offer you but some uncommonly bad weather."

"I find we have one thing," Lady Verny interposed. "Miss Waring is interested in Horsham. You must surely motor her over there. She wants to see Shelley's pond."

"Do you?" asked Julian. "I'll take you with pleasure, but I must admit that I think Shelley was an uncommonly poor specimen; never been able to stand all that shrill, woolly prettiness of his. It sets my teeth on edge. I don't think much of a man, either, who breaks laws, and then wants his conduct to be swallowed like an angel's. Have you ever watched a dog that's funk'd a scrap kick up the earth all round him and bark himself into thinking he's no end of a fine fellow in spite of it?"

"I don't believe you've read Shelley," cried Stella, stammering with eagerness. "I mean properly. You've only skimmed the fanciest bits. And he never saw the sense of laws. They were n't his own; he did n't break them. The laws he broke were only the dreadful, muddled notions of respectable people who did n't want to be inconvenienced by facts. I dare say it did make him a little shrill and frightened flying in the face of the whole world. However stupid a face it has, it's a mas-

sive one; but he did n't, for all the fright and the defiance, funk his fight."

"Let us settle Shelley at the dinner-table," said Lady Verny, drawing Stella's arm into hers and leaving Julian to follow. "Personally I do not agree with either of you. I do not think Shelley was a coward, and I do not think that as a man he was admirable. He has always seemed to me apart from his species, like his own skylark; 'Bird thou never wert.' He was an 'unpremeditated art,' a 'clear, keen joyance,' anything you like; but he had n't the rudiments of a man in him. He was neither tough nor tender, and he never looked a fact in the face."

"There are plenty of people to look at facts," objected Stella. "Surely we can spare one to live in clouds and light and give us, in return for a few immunities, their elemental spirit."

"People should n't expect to be given immunities," said Julian. "They should take 'em if they want 'em, and then be ready to pay for 'em; nobody is forced to run with the crowd. What I object to is their taking to their heels in the opposite direction, and then complaining of loneliness. Besides, start giving people immunities, and see what it leads to—a dozen Shelleys without poems and God knows how many Harriets. What you want in a poet is a man who has something to say and sticks to the path while he's saying it."

"Oh, you might be talking about bishops!" cried Stella, indignantly. "How far would you have gone yourself on your Arctic explorations, Sir Julian, if you'd stuck to paths? Why should a poet run on a given line, like an electric tram-car?"

"I think Miss Waring has rather got the better of you, Julian," said Lady Verny, smiling. "You chose an unfortunate metaphor."

"Not a bit of it," said Julian, with a gleam of amusement. "I chose a jolly good one, and she's improved it. You can go some distance with a decent poet, but you can't with your man, Miss Waring. He twiddles up into the sky before you've got your foot on the step."

"That 's a direct challenge," said Lady Verny. "I think after dinner we must produce something of Shelley's in contradiction. Can you think of anything solid enough to bear Julian?"

"Yes," said Stella. "All the way here in the train I was thinking of one of Shelley's poems. Have you read it—'The Ode to the West Wind'?"

"No," said Julian, smiling at her; "but it does n't sound at all substantial. You started your argument on a cloud, and you finish off with wind. The Lord has delivered you into my hand."

"Not yet, Julian," said Lady Verny. "Wait till you 've heard the poem."

It did not seem in the least surprising to Stella to find herself, half an hour later, sitting in a patch of candle-light, on a high-backed oak chair, saying aloud without effort or self-consciousness Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

Neither Lady Verny nor Julian ever made a guest feel strange. There was in them both an innate courtesy, which was there to protect the feelings of others. They did not seem to be protecting Stella. They left her alone, but in the act of doing so they set her free from criticism. Lady Verny took up her embroidery, and Julian, sitting in the shadow of an old oak settle, contentedly smoked a cigarette. He did not appear to be watching Stella, but neither her movements nor her expressions escaped him. She was quite different from any one he had seen before. She wore a curious little black dress, too high to be smart, but low enough to set in relief her white, slim throat. She carried her head badly, so that it was difficult to see at first the beauty of the lines from brow to chin. She had a curious, irregular face, like one of the more playful and less attentive angels in a group round a Botticelli Madonna. She had no color, and all the life of her face was concentrated in her gray, far-seeing eyes. Julian had never seen a pair of eyes in any face so alert and fiery. They were without hardness, and the fire in them melted easily into laughter. But they changed with the tones of her voice, with the rapid words

she said, so that to watch them was almost to know before she spoke what her swift spirit meant. Her voice was unfettered music, low, with quick changes of tone and intonation.

Stella was absorbed in her desire to give Julian a sense of Shelley. She wanted to make him see that beyond the world of fact, the ruthless, hampering world of which he was a victim, there was another, finer kingdom where no disabilities existed except those that a free spirit set upon itself.

She was frightened at the sound of her own voice; but after the first verse the thought and the wild music steadied her. She lost the sense of herself, and even the flickering firelight faded; she felt out once more in the warm, swinging wind, with its call through the senses to the soul. The first two parts of the poem, with their sustained and tremendous imagery, said themselves without effort or restraint. It was while she was in the halcyon third portion of

"The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,"

that it shot through Stella's mind how near she was to the tragic unfolding of a fettered spirit which might be the expression of Julian's own. She dared not stop; the color rushed over her face. By an enormous effort she kept her voice steady and flung into it all the unconsciousness she could muster. He should not dream she thought of him; and yet as she said:

"Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud,"

it seemed to her that she was the voice of his inner soul stating his bitter secret to the world. A pulse beat in her throat and struggled with her breath, her knees shook under her; but the music of her low, grave voice went on unflinching:

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.
What if my leaves are falling, like its own!"

Lady Verny laid down her embroidery. Julian had not moved. There was no sound left in the world but Stella's voice.

She moved slowly toward the unconquerable end,

"Oh, Wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

All the force of her heart throbbed through Shelley's words. They were only words, but they had the universe behind them. Nobody spoke when she had finished.

She herself was the first to move. She gave a quick, impatient sigh, and threw out her hands with a little gesture of despair.

"I can't give it to you," she said, "but it's *there*. Read it for yourself! It's worth breaking laws for; I think it's worth being broken for."

Julian answered her. He spoke carefully and a little stiffly.

"I don't think I agree with you," he said. "Nothing is worth being broken for."

Stella bowed her head. She was aware of an absolute and appalling sense of exhaustion and of an inner failure more terrible than any physical collapse.

It was as if Julian had pushed aside her soul.

"Still, I think you must admit, Julian," Lady Verny said quietly, "that 'The Ode to the West Wind' is an admirable poem. I'm afraid, my dear, you have tired yourself in saying it for us. I know the poem very well, but I have never either understood or enjoyed it so much before. Do you not think you had better go to bed? Julian will excuse us. I find I am a little tired myself."

Stella rose to her feet uncertainly. She was afraid that Julian would get up again and light their candles; but for a moment he did not move. He was looking at her reconsideringly, as if something in his mind was recognizing something in hers;

then he dragged himself up, as she had feared he would, and punctiliously lighted their candles.

"It's rather absurd not having electric light here, is n't it?" he observed, handing Stella her candle. "But we can't make up our minds to it. We like candle-light with old oak. I'm not prepared to give in about your fellow Shelley; but I confess I liked that poem better than the others I have read. You must put me up to some more another time."

If she had made one of her frightful blunders, he was n't going to let her see it. His smile was perfectly kind, perfectly impenetrable. She felt as if he were treating her like an intrusive child. Lady Verny said nothing more about the poem; but as she paused outside Stella's door she leaned over her and very lightly kissed her cheek.

It was as if she said: "Yes, I know you made a mistake; but go on making them. I can't. I'm too like him; so that the only thing for me to do is to leave him alone. But perhaps one day one of your mistakes may reach him; and if they can't, nothing can."

Stella shivered as she stood alone before the firelight. Everything in the room was beautiful, the chintz covers, the thick, warm carpet, the gleam of the heavy silver candlesticks. The furniture was not chosen because it had been suitable. It was suitable because it had been chosen long ago. It had grown like its surroundings into a complete harmony, and all this beauty, all this warm, old, shining polish of inanimate objects and generations of good manners, covered an ache like a hollow tooth. Nobody could get down to what was wrong because they were too well bred; and was it very likely that they were going to let Stella? She would annoy Julian, she had probably annoyed him to-night; but would she ever reach him? In her mind she had been able to think of him as near her; but now that she was in the same house, she felt as if she were on the other side of unbridged space. He was frightening, too; he was so much handsomer than she remembered, and so

much more alive. It was inconceivable that he should ever want to work with her.

She sat down before an oval silver mirror and looked at her face. It seemed to her that she was confronted by an empty little slab without light. She gave it a wintry smile before she turned away from it.

"I don't suppose he 'll ever want anything of you," she said to herself, "except to go away."

CHAPTER XVIII

LATER Stella wrote:

Eurydice dearest:

It's the strangest household, or else, perhaps, everybody else's is. You never see anybody doing anything, and yet everything gets done. It's all ease and velvet and bells; and yet in spite of nothing being a minute late, you never notice the slightest hurry. It is n't clockwork; it's more like the stars in their courses. I always thought being properly waited on made people helpless; it would me in ten minutes. I can see myself sinking into a cream-fed cushion, but the Vernys sit bolt upright, and no servant they possess can do any given thing as well for them as they can do it for themselves.

I have breakfast in my room, with a robin, and the window open—oh, open on to the sharpest paradise!

While I lie in bed I can see an old, moss-covered barn which always manages to have a piece of pink sky behind it and a black elm bough in front. It's a wonderful barn, as old as any hill, and with all the colors of the rainbow subservient to it. That's one window; the other two look over the garden.

There's a terrace, and a lawn out of which little glens and valleys wander down the hillside into the water-meadows, and there's a lake drowned out by the water, with swans more or less kept in it by a hedge of willows.

The water-meadows are more beautiful than all the little shiny clouds that race across the valley. Sometimes they're like a silver tray, with green islands and wet,

brown trees on them; and sometimes they are a traveling mist; and then the sun starts out (I have n't seen it full yet), and everything's blue—the frailest, pearliest blue.

Yesterday was quite empty, with only its own light, and when evening came the water-meadows and the little hills were lost in amethyst.

I have n't said anything about the downs. I can't. We walk on them in the afternoon. At least we walk along the lane that goes through the village (it's full of mud; but one gets quite fond of mud), and then when you feel the short turf under you, and the fields drop down, you go up into the sky and float.

One begins so well, too. At breakfast there's such beautiful china, butter in a lordly dish, always honey, and often mushrooms. Everything tastes as if it came fresh out of the sky.

I can do exactly as I like all day. Nobody's plans conflict with any one else's. That's partly being rich and partly being sensible; it's quite wonderful how easy life is if you're both. There's a special room given to me, with a piano and books; and if I want Lady Verny, I can find her in the garden.

I can see her out of my window now; she's wearing a garment that's a cross between a bathing-dress and a dressing-gown, enormous gauntlets, and one of Sir Julian's old caps. There *are* gardeners, especially one called Potter. (Whenever anything goes wrong, Lady Verny shakes her head and says, "Ah, that's the Potter's thumb!") But you never see them. She's always doing something in the garden. Half the time I can't discover what; but she just smiles at me and says, "Nature's so untidy," or, "The men need looking after." Both Lady Verny and Sir Julian are very serious over their servants. In a way they're incredibly nice to them, they seem to have them so much on their minds. They're always discussing their relatives or their sore throats, and they give very polite, plain orders; but then just when you're thinking how heavenly it must be to work for them, they say something that chills you to the bone. One of the housemaids broke a china

bowl yesterday, and came to Lady Verny, saying:

"If you please, m' Lady, I did n't mean to do it."

"I should hope not," Lady Verny said in a voice like marble. "If you had *meant* to do it, I should hardly keep you in the house; but your not having criminal tendencies is hardly an excuse for culpable carelessness."

Sir Julian's worse, because his eyes are harder; he must have caught them from one of his icebergs. But the servants stay with them forever, and when one of the grooms had pneumonia in the winter, Sir Julian sat up with him for three nights because the man was afraid of dying, and it quieted him to have his master in the room.

I'm beginning to work in the garden myself, the smells are so nice, and the dogs like it. Lady Verny has a spaniel and two fox-terriers, and Sir Julian a very fierce, unpleasant arctic monster, with a blunt nose like a Chow, and eyes red with temper and a thirst for blood.

He's always locked up when he is n't with Sir Julian. If he was n't, I'm sure he'd take the other three dogs as hors-d'œuvre, and follow them up with the gardeners.

I don't know what he does all day. Sir Julian I mean; the arctic dog growls. They never turn up till tea-time; then they disappear again, and come back at dinner. At least Sir Julian does. The arctic dog (his name is Ostrog) is not allowed at meals, because he thinks everything in the room ought to be killed first.

After dinner I play chess with Sir Julian. He's been quite different to me since he found I could; before he seemed to think I was something convenient for his mother, like a pocket-handkerchief. He was ready to pick me up and give me back to her if I tell about, but I did n't have a life of my own.

Now he often speaks to me as if I were really there. They're both immensely kind and good to everybody in the neighborhood, but they see as little of people as possible.

They're not a bit religious, though they

always go to church, and Lady Verny reads Montaigne—beautifully bound, like Sir Thomas à Kempis—during the sermon. A great deal of the land belongs to them, and I suppose they could use a lot of influence if they chose. I always dislike people having power over other human beings; but the Vernys never use it to their own advantage. In nine cases out of ten they don't use it at all. I heard the vicar imploring Sir Julian to turn a drunken tenant out of a cottage, as his example was bad for the village. But Sir Julian would n't even agree to speak to him. "I always believe in letting people go to the devil in their own way," he said. "If you try to stop 'em, they only go to him in yours. Of course I don't mean you, Parson. It's your profession to give people a lead. But I could n't speak about his morals to a man who owed me three years' rent."

I expect I shall have to come back next week to the town hall. Thank Mr. Travers so much for saying I may stay on longer, but I really could n't go on taking my salary when I'm bursting with health and doing nothing. I'll wait two more days before writing to him, but I must confess I'd rather have all my teeth extracted than mention Professor Paulson to Sir Julian.

I have n't seen the slightest desire for work in him; but, then, I have n't seen any desire in him at all except a suicidal fancy for driving a dangerous mare in a high dog-cart. He never speaks of himself or of the war, and he is about as personal as a mahogany sideboard.

Lady Verny is n't much easier to know, though she seems to like talking to me. I asked her to call me Stella the other day, and she put down her trowel and looked at me as if she thought it was n't my place to make such a suggestion; then she said, "Well, perhaps I will." I wish we'd been taught whose place things are; it would be so much simpler when you are with people who have places. But Lady Verny does n't dislike me, because I've seen her with people she dislikes. She's much more polite then, and never goes on with anything. Last night when I was playing chess with Sir Julian (it was an awful fight, for he's

rather better than I am, though I can't let him know it) she said to him, "I hope you are not tiring Stella."

He looked up sharply, as if he was awfully surprised to hear her saying my name, and then he gave me a queer little smile as if he were pleased with me. I believe they 're fond of each other, but I 've never seen them show any sign of affection.

But, O Eurydice, though they 're awfully charming and interesting and dear, they 're terribly unhappy. You feel it all the time—a dumb, blind pain that they can't get over or understand, and that nothing will ever induce them to show. They are n't a bit like the arctic dog, who is always disagreeable unless he has a bone and Sir Julian. You know where you are with the arctic dog.

Tell Mr. Travers I 'll write directly I have fixed a date for my return.

Your ever-loving, disheveled, enthralled, perturbed, unfinished

Stella.

P.S. I suppose as a family we all talk too much; we over-say things, and that makes them seem shallow. If you say very little, it comes out in chunks and sounds solid. You remember those dreadful old early-Saxon people we read once who never used adjectives? I think we ought to look them up.

CHAPTER XIX

STELLA found Lady Verny weeding. She drew the weeds up very gracefully and thoroughly, with a little final shake.

It was a hard, shivering March morning. Next to the bed upon which Lady Verny was working was a sheet of snow-drops under a dark yew-hedge. They trembled and shook in the light air like a drift of wind-blown snow.

Stella hovered irresolutely above them; then she said:

"Lady Verny, I am afraid I must go back to the town hall next week. I have n't been of any use."

Lady Verny elaborately coaxed out a low-growing weed, and then, with a twist, threw it into the basket beside her.

"Why don't you go and talk to Julian?" she asked. "He can't be expected to jump a five-barred gate if he does n't know it 's there."

Stella hesitated before she spoke; then she said with a little rush:

"What I feel now is that I 'm not the person to tell him—to tell him it 's there, I mean. I don't know why I ever thought I was. The person to tell him that would be some one he could notice like a light, not a person who behaves like a candle caught in a draft whenever he speaks to her."



"AFTER DINNER I PLAY CHESS WITH SIR JULIAN"

"My dear," said Lady Verny, ruthlessly exposing, and one by one exterminating, a family of wireworms, "I fear you have no feminine sense. You have a great many other kinds—of the mind, and no doubt of the soul. You should try to please Julian. You don't; you leave him alone, and in consequence he thinks he's a failure with you. Women with the feminine sense please a man without appearing to make the effort. The result is that the man thinks he's pleasing *them*, and a man who thinks that he has succeeded in pleasing an agreeable woman is not unaware of her."

"But I'm so afraid of him," pleaded Stella. "I don't believe you know how frightening he is."

"Yes," said Lady Verny; "he has lost his inner security. That makes a person very frightening, I know. He has become aggressive because he feels that something he has always counted on as a weapon has been withdrawn from him. It's like living on your wits; people who do that are always hard. I think you can give him the weapon back; but to do that you must use all your own. You must go into a room as if it belonged to you. It's astonishing how this place suits you; but you must hold your head up, and lay claim to your kingdom."

"But I've never had a kingdom," objected Stella, "and I only want him to be interested in the idea of writing a book."

"Well, that's what I mean," said Lady Verny, decently interring the corpses of the worms. "At least it's part of what I mean. The only way to get Julian to write a book just now is to charm him. Men whose nerves and hearts are broken don't respond readily to the abstract. You can do what I can't, because I'm his mother. He's made all the concessions he could or ought to make to me. He promised not to take his life. Sometimes in these last few months I've felt like giving him his promise back. Now are you going to be afraid of trying to please Julian?"

"O Lady Verny," Stella cried, "you make me hate myself! I'll do anything in

the world to please him; I'd play like a brass band, or cover myself with bangles like Cleopatra! Don't, *don't* think I'll ever be a coward again!"

"You need n't go as far as the bangles," said Lady Verny, smiling grimly. "Do it your own way, but don't be afraid to let Julian think you like him. He finds all that kind of thing rather hard to believe just now."

"He's been frozen up. Remember, if he is n't nice to you, that thawing is always rather a painful process. Now run along, and leave me in peace with my worms."

It cannot be said that Stella ran, but she went. She passed through the hall and a green-baize door, and wondered, if she had been an early-Christian martyr about to step into the arena, whether she would n't on the whole have preferred a tiger to Julian.

The green-baize door opened on a short passage at the end of which was an old oak doorway heavily studded with nails. She knew this must be Julian's room, because she heard Ostrog growling ominously from inside it. Julian presumably threw something at him which hit him, for there was the sound of a short snap, and then silence.

"Please come in," said Julian in a voice of controlled exasperation. Stella stepped quickly into the room, closing the door behind her.

It was a long, wide room with a low ceiling. There were several polar-bear skins on the floor, and a row of stuffed penguins on a shelf behind Julian's chair. Three of the walls were covered with bookcases; the fourth was bare except for an extraordinarily vivid French painting of a girl seated in a café. She had red hair and a desperate, laughing face, and was probably a little drunk. There was a famous artist's signature beneath her figure, but Stella had a feeling that Julian had known the girl and had not bought the picture for the sake of the signature.

Ostrog stood in front of her, growling, with every separate hair on his back erect.

"Keep quite still for a moment," said

Julian, quickly. "Ostrog, lie down!" The dog very slowly settled himself on his haunches, with his red, savage eyes still fixed on Stella.

"Now I think you can pass him safely," Julian added. "He has a peculiar dislike to human proximity, especially in this room. You can't write him down as one who loves his fellow-man, and I fear he carries his unsociability even further in respect to his fellow-woman."

"It must be nice for you," said Stella, "to have some one who expresses for you what you are too polite to say for yourself."

Julian gave her a quick, challenging look.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Why should you suppose any such thing?"

"I expect because it is true," said Stella, quietly. "Of course you don't growl or show your teeth, and your eyes are n't red; but nobody could suppose when you said 'Come in' just now that you wanted anybody to come in."

"The chances were all in favor of its being somebody that I did n't want," explained Julian, politely. "For once they misled me. I apologize."

Stella smiled; her eyes held his for a moment. She did not contradict him, but she let him see that she did n't believe him. "If he was ever really sorry," she thought, "he would n't apologize. When he 's polite, it 's because he really is n't anything else."

"I came," she explained, "to ask you to lend me Professor Paulson's book on reindeer-moss. Will you tell me where it is and let me get it for myself, if Ostrog does n't mind?"

To her surprise, Julian allowed her to find it for herself. Ostrog continued to growl, but without immediate menace. When she had found it, she took it across to Julian.

"Please don't run away," he said quickly, "unless you want to. Tell me what you intend to look up about the moss. I had a little tussle with Paulson over it once. He was an awfully able fellow, but he had n't the health to get at his facts

at first hand. That was unfortunate; second-hand accuracy leaks."

Stella sat down near him, and in a minute they were launched into an eager discussion. She had typed the book herself, and had its facts at her fingers'end. She presented a dozen facets to her questions, with a light in them from her dancing mind.

Julian differed, defended himself, and explained, till he found himself at length in the middle of an account of his last expedition. He pulled himself up abruptly.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a dark horse you are! Do tell me how you come to know anything about such a subject. Did you smuggle yourself into an arctic expedition as a stowaway, or have you been prospecting gold in the Klondike with a six-shooter and a sleeping-sack? It 's amazing what you know about the North."

"It is not so uncanny as you think," said Stella, quietly. "I was Professor Paulson's secretary. For five years I studied the fauna and flora of arctic regions. I used to help him examine the tests brought back by explorers. He taught me how to understand and check climate and weather charts. All the collected specimens went through my hands. I did the drawings for this book, for instance. You know, a secretary is a kind of second fiddle. Give him a lead, and he catches up the music and carries it through as thoroughly, though not so loudly, as the first violin. I like being a second fiddle and I like the North."

"That 's odd," said Julian, drawing his heavy eyebrows together. "I had an idea I had met Professor Paulson's secretary before."

"You are quite right," said Stella; "you did meet her before."

Julian stared at her; his eyes hardened. "Do you mean that it was you I met at Sir Francis Young's?" he asked her. "You are Miss Young's great friend, then, are you not?"

Stella turned her eyes away from him. She hated to see him guarding himself against her.

"I was her friend," she said in a low voice; "but I have not seen her or heard from her for six months, nor have I written."

Sir Julian still looked at her, but the sternness of his eyes decreased.

She sat meekly beside him, with her drooping head, like the snowdrops she had brought in with her from the March morning. She did not look like a woman who could be set, or would set herself, to spy upon him. He acquitted her of his worst suspicions, but his pride was up in arms against her knowledge.

"It's too stupid of me," he said, "not to have recognized you immediately; for I have n't in the least forgotten you or our talk. You said some charming things, Miss Waring; but fate, a little unkindly, has proved them not to be true."

Stella turned her eyes back to his. She no longer felt any fear of him. She was too sorry for him to be afraid.

"No," she said eagerly, "I was perfectly right. I said you were strong. Things have happened to you,—horrible things,—but you're there; you're there as well as the things—in control of them. Why, look at what you've been telling me—the story of your last expedition! It's so fearfully exciting, and it's all, as you say, first-hand knowledge. You brought back with you the fruits of experience. Why don't you select and sort them and give them to the world?"

He looked at her questioningly.

"Do you mean these old arctic scraps?" he said slowly. "They might have mattered once, but they're all ancient history now. The flood and the fire have come on us since then. All that's as dead—as dead and useless as a crippled man. Besides, no one can write a book unless it interests him. I'm not even interested."

Stella's eyes fell; her breath came quickly.

"But don't you think," she said, "you could be made a little interested again? You were interested, were n't you, when you were talking to me a few minutes ago?"

Sir Julian laughed good-naturedly.

"I dare say I was interested talking to you," he said. "You're such a changeling: you play chess like a wizard and know the North like a witch. I'm afraid, Miss Waring, that interest in your conversation is n't in itself sufficient to turn a man into an author."

Stella rose slowly to her feet. She opened her lips as if to speak to Julian, but he was looking past her out of the window, with a little bitter smile that took away her hopefulness. Ostrog escorted her, growling less and less menacingly, to the door. Stella did not look back at Julian, and she forgot to hold her head up as she went out of the room. After she had gone Julian discovered that she had dropped two of her snowdrops on the floor. He picked them up carefully and laid them on his desk.

"A curious, interesting girl," he said to himself; "an incredible friend for Marian to have had. I wonder what made my mother take her up?"

CHAPTER XX

LADY VERNY finished her weeding. It took her an hour and a half to do what she wanted to the bed; then she rose from her cramped position, and went into Julian's library by one of the French windows. She guessed that Stella had failed.

Julian was lying on a long couch, with his hands behind the back of his head and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. Lady Verny knew that, when he was alone, he was in the habit of lying like this for hours. He had told her that since his accident it amused him more than anything else.

She came in without speaking, and, drawing off her long gauntlets, folded them neatly together, and sat down, facing him.

Julian's eyes moved toward her as she entered; but he gave her no further greeting, and after a speculative glance his eyes returned to the ceiling.

"It's a pity," said Lady Verny, thoughtfully, "that poor child has to go back to

the town hall next week, a dreadful, drafty place, and be made love to by a common little town clerk."

Julian's eyes flickered for a moment, but did not change their position.

"But town clerks," he observed, "are, I feel sure, distinguished persons who confine their passions to rates and taxes."

"That must make it all the more trying," said Lady Verna. "But I don't mind the town clerk as much as I mind the drafts. Stella had pleurisy be-

fore she came here; and you know what girls who do that kind of work eat—ghastly little messes, slopped on to marble tables, and tasting like last week's wash."

"Well, why the devil does n't she look for another job?" Julian asked irritably. "She has brains enough for twenty. That's what I dislike about women: they get stuck anywhere. No dash in 'em, no initiative, no judgment." It was not what he disliked about women.

"She has tried," said Lady Verna. "The man she hoped to get a job from would n't have her. She tried this morning."

Julian's eyes moved now; they shot like a hawk's on to his mother's, while his body lay as still as a stone figure on a tomb.

"Then it was a trap," he said coldly. "I wondered. I thought we'd settled you were going to leave me alone."

"Yes," said Lady Verna in a gentle, even voice, "I know we had, Julian; but I can't bear it."

Julian's eyes changed and softened. He put his hand on her knee and let it rest there for a moment.

"I can, if it's only you," he said; "but I can't stand a lot of sympathetic women. One's a lot."

"You don't like her, then?" his mother asked. "I'm sorry; I always did from the first day I saw her. I don't know why; she has n't any behavior."

"I don't dislike her," said Julian. "I don't think her behavior matters. She is n't at all a bother. I rather like her being so awfully little a woman; it's restful. Half the time I don't notice whether she's

in the room or not. She does n't obtrude."

"And the other half of the time?" Lady Verna asked, with apparent carelessness.

"Oh, the other half of the time," said Julian, with a little, twisted smile, "I quite appreciate the fact that she is. Especially when you've taken the trouble to dress her as you did last night."

"I had to see what she looked like," Lady Verna explained defensively.

"I think, if you want her to stay in this house," said Julian, dryly, "you'd better let her look as little like that again as possible. I might have tolerated a secretary if I had wanted to write a book; but I'd tolerate no approach to a picture. She can go and be picturesque at the town hall. My artistic sense has already been satisfied up to the brim. How did you get her to take the clothes she had on last night?"

"I told her," said Lady Verna, blushing, "that I had the materials by me, and could n't possibly use them, as I was too old for light colors, and Girton could make her a simple little dress. And then



"JULIAN'S EYES FLICKERED FOR A MOMENT, BUT DID NOT CHANGE THEIR POSITION"

I stood over Girton. As a matter of fact, I *did* send for the green jade comb and the shoes and stockings."

"You seem to me," said Julian, "to have entered most light-heartedly upon a career of crime and deceit unusual at your age. I don't wonder that you blush for it."

"It was n't only you, Julian," Lady Verna pleaded. "I did want to help the girl. I can't bear public offices for gentlewomen. It's so unsuitable!"

"Most," agreed Julian. "But, my dear Mother, this is a world in which the unsuitable holds an almost perfect sway, a fact which your usual good sense seldom overlooks."

"You don't know," said Lady Verna, earnestly, "how even a bad patch of ground facing north *can* improve with cultivation."

"Do what you like with the north side of the garden," replied Julian, "do even what you like with the apparently malleable Miss Waring; but please don't try the gardening habit any more on me."

Lady Verna sighed. Julian looked as inexpressive and immovable as a stone crusader.

Lady Verna was a patient woman, and she knew that, once seed is dropped, you must leave it alone.

She had learned to abstain from all the little labors of love which are its only consolations. From the first she had realized that the things she longed to do for Julian he preferred to have done for him by a servant.

She had accepted his preferences as the only outlet of her emotions; but when she saw he was fast approaching the place where nothing is left but dislikes, she made an effort to dislodge him. She was not sure, but she thought that she had failed. Without speaking again, she went back to the garden and did a little more digging before lunch. The earth was more malleable than Julian; digging altered it.

If you have never been able to buy any clothes except those which you could afford, none of them having any direct relation to the other, but merely replacing garments incapable of further use, to

be dressed exactly as you should be is to obtain a new consciousness. It was not really Stella who looked with curious eyes at herself in a long mirror beneath the skilful hands of Girton. It was some hidden creature of triumphant youth with a curious, heady thirst for admiration. She gazed at herself with alien eyes.

"It's like an olive-tree," she said dreamily to Girton, "a silvery gray olive-tree growing in the South."

"I dare say, Miss," said Girton: "but if you was to remember when you sit down just to bring your skirts a trifle forward, it would sit better."

"Yes, Girton," said Stella, submissively. But the submission was only skin-deep. She knew that whatever she did, she could n't go far wrong; her dress would n't let her. It gave her a freedom beyond the range of conduct. People whose clothes fit them, as its sheath of green fits a lily of the valley, become independent of their souls.

Julian's eyes had met hers last night with a perfectly different expression in them. He was too polite to look surprised, but he looked again as soon as it was convenient.

Usually he looked at Stella as if he wanted to be nice to her, but last night for the first time he had looked as if he wished Stella to think him nice. She had had to hold her head up because of the jade comb.

It would n't matter how either of them looked now, as she was going away so soon; but she was glad that for once he had noticed her, even if his notice was inspired only by the dress.

Julian did not appear at dinner; it was the first time since Stella's arrival that this had happened.

"He's had a bad day," Lady Verna explained. "He will get about more than he ought. It's a great strain on him, and then he suffers from fatigue and misery—not pain, exactly. I don't think he would mind that so much, but it makes him feel very helpless. He wants his chess, though, if you don't mind going into his library and playing with him."

Julian was sitting up in his arm-chair when Stella joined him. His back was to the light, and the chess-board in front of him.

His face was gray and haggard, but there was a dogged spark of light in his eyes, as if he was amused at something.

"Thanks tremendously for coming in to cheer me up," he said quickly. "You see, I've dispensed with Ostrog for the evening, to prevent further comparison between us. D'you mind telling me why you did n't let me know this morning that, if I wrote a book, you'd work for me?"

Stella flushed, and let her jade comb sink beneath its level.

"If you did n't want to write the book," she said, "why should you want a secretary?"

"It did n't occur to you, I suppose," Sir Julian asked, "that if I wanted the secretary, I might wish to write the book?"

"What has Lady Verny said to you?" Stella demanded, lifting her head suddenly, and looking straight across at him.

"Nothing that need make you at all fierce," Julian replied, with amusement. "She said you were going back to the town hall next week, and I said I thought it was a pity. You don't seem to me in the least fitted for a town hall. I've no doubt you can do incredible things with drains, but I fear I have a selfish preference for your playing chess with me. My mother added that it was my fault; you were prepared, if I wished to write a book, to see me through it."

"Yes," said Stella, defensively, "I was prepared, if I thought you really wanted it."

"I suppose you and my mother thought it would be good for me, did n't you?" asked Julian, suavely. "I have an idea that you had concocted a treacherous, underground plot."

"We—I—well, if you'd *liked* it, it might have been good for you," Stella admitted.

"Most immoral," said Julian, dryly, "to try to do good to me behind my back,

was n't it? You see, I dislike being done good to; I happen very particularly to dislike it, and above all things I dislike it being done without my knowledge."

"Yes," said Stella, humbly. "So do I; I see that now. It was silly and interfering. Only, if you *had* been interested—"

"I was n't in the least interested," said Julian, implacably, "but I'm glad you agree about your moral obliquity. My mother, of course, was worse; but there is no criminal so deep seated in her career as a woman under the sway of the maternal instinct. One allows for that. And now, Miss Waring, since neither of us likes being done good to, and since it's bad for you to go back to the town hall, and worse for me to remain unemployed, shall we pool this shocking state of things and write the book together?"

"Oh!" cried Stella with a little gasp. "But are you sure you want to?"

Julian laughed.

"I may be politer than Ostrog," he said, "but I assure you that, like him, unless reduced by force, I never do what I don't want to."

"And you have n't been reduced?" Stella asked a little doubtfully.

"Well," said Julian, beginning to place his chessmen, "I don't think so; do you? Where was the force?"

Stella could not answer this question, and Lady Verny, who might have been capable of answering it, was up-stairs.

CHAPTER XXI

STELLA found that there were several Julians. The first one she knew quite well; he wanted only to be left alone. She dealt quite simply with him, as if he were Mr. Travers before Mr. Travers was human.

She came into his library every morning at ten o'clock, and this Julian, looking out of the window or at Ostrog or at the ceiling, dictated to her in a dry voice, slowly and distinctly, the first draft of a chapter.

Julian had never worked with an effi-

cient woman before, and Stella's promptness and prevision surprised him; but this Julian never showed any surprise. He did the work he had set himself to do from the notes he had prepared before she came. If there were any facts of which he was doubtful, he asked her to look them up, telling her where she would be likely to find references to them. Stella went to the right bookcase by a kind of instinct, placed a careful hand on the book, and found the index with flying fingers. She never asked this Julian questions or troubled him with her own opinions. She carried off her notes without comment, and returned them to him carefully typed for his final inspection next morning. It was like the town hall, only quieter.

The second Julian was almost like a friend. He was a mischievous, challenging Julian, who would n't at any price have an impersonal, carefully drilled secretary beside him, but who insisted upon Stella's active coöperation. They discussed the chapter from every point before they wrote it. This Julian demanded her opinions; he dragged out her criticisms and fought them. He made their work together a perilous, inspiring tug-of-war. The chapters that resulted from this coöperation were by far the most interesting in the book. Indeed, they even interested Julian.

But these were rare days, and what was most curious to Stella was that Julian, who seemed at least to enjoy them as much as she did, should appear to want to suppress and curtail them. He was obviously reluctant to let the second Julian have his fling.

Stella saw the third Julian only in the evenings. He was a polite and courteous host, stranger to Stella than either of the others. He was always on his guard, as if he feared that either of the watchful women who wanted to see him happy might think he was happy or might, more fatally still, treat him as if he were unhappy.

While Stella and Lady Verna were anxiously watching the transformations of Julian, spring came to Amberley. It came

very quietly, in a cold, green visibility, clothing the chilly, shivering trees in splendor. The hedges shone with a green as light as water, and out of their dried, brown grasses the fields sprang into emerald. The streams that ran through the valley fed myriads of primroses. Stella found them everywhere, in lonely copses, in high-shouldered lanes, or growing like pale sunshine underneath the willows.

The spring was young and fugitive at Amberley; it fled before its own promises, and hid behind a cloak of winter. Dull, gray days, cold showers, and nipping, raw down winds defied it, and for weeks the earth looked as hard as any stone; but still the green leaves unsheathed themselves, and the birds sang their truculent, triumphant songs, certain of victory.

Lady Verna spent all her time in the garden now, watching against dangers, preparing for new births, protecting the helpless, and leaving things alone. The bulbs were up and out already; crocus and daffodil, hyacinth and narcissus, flooded the glades and glens. Crocuses ran like a flock of small gold flames under the dark yew-hedges; daffodils streamed down the hillside to the lakes, looking as if they meant to overtake the sailing swans. The willows in the valley had apricot and pale-gold stems. They hung shivering over the lake like a race of phantom lovers searching for their lost brides.

Stella never saw Julian outdoors. He was always interested and polite about the garden, but he was never in it. He did not seem to want to see things grow. She did not know how far he could drag himself upon his crutches, and it gave her a little shock of surprise to find him one day in one of her favorite haunts.

It was outside the garden altogether, behind the village street. A sunk lane under high hedges led to a solitary farm. One of the fields on the way to it overlooked a sheltered copse of silver birches. Julian was stretched at full length under the hedge, looking down into the wood; his crutches lay beside him. Under the silver birches the ground was as blue as if the sky had sprung up out of the earth.

There was no space at all for anything but bluebells. Far away in the valley a cuckoo called its first compelling notes.

Julian's face was set. He looked

'died at their posts,' misleading. There are n't any posts, for one thing, and, then, dying—well, you don't die quickly from gas. If you 're fairly strong, it 's a solid



"FINALLY HE TOOK HER OUT FOR WALKS"

through the silver-and-blue copse as if it were not there; his eyes held a tortured universe.

Stella would have slipped away from him unseen, but his voice checked her.

"Is that you, Stella?" he asked quietly. "Won't you come and sit down here and look at this damned pretty world with me?"

His voice was startlingly bitter; it was the first time that he had used her name.

She came to him quickly, and sat down beside him, motionless and alert. She knew that this was yet another Julian, and an instinct told her that this was probably the real one.

He, too, said nothing for a moment; then he began to speak with little jerks between his sentences.

"What do you suppose," he said, "is the idea? You know what I mean? You saw the papers this morning? Have you ever seen a man gassed? I did once, in Wales—a mine explosion. We got to the fellows. One of them was dead, and one was mad, and one would have liked to be mad or dead. I rather gather that about two or three thousand Canadians were gassed near Ypres. They stood, you know,—stood as long as you can stand,—gassed. I always thought that phrase,

performance, and takes at the least several hours.

"I beg your pardon. I ought n't to talk to you like that. Please forgive me for being such a brute. On such a lovely morning, too! Are there any new bulbs up? I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Julian—" said Stella.

He turned his head quickly and looked at her.

"Yes," he said; "what is it?"

"You ought to be ashamed *not* to talk to me," Stella said, with sudden fierceness. "Does n't it make any difference to you that we 're friends?"

He put his hand over hers.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "but I happen to be rather afraid of differences."

He took his hand away as quickly as he had touched her.

"Do you know," she asked in a low voice, "what was the saddest thing I ever saw—the saddest and the most terrible?"

"No," he said, turning his eyes carefully back to the silver birches; "but I have an idea that it was something that happened to somebody else."

"Yes," said Stella; "it happened to a sea-gull. It was the only time I ever went to the sea. Eurydice had been ill, and I went away with her. I think I was

fourteen. I had gone out alone after tea on to the cliffs when I saw a motionless sea-gull at the very edge. I walked close up to it. It was as still as a stone, and when I came up, O Julian, one of its wings was broken! It could not fly again. Its eyes were searching the sea with such despair in them; it knew it could not fly again. I picked it up and carried it home. We did everything we could for it, but it died—like that, without ever changing the despair in its eyes—because it could not fly."

"' Lucky brute to be able to die!" said Julian under his breath. Stella said nothing. "Why did you tell me?" he asked after a pause. "Any lesson attached to it?"

She shook her head.

"You're not crying?" he asked suspiciously. Then he looked at her. She was sitting very still, biting her lips to keep her tears back.

"You really must n't, Stella!" he urged in a queer, soft voice she had never heard him use before. "I'm not a sea-gull and I'm not dying and I'm not even a stone."

"No," she whispered, "but you're just like the sea-gull: you won't share your pain."

"Look here," said Julian. "I—you—Would you mind sitting on that log over there,—it's quite dry,—just opposite? Thanks. Now I can talk easier. I want you to remember that I'm a million times better off than most people. What troubles me is n't what the vicar calls my affliction. I'm rather proud of what I'm able to do with a pair of crutches in six months. It's being out of it; that's what set me off on those Canadian chaps. I miss the idea that I might be in that kind of thing, rather. You see, I feel quite well. I'll settle down to it in time, and I won't shut you out, if you'll remember not to let me—you're most awfully innocent, are n't you? D'you mind telling me how old you are?"

"Twenty-eight," said Stella. "But I'm not really innocent. I think I know all the horrible things."

Julian laughed ruefully. "You would

n't see them coming though," he said; "and, besides, the things that are n't innocent are by no means always horrible. However, that's not what I was going to say. If we're to be friends at all, and it's not particularly easy even for me to live in the same house with you and not be friends, you'll have to help me pretty considerably."

"How shall I help you?" Stella asked eagerly. "I have wanted to, you know. I mean that I did sometimes think you wanted to be friends—as Mr. Travers did when he tried to become human because his cat died. I have n't told you about that; it made him see how important it was. And when you did n't want to be friendly, I tried not to bother you; I just went on with the work. That *was* the best way, was n't it?"

"Yes," said Julian, carefully. "You did the work uncommonly well, my dear, and you never bothered me in that way. I'm afraid I don't quite follow Mr. Travers. I suppose he is the town clerk, is n't he? He may have meant the same thing that I do; but I should have thought it would have been—well—simpler for him. I don't know how to explain to you what I mean. You remember Marian?" Stella nodded. "I came a cropper over Marian," Julian explained. "She behaved extraordinarily well. No one could possibly blame her; but she was n't exactly the kind of woman I'd banked on, and I had banked on her pretty heavily. When I saw my mistake, I understood that I was n't fit for marriage, and I became reconciled to it. I mean I accepted the idea thoroughly. It would be tying a woman to a log. But I don't want to start feeling just yet—any kind of feeling. Even nice, mild, pitying friendship like yours stings. D'you understand?"

"I'm not mild and I'm not pitying," said Stella, quietly. "And you don't only shut me out; you shut out everybody. Why, you won't even let yourself go over your old polar bears in the book!"

"I can't afford to let myself go," said Julian, "even to the extent of a polar bear—with you."

"Just because I 'm a woman?" asked Stella, regretfully.

"If you like, you may put it that way," agreed Julian; "and as to the rest of the world, it's very busy just at present fighting Germans. All the men I like are either dead or will be soon. What's the use of getting 'em down here to look at a broken sign-post? I'd rather keep to myself till I've got going. I will get going again, and you'll help me, if you'll try to remember what I've just told you."

"Oh, I shall *remember* it," replied Stella, hurriedly; "only I don't quite know what it is. Still, I dare say, if I think it over, I shall find out. At any rate, I'm *very, very* glad you'll let me help you. Of course I think you're all wrong about the other men. You think too much of the outside of things. I dare say it's better than thinking too little, as we do in our family. Besides, you have such a lovely house and live so tidily. Still, I think it's a mistake. The men would n't see your crutches half as much as they'd see *you*. The things that matter most are always behind what anybody sees. Even all this beauty is n't half as beautiful as what's behind it—the spirit of the life that creates it, and brings it back again."

"And the ugliness," asked Julian, steadily,—*"the ugliness we've just been talking about over there, that long line of it cutting through France like a mortal wound, drawing the life-blood of Europe, —what's behind that?"*

"Don't you see?" she cried, leaning toward him eagerly. "Exactly the same thing—life! All this quietness that reproduces what it takes away, only always more beautifully. Don't you think, while we see here the passing of the great procession of spring, behind in the invisible, where their poured-out souls have rushed to, is a greater procession still, forming for us to join? That even the ugliness is only an awful way out into untouched beauty, like a winter storm that breaks the ground up for the seed to grow?" She continued to look at him eagerly.

"I can see that *you* see it," said Julian,

gently. "I can't see anything else just now. You'd better cut along back to the house; you'll be late for lunch. Tell my mother I'm not coming—and—and try not to think I'm horrid if I'm not always friendly with you. I sha'n't be so unfriendly as I sound."

"I don't believe you know," said Stella, consideringly, "how very nice I always think you—"

"That," said Julian, "happens to be exactly one of the things you'd better refrain from telling me. Good-by."

CHAPTER XXII

It is always hard to return in the character of a captive to a scene in which you have played the part of victor, and Julian had told the truth to Stella when he said that what stung him most was his new relation to women. Men knew what he had done; many of them were facing the same odds. They had a common experience and a common language to fall back upon. They were his mates, but they did not come near enough to him to hurt him; they had no wish to understand or help his sufferings. It was sufficient for them to say, "Hard luck!" and leave that side of it alone. Women were different: he had pursued women.

Julian had a good average reputation. Very few women attracted him beyond a certain point; but all his experiences had been successes.

He had loved Marian with the best love his heart had known; but it had been the love of Marian as a creature to possess. It had not been an invasion of his personality. He would have given anything to possess Marian; he had not been for a moment possessed by her. It did not seem to Julian that a woman could ever do more than charm a man.

She could charm you, if you let her, to distraction; but if you had any strength, you remained intact. Nothing in you returned to meet her charm. You simply, not to put too fine a point upon it, took what you could get. Naturally, if you could no longer let a woman charm you,

she became, if she was n't merely a nuisance, a menace.

Julian acquiesced in Stella's remaining as his secretary only because he had a theory that she did not charm him. He could not make head or tail of her. He recognized that she had a mind, but it was a perplexing and unchallenging mind, a private enjoyment of her own. She never attempted to attract Julian by it. If he stirred her, she ran off like a poet or a bird upon her subject. She did not, as Julian supposed all women did, put Julian himself at the other end of her subject.

She had attractions: sympathy, wit, a charming, fugitive smile. She arranged them no better than she arranged her hair; and it was lamentable how she arranged her hair.

Julian could not have borne her constant presence if she had not effaced herself; his bitter self-consciousness would have been up in arms against an effective personality at his elbow. Nevertheless, he was obscurely annoyed that Stella made no attempt to impress him. She would sit there morning after morning without looking at him, without noticing him, without the lift of an eyelid to make him feel that he was anything to her but the supply of copy for his chapter. She was as inhuman and unpretentious as a piece of moss on a wall.

But her voice haunted him; he would catch snatches of her talk with Lady Verna in the garden. His mother had no scruple against intimacy with Stella, and Stella was not docile with Lady Verna; she was enchanting. She had a tantalizing voice full of music, with little gusts of mischief and revolt in it.

Julian told himself that he must put up with Stella for his mother's sake. Lady Verna did not make friends easily, and liked bookworms. He dismissed Stella as a bookworm. She had ways that, he told himself, were intensely annoying. She came punctually to her work,—probably the poor town clerk had taught her that much,—but she had no other punctualities. Bells, meals, the passage of time, had no landmarks for her. She seemed

to drift along the hours like a leaf upon a stream.

She was disorderly: she left things about; books face downward, scraps of paper, flowers. She was always saying that she had lost her fountain-pen. She did n't say this to Julian, but he heard her say it to Ostrog, whom she accused outrageously of having eaten it, to all the servants, and to his mother. None of them seemed to mind, not even Ostrog.

Ostrog's growls had ceased. He slept in Stella's presence, uneasily, with half a red eye upon her; but he slept.

After a few days he chose a position close to her feet and slept solidly, with snores; finally he took her out for walks. Julian approved of this, since she would go all over the place by herself, hatless, and looking like a tramp; it was as well she should be accompanied by Ostrog.

Ostrog had never before been known to go for walks with any one except Julian. He took plenty of exercise independently of human control in the direction of rabbits.

Stella was extremely wasteful with writing-paper. Over and over again Julian saw her throw half a sheet, white and untouched, into the waste-paper basket; and she cut string. It was curious how little Julian felt annoyed by these depredations, considering how much he wished to be annoyed. He was not by nature economical, but he lashed himself into imaginary rages with Stella, and told her that she must once for all turn over a new leaf. She was quite meek about it, and next time she lost her fountain-pen she went into the village and bought a new one which would n't write. She paid for it with her own money, and Julian wanted to box her ears. He subsequently found the other one on the rack where he kept his pipes.

For some time he believed that she was not provocative because she was negligible. She was one of those clever, neutral women who have n't the wit to be attractive.

Then one day it flashed across him that for all her mild agreement with his wishes,



"ONE OF ITS WINGS WAS BROKEN."

her spirit never for one instant surrendered to him. It did not even think of escaping; it was free.

This startled Julian. He liked evasive women, but he had thought Stella extraordinarily the opposite. She was as frank as a boy. But was this frankness merely because she was dealing with what was non-essential to her? He tried to make her talk; he succeeded perfectly.

Stella would talk about anything he liked. She enjoyed talking. She made Julian enjoy it; and then he found that he had arrived nowhere. She gave him her talk, as she gave him her attention, exactly as she would have got up and handed him a book if he had asked for it. There was no more of herself in it than in the simplest of her services.

Julian was not sure when it was that he discovered that he had a new feeling about her, which was even more disconcerting than her independence; it was anxiety.

Perhaps it was during the extremely slow and tiresome week-end on which Stella paid a visit to her family. She

went without her umbrella,—not that it would have done much good if she had taken it, for Julian found, to his extreme vexation, that it was full of holes,—the weather was atrocious, and she came back with a cold.

It might have been gathered that no one at Amberley had ever had a cold before. As far as Julian was concerned nobody ever had.

Julian possessed a sane imagination, and generally treated the subject of health with a mixture of common sense and indifference. But this cold of Stella's!

It was no good Stella's saying it was a slight cold; he forced her to take a list of remedies suitable for severe bronchitis. He quarreled with his mother for saying that people had been known to recover from colds, and finally he sent for the doctor.

The doctor, being a wise man with a poor country practice, agreed with Julian that you could not be too careful about colds, and thought that priceless old port taken with her meals would not do Miss Waring any harm.

Stella disliked port very much, but she drank it submissively for a week.

"Nobody can call me fussy," Julian announced sternly, "but I will not have a neglected cold in the house."

He was not contradicted, though everybody knew that for weeks the cook and two housemaids had been sneezing about the passages.

It was a strange feeling, this sharp compulsion of fear. It taught Julian something. It taught him that what happened to Stella happened to himself. He no longer thought of pursuit in connection with her. He had found her at his heart.

It was an extremely awkward fact, but he accepted it. After all, he had crushed passions before which had gone against his code. He had iron self-control, and he thought it would be quite possible to stamp out this fancy before it got dangerous, even while he retained her presence.

He could n't remain friendly to her, but he could be civil enough. He tried this process. For nine days it worked splendidly. Of course Stella did n't like it, but it worked. She had too much sense to ask him what was the matter, but she looked wistful. On the tenth she cut her finger sharpening a pencil, and Julian called her "Darling." Fortunately she did n't hear him, and he managed to bandage her finger up without losing his head; but he knew that it had been an uncommonly near shave, and if she hurt herself again, he was n't at all sure how he would stand it.

Love flooded him like a rising tide; all his landmarks became submerged. He could not tell how far the tide would spread. He clung to Stella's faults with positive vindictiveness despite the fact that he had surprised himself smiling over them. He dared not let himself think about her qualities. The one support left to him was her own unconsciousness. He need n't tell her, and she would n't guess; and as long as she did n't know, he could keep her. If she did know, she would have to go away; even if she did n't want to go, as she most probably would, he would have to send her away. He became

as watchful of himself as he had been when his life depended on every word he said; but he could not help his eyes. When other people were there he did not look at Stella at all.

It was the first day Stella had been late for her work, and Julian had prepared to be extremely angry until he saw her face. She came slowly toward the open window out of the garden, looking oddly drawn and white. The pain in her eyes hurt Julian intolerably.

"Hullo!" he said quickly, "what's wrong?"

She did not answer at once; her hands trembled. She was holding a letter, face downward, as if she hated holding it.

"Your mother asked me to tell you myself," she began. "I am afraid to tell you; but she seemed to think you would rather—"

"Yes," said Julian, quickly. "Are you going away?"

"Oh, no," whispered Stella. "If it was only that!"

Julian said, "Ah!" It was an exclamation that sounded like relief. He leaned back in his chair, and did nothing further to help her.

Stella moved restlessly about the room. She had curious, graceful movements like a wild creature; she became awkward only when she knew she was expected to behave properly. Finally she paused, facing a bookcase, with her back to Julian.

"Well?" asked Julian, encouragingly. "Better get it over, had n't we? World come to pieces worse than usual this morning?"

"I don't know how to tell you," she said wretchedly. "For you perhaps it has—I have heard from Marian."

Julian picked up his pipe, which he had allowed to go out when Stella came in, relit it, and smiled at the back of her head. He looked extraordinarily amused and cheerful.

"She had n't written to me," Stella went on without turning round, "for ages and ages,—you remember I told you?—and now she has."

"She was always an uncertain cor-

respondent," said Julian, smoothly. "Am I to see this letter? Message for me, perhaps? Or does n't she know you 're here?"

"Oh, no!" cried Stella, quickly. "I mean there 's nothing in it you could n't see, of course. There *is* a kind of message; still, she did n't mean you actually to see it. She heard somehow that I was here, and she wanted me to tell you—" Stella's voice broke, but she picked herself up and went on, jerking out the cruel words that shook her to the heart,—*"she wanted me to tell you that she 's—she 's going to be married."*

Stella heard a curious sound from Julian, incredibly like a chuckle. She flinched, and held herself away from him. He would not want her to see how he suffered. There was a long silence.

"Stella," said Julian at last in that singular, soft, new voice of his that he occasionally used when they were alone together, *"the ravages of pain are now hidden. You can turn round."*

She came back to him uncertainly, and sat down by the window at his feet. He had a tender, teasing look that she could not quite understand. His eyes themselves never wavered as they met hers, but the eagerness in them wavered; his tenderness seemed to hold it back.

She thought that Julian's eyes had grown curiously friendly lately. Despite his pain, they were very friendly now.

"Any details?" Julian asked. "Don't be afraid to tell me. I 'm not—I mean I 'm quite prepared for it."

"It 's to be next month," she said hurriedly. "She did n't want you to see it first in the papers."

"Awfully considerate of her, was n't it?" interrupted Julian. "By the by, tell her when you write that she could n't have chosen anybody better to break it to me than you."

"O Julian," Stella pleaded, "please don't laugh at me! Do if it makes you any easier, of course; only I—I mind so horribly!"

"Do you?" asked Julian, carefully. "I think I 'm rather glad you mind, but you

must n't mind horribly; only as much as a friend should mind for another friend."

"That is the way I mind," said Stella.

She had a large interpretation of friendship.

"Oh, all right," said Julian, rather crossly. "Go on!"

"She says it 's a Captain Edmund Stanley, and he 's a D.S.O. They 're to be married very quietly while he 's on leave."

"Lucky man!" said Julian. "Any money?"

"Oh, I think so," murmured Stella, anxiously skipping the letter in her lap. "She says he 's fairly well off."

"I think," observed Julian, "that we may take it that if Marian says Captain Stanley is fairly well off, his means need give us no anxiety. What?"

"Julian, must you talk like that?" Stella pleaded. "You 'll make it so hard for yourself if you 're bitter."

"On the whole, I think I must," replied Julian, reflectively. "If I talked differently, you might n't like it; and, anyhow, I dare n't run the risk. I might break down, you know, and you would n't like that, would you? Shall we get to work?"

"Oh, not this morning!" Stella cried. "I 'm going out; I knew you would n't want me."

"Did you, though?" asked Julian. "But I happen to want you most particularly. What are you going to do about it?"

She looked at him in surprise. He had a peculiarly teasing expression which did not seem appropriate to extreme grief.

"I 'll stay, of course, if you want me," she said quietly.

"You 're a very kind little elf," said Julian, "but I don't think you must make a precedent of my wanting you, or else—look here, d' you mind telling me a few things about your—your friendship with Marian?"

Stella's face cleared. She saw now why he wanted her to stay. She turned her eyes back to the garden.

"I 'll tell you anything you like to know," she answered.

"You liked her?" asked Julian.

"She was so different from everybody else in my world," Stella explained. "I don't think I judged her; I just admired her. She was awfully good to me. I did n't see her very often, but it was all the brightness of my life."

"Stella, you 've never told me about your life," Julian said irrelevantly. "Will you some day? I want to know about the town hall and that town clerk fellow."

"There is n't anything to tell you," said Stella. "I mean about that, and Marian was never in my life. She could n't have been, you know; but she was my special dream. I used to love to hear about all her experiences and her friends; and then—do you remember the night of Chaliapine's opera? It was the only opera I ever went to, so of course I remember; but perhaps you don't. You were there with Marian. I think I knew then—"

"Knew what?" asked Julian, leaning forward a little. "You seem awfully interested in that gravel path, Stella?"

"Knew," she said, without turning her head, "what you meant to her."

"Where were you?" Julian inquired. "Looking down from the ceiling or up from a hole in the ground, where the good people come from? I never saw you."

"Ah, you would n't," said Stella. "I was in the gallery. Do you remember the music?"

"Russian stuff," Julian said. "Pack of people going into a fire, yes. Funnily enough, I 've thought of it since, more than once, too; but I did n't know you were there."

"And then when you were hurt," Stella went on in a low voice, "Marian told me. Julian, she did mind *frightfully*. I always wanted you to know that she *did* mind."

"It altered her plans, did n't it," said Julian, "quite considerably?"

"You 've no business to talk like that!" said Stella, angrily. "It 's not fair—or kind."

"And does it matter to you whether I 'm fair or kind?" Julian asked, with deadly coolness.

"I beg your pardon," said Stella, quickly. "Of course it has nothing to do with me. I have no right to—to mind what you say."

"I 'm glad you recognized that," said Julian, quietly. "It facilitates our future intercourse. And you agreed with Marian that she only did her duty in painstakingly adhering to her given word? Perhaps you encouraged her to do it? The inspiration sounds quite like yours."

She looked at him now.

"Julian," she said, "am I all wrong? Would you rather that we were n't friends at all? You are speaking as if you hated me."

"No, I 'm not," he said quickly, "you little goose! How could I keep you here if I hated you? Have a little sense. No, don't put your hand there, because, if you do, I shall take it, and I 'm rather anxious just now not to. You shall go directly you 've answered me this. Did you agree with Marian's point of view about me? You know what it was, don't you? She did n't love me any more; she wished I had been killed, and she decided to stick to me. She thought I 'd be grateful. Do you think I ought to have been grateful?"

"You know I don't! You know I don't!" cried Stella. "But why do you make me say it? I simply hated it—hated her not seeing, not caring enough to see, not caring enough to make you see. There! Is that all you wanted me to say?"

"Practically," said Julian, "but I don't see why you should fly into a rage over it. In your case, then, if it had been your case, you would simply have broken off the engagement at once, like a sensible girl?"

"I can't imagine myself in such a situation," said Stella, getting up indignantly.

"Naturally," interposed Julian, smoothly. "But, still, if you had happened, by some dreadful mischance, to find yourself engaged to me—"

"I should have broken it off directly," said Stella, trying to go—"directly I found out—"

"Found out what?" asked Julian.

"That you were nothing but a cold-

blooded tease!" cried Stella over her shoulder.

"You perfect darling!" said Julian under his breath. "By Jove! that was a narrow squeak!"

CHAPTER XXIII

IT puzzled Stella extremely that she found herself unable to say, "What is it that you want, Julian?" She knew that there was something that he wanted, and there was nothing that she would dream of denying him. What, therefore, could be simpler than asking him? And yet she did not want to ask him.

She began by trying hard to understand what it was that he had told her above the bluebell wood, because she thought that if she discovered what he wanted then, the rest would follow. He had wanted a particular kind of help from her; that was plain. It had something to do with her being a woman; that was plainer. But was it to his advantage or to his disadvantage that she was a woman? Ought she to suppress the fact or build on it? And how could she build on it or suppress it when she never felt in the least like anything else but a woman?

Cicely used to say that the only safe way with men was never to be nice to them; but Stella had always thought any risk was better than such a surly plan. Besides, Julian could n't mean that. He liked her to be nice to him. She saw that he quite plainly liked her to be nice to him.

Unfortunately, Julian had taken for granted in Stella a certain experience of life, and Stella had never had any such experience. She had never once recognized fancy in the eyes of any man. As for love, it belonged solely to her dreams; and the dreams of a woman of twenty-eight, unharassed by fact, are singularly unreliable. She thought of Mr. Travers, but he did not count. She had never been able to realize what he had felt for her. Her relation to him was as formal, despite his one singular lapse, as that of a passenger to a ticket-collector. She had nothing to go on but her dreams.

In her very early youth she had selected for heroes two or three characters from real life. They were Cardinal Newman, Shelley, and General Gordon. Later, on account of a difference in her religious opinions, she had replaced the cardinal by Charles Lamb. None of these characters was in the least like Julian.

One had apparently no experience of women, the other two had sisters, and Shelley's expression of love was vague and might be said to be misleading.

She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
That I beheld her not.

Life had unfortunately refused to meet Shelley on the same terms, and difficulties had ensued, but it was this impracticable side of him that Stella had accepted. She had skipped Harriet, and landed on "Epipsychidion." Love was to her "a green and golden immortality." She was not disturbed by it, because the deepest experiences of life do not disturb us. What disturbs us is that which calls us away from them.

It made it easier to wait to find out what Julian wanted that he was happier with her. He was hardly ever impersonal or cold now, and he sometimes made reasons to be with her that had nothing to do with their work. -

It was June, and the daffodils had gone, but there were harebells and blue butterflies upon the downs, and in the hedges wild roses and Star of Bethlehem. Lady Verny spent all her time in the garden. She said the slugs alone took hours. They were supposed by the uninitiated to be slow, but express trains could hardly do more damage in less time. So Stella and Ostrog took their walks alone, and were frequently intercepted by Julian on their return.

Julian, who ought to have known better, thought that the situation might go on indefinitely, and Stella did not know that there was any situation; she knew only that she was in a new world. There was sorrow outside it, there was sorrow even in her heart for those outside it; but through all sorrow was this unswerving,

direct experience of joy. She would have liked to share it with Julian, but she thought it was all her own, and that what he liked about her—since he liked something—was her ability to live beyond the margin of her personal delight. The color of it was in her eyes, and the strength of it at her heart; but she never let it interfere with Julian. She was simply a companion with a hidden treasure. She sometimes thought that having it made her a better companion; but even of this she was not sure.

It made her a little nervous taking Ostrog out alone, but she always took the lead with him, and slipped it on him if a living creature appeared on the horizon. There were some living creatures he did n't mind, but you could n't be sure which.

One evening she was tired and forgot him. There was a wonderful sunset. She stood to watch it in a hollow of the downs where she was waiting for Julian. The soft, gray lines rose up on each side of her, immemorial, inalterable lines of gentle land. The air was as transparently clear as water, and hushed with evening. Far below her, where the small church steeple sprang, she saw the swallows cutting V-shaped figures to and fro above the shining elms.

For a long time she heard no sound, and then, out of the stillness, came a faint and hollow boom. Far away across the placid shapes of little hills, over the threatened seas, the guns sounded from France—the dim, intolerable ghosts of war.

Ostrog, impatient of her stillness, bounded to the edge of the hollow and challenged the strange murmur to the echo. He was answered immediately. A sheep-dog shot up over the curve of the down. Ostrog was at his throat in an instant.

There was a momentary recoil for a fresh onslaught, and then the shrieks of the preliminary tussle changed into the full-throated growl of combat. There was every prospect that one or other of them would be dead before their jaws unlocked.

Stella hovered above them in frantic uncertainty. She was helpless till she saw that there was no other help. The sheep-dog had had enough; a sudden scream of pain stung her into action. She seized Ostrog's hind leg and twisted it sharply from under him.

At the moment she did so she heard Julian's voice:

"Wait! For God's sake, let go!"

But she could not wait; the sheep-dog was having the life squeezed out of him. She tugged and twisted again. Ostrog's grip slackened, he flung a snap at her across his shoulder, and then, losing his balance, turned on her in a flash. She guarded her head, but his teeth struck at her shoulder. She felt herself thrust back by his weight, saw his red jaws open for a fresh spring, and then Julian's crutch descended sharply on Ostrog's head. Ostrog dropped like a stone, the bob-tailed sheep-dog crawled safely away, and Stella found herself in Julian's arms.

"Dearest, sure you 're not hurt? Sure?" he implored breathlessly, and then she knew what his eyes asked her, they were so near her own and so intent; and while her lips said, "Sure, Julian," she knew her own eyes answered them.

He drew her close to his heart and kissed her again and again.

The idea of making any resistance to him never occurred to Stella. Nothing that Julian asked of her could seem strange. She only wondered, if that was what he wanted, why he had not done it before.

He put her away from him almost roughly.

"There," he said, "I swore I 'd never touch you! And I have! I 'm a brute and a blackguard. Try and believe I 'll never do it again. Promise you won't leave me? Promise you 'll forgive me? I was scared out of my wits, and that 's a fact. D' you think you can forgive me, Stella?"

"But what have I to forgive?" Stella asked. "I let you kiss me."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Julian, half laughing, "you are an honest woman!"



"SHE TUGGED AND TWISTED AGAIN"

Well, if you did, you must n't 'let me' again, that 's all! Ostrog, you wretch, lie down! You ought to have a sound thrashing. I 'd have shot you if you 'd hurt her; but as I 've rather scored over the transaction, I 'll let you off."

Stella looked at Julian thoughtfully.

"Why must n't I let you again?" she inquired, "if that is what you want?"

Julian, still laughing, but half vexed, looked at her.

"Look here," he said, "did n't I tell you you 'd got to help me? I can't very well keep you here and behave to you like that, can I?"

Stella considered for a moment, then she said quietly, "Were you flirting with me, Julian?"

"I wish to God I was!" said Julian, savagely. "If I could get out of it as easily as that, d' you suppose I should have been such a fool as not to have tried?"

"I don't think you would have liked me to despise you," said Stella, gently. "You see, if you had given me nothing when I was giving you all I had, I should have despised you."

Julian stared at her. She was obviously speaking the truth, but in his heart he knew that if she had loved him and he had flirted with her, he would have expected her to be the one to be despised.

He put out his hand to her and then drew it back sharply.

"No, I 'm hanged if I 'll touch you," he said under his breath. "I love you all right,—you need n't despise me for that,—but telling you of it 's different. I was deadly afraid you 'd see; any other woman would have seen. I 've held on to myself for all I was worth, but it has n't been the least good, really. I suppose I 've got to be honest about it: I can't keep you with me, darling; you 'll have to go. It makes it a million times worse your caring, but it makes it better, too."

"I don't see why it should be worse at all," said Stella, calmly. "If we both care, and care really, I don't see that anything can be even bad."

Julian pulled up pieces of the turf with his hand. He frowned at her sternly.

"You must n't tempt me," he said; "I told you once I can't marry."

"You told me once, when you did n't know I cared," agreed Stella. "I understand your feeling that about a woman who did n't care or who only cared a little, but not about a woman who really cares."

"But, my dear child," said Julian, "that 's what just makes it utterly impossible. I can't understand how I ever was such a selfish brute as to dream of taking Marian. I was ill at the time, and had n't sized it up; but if you think I 'm going to let *you* make such a sacrifice, you 're mistaken. I 'd see you dead before I married you!"

Stella's eyebrows lifted, but she did not seem impressed.

"I think," she said gently, "you talk far too much as if it had only got to do with you. Suppose I don't wish to see myself dead?"

"Well, you must try to see the sense of it," Julian urged. "You 're young and strong; you ought to have a life. I 'm sure you love children. You like to be with me, and all that; you 're the dearest companion a man ever had. It is n't easy, Stella, to say I won't keep you; don't make it any harder for me. I 've looked at this thing steadily for months. I don't mind owning that I thought you might get to care if I tried hard enough to make you; but, darling, I honestly did n't try. You can't say I was n't awfully disagreeable and cross. I knew I was done for long ago, but I thought you were all right. You were n't like a girl in love, you were so quiet and—and sisterly and all that. If I 'd once felt you were beginning to care in that way, I 'd have made some excuse; I would n't have let it come to this. I 'd rather die than hurt you."

"Well, but you need n't hurt me," said Stella, "and neither of us need die. It 's not your love that wants to get rid of me, Julian; it 's your pride. But I have n't any pride in that sense, and I 'm not going to let you do it."

"By Jove! you won't!" cried Julian. His eyes shot a gleam of amusement at her. It struck him that the still little figure by

his side was extraordinarily formidable. He had never thought her formidable before. He had thought her brilliant, intelligent, and enchanting, not formidable; but he had no intention of giving way to her. Formidable or not, he felt quite sure of himself. He could n't let her down.

"The sacrifice is all the other way," Stella went on. "You would be sacrificing me hopelessly to your pride if you refused to marry me simply because some one of all the things you want to give me you can't give me. Do you suppose I don't mind,—mind for you, I mean, hideously,—mind so much that if I were sure marrying you would make you feel the loss more, I'd go away from you this minute and never come near you again? But I do not think it will make it worse for you. You will have me; you will have my love and my companionship, and they are—valuable to you, are n't they, Julian?"

Julian's eyes softened and filled.

"Yes," he muttered, turning his head away from her; "they're valuable."

"Then," she said, "if you are like that to me, if I want you always, and never anybody else, have you a right to rob me of yourself, Julian?"

"If I could believe," he said, his voice shaking, "that you'd never be sorry, never say to yourself, 'Why did I do it?'" But, oh, my dear, you know so little about the ordinary kind of love! You don't realize a bit, and I do. It must make it all so confoundedly hard for you, and I'm such an impatient chap. I might n't be able to help you. And you're right: I'm proud. If I once thought you cared less or regretted marrying me, it would clean put the finish on it. But you're not right about not loving you, Stella, that's worse than pride; loving you makes it impossible. I can't take the risk for you. I'll do any other thing you want, but not that!"

"Julian," said Stella in a low voice, "do you think I am a human being?"

"Well, no!" said Julian. "Since you ask me, more like a fairy or an elf or something. Why?"

"Because you're not treating me as if I

were," said Stella, steadily. "Human beings have a right to their own risks. They know their own minds, they share the dangers of love."

"Then one of 'em must n't take them all," said Julian, quickly.

"How could one take them all?" said Stella. "I have to risk your pride, and you have to risk my regret. As a matter of fact, your pride is more of a certainty than a risk, and my regret is a wholly imaginary idea, founded upon your ignorance of my character. Still, I'm willing to put it like that to please you. You have every right to sacrifice yourself to your own theories, but what about sacrificing me? I give you no such right."

For the first time Julian saw what loving Stella would be like; he would never be able to get to the end of it. Marriage would be only the beginning. She had given him her heart without an effort, and he found that she was as inaccessible as ever. His soul leaped toward this new, ungovernable citadel. He held himself in hand with a great effort.

"What you don't realize," he said, "is that our knowledge of life is not equal. If I take you at your word, you will make discoveries which it will be too late for you to act upon. You cannot wish me to do what is not fair to you."

"I want my life to be with you," said Stella. "Whatever discoveries I make, I shall not want them to be anywhere else. You do not understand, but if you send me away, you will take from me the future which we might have used together. You will not be giving me anything in its place but disappointment and utter uselessness. You'll make me morally a cripple. Do you still wish me to go away?"

Julian winced as if she had struck him.

"No, I'll marry you," he said; "but you've made me furiously angry. Please go home by yourself. I wonder you dare use such an illustration to me."

Stella slipped over the verge of the hollow. She, too, wondered how she had dared; but she knew that if she had n't dared, Julian would have sent her away.

A Day of Rain

By DOROTHY LEONARD

ACROSS an ocean waste of busy days
We sailed within a quiet bay of rain :
Silent for once the factory's clattering drays ;
Strangely subdued the hid, occasional train.
Silver the meadow shone, a silver bath,
Bereft of all its dipping bobolinks ;
Prostrate upon the furrowed garden path
Lay the disheveled larkspurs, poppies, pinks.
Low on the hills the confidential clouds
Rested their veils ; and in an upper room,
Unvisited, remote from friendly crowds
That feed and rifle momentarily the loom
Of life, we stitched all day in happy thrall.
Precious the freight from this brief port of call !



Whistle Fantasy

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

OUT in the dark the train passes,
And the whistle calls to the child,
Desolate, piercing, wild,
From the track in the meadow-grasses.
"Far, far away," it screams,
"Far, far, away,
Out in the distance are dreams—
Dreams you shall follow some day
Far through the endless wild ;
Distance, dreams."
Backward the faint call streams ;
Far in the dark the train passes,
And the whistle calls to the child.



Portrait of an Old Man

By HANS MEMLING



HANS MEMLING is to Bruges what Rubens is to Antwerp and Rembrandt is to Amsterdam, her most famous



son. A certain mystery has surrounded his life, and there are many unauthenticated stories relating to him. Among them is one to the effect that, having followed

the profession of a soldier and being found wounded and sick in the streets of Bruges, he was cared for at the Hospital of St. John. As he could show his gratitude in no other way, he left in the possession of the hospital the wonderful little shrine that holds the relics of St. Ursula, now one of its greatest treasures.

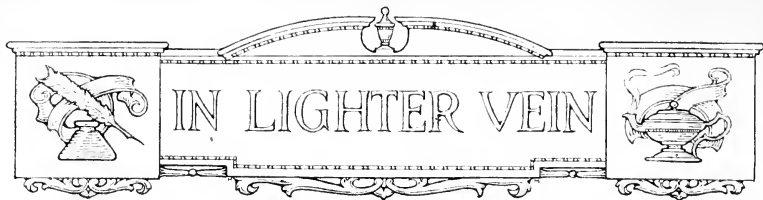
When Memling lived in Bruges it was a city of great commercial importance. Traders came from all parts of the world, and her merchants were rich and prosperous. In time it came to be a quiet old town, rich only in the quaint atmosphere of the middle ages. Memling, already a painter of wide reputation, married into one of the rich burgher families. A generation earlier Jan van Eyck was painting altar-pieces and portraits in Bruges with a more vigorous realism. However, the younger painter owed much to the elder.

The student of early Flemish art will do well to study this "Portrait of an Old Man." He will find it painted in full light, as was then the custom, while the surface is smooth and highly finished. The pigment is applied thin; indeed, on many of his canvases Memling often applied the pigment so thin that the drawing could be seen underneath.

Memling was a painter of the finest type, a poet and a dreamer, a man of kindly feeling, and not without humor. He was a perfect draftsman and, like Holbein, depended upon the expressive line rather than upon the modeling or texture to bring out the character of his sitter. He worked with great patience, and allowed no detail to pass unobserved.

The original of the head is about three inches long. It now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, in the Gothic frame originally designed for it.

A. T. VAN LAER.



The Extra Chop

By PHYLLIS WYATT BROWN

RANSOM'S mother was born like that. In the pleasant circumstance of a middle-aged, middle Western, middle-class existence, she contrived to place herself in the position of those who wear hair shirts and who exhibit in the market-place welts caused by self-flagellation.

The hardest side of the bed, the coldest corner of the room, the least-done potato, the most burned piece of toast, the thinnest wrap—all these she sought, and these by demoniac cunning she usually achieved.

She had been known to leave her son in the dining-car paying their bill, to fly to the sleeper, to prod the evasive porter into action, and to climb agilely into the upper berth, the lower remaining for her son. On his return he had found her small form tense, her features bright with endurance. It was exasperating, it was indecent, it was outrageous.

Ransom could not remember his father, but in daily life with his mother he thought often of her husband, the help-mate of that good, self-sacrificing woman. At moments—nay, hours—given up to tickets and umbrellas and arrangements, he sometimes was led to envy his parent an early death.

And yet Ransom's world, outside his office, rang with praise of her. How she had brought up the children alone! How she had managed! And *how* she had sacrificed! An eager neighbor cried out to him, "Your mother is made of self-sacrifice." And Ransom thought, "O Lord! O Lord!"

Ada, his sister, was little better. She seldom got ahead of her mother in the daily scourge, but she would have done so if she could. She took, so to speak, second worst; she fought for worst; and she worshiped Mrs. Ransom's mania, speaking of her to Ransom, when he was most bitterly tried, as "your dear mother," as if she herself could not in her deep humility and admiration claim kinship with so bright a star.

Ransom was maddest, I think, about the symphony-concert fluke. He had meant it all to be a happiness, and then near the end of the season it was discovered that, as separate seats had to be bought, Mrs. Ransom had sat regularly in the place she thought the draftiest, so Ada could sit where it was warm, and Ada had sat where she thought it was closest, so her mother could be cool! All through the concerts one had heroically suffocated and the other snuffled ostentatiously. The wanton waste of it all! Ransom had had some pleasure, of course. He loved music, and during certain symphonic surges he had forgotten his mother and Ada and the thought of Mr. Ransom, who had so ably died.

It was on the occasion of the last concert of the season that Ransom, accompanied by his ladies, in their best hats, their second-best dresses, and their long coats, set out to dine beforehand with Judge Thomas Bennington Baker. This gentleman, the friend of a lifetime, and the adviser of Mrs. Ransom before her children had grown to maturity, maintained an

easy establishment on the other side of the city.

The passage of the Ransoms thither, though attended by difficulty, was not perhaps more harassing for the son and brother than any other family undertaking. It was marked by only three scenes: one over Judge Baker's street number; one over Mrs. Ransom's muffler, which she succeeded in putting upon her son; the third over a street-car seat, offered by a subsequently bewildered gentleman to Mrs. Ransom.

"Sit down, Ada!" she hissed, after thanking the donor. "Sit down, sit down, or you will lose your chance. You've sewed all day. I'm not tired. I would n't sit down if there was n't a soul in the car but ourselves. [This was a lie.] It is n't but a little farther, and I just as lieve stand as—" Here she was overborne.

Arrived at their destination, the Ransoms were met by Judge Baker and by an unknown niece, a Miss Belle Harding, come from La Crosse somewhat earlier than she had been expected for a two-months' visit. She was a pleasant and intelligent girl. She wanted to find from the Ransoms how to go on the Prairie Club walks, which were the free days at the Art Institute, and what she could do in two months in Chicago.

She and Ransom were discussing this matter at dinner when they were interrupted by Judge Baker.

"Well, Belle," he said, "you won't think much of my housekeeping. You'll have to overhaul Hannah. She's a good manager, but she's close. Now, we have n't but half a dozen chops; not enough to go twice round, and one of these little loin chops is n't more than a mouthful. Mrs. Ransom, next time we'll do better. This time you'll have to forgive me and have the extra chop."

"I could n't," cried his guest, running true to form. "Judge, I could n't touch another mouthful even if I was to die for it."

Judge Baker turned his questioning gaze to Ada.

"Mercy, no!" she responded. "No, thank you; I've already had a great sufficiency."

Ransom wearily refused. Not so Miss Belle.

"Thanks, Uncle Tom," she said. "I'm afraid you people have n't got country appetites. I'm as hungry as a bear."

She brazenly held forth her plate.

Mrs. Ransom and Ada were stunned. They had never seen anything like it. That any one should take the last of anything she wanted! And that a hostess should take it!

Judge Baker, unperturbed, talked on of his politics and his garden. As for Ransom, he, too, was stunned. He was possessed by heady joy.

It was not for nearly two years afterward that Ransom and Belle Harding became engaged, but he always maintained that his infatuation began the first time he saw her.

In her son's marriage Mrs. Ransom found many sources of devoted endurance. She cried throughout the ceremony, but, smiling through her tears, managed to say to the officiating clergyman:

"I have lost my son."

"You are a brave little woman," replied the divine.

Then she had so overworked in making a dress for the occasion ("For," she had told Ada, "we must look our best for our boy, dear, even if we carry aching hearts") that she had to stay in bed a whole triumphant week.

Thirdly, she and Ada would not have as much to live on as they had when Ransom's income was wholly at their command.

"We shall manage," Mrs. Ransom told her friends; "we shall manage nicely." They had, indeed, a competence. She added, "You know we mothers live, after all, in our children."

At the very moment of these remarks the ecstatic Ransom and his bride had decided, after a spirited dispute as to who should sit next the window commanding the mountains, to take equal turns.

Copy!

By ETHEL BLAIR

IF any normal person, crossing any avenue,

Comes in contact with a motor, it will cause him some regret.

Yet his woes are not unbearable, for all he has to do

Is to count his arms and legs and plan the damages he 'll get.

If it happens to a writer, he must analyze each jerk,

And, if he lives to tell the tale, must use it in his work.

If any individual—and such things do occur—

Is jilted by the only one he truly loves—that season,

He enjoys his utter misery with nothing to deter,

And plans some retribution for the faithless lady's treason.

But the writer sighs, while jotting down his feelings as they part,

"Though my broken heart is painful, I must use it in my art."

Whatever comes a writer's way, from tragedy to jest,

Is just potential copy to be noted on the spot.

And when, to shun analyses, the writer goes to rest,

He dreams, awakes, and tries to work his dream into a plot.

For the copy spell holds all of us for better and for worse,

And I am making copy of the copy-making curse.

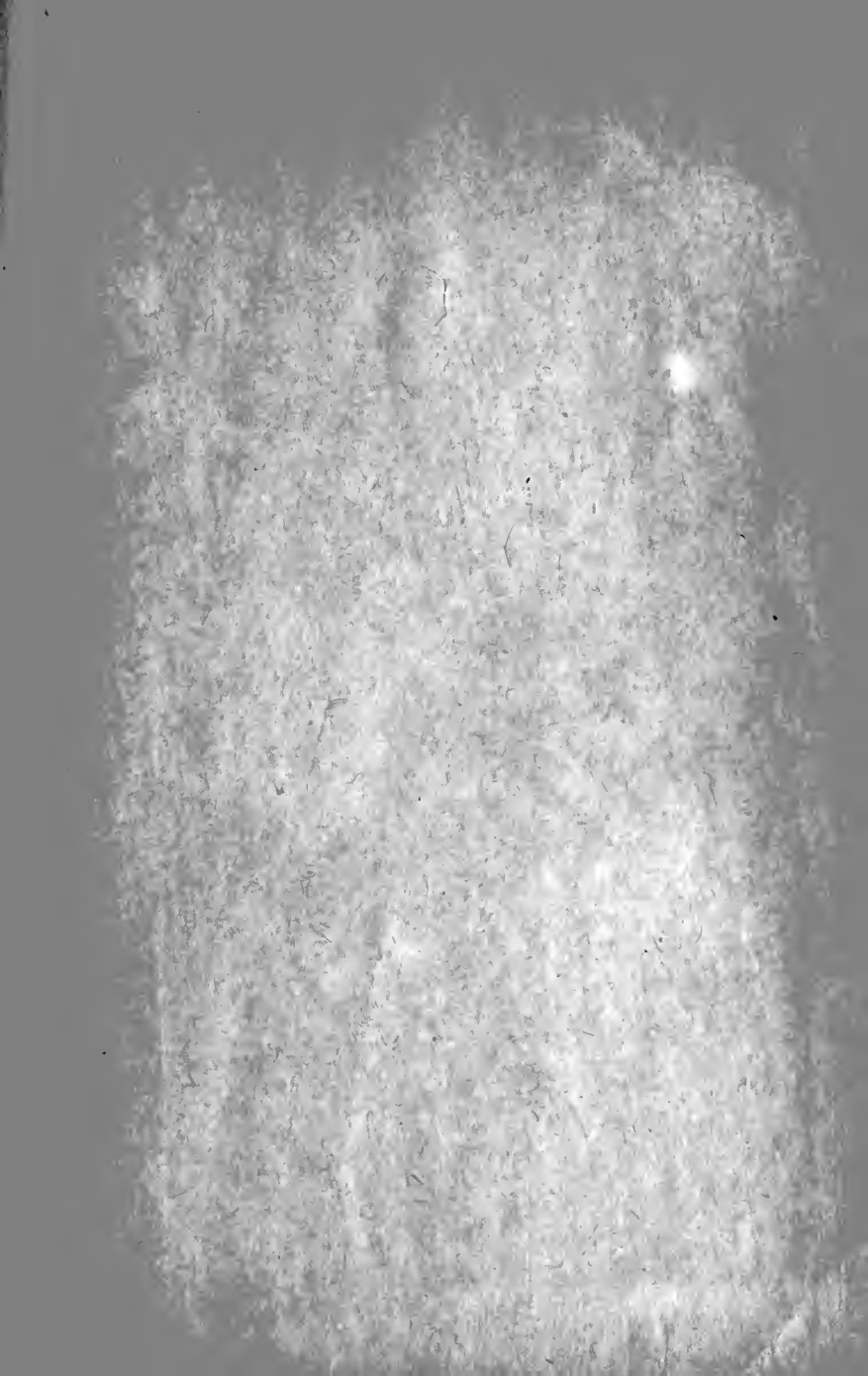
Terminology of Tardiness

By LAWTON MACKALL

OUR newspapers are certainly in a plight. It is not so much the shortage of paper which afflicts them, as it is the shortage of names for their afternoon editions. All the stand-by titles have been exhausted. By midday the "Home Edition," "Night Edition," and "Special Extra" have come and gone, and there is still

the whole afternoon with nothing left to tempt the tired business man but various grades of "Finals." New nomenclature is needed, names that will stir the imagination and summon the cents. Desirous of doing what I can toward alleviating this distressing situation, I venture to suggest the following schedule:

8 A.M.	LATE EDITION	One star
9 A.M.	EXTREMELY LATE EDITION	Two stars
10 A.M.	INEXCUSABLY LATE EDITION	Three stars
11 A.M.	HOPELESSLY LATE EDITION	One constellation
12 M.	MIDNIGHT EDITION	Two constellations
1 P.M.	TO-MORROW MORNING EDITION	Group of planets
2 P.M.	TO-MORROW AFTERNOON EDITION	Complete solar system
3 P.M.	DAY-AFTER-TO-MORROW EDITION	Comet
4 P.M.	NEXT-WEEK EDITION	Large comet
5 P.M.	NEXT-MONTH EDITION	Unusually large comet
6 P.M.	NEXT-YEAR EDITION	Complete zodiac
7 P.M.	SPECIAL-DOOMSDAY EXTRA	Milky way and nebulae



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